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THE
HISTORY OF ENGLAND:

WITH A SKETCH OF

OUR INDIAN AND COLONIAL EMPIRE.

By

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PREFACE.

THIS book is by no means a mere expansion of my smaller British History. In structure and in style it is completely a new work, written not so much for school-boys as for senior students, and such general readers as may wish to view the panorama of the British Nation, unfolded within a space comparatively small. A broader canvas has given room for the introduction of figures, incidents, and details, which could find no place in the slighter sketch ; and, instead of adopting the common frame-work of division, afforded by the succession of Dynasties and Sovereigns, I have preferred, for the purpose of giving my readers a new and more comprehensive view of the subject, to select as central points and bases of division those colossal land-marks, which catch the eye at once as we look back along the nineteen centuries of our national existence. But, in order to prevent mistake or confusion, I have appended to each Book a copious Chronological Table, arranged according to Reigns and Royal Races, which, if carefully studied in connection with the text, will effectually preserve the symmetry and clearness of the plan.

Thus, taking as the subjects of successive chapters the Representative Men, who, towering above their generation, have embodied in themselves its vital idea and achieved its grandest work, and those



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Memorable Events, which, in their Causes and their Consequences, may be seen to ramify and germinate through many centuries, I have yet so shaped my treatment of the theme as to keep unbroken the continuity and union of the various parts, and to fit into its proper place every incident and every name, that should be found in an English History of this size.

I have divided the subject into Four Books, whose subdivisions will appear from the Table of Contents. The First Book, closing with the story of Magna Charta, deals with those Four Conquests, which brought the forces of Continental civilization to bear upon our island and filled it with the various races of men that gradually blended into a single and powerful nation. The Second, extending to the death of Elizabeth, depicts the nation undergoing the discipline of childhood—learning the rudiments of self-government—learning by defeat and disaster the folly of seeking to found a Continental realm—learning to write books and print them—to sail upon the sea, and traffic with distant lands—and, above all, learning to choose, even in the face of stake and fagot, a form of the Christian faith, purer than that which Augustine and his monks had planted on the Kentish shore. The Third describes the grandeur and glory of a nation growing to maturity, leading the van in the march of civilization, and able, from the steady poise and undecaying strength of her Constitution, to confront storms which have shaken feebler neighbours to the dust, and in the hour of their peril and dismay to take her trembling foes to the tender shelter of her brave and faithful breast. The Fourth traces the bounds of our Indian and Colonial Empire, telling the story of our settlement in every clime,

and so mingling scenic description with the history of human enterprise, as to portray with some clearness and colour both the victories of Emigration and the natural features of the scattered lands in which these triumphs have been won.

I have not omitted chapters bearing upon English life at the various periods of the story ; and in writing these, of which many are based upon the researches of eminent antiquarians like Thomas Wright, I have tried to make them as vivid and pictorial as I could. The Dryasdust age in historical composition is gone ; and there is no reason why the splendid example, set by Macaulay in his famous Third Chapter, should not be followed by any writer, however small, who aims at producing a true picture of ages that are past.

In conclusion I would say that this book is intended to follow my smaller volume in a course of historical study. Let a student so thoroughly master the latter, that no other view of the subject can ever shake or confuse his knowledge of the relations and sequence of our Sovereigns ; and let him then proceed to take that wider and less usual survey afforded by the present volume. I believe that he will thus acquire a more complete and useful knowledge of our National History than can be got by any single view.

W. F. C.

February 1864.



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HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

BOOK I.

FIRST PERIOD.—THE CELTIC TIME.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST GLIMPSES OF BRITAIN.

Tin.	Sparks of light.	Various races.
The secret mines.	The secret discovered.	Mythical.

TIN was the attractive thing which drew the first thin rills of civilization to our islands. Some stray Phœnician sailors, not improbably from Gades (Cadiz) on the Iberian coast, beating aimlessly about among the Biscay waves, saw, perhaps through clearing mist, shifting glimpses of a white shore, upon which they found abundance of this precious metal to be had almost for the picking up. Tin was really a precious metal then. The Homeric warriors had fought with weapons of bronze; and for many centuries, until the art of tempering iron had reached some degree of forwardness, swords and spear-heads of mingled copper and tin continued to decide the battles of the ancient world. Temples too were adorned with bronze; statues and urns were moulded of it. Useful alike in peace and war, tin was much sought, and well paid for. We can therefore well understand the joy with which the restless money-seeking traders of Tyre and Carthage would learn the secret of these distant islands and their mines; and the jealous caution with which the cunning old monopolists would conceal their approaches to the mysterious treasure-house. In this they were aided by nature. Girdled with an unknown sea, and curtained with treacherous grey mists, the Tin Islands long remained a shadowy name to the ancient world; and from all the wealth of classic literature, before the day of Julius Cæsar, there can be gathered only two or three faint sparks of light to cast upon a mass of impenetrable darkness.

Herodotus, the father of Greek history, writing about 450 B.C., knew nothing of these lands, but that they were islands, and that tin was found there. Calling them *Cassiterides* (Tin Islands), he wrote all he knew of them in a single Greek word. Somewhat more definite is the knowledge of Aristotle; but the added information we get from his notice looks small indeed, when we remember that it took one hundred years to expand the vague word of Herodotus into the scanty statement. "Beyond the Pillars of Hercules are two islands, which are very large, Albion and Ierne, called the Britannic,¹ which lie beyond the Celtæ." Here, for the first time in history, we have the number and the names of the islands which form the nucleus of our mighty empire.

Polybius, writing about 150 B.C., notices the Britannic Isles, coupling with his mention of them a special reference to the working of tin.

From the fragments of a geographical poem by Festus Avienus, who wrote in the fourth century, we gather a few facts about the voyage of an ancient mariner of Carthage, named Himilco. Sailing from his native city, in less than four months he reached some islands, which he called the *Æstrymnides*. These (perhaps the Scilly Isles)² abounded in tin and lead, but had no wood for ship-building, so that the inhabitants were forced to make boats out of hide.

The Phœnicians were not allowed to drive their profitable trade without many attempts to trace the course of their vessels. So keenly was the tin-hunt kept up on both sides, that once when a Roman cruiser was chasing a Carthaginian ship, the captain of the latter had no way of keeping the secret but by running upon a reef, and taking with his sailors to a raft. At last the well-kept mystery oozed out. Pytheas, a Greek of Marseilles, is said to have penetrated the unknown sea at a very early date. Others followed. The monopoly was broken; and a trade in tin sprang up between the horn-shaped

¹ Various derivations have been given for the word "Britain." There is no certainty in the matter, except that this is one of the oldest names of the island. I give a few of the conjectural etymologies:—

1. From *Brutus*, son of Ascanius the Trojan.—(Chief authority, *Geoffrey of Monmouth*.)
2. From *Prydain*, an ancient king.—(*Welsh Triads*.)
3. From *Britia*, a plural word meaning "separated," given by the people of Gaul to their island kindred.—(*Whitaker*.)
4. From *Brit daoune*, the painted people; a name given by "the Phœnician Gallic colony" to the wild Scandinavian settlers.—(*Sir William Betham*.)
5. From *Brutt*, the Celtic for tin or metal, and *tan*, which has in many Indo-European tongues the meaning "land." Thus *Brutt-tan* would mean (like *Cassiterides*) Tin-land.—(*Pictorial History of England*.)

Albion, or Albin, the oldest name of Great Britain, is explained to be a Celtic word, meaning "white island," used by the Gauls in speaking of the chalk-rocked land they saw to the north. The words *Albus* and *Alp* probably contain the same root.

Ierne and Iernis are the Greek forms of *Eire*, a Celtic word (of which the genitive is *Eirin*, or *Erin*) meaning "the west or the extremity."

A certain western promontory of Africa, and another in Spain bore the same name. *Juvenia* and *Hibernia* are formed from the same root.

² St Michael's Mount, near which submerged islets can be traced, has also been supposed to represent the *Æstrymnides*.

promontory of south-western Britain and the opposite shore of Gaul. Then, as we learn from Diodorus Siculus, the metal was carried to an island "in front of Britain," named Ictis (probably Wight), was there sold and shipped for Gaul, to be carried on pack-horses overland to Marseilles and Narbona. The natural result of this commerce was to give a certain polish to those natives of Britain, who met often with the merchants of the Continent. Grave courteous bearded men they were, carrying staves and wearing long black cloaks girt about the waist; very unlike the wild inland men with blue tatooing on their naked limbs, from whom the popular notion of an ancient Briton is taken.

In the dim old time, of which I am writing, our islands were peopled mainly by Celts, who formed the foremost wave of that Japhetic tide of population which set steadily westward from the plain of Babel.¹ Sweeping along the Mediterranean shore, it spread northward through the west of Europe, until met by a slower and stronger wave—the German or Teutonic nations—which had pressed right on from the Black Sea through the centre of the continent; and by this it was beaten farther and farther west, till, at last, only in the mountain lands on the very margin of the Atlantic could the Celts find a safe home. There they have lingered to the present day. Settled in the centre of the southern shore of Britain—in the district between the English and the Bristol Channels, corresponding to the modern shires of Hants, Wilts, and Somerset—were the Belgae, a fierce and warlike tribe, who are thought to have been of Teutonic blood, and who kept up a close connection with their continental kindred. But the mass of the original population of the British Isles was Celtic. In Ireland, as might be expected from its being the extreme western outpost of Europe, the Celtic element was even then, as it still remains, purer and stronger than in the sister island. But all the Celts who inhabited ancient Britain were not of the same kind. A people called Cymri (Cimbri or Cimmerii), corresponding to the modern Welsh, held sway over the basin of the Clyde and adjacent districts, where their kingdom of Reged or Strathclyde flourished during the earlier Christian centuries. The Erse or Gaelic races, represented by the Irish or the Highlanders of Scotland, probably preceded them in the possession of Wales.² Gaulish tribes too lived in eastern Britain. And there may have been, besides these various Celtic peoples, a sprinkling of Saxons or Frisians, who had settled even before the landing of Cæsar on the eastern coasts.

The early mythical story of Britain rests chiefly upon the Latin chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth,³ who professed to have translated an old manuscript brought over from Bretagne (Armorica). Of these wild and misty legends, out of which British history gradually dawned, I shall say little. Brutus, the

¹ The Lapps and Finns—a race of gentle olive-checked black-haired dwarfs—may represent an earlier ripple of the same great flood.

² Wales, from a Saxon word *Wallas*, meaning "strangers," was otherwise called Cambria. The Welsh call themselves Cymri, a name which appears to connect them with the Cimbri.

³ This chronicler died about 1164 A.D.

grandson of Trojan Æneas, lands among the giants, and mows them down with ease. A famous wrestler of his train hurls headlong from Dover Cliff the fierce Gogmagog, whose twelve cubits of stature could not save him from the deadly fall. Bladud reigns—one of a line of many kings—and bathes in the hot wells of Caerbad, whence modern Bath has sprung. Here and there, amid a crowd of flying phantoms, names with which we have grown familiar gleam out from the shadows. Lear alone is almost real, for a magic hand has touched him, and clothed him with imperishable light. Yet we must not accept Shakspeare's picture of King Lear and his daughters as agreeing in all points with the account of the old chronicler. It seems that the beggared disrowned king crossed to France, where his disowned daughter Cordelia had become the wife of a king. With the aid of her husband's troops she replaced her father on his throne; and when he died, reigned after him for five years. Then, defeated by the sons of her wicked sisters, she is said to have slain herself. Shakspeare's Cordelia is killed before her father dies.

CHAPTER II.

THE TWO FAILURES OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

Bent on conquest.

Anchor weighed.

The landing.

The fight among the corn.

Return to Gaul.

Second expedition.

Cassibelan.

British tactics.

Repulse of the Britons.

Passage of the Thames.

Abandonment of Britain.

Cæsar's story.

ELEVEN years before the bloody Ides of March, Julius Cæsar, one of the greatest soldiers the world has known, having fought his way through Gaul, looked over a narrow belt of sea upon the chalky shore of Britain. No Roman had ever landed there; but there were few who had not then heard of the mysterious island, richly stored with pearls and tin, and peopled by a race who were no mean foes upon a battle-field. The sight of that gleaming coast-line—the fabled wealth of British rivers and rocks—the angry remembrance of those stalwart islanders, who, shoulder to shoulder with their Gaulish kinsmen, had rushed upon his marshalled legions, and of others, who across the sea had given welcome and shelter to his flying foes—and, a motive perhaps stronger than all, the desire to achieve some brilliant exploit, grander than his Gallic triumphs now grown somewhat stale,—some exploit which should cast his rival, Pompey, completely into the shade, and crown his own sword with a laurel-wreath no Roman had ever worn before—all these things combined to root in Cæsar's breast the resolution of invading Britain.

The old campaigner wished to fling the shadow of his sword before him. Calling together, therefore, the chief merchants of the Gallic coast, he cross-examined them about the people and the harbours of the opposite land. He got no information from these cautious men; but, as he had no doubt intended

them to do, the moment they left his presence, they sent the alarming news of the threatened invasion across to their island friends. Speedily there came back envoys from several of the tribes, who deprecated the wrath of the great soldier by humble offers of submission. But this did not stay the scheme. Despatching a cruiser to survey the coast and mark its vulnerable points, he brought the Tenth and Seventh Legions, many auxiliaries, and a picked body of cavalry down to *Portus Itius*,¹ where eighty transports lay to receive them. The return of the reconnoitring galley was the signal for the start. Before dawn on an August morning the fleet weighed anchor and stood out from the harbour across the strait. By ten o'clock they were August 26, close to the white cliffs of the British shore, on which there swarmed, 55 thick as bees, black clouds of fighting men, ready to oppose the landing. The Roman cavalry had not yet arrived; and, as the day wore on, and three o'clock came, Cæsar resolved on action without them. With a favouring breeze and tide he sailed eastward to a shelving strand, seven miles off, where it would be easier and safer to land. And as the darting galleys cut the sea, abreast of them on land, keeping pace with the sweeping oars, dashed the long lines of British horsemen and charioteers, so that when the landing-place—probably near Deal²—was reached at last, and the galleys were driven prow foremost on the beach, the patriotic islanders presented a front as bold and threatening as when first the Romans saw their array of war upon the white rocks. For some shameful moments the veterans of Cæsar hung back, dismayed. Sounding trumpets and waving standards were of no avail. The shaggy-necked giants on the shore rode into the waves with wheeling spears, and dared them hoarsely to come on. Still their laggard feet clung to the friendly decks, until an officer, who has won glory by the single act, the standard-bearer of the Tenth, leaped into the water with his eagle, crying, "Follow me!" The effect was electric. The next moment saw the whole army of brass-mailed men floundering breast-high in the surf, and struggling towards the shore against a forest of spears and amid a ceaseless rain of darts and stones. The fight was hard and long; but Cæsar's men were used to conquer; and the beaten islanders soon saw with sorrowful eyes their dreaded foe digging trenches for a camp upon the blood-stained shore. Hard by upon the white rollers of the sea, now wearing another crimson than the seaweed's blush, floated a silent company of British and Roman dead—foes no more. Sadly the sun sank and the August evening fell.

Next morning brought offers of submission from most of the neighbouring

¹ *Portus Itius* or *Itinus*, afterwards called *Gessoriacum*, lay on or near the site of modern Boulogne.—(Wright.) Cæsar's army had mustered in the country of the Morini (the *Pas-de-Calais*). *Wissant* or *Wismen*, between *Calais* and *Boulogne*, has also been taken for *Portus Itius*.

² The shore between *Walmer* and *Sandwich* appears the likeliest place for Cæsar's landing. *Perenny*, *Folkestone*, *Dover*, have been also named. But nineteen hundred winters have so altered the landmarks and outline of the coast, that it is impossible to fix the spot with any certainty.

chiefs; and the acceptance of these brought to the Roman camp the chiefs themselves, who flocked in to pay a hollow homage, and watch for a chance of retrieving their loss. The chance soon came. When, four days later, the ships which bore the much-desired cavalry hove in sight of the Roman camp, a storm arose that drove them back to Gaul, and shattered terribly the entire fleet. Quietly the British chiefs slunk away, and mustered their men for a dash. It was the end of the harvest time, and one field of corn still stood uncut, not far from the Roman camp. The Seventh Legion, sent out to reap it—supplies were very scanty in the Roman tents—were beset by a host of horsemen and charioteers, who had stolen on them under cover of the woods. A cloud of dust, rising from the trodden ground, told the sentinels at the camp that something more than harvesting was going on. Cæsar hurried to the spot with fresh troops: it took all his generalship to save from utter ruin the beleaguered reapers, and to carry them safely back to camp. Drunk with success, the Britons followed him to his trenches; but this was a great mistake. Foiled and broken, they were forced to flee into the woods; and from these leafy fortresses they sent out again their petitions for peace. Cæsar was very glad to grant their prayer. He had had eighteen or twenty days of British warfare, and thought it quite enough for the present. However, not to imperil his assumed dignity as a conqueror, he insisted on receiving from the suppliant chiefs double the number of hostages before agreed on. The demand was merely an empty form, for in his hurry back to Gaul he found it convenient to forget that he had ever made it, and sailed away from the island without having received a single man.

What Cæsar thought of British soldiers may be judged from the preparations of the following summer. Eight hundred transports rode at anchor to receive five legions and two thousand horse—an army of at least 32,000 men. Landing on the Kentish shore at a place selected the year before, and probably not far from the scene of his first struggle with the natives, he found the tactics of the Britons completely changed. No one opposed his landing; there was no foe in sight. But from some peasants or fishermen, brought that evening to his camp, he learned that, about twelve Roman miles away, upon a river—no doubt the Stour—the British forces awaited his approach. Leaving a guard in the camp, he moved at once to the spot, where huge heaps of felled trees blocked up every approach to the stronghold. The Romans succeeded in forcing the rude defences, but not until they had cast up a mound against the barricade, and climbed it under cover of their shields, which they lapped together in the form called *testudo*, from its resemblance to the shell of a tortoise.

At this critical time came news of a terrible storm which had wrecked many of the Roman ships and crippled all the rest. Again the elements were fighting on the British side. Cæsar must go back to camp. All thoughts of following up the blow just given must yield to this pressing danger, for the fleet was all-important, as the only base of operations on which the Romans

could rely. Ten days were, therefore, spent in patching the ships, hauling them up on the beach, and drawing round them a line of defence, which joined them to the camp.

These ten days were precious to the Britons. Taught by their reverses, they saw that internal quarrels must be forgotten in the presence of the Romans; and that, unless all were to perish, all must unite in fighting the battles of the island. Thickest woods and widest marshes could not save scattered and disunited tribes, which would be easily defeated in turn by the advancing legions. There must be a single army and a single chief. All eyes turned to Cassibelan, whose territory lay probably in Hertfordshire, and who was well known as the terror and the scourge of those neighbours who resisted his will. He was the very man for the great emergency; and in ninety days of brilliant and not unprofitable struggle with his well-skilled foe, this earliest of British soldiers won a name that cannot die.

Never had Romans fought with so daring and so strange a foe. The time or manner of their attack there was no foreseeing. They dashed out from a wood upon the passing Romans, struck their sharp quick blows, and, before the heavy-armed legionaries had quite prepared for battle, the wood had swallowed them up again. A distant cloud of dust, springing suddenly up, would sweep nearer with whirlwind speed, and out from its centre would burst a rattling charge of wooden cars, drawn by small wiry horses, filled with giant spearmen, and armed, it is said, with huge scythes or hooks¹ projecting from the wheels, which tore a bloody lane through ranks hardly enough to await the onset. Right through the Roman march they would go, and vanish as they came, leaving maimed and dead to mark their ghastly track. The Britons never met Caesar in regular battle-array, for they knew that in a pitched battle they could not cope with men whose lives had been devoted to scientific warfare, and that their only hope of victory lay in wearing out the patience of the foe by incessant surprises,—a thing which their knowledge of every hill and valley, bush and cliff, made easy to them. Yet we would be doing injustice to these gallant men, if we forgot that their tactics and their knowledge of camp-making extorted wonder and praise even from Caesar, whose brilliant laurels they somewhat dimmed.

The confederate British army had mustered south of the Thames under the command of Cassibelan, during the ten days spent by Caesar in repairing and fortifying his fleet. At first moving bands appeared on the hills round the Roman camp, but no attack was made, until a *foraging* party, consisting of three legions and all the cavalry (nearly two-thirds of the whole army!), moved out into the open country. Then on came the Britons; but in their haste they overbore the mark, and dashed in upon the solid legions. It was a hopeless thing to try and break the brazen wall. Back they fell in huddled groups,

¹ The only writer who expressly mentions these scythes is the geographer, Pomponius Mela, who belonged to the first century. But on ancient battle-fields blades have been dug up which seem to answer the description of these terrible instruments.

shivered by the force of their own attack ; and a Roman charge swept the fragments of their lines from the field. So severe was the check that it led to the disbanding of the confederate army, and the retirement of Cassibelan across the Thames.

To this river Cæsar then forced a way, bent upon following the active foe into the heart of his own territory. The passage is thought to have been made at a place called Cowey Stakes, near Chertsey,¹ where, so far back as the time of Bede, tradition showed the spot. And no easy task it was to wade neck-deep through a great stream, whose bed bristled with thick lead-wrapped stakes of oakwood, and whose opposite bank, lined with a like palisading, was yet more terribly lined with a fierce and angry foe. Roman valour made light of the danger. Following the horse, the legions plunged in ; and though for a time nothing but a swarm of helmeted heads appeared above the water, they struggled safely through, while the Britons retired in dismay at their daring.

Cæsar then moved upon the town of Cassibelan, which was a stockade in the Hertford woods, surrounded by a rampart of clay, and barricaded by felled trees, wherever woods or marshes left a weak point. The Roman town of *Verulamium*, not far from where St. Albans stands, is thought to have been built on the site of Cassibelan's encampment. But this is very doubtful. Wherever it may have stood, Cæsar, guided to the stronghold by the envoys of the submissive Trinobantes and other tribes, broke through the outworks, drove the defenders from their post, slaying many, and took possession of the great herds of cattle collected there,—a most welcome prize for his half-starved soldiery, who had been marching for days through a desolated land.

His town thus lost, the last hope of Cassibelan lay in the four kings of Kent, to whom he sent an urgent message, directing them to make a sudden attack upon the Roman camp. It was made, but failed ; and nothing then remained but to sue for peace. Cæsar was extremely ready to grant the petition. He knew that he was spending his strength to little purpose, and that to hold even the slight footing he had so hardly won would cost endless vigilance and toil. Filled, therefore, with a wholesome fear of the equinoctial gales, not unmingled, probably, with a slight dread of the ancient Britons, he went through the form of asking hostages, and settling the amount of yearly tribute (never paid, be it marked) ; packed his soldiers into the ships, lately rescued from the threatening torch ; and crossed to Gaul, leaving nothing but the earthworks of his deserted camps to mark his so-called conquest of the island.

No history of his two expeditions has reached us except that from his own pen, and this must be received with caution, if not with actual suspicion. Writing from his own point of view, he knew as well how to gloss a failure as

¹ In the British Museum is a corroded stake, taken from the Thames at this place, and supposed to be one of those planted by Cassibelan. Many still remain in the bed of the river. The distinguished antiquary Wright doubts the connection of these elaborate stakes with the Roman passage of the Thames, believing them to be rather the relics of some later Roman work, connected with the fishing or navigation of the river.

to cover a retreat. In fact, he admits that his usual good fortune, in this instance, deserted the eagles. No doubt, wherever there was a stand-up fight, the Roman sword-knife prevailed over the British claymore. But upon the ever-shifting masses of a British army, dashing to the charge, and then melting into little groups of skirmishers, the legions could inflict no permanent defeat. As well might a man hope to leave a gash on water stricken with a sword; rust may gather on the brilliant steel, but no scar remains on the yielding liquid to mark where the blow has fallen. It has been well said, that "a few hostages, a girdle of British pearls for Venus, and a splendid triumph were the only fruits which Cæsar reaped from his victory."

CHAPTER III.

HOW THE ANCIENT BRITONS LIVED.

A village scene.
Male employments.
Blue limbs.
Ring money.

Cutting the mistletoe.
The wicker cage.
Gods of the Druids.
What the Druids knew.

Picture of a warrior.
Dust to dust.
Note on cromlechs.

I WOULD now carry my reader back nearly two thousand years. A village, nestling under the shadowy skirts of a great wood in Kent, lies encircled by its wooden paling or stockade. Not far off, among the dark tangles of underwood, or in the caves of rocky hillocks, lurk bears, boars, and wolves, whose cries, as they prowling round the huts by night, startle the sleeping children. In the stream hard by the beaver swims and builds. Deer of many kinds glance past in the openings of the trees. Chequering the green of the grassy sweep, which stretches out from the town for a mile or so, until the view is again shut in by a dark mass of foliage, wave many patches of yellow grain; and on the rich pasture land between, dotting it with white and red, numerous sheep and oxen graze peacefully in scattered groups. As we approach the collection of pointed roofs, from which thin lines of blue wood-smoke rise lazily into the summer air, we catch the low sweet notes of a woman's voice, singing an old Celtic air, akin to those which live still in the noble harp music of Ireland and Wales. Dressed in a tunic of dark blue woollen cloth, over which a scarf of red-striped plaid, fastened on the breast with a pin of bronze, is loosely thrown, she sits at the door of her cabin, grinding corn in a little *guern*.¹ A string of dusky pearls adorns her neck, and silver rings glitter on her arms. At her sudden call, from the low archway which serves as both door and window to the hut, there comes a child, yellow-haired and blue-eyed like her mother. The girl runs quickly to the well for water, which she

¹ The *guern*, or hand-mill, was made of two round stones, the upper one revolving in the cup-shaped hollow of the lower and larger, as a ball revolves in its socket. One or two upright wooden handles, projecting from the upper stone, served to work the mill.

carries in a clumsy pot of coarse sun-dried clay, beside whose discoloured tawny surface, full of lumps and cracks, the commonest red flower-pot of our gardens would seem beautiful and smooth. When the meal is mixed with water, the wet dough is set on a heated stone to bake. Let us take a peep through the smoke at the interior of the hut, whose walls are of pliant rods tied together, and whose conical roof is of simple thatch. The floor, dug below the surface in the shape of a bowl, is lined with thin slates, in the middle of which some bits of wood¹ lie smouldering in their white ashes. Rounded blocks of wood serve for seats and table; a few fleeces or deer-skins—the bedding of the family—lie piled by the wall, on which hang the long pointless sword of the chieftain and his small round shield. In a corner rest a bronze-headed spear, and a bundle of reed arrows, tipped with flint. These wooden platters and bowls of yellow clay are of home manufacture; but not that ivory bracelet, those amber beads, that drinking-cup of glass. They are from Gaul; and proud indeed is the chieftain's wife of owning them, for the possession of such rare foreign treasures entitles her to hold her head high among the matrons of her tribe. While the cake is baking for supper, the wife takes from one of those pretty osier baskets, which serve both as wardrobes and cupboards, a roll of knitted stuff, on which she needs to work hard against the coming winter, for both husband and children look to her for the clothes they wear. Spinner, knitter or weaver, dyer, seamstress, cook, dairy-keeper, corn-grinder, this lady of primitive Britain has her hands quite full of work, although her establishment is not upon the grandest scale.

Meanwhile the men of the village are scattered in different directions. The chief, having looked after his sheep and oxen, has taken his spear or quiver, has whistled for his dogs, and is away into the heart of the woods in search of venison or wild boar. Another has launched his light coracle of skin, stretched upon a slender wooden frame, and is paddling down stream with net and line.² When the sun sets, the wearied sportsmen will come home to a heavy supper of beef or mutton, hot bread, fresh butter, and curds, washed down with large draughts of mead or barley ale; and will then sink, almost with the falling night, into a deep sleep upon shaggy skins, covered only with the mantles they wear by day. Dawn sees the whole village astir. But in southern Britain, by the time of Cæsar's invasion, hunting had become rather a pastime than the serious business of life. The Britons of the south had ceased, long before that, to be savages. The tending of their flocks and herds—the manuring of their tilled land with chalk marl—the sowing and reaping of their grain—the storing of the unthreshed ears in under-ground chambers, from which the daily supply was pulled by the hand, to be roasted and beaten out with a stick, occupied much of their working time. But many other things

¹ In some places where coal lay near the surface it was used as fuel by the ancient Britons.

² This applies only to southern Britain. The natives of the north abhorred the use of fish as food. A similar feeling prevails, or lately prevailed, in the Highlands of Scotland.

had also to be done. Wicker baskets were woven, probably by the older men and boys, to whose aid the women sometimes came. The moulds have been found, in which the Britons ran melted tin and copper to make heads for their axes and their spears. Heaps of flint flakes of various colours—red, yellow, grey, and black,—were brought from the quarry to be chipped by skilful hands into shapely arrow-points. And when the cutting was done, a hole had to be bored through the flint, that the thin thong of hide, which bound the point to the slender shaft, might hold it firm and straight. Then there was often a canoe to be hollowed out, not with fire and stone axe only, the most primitive method of making a boat, but, probably, with hammer and *celt*.¹ The supply of pottery, too, needed to be kept up in the camp; and so the soldier and hunter of one day might be seen upon another, up to the shoulders in yellow clay, kneading and modelling, tracing simple patterns of line and dot with a pointed stick upon the soft ware, and then, with an artist's pride, placing the rude vessel he had formed with all the simple skill he could command, out before the door of his cabin to dry in the hot sun.

I have thus given in mere outline, for the materials are very scanty, a sketch of home-life among the ancient Britons of the south-east. We must be very cautious lest we apply this description to the natives of the entire land. The truth is, the term "ancient Briton" means three things. When Cæsar landed in Kent there were in the island three grades of civilization. The farmers, who marched under the banner of Cassibelan, I have just described. Farther inland there were herdsmen, who sowed no corn, but were content with the milk and flesh of their flocks, and the wild game they killed now and then in the adjacent woods. And in the dense forests of the north and west roved groups of savage men, who shot a deer or snared a bustard when they wanted food, ate berries and leaves when game was not to be had, slept in caves or under trees, wherever the setting sun found them after the day's chase, and led, in short, a life which in truth took no thought for the morrow. A gigantic savage wrapped in deer-skin, his naked limbs stained deep-blue with the juice of woad,² his blue eyes darting lightning, and a storm of yellow hair tossing on his broad shoulders and mingling with the floating ends of his tangled moustache, has been the favourite portrait of an ancient Briton, as painted by some historians of our nation. Retaining the giant size, the fierce blue eyes, and golden mane of hair, we may dismiss the deer-skin and the blue limbs to the backwoods of the land. Among the gallant soldiers and skilful mechanics who dwelt round the Thames, naked limbs were never seen, except when they flung aside their plaids in the heat of battle that the claymore might have a freer swing, or when they prostrated themselves in deep

¹ *Celts* (so called from the Latin *celtis*) were chisels or small axe-heads of bronze, used by the ancient Britons. It must not be supposed that the name has anything to do with the name of the Celtic races.

² Woad (*Isatis tinctoria*) yields a deep blue dye like indigo, which is now generally used in its place. It is cultivated near Ely, but grows wild in France and on the Baltic shores. After being bruised in a mill, it is made into balls for use. Compare our common word, *weed*.

each car holds two or three—fling darts upon the Roman line. Each driver has his ponies well in hand, and they obey every movement of wrist or finger. In the foremost chariot a giant soldier stands, the model of an ancient chief. His tunic and trousers of red-barred plaid, and his short blue cloak (*sagum*) are of finer stuff than the dress of a common soldier. And see! he wears round his neck the torc (*torques*), or twisted rope of gold, which is a certain sign of command. A thin corslet of the same precious metal, ornamented with lines and nail-heads in many parallel rows, glitters on his breast.¹ But this is clearly too slight for the purpose of defence. It is a mark of the highest rank. The thunder of the charge, breaking in a thick rain of flint, shakes even Roman valour, as the horses rush upon their shields. But the legion is too strong to break. Sheering suddenly off, the chariots are down with a swoop among the Roman cavalry. Quick as lightning the British warriors run along the pole and leap to the ground. Spear and sword begin their deadly work; and the chieftain's claymore deals deep gashes in its bloody path, until he falls, smitten with a deadly blow. His long bronze blade, stopped in its sheer descent by an uplifted shield, sticks inch-deep in the hard bull-hide, and, before he can tug it free, the short broad knife of Spanish steel, with which a Roman soldier fought, plunged up beneath his ribs, has cleft his heart.

With sad pageantry the dead chief is laid in his rocky tomb. Decked with his choicest ornaments of amber and bone—his golden corslet, cleansed from blood and battle-dust, glittering upon the linen which wraps his stiffened frame—his hands clasped in the attitude of prayer—his drinking-bowl half filled with mead—his spear and sword and dagger, his bow and heap of flints, beside him, all laid ready to his hand for that waking of the dead for which his faith has taught him to prepare—he is buried in a stone sepulchre among the heather on some lonely hill top above the sea. The *cromlech* is covered with a mound of clay, and round the base a row of guardian stones is planted and a shallow ditch is dug.² Blue-eyed daughters weep his loss, and fair-

¹ Such a gorget was found in 1833, encircling the breast-bone of a skeleton, which was dug out of a barrow at Mold in Flintshire. It is three feet seven inches long, and, although its outline is broken, the curves for receiving the neck and arms are clearly seen.

² Our scanty knowledge of the primitive Britons is gathered chiefly from their graves. Here and there in Britain and in France, especially in Cornwall, Wilts, Kent, Ireland, Bretagne, and the Channel Islands, great mounds of earth or stones rise, called by antiquarians *Barrows* (a Saxon word). Many of these, when dug into, have been found to contain a stone chamber, formed frequently of four large flattish rocks in their natural roughness. Three are placed on end for the three sides, and the fourth rests as a cap or roof upon their upper edges. Such a chamber is called a *cromlech* (probably a Celtic word, meaning stone table). The French call the chamber *dolmen*; and some adopt another Celtic name, *hiel-wen* (stone chest). The Scotch *cairn* is a barrow made of stones instead of clay. When the *cromlech* is found bare, the barrow has been removed by farmers or treasure-hunters. Sometimes a stone has disappeared, chipped up to mend a fence or pave a road, and the remaining three often form a doorway with posts and a cross slab. This is called, from the Greek, *trilitha*. The chamber is sometimes represented by two stones, or even by a single one. There are *cromlechs* of a complicated sort, made of many stones. One near Wellow in Somersetshire consists of a central corridor with three chambers on each side. A fine specimen of the simple *cromlech* may be seen on a hill between

haired stalwart sons, like himself in bone and blood, shall burn with the memory of their dead father when they meet a Roman in battle, until they too shall have died, and the grass shall dress their heaped-up graves in green. Long ages after, an English farmer, carting away the rich heap of mould to spread it on his fields, shall come upon the tomb; wiser men shall read the story its silent relics tell; and the bronze blades, eaten deep with green rust,—the urn of yellow clay still marked with the crust of a dried-up liquid,—the scattered beads,—the shining gorget,—and the wreathed *torc*,—shall exchange the chill silence of a sepulchre for the painted shelves and orderly glass-cases of an antiquarian museum.¹

Maidstone and Rochester, commanding a view of the Medway valley and the opposite chalk hills. Kit's Cotty House, as it is locally called, is connected with other monumental stones and circles, which indicate, perhaps, that the place was the cemetery of a leading Kentish tribe. Some barrows have no cromlech in them.

The most remarkable stone monuments of old British times are the circles at Stonehenge, and, twenty miles off, at Avebury in Wiltshire. These were once thought to have been Druidical temples, but the barrows all round them seem to show that they are monuments erected to some great chieftains. At Stonehenge (the name means in Anglo-Saxon *hanging stones*) a circular bank and ditch, 300 feet in diameter, encloses two concentric circles, the outer one formed of connected *triliths*, and the inner, of single pillars. Within these are two oval arrangements of stones. The stones are squared, unlike other Celtic monuments, and on the upright posts tenons are cut to fit into holes in the upper blocks. A large flat stone marks the centre of the work. At Avebury a yet more remarkable set of circles is approached by two winding avenues of upright stones, which are thought to have had some connection with the worship of the serpent. Stonehenge was once called the Giant's Dance, and no doubt the simple shepherds who sit under the shadow of the grey lichened stones have tales to tell of the circles, like those which cling to the circle of Dauer Maine in Cornwall and the stone lines of Carnac in Bretagne. The former, according to the popular legend, is a group of girls struck into stone for dancing on Sunday; the latter is an army of petrified pagans.

¹ The things found in ancient British tombs, besides bones and human ashes, may be classed under three heads—

1. Urns and pottery-ware, rough, clumsy, and sun-baked.
2. Tools of stone and bronze,—including axe, spear, and arrow heads, daggers, hammers, celts or chisels, and rude saws. And here it may be said that we must not imagine that the use of stone necessarily implies no knowledge of metals. Weapons of stone have been found beside both bronze and iron. The Saxons at Hastings, and the Scots to the day of Wallace, are said to have used weapons of stone.
3. Beads of amber, jet, &c., and personal ornaments. Of these the gold breastplate found at Mold is the most remarkable specimen.

SECOND PERIOD.—THE ROMAN OCCUPATION.

(43 A.D.—410 A.D.)

CHAPTER I.

CARACTACUS AND BOADICEA.

Slight intercourse.
Cunobella.
Claudius invades.
Caractacus.

Vespasian.
Ostorius Scapula.
Caractacus at Rome.
Druidism destroyed.

Boadicea.
The march of vengeance.
The fatal battle.

THE ninety-seven years, which intervened between the second campaign of Julius and the invasion of Britain by the legions of Claudius, were marked by no events of great moment. The machinery of British life went on much as it had been going on for centuries; yet the landing of the Romans upon the island was not without results upon that life. Travellers from Britain often found their way to Rome, and came back to engraft many Roman fashions upon their simple ways; and tourists from the Eternal City, journeying through Gaul, ventured across the narrow strait to visit the rude homes of these island strangers. Faint traces of Roman manners and customs might already be seen on the banks of the Thames.

Cunobelin, king of the Trinobantes¹—the Cymbeline of Shakspeare—was the most notable Briton of his day.² Many of his coins still exist. Improving on the rude imitations of Macedonian money, in which the British coinage had its origin, he issued from his mint at Camulodunum (probably Colchester in Essex) neat copies of Roman coins. His disowned son, Adminius, it was who induced Caligula to abandon for a little the luxuries of Rome for the purpose of invading Britain: an expedition which has left a strange picture on the page of history—an army of brown bearded soldiers, bare-headed on the strand at Boulogne, filling their helmets with shells, as “the spoils of the conquered ocean.”

But if one son of Cunobelin was a traitor, another gave immortal lustre to the name Caractacus. When in the year 43 A.D. the Emperor Claudius, resolving to attempt the conquest of Britain, sent thither A.D. the senator Aulus Plautius, with four legions and some cavalry, this noble British chieftain, together with his brother Togodumnus, was

¹ The Trinobantes occupied Middlesex, Essex, and part of Hertfordshire.

² Though founded on history, this play of Shakspeare's, like all his historical dramas, has a large mixture of fiction. He makes the legions of Augustus engage in actual war with the Britons, although it is well known that the intention of Augustus to invade Britain was three times frustrated by more important and pressing business.

forced to retreat before the eagles. It was no unfounded fear of British service, which had led these legions to mutiny when the order of Claudius reached the Roman camp in Gaul. Britons, led by a Caractacus, were indeed formidable foes; and during ninety-seven years they had grown somewhat familiar with the Roman sword and shield. Plautius, landing without hindrance, pushed across the Medway to the Thames. Claudius joined him there. Camulodunum was besieged and taken. The emperor added *Britannicus* to his other names, and Britain was called, for the first time, a Roman province. But there was bloody work to do before that name could tell the truth. The great Vespasian was summoned to the war. While Plautius fought north of the Thames, this emperor yet-to-be swept the island south of that river with the Second Legion, fighting thirty battles, and storming more than twenty stockaded towns. Titus, serving in his father's army against the fierce Belgæ and Damnonii of Hampshire and Wight, sharpened the sword which was destined in a few years to fall with such bloody terror upon rejected Israel. Against such foes Caractacus, with his wild untrained valour, could make little head. Leaving his brave brother dead among the Ressex swamps, he retreated to the trackless mountains of southern Wales.

Then, in the room of Plautius, came Ostorius Scapula, who drew a line of forts from the Wash to the estuary of the Severn, thus completing the triangle over which the eagles had now swept victorious. Having subdued the Iceni of the east plain and the Brigantes of the northern woods, and having erected Camulodunum into the capital of the Roman province, beautifying this city of the flats with a temple to Claudius and other fine buildings, he marched against Caractacus, who was now at the head of the Silures, a warlike tribe inhabiting southern Wales. He found him somewhere in the wilds of Wales, strongly posted behind a stone rampart on a hill, in front of which ran a river difficult to pass.¹ Too easily the matted locks and tattooed breasts of the British were cloven by Roman swords and pierced by Roman spears. The stone rampart was forced, and Caractacus was finally defeated.

His nine years' struggle, bravely maintained, had come to an end. Severed from his wife and daughters, who were taken captive, the beaten chief fled to a false kinswoman, Cartismandua, queen of the Brigantes, by whom he was betrayed into the hands of the Romans. Tacitus tells us how undauntedly he confronted the shame of a triumphal procession through Rome, and with what bitter truth he wondered how the lords of marble palaces, like those past which he walked in chains, could envy dwellers in the reedy huts of Britain. Claudius, struck with his noble bearing, pardoned him for the crime of patriotism and gave him leave to live.

Suetonius Paulinus, a soldier of great renown, arrived in Britain in 59 A.D.,

¹ *Coer-Cardior*, a high hill on the Ony in Shropshire, near the meeting of the Clun and the Teme, has been pointed out as the scene of this battle; but the site is very uncertain. *Corae/Koel*, some miles off, where the remains of a British camp are shown, is a rival candidate.

to find Druidism shrunken into the island of Mona.¹ Already the Oakmen with their bloody rites had fallen under the imperial ban ; for it was they who kindled and kept alive the flames of war among the Britons. Their destruction was now resolved on. Paulinus, penetrating to the Menai
59 Straits, crossed the narrow strip of sea in flat-bottomed skiffs, and fell
 A.D. with fury upon the British lines, which were marshalled by bearded Druids and inflamed by the songs of dark-robed priestesses, who flitted along the shore with yellow streaming hair, and eyes blazing like the torches that they bore. The blow was deadly. A priest or two, who had escaped the sword, may have stolen from their lair at midnight, to weep amid levelled groves and altars that smoked no more with sacred fire, but the bloody superstition never revived. In old customs and legends its memory still haunts the land; and even these are dying fast. The May-pole, gay with boughs and bloom—the blazing hill-sides of Midsummer Eve—the mistletoe at Christmas time—are some of the relics that still speak of eighteen hundred years ago.

The name of Paulinus is also associated with the sad story of Boadicea and her wrongs. To propitiate the fierce extortioners who were robbing the conquered land, Prasutagus, a dying king of the Iceni,² bequeathed half his wealth to the Romans, in the hope that they might thus be induced to let his daughters enjoy the other half in peace. The greedy victors seized on all; and when Boadicea, widow of the king, courageously demanded justice for her children, she was publicly scourged, and a shame worse than death was inflicted on her daughters. Covering with her queenly mantle the cruel traces of the rods, and the deeper wounds upon the mother's heart, she seized her husband's spear and called her people to the field. At once every hut on the wide plain east of the Chiltern Hills sent forth a burning British heart, whose fierce and righteous anger could be quenched only in Roman blood. The time was ripe, for Paulinus was away cutting down the Druid groves of Mona. Strangely enough, the Roman capital, Camulodunum, lay open to attack, guarded by no rampart, and garrisoned only by a few hundred men. The temple of Claudius, the only building that could be made a temporary citadel, held out but for two days. The town was plundered and destroyed. The Ninth Legion, coming up to the rescue, was beaten at Wormingford on the Stour; and before Paulinus could bring his troops from Wales through central woods thick with foes, the whole country-side was in a blaze of rebellion. The keen and practised eye of the Roman soldier saw that a crisis had come.

Unable to save London, to which his march was first directed, he left that city to the fury of a storm, which laid it in blood-soaked ashes ere his legions were many miles from its gates. Verulamium too was filled with slaughter; and the butchery went on until seventy thousand Romans lay dead amid their ruined towns.

¹ The Romans called both Angles and Man by this name, which survives in the latter word.

² The Iceni filled Norfolk and the lower basin of the Great Ouse, *Venta Icenorum* being their capital.

Mustering ten thousand soldiers, Paulinus took up a position, probably between London and Colchester, with woods and the sea behind him, and an open plain stretching far in front. So sure were the Britons of victory, that their women assembled to see the fight from a curving row of waggons drawn up behind the host. Boadicea, robed in plaid of many colours and wearing a rich gold collar, passed along the lines with her injured children, encouraging soldiers as she drove by. The British attack came on with deafening, but the scattered charge recoiled from the solid mass of the Roman. Formed in a wedge, the legions bore down upon the disordered ranks, and drove them back upon their cars. The sudden blocking of the path of the frightened women, trebled the confusion of the Britons. Thousands perished in the battle and pursuit; and Boadicea, to escape the hands of capture, completed the tragedy by killing herself with poison.

Y'S

DIARY

CHAPTER II.

JULIUS AGRICOLA IN BRITAIN.

Arrival of Agricola.
His early campaigns.

The chain of forts.
Battle of Mons Gramplus.

Circuit of the island.
The recall.

WHILE Vespasian wore the purple, a man of decided genius, combining the highest qualities of soldier and statesman, was sent as Proprætor into Britain. It was Julius Agricola, whose life has been written for us by Tacitus, the husband of his daughter. No sword has ever been more fortunate in the pen that told the story of its brilliant deeds.

Britain was not an unknown land to Agricola, for he had commanded the Twentieth Legion there some years earlier, when Petillus Cerealis held sway in the island. Now fresh from the honours of the consulship, this great man landed in Britain to win the fairest laurels of his life. It was late in the summer of 78 when he came, to find work ready for his sword. The Ordovices of northern Wales, old allies of gallant Caractacus, were up in war. Marching without delay into that wild district, the Roman leader cut the tribe to pieces, and wrested Mona once more from British hands.

But he knew how to subdue with other weapons than the sword. His more permanent victories over the flower of the British youth were won by Roman books and fashions, the pleasures of Roman baths and banquets. Planting the luxuries of the Tiber upon the banks of the Thames, he soon saw with secret pleasure the sons of those free and hardy chieftains, who had swung the claymore with bare blue limbs, and had slept in willow walls on a bed of skin, vying with each other in the whiteness of their folded togas, and the grace of their marble porticoes.

78

A.D.

His second campaign (79 A.D.) was spent in the subjugation of several tribes in north-western Britain, and in studding the conquered districts with strong castles. This year's fighting brought him close to what is now the Scottish Border. In the year 80 he carried the Roman eagle to the mouth of the *Taus*, which has been considered by some the Tay, by others the Solway Frith. The following summer (81 A.D.) saw a chain of forts stretching from *Clota* (the Clyde) to *Bodotria* (the Frith of Forth), across the narrowest part of the island, so that the Caledonians might be pent completely up in their native woods, whither they were soon to be followed. Then, with a view to an invasion of Ireland, one of whose princes had sought his help, he passed in 82 into Galloway, where traces of his camps may still be seen. During his sixth campaign (83 A.D.), passing the fortified line which he had drawn from sea to sea, he advanced to a position some distance south of the Ochil range of hills, where his advanced guard—the Ninth Legion—being attacked by night, was nearly cut to pieces by the fierce woodsmen.¹ In a general engagement which followed, he succeeded in beating back the hordes; but could do nothing else before winter compelled him to withdraw to Fife. There, with the sea on two sides, and flat land in front, he lay secure until the opening spring enabled him again to take the field.

Last and greatest of Agricola's campaigns was that of the year 84. Tracing the valley of the Devon for a while, he passed with his army of thirty thousand through the Ochils, and upon the moor of Ardoch at the foot of the great Grampian wall he found a host of Caledonians marshalled under the leadership of Gálgacus, one of those representative men of whom history is full, who

shine out in a perilous time, at once the type and embodiment of the spirit of their age. The men of the woods fought with the same long cutting sword and small round target which their High-

land descendants bore for many a day after; but as had happened in Kent and Hertford, so on this Perthshire moor the short knife-like sword of the Romans won the day. In vain the Highland rush and wild hurrah came sweeping down the hill. It was the battling of waves against a rock; and ten thousand Caledonians fell on the bloody field. When the roar of battle had ceased, a silent landscape stretched around, its sky blurred with smoking ruins, its heather wet with noble blood. The ditch of a Roman camp—many weapons, both British and Roman, which have been dug up on the moor—and the presence of two huge cairns on the neighbouring hill, probably raised above the bones of the ten thousand, seem to mark out Ardoch as the most probable site for the great battle of *Mons Grampius*.

The fleet of Agricola, which had kept pace with his northward movements, was despatched by him from the Frith of Tay to cruise along the coasts to the

¹ The Celts of southern Britain called the inhabitants of the northern part of the island, *Croŋill daoin*,—that is, people of the woods; and Roman tongues shaped out of the compound the name Caledonia. There is no evidence that the people of the north called themselves by this name.

Loch Ore, two miles south of Lochleven, is named as the scene of this surprise. The ditches of a camp remain to mark the halting-place of a Roman army.

north. Visiting the Orkneys and rounding Cape Wrath, his ships ran down the western shore, turned the Land's End, and arrived safely at a port, which was probably that of Sandwich. Britain had always been called an island before, but this voyage established the fact beyond a doubt.

After eight years spent in subduing the British tribes—some by the arts of war, others by the gentler force of kindness—Agricola was recalled in 86 A.D. from a province whose people, so far at least as they were submissive, he had blessed with lighter taxes and cheaper bread. Stupidly jealous of this bright jewel in the imperial crown, Domitian hurried him back to Rome on false pretences, and doomed his genius to rust in the forced inaction of private life. He died in 93 A.D., poisoned, some say, by an imperial order. Most eminent of the Roman Proprætors in Britain, he did more than any ten of his countrymen to mould that turbulent province to a Roman shape.

CHAPTER III.

THE ROMAN WALLS AND ROADS.

Hadrian's Wall.		The Roman Streets.		His march through Scotland.
Antonine's Wall.		Old Severus.		His death at York.

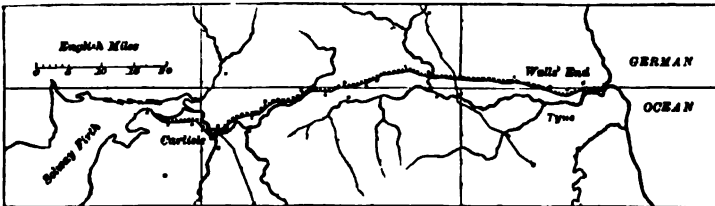
AT THE departure of Agricola the history of Britain is a comparative blank for many years. We know that among the Cheviots and the Lowthers fierce tribes dwelt, who waged incessant war upon the Roman outposts. The scanty story of this troubled time may be gathered up in a few facts relating to the great works of engineering, by which the Romans tried to secure the conquests they had won or to open the way to new dominion. Such works were the ramparts of earth and stone known as the Roman Walls, and the great military Roads, which were called in the Latin language, *Strata*.

The Emperor Hadrian came to Britain in the year 120 A.D., and although we have no account of his achievements, it is reasonable to suppose that the tameless northern tribes felt, for a time at least, the smart of his weighty sword. He left behind an enduring monument of his visit in the great wall of stone, nearly seventy miles in length, which he built over the Northumbrian hills, from Bowness on the Solway Frith to Wall's End on the river Tyne. Agricola had already raised a bank of clay across this lower isthmus, but forty years of war and weather had gapped its outline in many parts. Deepening the ditch, and raising the bank to a greater height, Hadrian completed the work by a wall of solid masonry, eight feet wide, running parallel within a short distance of the northern face of the earthen rampart. Twenty-three stationary towns, connected by military roads which ran between the works of stone and clay, dotted the line at intervals; and these intervals were subdivided by mile-castles and watch-

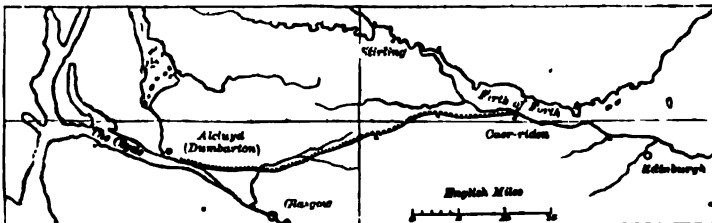
towers. For the defence of the entire line a force of ten thousand men was needed.¹

The name of Lollius Urbicus, Roman governor of Britain under Antoninus Pius, who assumed the purple in 138, is associated with a second wall, built about 140 on the site of Agricola's earth-work, which crossed the upper isthmus. From *Caer-riden* on the shore of *Forth* to *Aldwyd* 140 (Dumbarton) on the Clyde, a distance of about thirty-one miles, A.D. he raised a great bank of turf upon a stone foundation, studding the line with several forts, and adding along its southern side a military road, by which the defenders might easily pass from post to post. The object of this wall was to defend the districts north of Hadrian's rampart from the inroads of the wild mountaineers. It marks the gradual advance of the Roman dominion towards the north; but the tract between the walls—nearly corresponding to the Lowlands of Scotland and the shire of Northumberland—was always in a troubled and unsafe condition during the Roman occupation. The work I have just described was called the Wall of Antonine. Its local name of *Graham's Dyke* points back, perhaps, to a more modern use of this great bank of earth.

¹ The earthen scullum of this great work has been ascribed to Severus; but the best authorities now believe that Hadrian erected all the works, both of earth and stone. I subjoin sketches of the Walls of Hadrian and Antonine.



THE ROMAN WALL BETWEEN THE SOLWAY AND THE TYNE.



THE ROMAN WALL BETWEEN THE CLYDE AND FORTH.

Walls like these would have been of little use, unless the Romans possessed means of pouring their legions with speed into any part of the conquered province. Such means they had in their great military roads, which cut the island from side to side. It has been rashly inferred that the primitive Britons had no roads. Modern antiquarians say that eight highways, older than the Roman occupation, can be traced, one of them running round the entire coast. If this be so, it is probable that the Roman engineers would turn the works of the conquered people to some account; and, when it was possible, would make the British road a Roman street. Trenching the soil until they came to the rocky crust below, upon this sure foundation they built up three or four layers of squared or broken stones, mixed with gravel, lime, and clay; and when the causeway had reached the height of eight or ten feet, it was closely paved with large blocks of stone, especially in the middle of the track.

Most important of these military roads was that which the Saxons called *Walling Street*, probably after one of their mythological kings. Starting from Richborough and Dover, it crossed the Thames at London, and ran diagonally into western Wales, with a branch to Chester. The *Fosse* ran from Cornwall to Lincoln; the *Ermyn Street* coasted the eastern island; the *Ickniel Street* ran from Yarmouth to Land's End; the *Ryknield*, from the mouth of the Tyne to Gloucester and St. David's. These great structures, interlaced with many cross-roads, and sending their branches out to every important station on the shore, covered the land south of the dense Caledonian woods with a net-work, whose strong meshes did more to secure the province than perhaps any other work of war or peace the Romans wrought upon our soil. Some of our best modern roads, where mail-coaches ran for many a year and heavy waggons still toil creaking on, have been made on the basis of these old Roman ways.

In the reign of the Emperor Commodus the men of the northern woods burst through the wall of Antonine, and overran the land between the two great ramparts. As if naturally formed to be a Debatable Ground, the basins of Tweed and Clyde, of Annan and of Tyne, became the battle-field of the Legions and the Clans. And when a mutinous spirit spread among the Roman troops in Britain, and the legions followed to Lyons the banner of Albinus, governor of the island, who fought with Severus for the great stake of the imperial throne, the fierce ravages of the *Mæetæ* and Caledonians grew worse and more daring than ever. Having slain his rival in Gaul, stout-hearted old Severus, though racked with gout, passed with his army into Britain, resolved to read these audacious woodsmen of the north a terrible lesson. So long as his legions trod the pavement of the Roman roads, all was well; but when swamp and moorland, mountains thick with trees, or wastes of cold grey stone lay stretching out before his march, the real difficulty of the task before him became clear. A people harder and more savage than the men who had met Julius on the Kentish shore, possessed of a strange food which gave them

strength and spirit if they ate only a piece like a bean, rushed out in their chariots from the woods, brandishing their dirks, and shaking with dreadful noise the brazen balls which tipped the handles of their spears. Like the wind they came and went, melting before a charge into the brackened dells and gloomy woodlands. Their attack might have seemed a horrid dream, but for the bloody marks they left behind. Throwing out baits of sheep and oxen, they pounced upon hungry stragglers from the Roman files, who lingered to seize the prize. Yet the stern valour of the old Roman never gave way. Carried in a litter, he forced his toilsome path with sword and axe through forests and across morasses until he reached the jutting point, washed by the Cromarty and Moray Friths; and there a peace was made. It was a brave but very useless expedition. The clouds of Caledonian skirmishers, that hung ever on the flanks of his army, were but little the worse of the war; while the bones of fifty thousand Romans lay bleaching in the trackless woods, where the arrows of the natives or the yet more fatal toils of the northward march had thinned the solid lines.

Returning to Eburacum (York), Severus visited the wall of Hadrian, and probably repaired its breaches; but did not raise the earthen *211 lum*, as the common story goes. His last hours were imbibittered *A.D.* by the conduct of his son Caracalla, who, aiming at the throne, had already tried to kill him. Just before his death, news came of a rising in the north. The spirit of the old soldier blazed up, and he prepared to root every barbarian from the Caledonian forests. But life went out (211 A.D.); and his worthless son, Caracalla, despising the last words of his dying father, left Britain to its fate.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RELAXING HOLD.

Recruits.
Caracallus

Recovered for Rome.
A creeping palsy.

The Picts in London.
Flight of the eagles.

WHILE contending rivals were soaking the imperial purple of Rome in blood, or rending it in pieces as they fought, far away in the island I write of, changes were taking place, of which history gives little or no account. Britain was sending out her brave sons to rot on distant battle-fields or to be estranged from their far-off home; and in return she was receiving from the Continent colonies of foreign soldiers—Vandals, Burgundians, Tungrians, Franks, Saxons—who settled in various districts, and by degrees melted, partially or altogether, into the native population. From a settlement of Teutonic tribes on the coasts of the projection between the Wash and the Thames, a certain Roman officer of high rank derived his title as Count of the Saxon shore.

Among those claimants of the purple who are connected with British story Carausius is the most remarkable. A Menapian, born either in Belgium or in Britain, he rose by ability and skill to be captain of the Channel Fleet, which cruised on the southern and eastern coasts of the island in order to protect them from the attacks of the Frisian pirates. A rumour having reached the throne that he was playing into the hands of the enemy, and enriching himself at the expense of the coasts he guarded, an order to put him to death came from Rome. The sea was his home, and he sought refuge in his ships. Scattering money freely round him, he drew crowds of soldiers to his banner, and with his fleet he seized *Gessoriacum* (Boulogne), which was the great naval station of northern Gaul. Conscious that his only safety lay in daring, he assumed the purple as Emperor of Rome, and established himself securely in Britain. For seven years he ruled the island, curbing the fierce northern tribes, striking coins and medals in great numbers, and with his galleys, manned by the very pirates against whom he had formerly fought, sweeping the salt seas clear of every foe that dared to approach his island throne. The dagger of a false friend, Allectus, whom he had promoted to the command of the fleet, cut short his brilliant career in 297. The assassin having seized the supreme power, held it for about three years, until the island was recovered for Rome by Constantius the Sallow. 289 A.D.

It would be very useless here to describe the gradual palsy which enfeebled the martial grasp of Rome. Every year of the fourth century saw her hold upon Britain growing slack and slacker. In truth, the great old Empire was fast breaking up, and as life grew weak within the unwieldy frame, it retreated to make its last stand in the citadel of the heart. Corruption and civil strife within, hordes of fierce barbarians without, at last did their certain work. One symptom, out of many, may be taken to show how weak the Roman rule in Britain had grown. The wild woodsmen of the north, no longer Meetes and Caledonii, but transformed, history does not certainly say how, into Picts and Scots and fierce Attacotti, were not content, as before, with ravaging the country between the walls, or even the districts south of Hadrian's wall, but pushed their destructive march to London itself, which they emptied of all its treasures, carrying away the citizens to be their slaves. Leaders trained in the British war-school, where these restless northerns allowed no swords to rust in the sheath, set up the banner of empire, one after another, until the island obtained the questionable renown of being "fertile in usurpers." Such a usurper was Maximus, who led the flower of the British youth to perish on Gallic and Italian battle-fields. 367 A.D.

The reign of Honorius saw the tie between Britain and Rome finally severed. As the Roman soldiery were gradually withdrawn from the island to fight on soil nearer home, to ward off blows levelled at the very heart of the empire, the barbarians of the north poured from their forests in fiercer and thicker swarms. After some feeble efforts to defend the southern island from these raids, the hopeless task was aban- 410 A.D.

doned. Letters from Honorius to the cities of Britain, written in 410, told them to provide for their own safety. The island was left to its fate. Even the troubled light of later Roman history ceased to shine upon it, and a darkness of nearly two hundred years closed around its shore.

CHAPTER V.

ROMANIZED BRITAIN.

A Roman camp.	The <i>coena</i> .	The Municipia.
A Roman town.	Games and gardens.	Idol altars.
Roman tombs.	Manufactures.	The Light of the Cross.
Rome life.	Roman coins.	

It has been already said that under Agricola, and even earlier, the youth of Britain had begun to imitate Roman ways of living. I now devote a short chapter to a sketch of that life in some of its features.

The Roman, essentially a soldier at all times, never changed the attitude of war during his occupation of our island. No sight was more familiar to the eyes of the native Britons than that of bronzed legionaries, with their large shields, heavy javelins, and short thick swords, marching in firm array along the stone-paved roads, with the eagles glittering overhead. The camps, with which the island was quickly studded, grew into towns, built in a rectangular shape, unwallled at first, but afterwards fortified with ramparts of massive stone. Over all the face of England we can still trace the foot-prints of these stern invaders by the names they have left behind. In many places, where the banks, once swelling grass-grown in the well-known oblong form, have long ago crumbled down to a level with the soil, the Latin word *castrum* still recalls the clank of brazen armour and the hoarse cry of keen sentinels watching at the gate.

Lining the two main streets of a Roman town, which cut each other at right angles, buildings of various kinds might be seen. Here rose the fluted or leaf-crowned pillars of a temple to Neptune or Minerva. There were the public Baths, suggestive of the *strigil* and the oil. The Basilica or court-house, and the Amphitheatre caught the eye at once in every town of any note. And flanking these public edifices, ran long rows of private dwellings—those of the richer officials built of stone and coloured tiles, glowing inside with tessellated pavements and painted stucco, and warmed by means of elaborate *hypocausts*, which filled the hollow floors with heated air. Below the town ran wide sewers of solid masonry, into which smaller drains carried off the refuse from the various houses. Passing out of the city gate into the green country, which was thickly sprinkled with splendid villas, enriched with all that Roman architecture and sculpture could bestow, a traveller along the straight stone-paved causeway could not help noticing the cemetery with its earthen mounds

and its *urninum* strewed with human ashes. Below these mounds in the hollow grave of tiles lay the great urns of dark clay, which held the relics of the dead, and grouped round the central vessel stood smaller ones full of wine and spice, often beautiful vases and *paterae* of the red Samian ware. Lamps, which were probably placed lighted in the tomb, have also been found in Roman sepulchrea. But the body was often buried unburned, being cased in a coffin of wood, stone, clay, or lead.

Within the Roman homes, where the ladies of the household sewed or spun while the centurion was out at drill, or the *duumvir* presided on the bench, life went on gaily enough. The mirror of polished metal and the boxwood comb did daily duty on the toilette table, as plate-glass and ivory do now. Brooches of gold and silver gathered the folds of the *stola* into a graceful fall, and bracelets of the same precious metals glittered on taper arms. From the pins of bone that fastened the rich coil of hair behind, down to the dainty shoes of jewelled silk or linen that covered their feet, we know how Roman ladies dressed; and as the changes in Roman fashion were slight, we can easily picture the pretty groups that sat of an afternoon within the Roman *atria* in London or Verulam, waiting for the gentlemen who were coming in to supper at three o'clock. Fashionable young Britons, with their golden locks cut short, and their beards of Roman trim, flocked often to the tables of the Italian officials; and there, in short banquet frocks of red or blue, crowned with roses or ivy, reclining amid the gleam of terra-cotta lamps, they learned to chat slang Latin, to criticise mullet and ortolan, to drink deep of yellow Falernian, and to stake their dogs and horses on the perilous cast of dice. And in the kitchen, where slaves of many sorts were busy at supper-time, running when the little bronze bell rang its summons to remove the numerous courses of the feast, there used to come at dusk huge British ploughmen or farm labourers, who earned an odd cup of mead by taking a turn at the handles of the *guern* or carrying the oyster shells out to swell the miniature mountain of refuse, which rose close to every Roman dwelling of any note.¹ By daily intercourse like this, in a few generations the society of lowland Britain was completely Romanized in all but its very lowest class. Celtic dependents found it convenient to forget or to despise the way of life to which their forefathers had been used.

Romans could not live without the games of the amphitheatre, and there were, consequently, few military stations in which the huge round walls were not soon seen to rise. There the sand was reddened with gladiators' blood, or was whirled into rolling clouds by the speed of racing chariots, as in the very centre of life—imperial Rome itself. Benches filled with gay provincials betted on the swordsmen and drivers, or broke into thunders of applause at a lucky stroke. And there too the Briton, varnished into a bad copy of a Roman exquisite, showed off the graven gem that glittered on his huge finger, while

¹ The Romans ate oysters in immense quantities. Those of *Rutupia* (Richborough, on the shore of Kent) were very highly esteemed, and were sent regularly to Rome.

he pretended to smooth the folds of his snowy toga, somewhat ruffled in the crush for seats. A manlier sight he was when in the chase of stag or wild boar he followed a pack of those noble hounds, for which ancient Britain was famous.

The thought of the chase leads us to country life, and country life suggests the garden. The gardens of Britain owe much to the Roman occupation. Beautiful flowers, such as the violet and the rose, now for the first time decked the land. The southern valleys were planted with the vine. The grafting of fruit trees became a regular thing in British orchards, where cherries began to mingle their rich deep red with the purple and gold of apples, plums, and pears, already naturalized to the soil.

The Romans who occupied Britain carried on the manufacture of various things. Their principal potteries seem to have been in the Upchurch Marshes on the Medway, and at Durobrivæ on the Nen. In grain, shape, and ornament, the Roman earthenware, as might naturally be expected, greatly surpassed the rude sun-dried pots of the British. The red Samian ware, resembling a shape of sealing-wax in colour and fragility, was most probably imported into Britain. Glass vessels of great beauty, and of various colours—amber, ruby, blue—have been found on Roman sites. Then in the development of those ancient mineral treasures, to which the island owed its earliest fame, the invaders were most active. Mines of iron, tin, copper, and lead were worked in many places; and the metals, rudely smelted in charcoal furnaces, and run into pigs or rough blocks, were exported in large quantities. How the fine arts were cultivated in Roman Britain we can now judge only by a few fragments of painted frescoes, some statues carved in oolite, mouldings of bronze, and the exquisite tessellated pavements with which the villas were adorned.¹

Of Roman coins found in Britain we have plenty. Buried in earthen pots, or scattered in a plentiful shower over the soil of every Roman site, gold, silver, brass, and spurious metal have been turned up by spade or plough continually. It is singular how much bad money has been thus collected. Rolls of iron coin, plated with silver, were found, a short time ago, in laying the ground-work of King William Street in London, and are supposed to have been imported for the purpose of paying the troops. What peculiar notions of political economy the Roman emperor who imported these "rascal counters" must have had! During the revolt of Carausius the mint in Britain issued a vast number of coins and medals.

The Roman literature, the Roman language, and the Roman law left but slight and passing traces in ancient Britain. There was, no doubt, a mongrel Latin spoken in the Roman towns; and it has been stated, as just possible,

¹ The tessellated pavements were formed by setting small cubes of various materials—chalk, terra-cotta, freestone, sandstone, coloured glass, &c.—in a fine cement, so as to represent a pattern, as in Berlin wool work. Bacchus sitting on a leopard, and Orpheus playing the lyre, were favourite subjects. Fine specimens may be seen at Bignor in Sussex, and in a cellar at Leicester.

that this prevailed over the native British tongue in Kent. But a great infusion of Latin words into the language we speak was left to later times and other sources. Latin books too were freely read in Britain. We have a *Juvenca*, which once belonged to a young Pictish soldier. But no star of Latin literature was of British birth. And as to Roman law, to which our modern lawyers are no strangers, its final establishment in the land was the work of a much later day. Perhaps it was in the municipal institutions, the organization of town governments, that the influence of the Roman occupation was most lastingly felt. The whirl of revolution into which the country was plunged, when the legions of Honorius were withdrawn, could not but modify and alter the constitution of the towns during the centuries of Saxon war; but with changed aspect and altered names they rode out of the storm. "In fact," says a recent writer, "the constitution of our towns is as Roman as the bricks of St. Martin's Church at Canterbury."

Temples to the gods of Rome were as thickly scattered over Britain as were the Roman camps and towns. And yet more thickly sprinkled were altars of sculptured stone. Jupiter, "best and greatest," as they styled him, and helmeted Mars, always the delight of the pious blood-thirsty Roman soldier, are prominent among the worshipped names; but Mercury and Minerva, Venus and Apollo, Saturn, Sol, and a host of minor deities had also their altars and inscriptions in the Romanized island.

Whether Christianity was planted in Romanized Britain or not, is still a matter of debate. Some of the fathers, Tertullian and Jerome, refer to the conversion of the Britons; but their expressions are regarded as mere rhetorical flourishes. British bishops seem to have attended the councils of Aries and Rimini in the fourth century; but the lists have, it is said, been tampered with: and there are various legends, such as the visits to Britain of Joseph of Arimathea, and St. Paul; the request of a Welsh king, Lucius, that Pope Elutherius would issue a mandate to make him a Christian; and the martyrdom of St. Alban in the Diocletian persecution, which good authorities look upon merely as pious *novels* invented to please the devotees of the Middle Ages. Amid the crowd of heathen altars and inscriptions which the Romans left in Britain, only three uncertain relics point to the Cross,—a tile, thought to represent Samson and the foxes; a silver vase; and a tessellated pavement, bearing the Christian monogram X.P. But although the Romans in Britain seem to have despised Christianity, or to have accepted it, as the Athenians erected an altar "to the unknown God," in the looseness of an elegant and liberal infidelity, which esteemed all deities alike, there is good reason to presume that a native Christian Church, composed of peasants and huntmen, and some of the higher Britons who were not deeply tainted with the influence of Rome, flourished away among the hills and marshes of the land, cherishing with loving care the few sparks of light which had been carried to them from the Mediterranean shore, and sending barefooted missionaries far and wide among their countrymen, whose bloody national faith,

taught by the vanished Druids, had been uprooted to make way for the gentle religion of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

And it is well, in closing these chapters upon the Roman occupation of Britain, to rest upon the thought, that before the eagles had taken wing from our shores some rays of that heavenly Dawn, whose perfect day has not yet come, had passed across the sea from Gaul, and was tinging sullen marsh and gloomy forest with a radiance that has never since ceased to brighten and to spread. We cannot tell who first preached the Cross in Britain; but it is not unlikely that there were in the Roman legions some poor but faithful soldiers, who gave thanks, as Christ did, over black bread and simple salad, or who, on the lonely watch by night, thought of Him who prayed on the blood-stained grass under the dark olive trees of Gethsemane. The faith of Christ soon became dear to the Celts, for it was just the religion for the poor and the oppressed. So, weak at first but yearly growing stronger, the infant Church of Britain was nurtured among the mountain villages, in the houses of a simple reverent peasantry. Pure it was not in everything, for traditions of the old faith still lingered among the hills, and there were probably reactions in favour of Druidism; but in its doctrines and its ritual shone gleams of the true light, which neither lapse of time nor hate of men has been able to eclipse or to destroy.

THIRD PERIOD.—THE TEUTONIC SETTLEMENTS.

(410 A.D.—752 A.D.)

CHAPTER I.

MYTHICAL.

Darkness.		The Stallion and the Horse.		Doubtful dates.
Picts and Scots.		The eight kingdoms.		King Arthur.

A PERIOD of deep gloom now lies before us. That Britain, soon after the withdrawal of the legions, was invaded by successive bands of Teutonic pirates, who carved out kingdoms for themselves, not only along the shore but even in the very heart of the land, we certainly know; but beyond this general fact there is no sure ground to tread on. If we seek details they appear in the shape of romantic stories, which, however pleasant to read and easy to remember, are after all but coloured clouds.

The letters of Honorius, recalling the eagles, conveyed sad news to the inhabitants of Roman Britain. They trembled for the wealth heaped up in their fair cities, for their countless sheep and cattle, their rich dress and jewels, their splendid dwellings and luxurious feasts; and they well might tremble. For in the northern woods lived wild plaided men, who burned with fierce hatred against the polished renegades of the south, and who had been withheld from taking a speedy and deadly revenge only by the presence of the Roman troops. These gone, the pent-up storm burst forth. The unhappy nation breaking, when the soldier-grasp was felt no longer, into numerous petty states, became a prey to all the horrors of a barbarous war. Picts and Scots swarmed over the deserted walls, or floated across the narrow friths, and wasted the land down to Lincolnshire. The Yorkshire Cymri, displaced by this swoop, fell upon the Gaels of northern Wales, who spread in bloody waves over the fertile centre of the island, sweeping the towns of the Loegrians or Roman provincials down in their resistless rush.

Out of this deadly war grew the Teutonic Conquest of our land. But whether by the invitation of a Vortigern, or through the opportunity and temptation which a civil war afforded to adventurous neighbours, there is no absolute certainty. The details of the Teutonic Conquest are entirely mythical; and all that I can do here is to tell the story as it is given by the opposite sides, Celt and Saxon, premising that neither version can be accepted as historical truth.

A British chief, Vortigern, who seems to have been hemmed in between a Roman faction under Aurelius Ambrosius, and a fast advancing host of Picts and Scots, called in Saxon pirates to his aid.¹ Hengist and Horsa (the Stallion and the Horse),² sailing with their men in three *chiules* off the coast of Kent, came at once to the rescue. The banner of the White

449 Horse was victorious ; and Vortigern gladly granted his allies, what, A.D. no doubt, seemed to him a whimsical request, leave to buy as much land as an ox's skin would cover. Cutting the leather into strips, they managed to enclose what sufficed to build a castle, and there they took their stand, resolved that their little ring of land in Thanet should soon expand its borders into a kingdom. Vortigern, visiting the castle of these sea-kings, saw there a beautiful golden-haired girl, Rowena, sister of the chiefs. Bending her knee, she offered him a cup of wine, and so won upon his fancy or his heart, that he begged her in marriage, and made a present of Kent to her fierce brothers, in order to win their consent to the match. The Britons, who could not tamely see their fairest province bartered away for a rosy cheek and a silver tongue, rose in rebellion. With Vortimir, son of the weak king, at their head, they slew Horsa, and expelled the Saxon settlers. But Vortimir being poisoned by Rowena, the pirates came back ; and Hengist, having invited three hundred British chiefs to a feast, made them drunk with mead, and killed all but Vortigern, who had then no resource but to yield Essex and Sussex to his treacherous host. This stupid king was afterwards, it is related, burnt with fire from heaven in punishment for his crimes. Such is the Welsh version of the landing of the Saxons, founded chiefly on the histories of Gildas and Nennius.

The Saxon story, as given by Bede and the *Chronicle*, says that the Ethelings, Hengist and Horsa, being invited by Vortigern to aid him against the Picts and Scots, arrived with three ships, one containing Jutes, another Angles, and the third Saxons. The Picts were routed ; but the growing ranks of sea-kings, recruited by new arrivals from the Continent, frightened the Britons, who refused to give them food. Changing their side at once, the invading crews, aided by their late foes the Picts, turned axes and steel-spiked hammers upon the Britons, swept the weak lines before them, and established themselves on the southern and eastern coasts.

Then came the conquest of Sussex by Ella, who reduced the capital by hunger, and levelled its walls--the landing of Cerdic in the Isle of Wight and

¹ It must not be forgotten that the "Saxon shore," under the Roman government, was thickly peopled with Frisian settlers ; and, no doubt, by this time there was a great mixture of German blood in the cities, for the Roman army had been largely recruited from Germany.

² In the Berkshire parish of Uffington, twelve miles south-west of Abingdon, the huge figure of a white horse in the act of galloping is cut out of the turf on the face of a chalk hill. It is about 374 feet in length. The "scouring of the white horse" is a rural festival occurring every three years, when the people of the district assemble to clear away the grass which has grown in upon the outline of the figure. It is supposed to represent the sacred horse of the Celts, or to have been cut out by the Saxons. All readers of Mr. Hughes (author of "Tom Brown"), are familiar with this Berkshire festival.

Hampshire—the reduction of Essex by a prince of the Uffingas—the establishment of Bernicia between Tees and Tyne—of Deira between Tees and Humber—and of East Anglia in Norfolk and Suffolk. The kingdoms of Bernicia and Deira, united under one sceptre, afterwards stretched up to the Forth, and became Northumbria. Last, as was natural, the inland kingdom of Mercia, running from the Humber to the Severn, was established by some of the latest arrivals.

These invaders, who are commonly called Saxons, although three tribes—Jutes, Angles, and Saxons—took share in the great migration, coming from the peninsula of Denmark and the shore between Rhine and Elbe, occupied nearly a century and a half in the foundation of their eight kingdoms. It would be useless to give the dates of the various settlements, for there is no authentic chronology to fall back upon. The arrival of the first three Keels is assigned to the year 449 A.D.

Above the dust of the ceaseless wars, which obscures this era of British history, there rises, like a clear star, the name of Arthur. We cannot give up the reality of his manhood to those who would make him merely an ideal hero of romance—a personified god of war. But to form an estimate of his character and position, somewhat approaching to historical likelihood (for we have no certainty to stand on), we must shut our eyes to that halo of splendour with which poetry has ever loved to invest his name and his achievements. Son of a Romanized Briton, who by revolt against Vortigern had won for himself a little kingdom in Hampshire and Wiltshire, and who had died at Amesbury¹ in battle with the troops of the invading Cerdic, Arthur made a brave stand for British liberty in his capital of Camelot or Cadbury, which, defended by Roman works, formed the heart of his little kingdom. His sword, which smote the Saxons so heavily at Bath, that they ceased for a generation to attack the Britons of the West, was also employed in a war against Maelgoun, a prince of North Wales, who had carried off his wife. It is not likely that Arthur was an ordinary type of manhood. In days when patriots were scarce, and brutality was the rule of war, a character that combined noble daring and unselfish love of fatherland with a gentler heart and a purer life than were then common, would shine out clear and bright by very force of contrast with the darker natures round him. His virtues are exaggerated, no doubt; but so fair a memory could not grow from a common root.

¹ Arthur's father (poetically called Uther) was perhaps the Ambrosius who opposed Vortigern in the south. *Amesbury* (*Ambres-byrig*), which seems to preserve the Roman name, is a town of more than 8000 inhabitants on the Avon in Wiltshire, eight miles north of Salisbury. *Secebeage* is in the parish of Amesbury. There are three Cadburys in Somersetshire.

CHAPTER II.

THE MISSION OF AUGUSTINE.

British apostles.	The mission.	Augustine made Archbishop.
Cross and crucifix.	Procession of the monks.	Priests of the Cymri.
Ethelbert.	Conversion of the Jutes.	Ethelbert's Dooms.
Gregory the Great.	Feasts retained.	

It was not long until the great spiritual power, which grew upon the ruins of Pagan Rome, stretched out its hand towards the British Isles. Pope Celestine sent Palladius in 430 A.D. and St. Patrick two years later, to convert the Scots in Ireland. But Ninian and Kentigern, who laboured during the fifth and sixth centuries in the south-west of Scotland, and Columba of Donegal, a man of noble birth and remarkable qualities, who landed with twelve monks on the Scottish coast in 563 A.D., bent upon the conversion of the Picts, can hardly be regarded as Papal missionaries. Settling in Iona, a bare little island off the lower horn of Mull, the illustrious apostle of Scotland—last named of the three—established that priesthood of the Culdees, which did more true missionary work in Scotland and Northumbria during those dark times than any other class of men.

Columba was a missionary in the truest sense. Augustine was a shrewd, clever, worldly priest, who came as an ambassador from Rome at the bidding of Pope Gregory the Great, to plant the Crucifix—not the Cross—upon the British shore. We must take care of that loose and erring history which calls the landing of Augustine the introduction of Christianity into England. It was but the introduction of Papacy. Christianity was there before; and its lamp was shining, though with faint and doubtful gleams, by many a humble hearth, in many a rustic church, far away among the mountains of Wales.

Ethelbert, an *ooskinga*¹ of Kent, married Bertha, daughter of the Frankish king of Paris, who was a professed Christian. Within a church at Canterbury the chaplain of this lady, Bishop Liudhard, who had come with her from Gaul, held a regular Christian service, to which curiosity, and probably deeper motives, attracted many of the Kentish people. Ethelbert went on worshipping his idols, Thor and Odin, for fully thirty years after his marriage; but he must in the meantime have grown familiar with some of the doctrines preached in that little chapel of St. Martin. The ground was therefore somewhat broken for the operations of Augustine and his monks.

A letter from Ethelbert to Pope Gregory the Great, requesting a mission to Britain, was the first move in this important transaction. The gentle words of Bertha, dropping continually on the ooskinga's ear, had wrought out this result; and the Frankish chaplain was in all likelihood the scribe on the

¹ *Ooskinga*, meaning "son of the ash-tree," was derived from the surname of Eric, king of Kent, who was called Oesc, or "the ash-tree." Eric was Hengist's son.

occasion. Gladly Gregory responded to the call ; for his active mind had been long ago attracted by the distant isle, and his fancy dazzled with the hope of winning over it a victory more enduring than the triumphs of the Cæsars. He had once seen some beautiful English slaves on view in the Roman market, where their blue eyes, yellow hair, and pinky-white complexion contrasted strongly with the dark locks and swarthy cheeks of more southern captives ; and he had fallen into an ecstasy of puns at the thought of converting their countrymen. "Not Angles," he cried, "but angela." "From Deira ? Then they shall be *de ira eruti*, snatched from wrath." "Name of their king Ælla ! That is Alleluiah." Some such youths he had collected with the design of training them for a mission to England ; but the project failed. The arrival of Ethelbert's letter filled his heart with joy. Selecting for the work Augustine, the prior of the convent on the Coelian Hill, to which he had himself belonged, he despatched that priest with forty monks to the distant shores of Kent.

These men, frightened at the accounts they received of the islanders, and not by any means ambitious of the honours of martyrdom, lingered in Gaul, and sent back their leader to beg for a recall. But Gregory the Great had willed it ; they must go on. Accompanied, therefore, by the Frankish bishops, whose language was not unlike the Saxon, they crossed the sea, and wondered to find themselves in a fair and smiling land. A civil message from Ethelbert reassured them yet more. Bidding them welcome, and thanking them for having come so far to do him good, he said that they might remain as long as they pleased, and make as many converts as they could ; but uttered not a word of the letter, for he wished the people to look upon the mission as a thing in which he had no share. He then agreed to give the foreign monks an audience in the open air, in sight of the assembled men of Kent.

597

A.D.

A splendid and imposing pageant that meeting must have been. Somewhere in the island of Thanet a double throne was set beneath the sky ; and when the king and queen had ascended their royal chairs, sounds of sacred music came floating on the breeze. The rough Jutes stood round in rapt delight and silent awe. Nearer came the song, and the words of Latin psalms and litanies, chanted by the rich deep voices of the monks, grew distinct as the solemn march advanced. Dressed in gorgeous robes of silk and gold, with a picture of the Saviour carried aloft, and a silver crucifix flashing in every hand, the procession reached the foot of the throne. Augustine spoke through his Frankish friends, declaring the blessings and hopes that flowed from the faith he professed. The answer of the King was cautious ; but the delighted face of Queen Bertha sufficiently rewarded the missionaries for their toils and fears. Before long Augustine sent a letter to Gregory announcing the baptism of the Kentish king, and the conversion of ten thousand Jutes.

There was no violence in the change. The Pagan habits of the people were consulted in the innovations of the Romish priests. Holy water sprinkled

on a temple turned it into a church. The oxen formerly offered to Thor and Odin, were now roasted, eaten, and washed down with huge draughts of ale and mead, at the doors of the buildings within which the monks said mass and sang psalms. The men of Kent soon became quite reconciled to a change of creed, which made no difference in their usual supplies of roast beef and strong drink.

Augustine, appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, entered with zeal upon the duties of his see. His grand object was to bend every man in Britain beneath Roman sway. The simple priesthood of the Cymri, stung by the arrogance of this foreign monk, who would thrust on them the tenets of a distant city and an unknown man, refused obedience to the Pope, even though Augustine pretended in their presence to restore sight to a blind man, in proof of his divine authority. A second meeting had the same result. Knowing that Christ preached meekness and lowliness of spirit, they could not believe the haughty rich-clad man, who disdained to rise from his chair at their approach, a minister of the true gospel: alike untaken by his crafty proposals and undaunted by his violent threats, they broke off the conference, and went back to their mountains. According to a certain story, not very authentic however, a bloody prophecy of the archbishop was fulfilled by a Northumbrian army, which pierced the western mountains to the great monastery of Bangor-Iscoed, and slew nearly all the Christians in the district.

We must not leave Ethelbert without a word or two regarding the Dooms or laws which he laid down, with the help of the wise men round his throne, and which must be regarded as the basis of all legislation in England. These Dooms, eighty-nine in number, were nearly all penal. Money was the universal salve for any wrong, from a practical joke played on the king at a drinking party up to the crimes of murder and adultery.

CHAPTER III.

EDWIN—PENDA—OFFA.

Edwin in exile.
His glorious reign.
Paulinus.
The hurled spear.

Hatfield Chase.
Penda the Pagan.
East Anglia.
Battle of the Winwed.

Offa's cruelty and crime.
Eadburga.
Three surviving kingdoms.

ABOUT the time of Augustine's death, which is said to have happened in 605, Edwin, a young prince of Deira, driven from his throne by a usurping soldier, was wandering homeless through Britain. After a long residence at the Mercian court he crossed the wide stretch of reedy fen and sluggish mere, which formed the natural inland bulwark of the east Anglian promontory, to seek a welcome in the palace of King Redwald. When the usurper, Ethelfrid, heard that the exile had taken refuge there, he began to play upon Redwald's

avarice by offering a great sum of gold for the murder of Edwin. The East Anglian monarch wavered. Tempted by a still higher price, and frightened by fierce threats of war if he refused to slay his guest, he had almost consented to the dark crime, when his wife stepped in and saved him from the shame. Meanwhile Edwin, warned just as he was going to bed that the strangers in the hall were bidding for his life, went out and sat down on a stone before the door, ready at the first hint of peril to flee into the dark. As he sat, the cries of drunken debate grew dull, and the red light from the hall dimmed upon his eyes. He fell asleep and dreamed :—A man of huge size and kingly looks came and asked what he would give the person who should save him, and restore him to his throne. Edwin replied he would give all he could to such a benefactor. And, when the prince had also agreed to obey any one who should teach him so to regulate his conduct as to ensure his happiness both here and hereafter, the spectre, placing a shadowy hand upon his head, bade him mark that sign, and yield obedience to him who afterwards might use it. The broken conference of that anxious night led to a war. On the banks of the Idel¹ the usurper Ethelfrid was slain ; and the crown of Deira was replaced on Edwin's head (617 A.D.).

Early disaster had moulded the Northumbrian prince for greatness. His armies swept the land north of the Humber, reducing even the fierce denizens of the northern mountains. His ships chained the wild Orkneys, the far isles of Man and Anglesea, to his mainland realm. Mercia and the Britons of the West trembled in the shadow of his throne.

The second wife of this great Bretwalda² was Ethelberga of Kent, daughter of that good Queen Bertha who had turned her husband from the worship of Saxon idols. Such a marriage bore its natural fruit. The story of the daughter's settlement in Northumbria is that of her Frankish mother in Kent told over again with a change of names. The husband, in both cases, consented that his bride should worship according to her own creed. The wife, in both cases, brought to her new home a chaplain, by whose ghostly counsels she might be guided in her new sphere of life. Paulinus, a tall pale black-haired monk of majestic presence, accompanied Ethelberga to the Northumbrian court, where by sheer force of intellect he soon won the respect of the stern soldier Edwin. One day there came from Wessex a mock-ambassador, who, when admitted to the royal presence, rushed forward with drawn sword upon the monarch, whom his treacherous chieftain had sent him to slay. A faithful earl, shielding the king with his brave breast, received the thrust, which passed right through his body, but yet inflicted a deep wound upon the king. It was an awful moment. Every sword was out, and amid a storm of shouts and blows, the assassin fell, hacked to death, but not until

¹ The Idel, or Idle, is an affluent of the Trent, flowing eastward chiefly through Nottinghamshire.

² This word, wrongly supposed to mean "the wielder or ruler of Britain," seems to have been a purely Northumbrian title, meaning, probably, "powerful king."

he had slain another of the royal train. In gratitude for this deliverance Edwin dedicated his new-born daughter to a Christian life; and the little child of seven weeks was baptized by Paulinus at Whitsuntide—the first member of the Northumbrian Church. Events were gradually working towards the establishment of Christianity in Edwin's realm. Returning from the slaughter of the West Saxons, that prince pondered much upon a change of creed. The die was cast by the entrance of Paulinus, who, coming in upon him as he sat alone in his chamber, and laying a hand upon his head, asked if he remembered that sign. The dream of the dark night before the palace door in Norfolk flashing upon the king's mind, he yielded immediate obedience to one who gave him, as he thought, a sign from heaven. It is not unlikely that Paulinus had heard the story of the dream from the queen. Such stage tricks are not unknown in the annals of monkery.

Yet Edwin would not act alone. The Witenagemot of the kingdom must be summoned to give advice upon the momentous question. They gathered, and they talked, the high-priest Coifi leading the debate. Among the speeches there was one so lovely in its sweet simplicity, so noble in its untaught wisdom, that I cannot help quoting it:—"The present life of man upon the earth, O king, compared with the portion of time which is unknown to us, resembles the flight of a sparrow through thy hall on a wintry night. The fire burns brightly in the midst, and thy noble guests, generals, and ministers are warmed and enlivened. Without roar the stormy winds, while showers of rain or sleet beat upon the roof. The little bird enters at one door, and, flying swiftly across the chamber, makes its exit at another. During the brief moment it is within, the tempest and darkness affect it not; it enjoys the brilliance and the warmth, and is visible to all. But as it came in from the night, so it goes forth into the night again, whither thy sight cannot pursue it. Such is our life. What preceded the moment when we began to be we know not, neither can we tell what shall happen to us hereafter. If the new religion can teach us anything more certain respecting these things, it deserves in my opinion to command our belief." The fiery Coifi, who keenly felt the neglect of the idols

627 he had served so long, cried out that the temples and groves of the
 A.D. gods should be burned; and after a sermon from Paulinus, springing upon a horse and galloping towards a neighbouring shrine, he hurled his javelin within its sacred fence.¹ Fire completing the desecration, the temple lay in ashes. A great wooden church soon arose in Edwin's capital of York, where Bishop Paulinus sprinkled the water of baptism on the king, who openly professed the Christian faith.

The splendour of Edwin's fame and the prosperity of his kingdom, through

¹ In order to understand fully the extent of Coifi's insult to heathenism, we must remember that in Northumbria a priest was allowed to ride only on a mare, and was forbidden to carry weapons. The horse and the spear alone were enough to degrade the priest's office, apart from the violence done to the temple.

which travellers—even solitary women, it is said—could pass from sea to sea in perfect peace and safety, excited the envy of some neighbours, who resolved to lay his greatness in the dust. Penda, king of Mercia, and Cadwalla, king of the Cymri, forgot their hereditary hatred in this burning desire to ruin Edwin. Forming a league, of which Cadwalla was the chief, they met the Northumbrian army at Hatfield Chase in the West Riding 633 of Yorkshire. The pine forest echoed with the roar of battle, until A.D. the bloody head of Edwin, raised on a pike in sight of his troops, according to the barbarous fashion of the time, struck panic into the Northumbrian ranks, and drove them in rout from the field. A tide of blood swept over the fair fields of the north. Edwin's head found a pillow within the timber church he had raised at York. Paulinus and the queen fled by sea to Canterbury, carrying among other treasures a cross and chalice of gold. The old bishop received the see of Rochester, and the widowed queen took refuge in a convent which she had built on land her royal brother gave her.

Penda, king of Mercia, was one of the leading spirits in this age of storm. His chief glory consisted in having bound together into a compact and solid realm the disjointed fragments of which Mercia had, until he assumed the sceptre, been composed. We have just witnessed his revenge upon the prosperous Edwin; and, as we trace his name in the chronicles of these troubled days, we find it always written in blood. Yet this fierce old pagan—for a pagan he was to the heart's core—had a certain work to do, and he did it well. Cruelly, if you will, but with a certain completeness and masterful ease worthy of all praise. Take Penda and his red sword from the seventh century in England, and what a gap is left behind! The fragments of a mighty blade, whose edge has not yet lost its sharpness, were red-hot upon the anvil, and it took a stalwart arm and a weighty sledge to weld them into their first rough shape.

Standing in the centre of the lower island, this giant infidel smote fiercely on every side. When he had broken the power of Northumbria at Hatfield, he turned his mace upon East Anglia. In that kingdom of the plains Christianity had struck a feeble root. Redwald, Edwin's protector, had built Christian altars within the shrines of Thor. His son had become a Christian to please Edwin. Paganism had then revived; and, when the fierce warriors of Penda crossed the bordering fens to strike at the heart of the kingdom, there was none to head the doomed East Anglians but a weak monk Sigebert, who had abandoned his crown for a cloister, and who, going staff in hand to battle, was there struck down amid slaughtered heaps of the people he had once ruled.

Northumbria was a thorn ever rankling in the flesh of this proud pagan; and, when that wide realm, recovering from the stroke of Edwin's death, rose again to greatness under Oswald, whose prime adviser was Aidan, a Scotch monk of Iona, he advanced, breathing slaughter, to Oswestry in Shropshire, where he inflicted a terrible defeat upon the Christian host, slaying and

mangling their pious king. But the day was not far off when he too was to die a death of blood. Stung by the insults of a Northumbrian prince, the mean and cruel Oswy, the aged warrior, whose eighty years had not
655 quenched his love of battle, met the Bernician host upon the banks
 A.D. of the Winwed near Leeds; and there, among the clang of weapons and the hoarse thunder of the fight, his grey head, all gashed and blood-bedabbled, sank to rise to more.

Penda, for all his cruelty, had a rough sense of honour and a large liberal heart. Not so that descendant of his brother who filled the Mercian throne in the latter half of the next century. Offa could wield the warrior's sword; but he knew something too of the secret dagger and the drugged cup. Having wrested from the Britons of Wales some of the fairest tracts that skirt the mountain land, he secured his conquests by erecting, from Dee to Wye, a great embankment a hundred miles long, to which his name still clings.¹ His sword also fell heavily upon Wessex. In fact, so great a soldier was he, that he became the representative man of England in his day. The Pope allowed him to erect Lichfield into an archbishop's see, in rivalry of the mitres of Canterbury and York. And Charlemagne, the giant Emperor of the West, entertained his ambassador; formed a commercial treaty with him; sent him a baldrick, a Hungarian sword, and two silken cloaks; and showed him all friendly countenance, until the island king, drunk with arrogance, asked the beautiful princess Bertha in marriage for his son. This was too much for imperial pride; and relations were broken off between the courts of Tamworth² and Aix-la-Chapelle.

Most hateful among Offa's many crimes was the murder of the handsome young Ethelbert, king of East Anglia, who came to the Mercian court as the accepted wooer of his daughter. After a splendid banquet, at which music and wine sped the laughing hours, the unsuspecting guest retired to a gorgeous bed-chamber prepared for his reception. Tired of revelry and filled with sweet dreams, he flung himself on the silken cushions of a chair, when suddenly a trap-door opened in the floor, and he fell headlong—chair and all—among a band of ruffians, who smothered him with pillows and curtains. So runs one of the many versions of this awful tale. The annexation of East Anglia to the Mercian kingdom was the immediate consequence of the murder. The poor girl—solitary lamb in a household of wolves—thus deprived of a husband who had won her love, fled to a convent, where she spent the sad remainder of her life.

Four years later (796) the murderer followed his victim to the grave. Stung by the scorpions of an angry conscience and haunted by the phantoms

¹ Offa's Dyke ("Clawdth Offa" in the Welsh) stretched its ditch and rampart from Basinstoke in Flintshire, near the mouth of the Dee, to the shore of the Bristol Channel. There are considerable remains of the work to be seen still.

² Tamworth in Staffordshire was long the capital of Mercia. It lies at the junction of the Tame and the Anker, twenty-five miles from Stafford, and has a population of about 14,000. Modern associations connect the name with the memory of Sir Robert Peel.

of his crime, he sought to atone for his evil deeds by building churches and bestowing lands on monks. He founded a monastery for the Black Friars at St. Albans. In vain he buried himself among the trees of Andresey, a beautiful island on the Thames. Wherever he went he pined; and so he died. The waters of the Ouse gradually ate away the foundations of the little church at Bedford, where his body lay; and it was said by the monks that bathers on a summer day could see the tomb of this bloody king lying far below among the tangled river weeds.¹

Worse even than the story of her father is the story of Eadburga, one of Offa's daughters. Married to Brihtric, the usurper of Wessex, this wicked beauty in a fit of jealous rage prepared a cup of poison for one of her husband's favourites. The king, having accidentally drunk of the fatal liquor, died. From the fury of an angry people she fled with her treasures to the court of Charlemagne, who hid her dangerous beauty in a convent by placing her as abbess over some noble nuns. She stained the veil she wore, and was expelled from the sacred house. Then travelling into Italy, she sank from narrowed means to poverty, to want, to utter destitution, and died—this once proud and lovely princess—in beggar's rags upon the streets of Pavia.

Edwin, Penda, Offa,—such were the workmen who in the dim dawn of the Middle Ages planted deep and solid the foundation-stones, on which the throne of these great islands has been since upreared. Rough-hearted, iron-handed men, working with bloody tools, as befitted the time and the stuff they wrought on! With ever changing frontiers and mingling populations, the eight kingdoms which had grown out of the three keels of Hengist held all the lowland parts of the island for upwards of a century and a half. Then one was swallowed by its greedy neighbour, and another, until between the mountains of the west, where the plaid was still worn, and that eastern sea already swept by the ships of the Norse Raven, there lay but three fair and powerful realms—Northumbria, Mercia, Wessex,—destined soon to fuse their strength into one great monarchy, whose name has always been the terror of the despot and the hope of the trodden slave.

¹ A stone coffin with the name Offa on it, which was dug up in 1836 at Hemel-Hempstead in Hertfordshire, seems to contradict this tradition. Perhaps the coffin was removed from Bedford before the chapel fell into the Ouse.

FOURTH PERIOD.—TIME OF THE SAXO-DANISH STRUGGLE.

(752 A.D.—1002 A.D.)

CHAPTER I.

THE RISE OF WESSEX.

The nucleus of England.
Battle of Burford.

First descent of Danes.
Reign of Egbert.

His three successors.
Ravages of Danes.

It soon became clear that eight kingdoms could not live within the limits of the British shore. The eight were welded into three—Anglian Northumbria, Anglian Mercia, and Saxon Wessex—which answered pretty nearly to three of the Roman provinces, the physical geography of the country being in both cases the principle of division. Then the three became one, a single sceptre, that of Wessex, like Aaron's rod, swallowing up the rest. We cannot find this name upon our modern maps, though Essex and Sussex still remain to mark the site of ancient Saxon kingdoms. The omission is full of meaning. Wessex, reserved for a loftier destiny than the mere naming of a shire, swelled its frontiers until it had reached the northern hills and the eastern sea, and thus became the nucleus and origin of the great kingdom of England.

During the thirty-seven years of Ina's reign (688–725), Wessex rose rapidly in power and in fame. In imitation of the Kentish kings this monarch enacted a code of laws for the regulation of his subjects. But the
752 ascendency of the West Saxons may be chiefly dated from a battle
A.D. fought by the Windrush near Burford in Oxfordshire, in which the beautiful and dissolute Ethelbald of Mercia was forced to flee before the standard of the Golden Dragon. Mercia never recovered the blow; and Wessex pursued her victorious career with new strength, until her power was acknowledged from Wight to the Cheviots, from Yarmouth to the hills of Wales.

It was indeed time that the scattered energies of England should be centred in a solid heart, for a fierce and terrible foe, whose native thirst for blood was rendered more intense by the flames of religious hatred, was about to swoop upon her shore. The Raven of the North had whetted his iron beak and spread his sooty wings. The Danes were abroad on the eastern sea, furious to smite the white-livered renegades, who had forsaken the ancient faith of Thor and Odin for the worship of a peaceful God.

The first descent of these pirates, who came to inflict upon the Angles and

Saxons, but with trebled ferocity, what their forefathers had inflicted upon the defenceless Britons, took place in 787 at Dorchester, where the crews of three ships landed to plunder, and, after killing the sheriff, were driven on deck again. They chose a safer place for their second descent. Sailing northward, they pounced upon the island of Lindisfarne, where pious Oswald had founded a monastery, and there they slew and burned and robbed without stint or stay. What has been well called "the fatal beauty of England" possessed irresistible attractions for these red-haired sailors of the North. Gladly did the cadets of princely houses grasp the war-axe, and leaping into the rocking keels, by which alone they could hope to live, steer away for a land of green and gold, where snow was a rare thing, and no icy winter ever chained up the sea. The ravaging of a Christian shore gratified all their fiercest and strongest passions; for to lust of blood and lust of booty there was added in their tiger hearts a quenchless hatred of the Cross. Such were the men, whose dread war-hammers were now to forge our England into shape. 787 A.D.

Brihtic, whose usurpation of the Wessex crown had driven the true heir, Egbert, into exile at the court of Charlemagne, had been but a short time king when the Danish keels touched at Dorchester. We have already seen how that wretched man was poisoned by his yet more wretched wife. His death brought back the wanderer to a hereditary throne in the last year of the eighth century. Some fifteen years' residence among the polished Franks had prepared the Bright-eyed Prince for the lofty station of a king. His keen glance saw the weakness of the neighbouring states, and all that art and valour could command was summoned to accomplish their subjugation. Mercia fell smitten on the field of Wilton (823), and with it fell its feeble limbs, Kent and Essex. The prince of Northumbria, making a virtue of necessity, arrested the uplifted sword by an abject submission. Thus the Angles bent under the Saxon sceptre, and a united nation had its birth. 800 A.D. Yet the old supremacy of the Anglian race was not forgotten, as the new name of the lower island testifies to this day. While that old name of "Saxony beyond the sea," by which our land was known to the German tribes, lingers only in the records of a thousand years ago, Angle-land, or England, is still the dear familiar name of our vast empire's heart. All the lowlands acknowledged Egbert's rule, the Cymri of the mountains alone holding fast their ancient freedom. The last years of the West Saxon king were spent in beating back, as well as he could, the crafty incursions of the Danes. Darting from behind a headland, running their prows upon the sand, piling the earth with corpses and ruins, and then away to their ships with the treasures of the little town: this was Danish war. Joining the Cymri of Cornwall, they faced the army of Egbert at Hengadown Hill above the Tamar, but were defeated with severe loss. In the following year (836 A.D.) the brave king of Wessex died. Adversity had given him both the temper and the polish of a good steel blade. It was no bad omen for English great-

ness that such a man should stand first on her glorious roll of royal names.¹

I pass over with few words the next four kings of Wessex. The monkish Ethelwulf, whose solitary ray of fame is derived from the fact that he was Alfred's father, was succeeded by four sons, who reigned in turn,—Ethelbald, Ethelbert, Ethelred, and Alfred. The Danish sea-kings now gave no peace to the land. Fiercer and more frequent grew their dashes on the shore. Nor did the shore content them. Penetrating the land, they seized York, and pushed southward to Reading on the Thames, leaving a track strewn with dead through Mercia and East Anglia. A brave but vain resistance was made to their destroying march by the Mercian earl Algar, who with a chosen band laid down his life among the oak-trees of Kesteven.² A fruitless victory won at Ashtree Hill near Reading by the West Saxons, and memorable as one of Alfred's earlier fights, was followed by the defeat of Basing and the drawn battle of Merton,³ in the latter of which King Ethelred received a mortal wound. The greatest of the Saxons then ascended the throne of Wessex.

CHAPTER II.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

Alfred's youth.
His disease.
Unpopular at first.
Athelney.

Battle of Ethandune.
Treaty of Wedmor.
Polley of Alfred.
His daily life.

Hastings the Dane.
The stranded ships.
Alfred's death.

BORN at Wantage in Berkshire⁴ early in the year 849, Alfred, son of Ethelwulf and Osberga, ascended the throne of Wessex at the age of twenty-two. His early years had displayed a budding greatness, of which the bright blossoms adorned his manhood. At six he had won an illuminated copy of Saxon ballads, by learning them quickly as he heard them read. At the same early age he had gone with his father to Rome, where he resided for a year. At seventeen his maiden sword had been reddened with Danish blood; and the nobles of Wessex had followed the banner of the gallant boy

¹ We must not forget that the title "King of England" was not adopted by Egbert. Even Alfred was styled only "King of the West Saxons." Athelstan was the first "King of England."

² Lincolnshire has long been divided into three parts,—Lindsey, Kesteven, and Holland. *Kesteven* forms the south-west district of the shire, and is remarkable for the steep slope Cliffe Row, overlooking the valley of the Witham.

³ There is a *Merton* on the Wandle in Surrey, nine miles from London, noted for the ruins of its abbey; but Sharon Turner thinks that this battle was fought at Moreton near Wallingford in Berkshire.

⁴ *Wantage*, in the north of Berkshire, is a market town, (population, 17,433,) ten miles from Abingdon. Formerly noted for woollens and sacking, it now trades chiefly in farm produce.

on many a hard-fought field. When the crown of Wessex devolved on Ethelred, the crown of Kent and Sussex should, by old Ethelwulf's will, have been given to Alfred; but it passed by consent of the Witan to the elder brother, in order that no disunion should weaken the kingdoms of the south in that black day of peril and fear. No murmur had broken from Alfred at the change, for his young eye could see that the thing was good, and his brave young heart could, even at seventeen, set his country above himself. It was well that those five years of apprenticeship as sub-king fell to his lot. What was really the English crown descended, after the fatal field of Merton had laid Ethelred in a bloody grave, on a head, bright indeed with the locks of early youth, but already well skilled to rule in council or in fight.

Our wonder at his great achievements deepens as we read of that unknown but dreadful malady, which tormented him internally for five-and-twenty of his busiest years. This ghastly companion, first seizing him on that bright day in 869 when he made the Mercian Alswitha his wife, flung its gloom upon him until it was mercifully driven away, some years before he died. Yet his energies never flagged; for his spirit had an edge no pain could blunt, a spring no reverse could slacken. Some of the greatest men the world has known have had fearful wrestlings in solitude and darkness with a hidden misery, unseen and unsuspected by the gazing crowd. Alfred bore his burden of disease with a noble patience, and from bitter days of agony drew good for himself and the nation that he ruled.

The West Saxons grumbled a good deal at first under the heavy sway of young Alfred's sceptre. Indeed they had some cause for complaint; for with youthful impetuosity he plunged into the work of reform so hotly and thoroughly that he lost sight, for a while, of prudence in his demands upon a struggling people. Lawless men must be gradually used to law; sudden violence often defeats its own object. So Alfred was not popular at first; and when we add to his exactions the ever-threatening danger of the Danes, who held Northumbria and East Anglia, and who pressed so fiercely on Wessex that there was, in the first year of his reign, a battle every six weeks, we shall not wonder that the people of Wessex, growing tired of the double suffering, shrank alike from the iron sceptre of their young king and the gleaming axe of their pitiless and unrelenting foe.

Thus it came to pass that when Guthrum, a Danish chief, crossed the guarded mouth of the Thames, and made a descent upon Wareham in Dorsetshire,¹ only a few dispirited men could be gathered round the banner of the Golden Dragon. To fight was useless or impossible at the moment. Exeter fell, Wilts was over-run, and Alfred was without a throne. The forest and the marsh became his home, and the royal robe was exchanged for the coarse frock of a peasant. A wet tract of land, wooded with alder-trees, stood in the centre of that wide swamp through which the Parret and the Thone found their way

¹ Wareham in Dorsetshire lies on a hill between the Frome and the Piddle, nineteen miles from Dorchester, and three miles from a branch of Poole Harbour.

to the Bristol Channel.¹ This sequestered spot, known as Athelney or "the Isle of Nobles," formed his safest refuge; and here he lived with a faithful few during the winter of 877-78, often so pinched for food as to depend for a meal altogether on the trout and pike of the neighbouring streams. From this safe but cheerless haunt the unfortunate king used to stray away for days, brooding on his fall, and content to rest his weary head at night in any hut to which his aimless steps had led him. While he sat one day in a poor neat-herd's cabin, by the logs which crackled and blazed in the centre of the clay floor, the wife of his host bade him turn the cakes that were baking, perhaps on an iron girdle. Lost in meditation, he continued mechanically to trim his bow, while his thoughts reverted to the disasters of the past, or turned with hope, that was almost agony, to the chances of the coming spring. A cry aroused him. The smoking cakes were burned black, and the angry woman burst into a torrent of abuse, telling him, amongst other things, that, lazy as he was in watching the bread, he would be ready enough at meal-time to eat it. So far as we know, the king took the scolding meekly.

But this eclipse lasted only a few months. Three shires—Hants, Wilts, and Somerset—kept their absent king in loving memory, forgetting all his faults in the depth of their present woe. Except a few, they knew not where he had gone. Imagine, then, the sudden thrill of joy with which all hearts leaped up to meet a whisper, growing stronger every day, that he was still within the bounds of Wessex, waiting only for sufficient numbers and a fitting time to strike a decisive blow for the crown of Cerdic. Rusted spears were sharpened, dusty bows were strung anew, drooping heads were raised, and men grasped each other's hands with a new and meaning fervour. One by one, there dropped into the little island-camp, over the three-arched bridge, stout young Saxon soldiers, ready to die sooner than submit again to that dark winter's shame and iron bondage. The spring sun was shining upon the fresh green foliage of the alders, when the resolute little band left their leafy camp, and pursued their silent march through the hawthorn-scented glades of Selwood Forest to a spot near the base of Bratton Hill in Wiltshire, on the oval summit of which the tents of Guthrum lay. Then is said to have occurred one of those incidents which occasionally fling the rainbow colours of romance upon the sober pages of history. Although too picturesque to be omitted, I give the story with the warning that it rests upon the authority of an old monk of Croyland,² whose veracity is not above suspicion.³ Donning the gay robe of a wandering gleeman, and summoning a servant to bear his harp behind him, Alfred made his way up the hill to the Danish camp. A

¹ The Parret (anciently Pedred), the chief river of Somersetshire, rises at South Parrot, in Dorsetshire. It receives from the west the Tone, flowing out of Brendon Hill. Macaulay remarks that most names in this district of Somerset—Bridgewater and Sedgemoor, for example—remind us of its original swampy state.

² *Croyland*, or *Crowland*, in Lincolnshire, lies forty-eight miles from Lincoln. The ruins of its celebrated monastery are still to be seen. Population, 2466.

³ Ingulphus.

welcome visitor he proved, and the way to the royal tent was readily shown. A wild shout hailed his entrance, for mead and ale had been flowing fast, and the furious revelry was at fever height. Alfred struck his harp with no unskilful finger, and, as song succeeded song, the praises of the Danes grew louder. Noting with sharp eye everything that passed, and catching with attentive ear the careless dropping talk of the revellers, the disguised king played his daring part through the whole of that eventful night. When the camp was silent, he stole away to the forest, where his men were preparing for to-morrow's fight. Early in the morning the Danes, having slept off their debauch, arose, and no doubt there were many surmisings as to what had become of the jolly minstrel who had added so much to the previous evening's enjoyment. Suspecting no danger, Guthrum's troops went down to amuse themselves at the little village of Ethandune or Eddington,¹ which lay in the plain below the hill. In a trice Alfred had cut them off from the camp, and was on them with a fierce charge. Rather amused, at first, than frightened at the daring of the Saxons, they stood at bay; but it soon became manifest that no passing whiff of valour had brought the Saxons 878 from their forest den, but the fixed resolve of courageous men to have A.D. their own again, or perish in the struggle. Towards sunset the Danes gave way, and fled before the Saxon bill-hooks up to their lofty camp. Deep trenches, high banks, and a strong castle enabled them for a fortnight to defy the circle of Saxon spears, ever growing thicker round the base of the invested hill; but at last bread grew scarce, and the humbled pride of the Northmen sought a peace. The treaty of Wedmor² was made between the contending races, Guthrum and thirty of his chiefs consenting to be baptized into the Christian Church, and to till in peace that district known as the Danelagh, assigned by Alfred for the territory of the vanquished warriors. Within that flat land, which corresponded nearly to the kingdom of East Anglia, the Danes, tired of war and humbled in spirit by this severe reverse, beat their swords into ploughshares, and settled down to the quiet life of husbandmen.

Alfred now ruled a tolerably quiet land. The only danger he had to fear must come from the sea. His fleet, therefore, was enlarged; and ships, built and modelled after the grace and symmetry of the salmon, cut the English seas at a rate of swiftness which the flat-bottomed tube that bore the Northmen could not half attain. The name of this West Saxon king began to be heard in the great centres of the world. In Rome, in Constantinople, in Bagdad his praise was on priestly and princely lips. Even under the cocoa trees of the Coromandel coast in India, an envoy from the court of Wessex appeared in his strange English dress among the turbaned Nestorian Chris-

¹ *Ethandune*, or Eddington, lies under Bratton Hill, about two miles from Westbury, not far from the western border of Wiltshire.

² *Wedmore*, in Somersetshire, (population, 3905,) stands on a slope, five miles from Uxbridge, which lies under the Mendips.

tians, to speak of Alfred and what he was doing so many thousand miles away, and to present costly gifts to the shrine of St. Thomas.

English law owes much to Alfred; for he framed a code in which some of the great principles of our Constitution appear for the first time. The throne was by him first planted firmly on its foundation, in the enactment that to plot against the person of the king was death. But there is one great pillar of our liberties of which Alfred was not the architect, although the common story runs in favour of his claims. He did *not* introduce the practice of trial by jury.¹ Nor did he, as is commonly stated, divide the land into shires, hundreds, and tithings. He probably defined more exactly many of the existing boundaries; but the shire was at least as old as Ina's laws. But if Alfred does not deserve the credit of these things, let us be just in awarding him our praise for what he did. Besides his organization of a really useful fleet, to serve as wooden walls for the island in which his kingdom lay, he built castles on commanding sites; he founded schools at great expense; and invited learned men from abroad to settle at his court. He sent Ohter to survey the icebergs of the White Sea, and Wulfstan to penetrate that dark throat of the Baltic whence so many keels laden with death had poured upon the English sea-board; he enclosed his cities with walls, and by the magic of industry turned the ruins of London into palaces; and, what more than all has written his name in starry letters on the scroll of English history, he exhibited in the full gaze of all his people a high example, and a force of personal character, whose healing and light-giving beams radiated from the throne on every side, piercing even to the lowest ranks of the nation.

Let us look for a little at the daily life of this Englishman, who rode upon the crest of his century, deserving more than any of his race to represent the age in which he worked out his allotted task;

" Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot."

Having burned his time-candles far into the night, busied with the dictation of a translation from Latin into Saxon, he would lie down, and drawing the goat-skin coverlet over him, try to snatch a few hours' rest, if his inward pain would give him leave. But scarcely twelve rings had wasted on his taper-clocks² when the active king was up in the grey dawn, bending his head in humble devotion before his day's work began. A sparing meal then prepared him for his toil. Several hours were given to business of the state, in what

¹ Trial by jury, which became a common way of deciding cases under the Normans, originated in the practice of leaving the decision of any dispute to a certain number of men who knew the facts of the affair. The original jury was therefore composed of the witnesses in the case.

² The candles, which were shaded from draughts in horn lanterns, are said to have burned an inch in twenty minutes: and it is likely that they were marked with rings at intervals of an inch.

we, whose life has veered to so different a part of the twenty-four hours, would call the early morning. The model of a ship's hull, perhaps, carved by some cunning sailor of the fleet, came for his inspection; and with wrights and smiths by his side in the primitive dockyard of the time, he went to give directions for the building of a similar vessel, whose sharp prow and slender waist gave promise of increased speed. Or he talked with Plegmund, Asser, or Grimbold, about the pitiful ignorance of the clergy, many of whom could not understand the Latin mass they read, and suggested means by which this evil state of things might be partly cured. There were reports to hear from all corners of the land; masons to be directed in the fortification or beautifying of towns; members of the Witan to be consulted; troops to be reviewed; and a thousand other things, either crowding all together, or coming round on stated days, which made the eight hours given by the king to public business seem sadly abort. Some three or four hours of the morning thus devoted to the duties of his crown, a sharp gallop through the free air of the forest after deer or wild swine prepared him for the mid-day meal, which was often followed by a mid-day sleep. In Alfred's case this nap cannot have been long, for he allotted only eight hours altogether to sleep, meals, and exercise. The afternoon and evening, when some additional hours had been given to royal business, were probably spent in literary work, chatting with scholarly men, and hearing books read. Let it not be forgotten that he could not read them himself, though all his life long he earnestly desired to learn the precious art. His authorship, which he managed by dictation to a clerk, consisted in translations from the Latin of such authors as Orosius and Bede the historians, and Boethius the captive philosopher. Learning to speak Latin after he was forty, he had these books read to him, and while the words were fresh in his retentive mind, he turned them freely into Anglo-Saxon, often adding scraps of his own gathered knowledge to pad a thin or doubtful passage, or compressing the substance of a lengthy paragraph into a few short pithy words. By this incessant toiling, varied with such service in the field as his sleepless foes, the Danish sea-kings, occasionally obliged him to see, Saxon Alfred earned his title of the Great. Of his personal appearance we can form but a faint uncertain idea. We may guess that his eyes were blue, and his hair golden, for these were the common tokens of Saxon blood; and a feminine delicacy of colour and slenderness of frame may probably have resulted from his weak health. But beyond these conjectures our portrait-painting cannot go. As it is, the head is but a fancy sketch.

A foe, more terrible than even Guthrum, broke in 893 the busy and fruitful peace which England had been then enjoying for fifteen years. A sea-king, fearfully known on every shore from the Skaw to Sicily, cast anchor off the coast of Kent in that year, with a fleet of two hundred and fifty sail. It was Hastings, the prince of living pirates. A shuddering whisper ran through the Saxon territory, and reached the court. But Alfred was not afraid of spending another winter in Athelney. His cities were locked up in

armour of stone ; his ships, swift and strong, rode thick upon the sea. Sickle and plough had not taken the old skill in war from his people's hands, and in every cottage a spear and an axe stood sharp and ready. Yet it was a critical time ; for Guthrum, who had religiously kept the terms of Wedmor, was dead, and the old fire of hatred towards the Saxons was still smouldering among the farmers of the Danelagh.

Without following minutely the movements of the four years during which this struggle between Alfred and Hastings lasted, I shall just indicate the general course of events, selecting some of the most prominent points of the story as land-marks worthy of remembrance. Shooting like meteors from hill to hill, the Danes, who landed in two divisions, at the mouth of the Thames, and of a river, now dry, called the Lymne, threw up great intrenched camps, which became centres of desolation—ulcers eating deep into the prosperity of the rich lowlands of Kent and the neighbouring shires. The tillers of the Danelagh, seizing their ancient weapons, made a rush to join their kinsmen fresh from the sea. But Alfred was a sleepless foe. Managing, by a skilful arrangement which allowed an occasional furlough, to keep his troops in good temper, he held together in the very face of the foe a forest of spears, against which the Danish war-axes hewed in vain. At Farnham in Surrey¹ he inflicted a severe defeat upon the pirates. A sudden descent on Devon brought him hastily to the relief of Exeter. Thus, from Thames to Severn and back again, the torch of war was carried through the land, the Danes falling back in broken spray from the walls of the fortified towns, and never able to make head against an army in the field, but, wherever they stayed, encircling their camp with a series of great earth-works to form a central station, from which they ravaged all the surrounding country.

Almost their last stand was made at Ware² upon the Lea, where they erected a fortress of enormous strength, against which the citizens of London, aided by the surrounding peasantry, dashed themselves in vain. Through the entire summer of 896 they held this strong position, watching the corn-fields grow white under the ripening sun, and waiting for a propitious August day on which they might house the grain for winter use. Unexpectedly Alfred, who had left them alone during all these days, came up with a force, one half of which was armed with sickles. Foaming with helpless rage, the Danes saw the coveted sheaves bound and carried off in
896 waggons before their very faces, while they stood within their
 A.D. works, not daring to meet the Saxon spears on level ground. It was a bitter vexation ; but a worse loss was yet in store. Well aware that the Danes were secure so long as they had their keels to fall back on in case of disaster, Alfred, by digging a deep trench on each bank of the stream and letting the current flow into these, so shallowed the main channel,

¹ *Farnham* in Surrey (population, 11,804) lies near the Wey, thirty-eight miles from London. It is noted for hops.

² *Ware* in Hertfordshire lies on the Lea, twenty miles north of London. Population, 16,482.

where the Danish vessels lay, that they were left slanting—useless—on the scarcely covered mud. This was a finishing stroke. Breaking from their lines, the Danes crossed the Chilterns towards the Severn, where with difficulty they got through the winter; and when the spring winds blew, patching as they best could some ~~easy~~ ships borrowed from their kinsmen of the Danelagh, they steered away for the mouth of the Seine, where better fortune than they had met by the Thames awaited their swords.

Alfred then spent a few years of peace, disturbed only by the scattered attacks of small pirate squadrons, that came flying in twos and threes, like hornets, towards the coast—to settle, sting, and dart away. Danger to the throne there was none; but the constant repetition of the attacks was extremely irritating, and the Saxon king gave no quarter to the Vikings whom he seized. But his end was drawing nigh. To the last he worked for the land he loved so well. Suddenly, on the 26th October 901, death smote his feeble frame, and the great soul left its prison-house of clay.

We can well imagine the hurry and alarm of that sad day; the bearded leeches summoned hastily to the royal chamber; the choking sobs that shook the brave breasts of guards and courtiers; the white awe-struck faces of the common crowd standing silent at the palace door, and **901** listening to the solitary beat of the passing-bell, that rang out its **A.D.** iron prayer, imploring a nation to kneel for their dying king. Treading on withered leaves, they bore his confined dust with the solemn chant of psalms to that sacred roof in Winchester himself had reared, and left it there to mingle with the clay of God's Acre, as the Saxon burying-place was reverently called. Away over the green sea from Danish keel to keel the news flew fast that the great Saxon king was dead, and many a brimming horn of ale was drained in the fierce joy that the tidings raised; for now that the great sword of her defence was snapt untimely, some hope remained that the Raven's beak might yet reach the heart of England.

CHAPTER III.

DUNSTAN.

Birth and boyhood.
The cell at Winchester.
The handsome abbot.

Quarrel with Edwy.
In exile.
Archbishop of Canterbury.

The marriage question.
The broken floor at Calne.
Decay and death.

DURING the reign of Edward, Alfred's not unworthy son, a child was born of Saxon parents, whose name fills the history of England during nearly all the tenth century. This was Dunstan, afterwards to be first and greatest of the three churchmen who climbed above the English throne.

When he was a very young man, probably still a student at the school of

Glastonbury,¹ where he read himself into fever and sleep-walking, all England rang with the tidings of a great battle won at Brunnaburgh in Lincolnshire by Athelstan, the son and successor of Edward. A vast league had been

formed to overturn the Saxon throne, round which the glory of departed Alfred was yet lingering with twilight lustre. Under the A.D. Raven standard of Anlaf, a Danish chief from the Irish shore, a motley

force of Danes, Scots, and Cymri swept up the Humber in more than six hundred ships, and disembarked to fight a decisive battle. The fate of the day is said to have been decided by a body of English, who in the heat of the struggle turned the flank of the allied force, and fell upon their rear. This victory of Brunnaburgh raised the name of Athelstan high among the princes of the Continent, some of whom sought his sisters in marriage. Then it was, in the glow of his success, that the title of "West Saxon King" was exchanged for the prouder name, "King of England." Nor was the change a mere empty boast, for by the occupation of Northumbria and the defeat of the great coalition that would have wrested these northern provinces from his grasp, Athelstan had become ruler of the lower island from the Frith of Forth to the English Channel. The valiant soldier also proved himself an able statesman by the enactment of a code of iron laws, suggestive of a stern will dealing with a stubborn task.

Nor was Dunstan long past his teens when an outlaw's dagger slew another king—Edmund, whose chief title to remembrance rests upon his having uprooted the Danish race from those five burghs, Derby, Leicester, Nottingham, Stamford, and Lincoln, in which they had planted themselves early in Alfred's reign. The youthful monk is said to have come from his cell to meet the royal corpse as it was borne to the sacred isle of Avalon.

The ardent temperament of young Dunstan having involved him in a love affair, his spirit was long convulsed with a terrible struggle between natural affection and the promptings of ambition, backed by his priestly uncle's earnest advice. Love was conquered in the strife; and henceforth the young man, having slain his happiness, sternly set himself to shape out of the gloomy life before him a name that should not speedily die. To raise monkery, and firmly to establish its empire over human wills, became the grand object of all his thought and work. Building a little cell, half sunk in the earth, beside the wall of Winchester church, he shut himself in to pray and to swing the sledge. Reddening the black midnight, bars of light used to stream from his sacred smithy, and hoarse cries and heavy blows broke out on the still air. The rumour spread that the saint spent the dark hours in conflict with the devil; and his own words confirmed the terrible suspicion. It is not improbable that the fever of passion, through which he had passed, had for a time somewhat unhinged his mind, and peopled his lonely cell with phantoms. We know

¹ *Glastonbury* in Somersetshire lies on a hill surrounded by marshy flats, twenty-one miles south-west of Bath. Population of town and parish, 8125. A colony of Irish monks founded a great monastery there early in the Middle Ages.

that his nervous system was considerably shattered by over-study in early life.

Made Abbot of Glastonbury at a remarkably early age, he rose speedily into prominence, for to great abilities he added brilliant accomplishments; and with an uncle who was primate, his powers were not likely to remain hidden in obscurity. The handsome young abbot, whose talk flowed in so sparkling a stream,—whose rich voice, echoed by the sounding harp-strings, was the very soul of music,—who could make bells, stain glass, and carve crucifixes,—and whose romantic love-story, no doubt, had gone the round of all the fashionable circles in the land,—was just the man to become popular at a court where intellect and refined taste were rare jewels. Craftily and cautiously he cleared his way, smoothing rivals down with velvet touch, unless they stood too long in opposition, when the tiger claws unsheathed themselves, and made a sudden bloody swoop. Five kings of England owned his sway, and more than one owed to him the crown. In truth he deserved the title of "King-maker" fully as well as that stern soldier of a later day who died on the bloody field of Barnet.

Under the sickly Edred, who reigned from 946 to 955, the power of the monk grew steadily, and everything portended a struggle between the cowl and the crown. Turketul, long the chancellor of the kingdom, raised among the fens once more the walls of Croyland Abbey, and turning monk, by the magnetic power of a frank agreeable manner, drew some of the choicest intellects of the court within the shadow of the cloister over which he presided. This did much to consolidate monasticism in England; but Dunstan, who was by training and taste every inch a monk, took a more active part in laying the deep foundations of the system.

His quarrel with King Edwy showed the stuff he was made of, and the kind of work he had steeled himself to do. It was the day of the coronation, which had just been performed at Kingston-upon-Thames by Odo the Dane, Archbishop of Canterbury. A great feast smoked on the royal board, at which the leading clergy of the realm were assembled. Prominent among them sat the cunning unscrupulous Abbot of Glastonbury, who after the fashion of the day drank deep. At least his after-conduct may be best explained by the supposition that many cups had told upon his brain. Edwy, a handsome bridegroom of eighteen, alighted away from the drunken riot to tell his wife and her mother how the coronation ceremony had passed off, and to chat unrestrainedly with them after the tedious rites of the day. Tossing the crown on the floor, he was rejoicing in the thought that all was over, when the door, flung rudely back, admitted two boisterous priests, who with flushed faces and thickened utterance desired the king to return at once to the hall, for Archbishop Odo was enraged at his absence. Edwy's kingly spirit took fire, and he refused to stir, until Dunstan, picking up the crown, placed it on his head, and amidst the shrill scolding of the women dragged the royal captive back to the banquet hall. Such an insult burned deep into Edwy's heart, nor did he rest

until he got revenge. Edred, the late king, having confided the royal treasures to Dunstan's care, Edwy demanded that the money should be accounted for at once. Upon Dunstan's refusal soldiers were sent to Glastonbury, who seized the daring abbot's wealth and drove him from the shelter of the abbey. Fearful of losing his eyes, or of some such barbarous treatment, he fled across the sea to Flanders, where he resided for some time. The poor queen Elgiva is said to have been torn by the cruelty of Odo from her husband's side, branded on the face with white-hot iron to destroy her beauty, and then driven over to Ireland. For daring to come back, the nerves and sinews of her legs were cut across, and she was left to die. Monkish hatred having slain the wife, rested not until it had hewn down the husband's throne. Backed by the intriguing leaders of the Church, Mercia and Northumbria, hot with Danish blood, which was easily raised to boiling-point by Odo, unfurled the banner of revolt in favour of young Edgar, a brother of the king. Edwy the Fair, shorn of more than half his realm, died the following year (958), not improbably by foul and violent means.

Meanwhile Dunstan had returned at the summons of Edgar to receive the mitres of Worcester and London, honours which he soon exchanged for the Primacy of England,—good old Byrhtelm being turned out to make room for a greater but not a better man. Henceforward the English crown was Dunstan's plaything; nor was there any redeeming quality in the puppet **962** kings, who licked the dust on which he trod, to make us pity their A.D. humiliation. The lust and murder which disfigured Edgar's reign can excite nothing but disgust. The assassin's dagger cut short Edward's career, before he had done much good or much harm. The idiotic follies of Ethelred belong chiefly to the story of that great Dane who forms the subject of the next chapter. I turn from such profitless and revolting themes to note the part that Dunstan played in the great ecclesiastical struggle of his time.

The central Church of Rome, looking across land and sea to England, saw there the parish clergy intermarrying and mingling with the people of the nation in a way that did not suit her system; for the policy of Rome was to invest her priests with a sacred and partly superhuman character, which might strike awe into the untaught masses. Upon such men as Dunstan devolved the duty of leading the crusade against priestly marriages as a degradation of the sacred office. A keen and bitter war began to rage between the Benedictine monks and the national clergy. The sight of great abbeys filled with unmarried monks, who lived a life of vicious ease upon the fat of the land, with countless vassals upon their spreading farms, fat bees on their green pastures, and heaps of coin in their strong-box, stirred up the honest rage of Englishmen, who heard the land groaning under pestilence and famine. In those days of ignorance and dirt, frightful diseases of many kinds, but known only to history as the Plague, swept the land from end to end every two or three years; but there was no pity, no rest in the monkish *Mælstroma*. Still

they sucked in the substance of the sickened nation ; and for centuries all the wealth, which once got within their fatal circles, disappeared in their abyas, to be disgorged only upon a foreign shore. Monks grew fat and rosy, while ploughmen and weavers pined and paled. By secret plots and open violence, by the thunders of a fierce, fluent, and gleaming eloquence, by the working of pretended miracles, Dunstan fought the battle of his Church and his Order. That his cause triumphed is scarcely wonderful when we regard the disjointed time, and the undeniable genius of the man.

The most remarkable crisis of the struggle took place at Calne in Wiltshire,¹ where the Witan assembled to debate the disputed points. Gathering in a large chamber on the first floor of the town-hall, the earls, thanes, bishops, abbots, and other leading churchmen took their seats in two bodies at different ends of the room, according to the side which they supported. The wise and eloquent Beornhelm had come from Scotland to plead the cause of the national Church against the oppressive interference of Rome. Dunstan rose when the illustrious stranger had spoken at great length, and was in the midst of an address which mingled pathetic lamentations over his own decaying years with fierce appeals to Heaven for judgment, when a sudden cracking noise was heard—the opposite end of the flooring, where the national party sat, gave way with a crash—and all but Dunstan and his friends lay far below among the splintered joists in a ghastly heap of dead and maimed. It is, of course, impossible to say whether this was a remarkable coincidence or a bloody trick. At any rate, whether Dunstan sawed the beams below or not, the crash at Calne swept off at one terrible stroke his most formidable opponents, and left him completely master of the field.

978
A.D.

But his glory soon departed. The feeble prince, for whose sake Edward had been murdered—that unhappy Ethelred, whose memory has been branded with the name “Unready,”—bent, as was natural he should, under the iron sway of the great archbishop, signing away broad acres to the Church with the maddest laviahness. But the nation had grown weary of Dunstan, whose unwieldy reputation was already even in his lifetime gaping with rifts and ominous cracks. Odd stories were afloat as to his interviews with demons, and his skill in unholy arts. And to the misery of a failing power there was added the worse misery of a failing frame. Retiring to Canterbury sick in body and in mind, he spent the last days of his waning life apart from the stormy world, in whose strife his unbroken spirit had rejoiced ; and there he died in 988, closing his eyes on England at a time when once more the sea was beginning to blacken with Danish keels.

¹ Calne, a borough of Wiltshire (population, 2644), lies on a brook in one of the chalk valleys, thirty-one miles north-west of Salisbury.

CHAPTER IV.

LIFE IN ANGLO-SAXON ENGLAND.

Sunrise.
The Bower.
Dress.
Breakfast.
The porch and garden.

In the forest.
By the mere.
Industrial arts.
Farming.
Commerce.

Money.
Travelling.
Noon-meal in the Hall.
Drinking customs.
Evening in the Bower.

WHEN the sun rose on Anglo-Saxon England, it shone through painted windows upon long-robed monks already in the chapel, and at certain seasons upon ploughmen with their oxen in the furrow, swineherds in the beechen glades, and shepherds on the fair green pastures. Its faint red light stirred every sleeper from the sack of straw, which formed the only bed of the age. Springing from this rustling couch and casting off the coarse sheeting and coverlets of skin, the subjects of King Alfred prepared for the work of the opening day. Grouped round the central hall of every important house, stood their *bowers* or sleeping-chambers, which also served for private sitting-rooms. The tiled roofs and walls of wood, raised like all the house upon a stone foundation, gaped with many chinks, and afforded but an insecure protection against bad weather. Glancing round the tapestried walls, the eye caught but few articles of furniture in the bowers. A round table with three or four legs—a common stool or two—a foot-stool for dainty slippered feet—a tall spiked stick,¹ in which a rough candle of tallow, plastered round a wick, had guttered half way down the night before—a strong box banded with bronze, for holding money, plate, or jewels, were all except the bed, which lay upon a low shelf in some recess. Here the day's dress was donned. Men wore linen or woollen tunics which reached the knee, and over these long fur-lined cloaks, fastened with a brooch of ivory or gold. While martens, beavers, and foxes were stripped for the adornment of the rich, the skins of cats and lambs sufficed the lower classes. Strips of cloth or leather, bandaged cross-wise from the ankle to the knee over red and blue stockings, and black pointed shoes, split along the instep almost to the toes and fastened with two thongs, completed the costume of an Anglo-Saxon gentleman. Except by soldiers, who wore helmets in the field, the head was seldom covered. The moustache was shaved; the beard was trimmed into a fork. The ladies, wrapping a veil of silk or linen upon their delicate curls, laced a loose flowing gown over a tight-sleeved bodice, wound golden snakes round neck or arm, and pinned the graceful foldings of their mantles with gold but-

¹ The word *candle-stick* reminds us of this article. Bone and metal, often breaking into branches, soon took the place of wood. They had snuffers too. Lamps, borrowed from the Romans and known to Saxons as "*light-waels*," and lanterns, ascribed by Asser to the inventive genius of Alfred, were not unknown. Rich men made their candles sometimes of wax.

terfies radiant with coloured gems, and other tasteful trinkets of the kind.

After hearing mass in the adjacent chapel and engaging in various work for some hours, the Anglo-Saxons breakfasted at nine o'clock. This meal consisted probably of bread, meat, and ale, but was a lighter repast than that taken when the hurry of the day lay behind. It was eaten often in the bower. Between breakfast and noon-meal at three lay the most active period of the day. Let me picture a few scenes in Anglo-Saxon life, as displayed in the chief occupations of the time.

Leaving the ladies of his household to linger among the roses and lilies of their gardens, or to ply their embroidering needles in some cool recess of the orchard, festooned with broad vine leaves and scented with the smell of apples, the earl or thane went out to the porch of his dwelling, and, sitting there upon a fixed throne, gave alms to a horde of beggars, or presided over the assembly of the local court.

Autumn brought delightful days to the royal and noble sportsmen of Anglo-Saxon England. Galloping down from his home, perched, as were all great Saxon houses, on the crest of a commanding hill, the earl, with all care or thought of work flung aside, dashed with his couples of deep-chested Welsh hounds into the glades of a neighbouring forest, already touched with the red and gold of September. Gaily through the shadowy avenues rang the music of the horns, startling red deer and wild boars from their coverts in the brushwood. Away after the dogs, maddened by a fresh scent, goes the gallant hunt—past swineherds with their goads, driving vast herds of pigs into the dales, where beech-mast and acorns lie thick upon the ground—past woodcutters, hewing fuel for the castle fire or munching their scanty meal of oaten bread about noon; nor is bridle drawn until the game, antlered or tusked, has rushed into the strong nets spread by attendants at some pass among the trees. Then knife or spear does its bloody work. Among the Anglo-Saxons, as among the Normans and the English of a later day, the bow was a favourite weapon in the deer-forest. When better game proved scarce, they shot or netted hares.

Hawking long held the place of our modern shooting. Even the grave and business-like Alfred devoted his pen to this enticing subject. And we can well understand the high spirits and merry talk of a hawking party, cantering over rustling leaves, all white and crisp with an October frost, on their way to the reedy mere, where they made sure of abundant game. On each rider's wrist sat a hooded falcon, caught young, perhaps in a dark pine-wood of Norway, and carefully trained by the falconer, who was no unimportant official in an Anglo-Saxon establishment. Arrived at the water, the party broke into nets; and as the blue heron rose on his heavy wing, or a noisy splashing flight of ducks sprang from their watery rest, the hood was removed, and the game shown to the sharp-eyed bird, which, soaring loose into the air from the up-flung wrist, cleft his way in pursuit with rapid pinion, rose above the doomed

quarry, and descending with a sudden swoop, struck fatal talons and yet more fatal beak into its back and head, and bore it dead to the ground. A sharp gallop over the broken surface had meantime brought the sportsman up in time to save the game, and restore the red-beaked victor to his hood and perch.

But hunting and hawking were the pastimes of the rich. While fat deer fell under the hunter's dart, and blue feathers strewed the banks of lake and river, the smith¹ hammered red iron on his ringing anvil—the carpenter cut planks for the mead-bench or the bower-wall, or shaped cart-wheels and plough-handles for the labours of the farm—the shoemaker, who also tanned leather and fashioned harness, plied his busy knife and needle—the furrier prepared skins for the lining of stately robes—and in every cloister monks, deep in the mysteries of the furnace, the graving-tool, the paint-brush, and a score of similar instruments, manufactured the best bells, crucifixes, jewellery, and stained glass then to be found in the land.

The Anglo-Saxon farmers were rather graziers than tillers of the soil. Sheep for their wool, swine for their flesh, kine for their beef and hides, dotted the pastures and grubbed in the forests near every steading. But there was agriculture too. A picture of an Anglo-Saxon farm-house would present, though of course in ruder form, many features of its modern English successor. Amid fields, often bought for four sheep an acre, and scantily manured with marl after the old British fashion, stood a timbered house, flanked by a farm-yard full of ox-stalls and stocked with geese and fowl. A few bee-hives—the islands of the sugar-cane not being yet discovered—suggested a mead-cask always well filled, and a good supply of sweetmeats for the board; while an orchard, thick with laden boughs, supplied pears and apples, nuts and almonds, and in some districts figs and grapes. From the illustrations of an Anglo-Saxon manuscript we know something of the year's farm-work. January saw the wheel of the iron plough drawn down the brown furrows by its four oxen, harnessed with twisted willow ropes or thongs of thick whale-skin. They dug their vineyards in February, their gardens in March. In April, when seed-time was past, they took their ease over horns of ale. May prepared for the shearing of the wool. June saw the sickles in the wheat; July heard the axe among the trees.² In August barley was mown with scythes. In September and October hounds and hawks engrossed every day of good weather. Round November fires farming implements were mended or renewed; and the whirling flail, beating the grain from its husk, beat also December chills from the swiftly-running blood. We find in the threshing scene a steward, who stands keeping count, by notches on a stick, of the full baskets of winnowed grain which are pouring into the granary.

Ships came from the Continent to Anglo-Saxon England, laden with furs

¹ There were two kinds of smiths—the armourer, who was well paid and held a high social place, and the mere blacksmith, who did the coarser work.

² It is thought that the artist has here transposed June and July by mistake.

and silk, gems and gold, rich dresses, wine, oil, pigment,¹ and ivory; bearing back, most probably, blood-horses, wool for the looms of Flanders, and in earlier times English slaves for the markets of Aix-la-Chapelle and Rome. The backward condition of trade may be judged from a law, which enacted that no bargain should be made except in open court, in presence of the sheriff, the mass-priest, or the lord of the manor. Merchants, travelling in bands for safety and carrying their own tents, passed round the different country towns at certain times, when holiday was kept and village sports filled the green with noisy mirth. The wives and daughters of Anglo-Saxon cottages loved bright ribands and showy trinkets after the fashion of their sex. So while Gurth was wrestling on the grass or grinning at the antics of the dancing bear, Githa was investing her long-hoarded silver pennies in some strings of coloured beads or an ivory comb. Close to the merchant or peddler (if we give him the name which best expresses to modern ears the habit of his life) stood an attendant with a pair of scales, ready to weigh the money in case of any considerable sale.² Slaves and cattle formed in early Saxon days a common medium of exchange. Whenever gold shone in the merchant's sack, it was chiefly the Byzantine gold *solidus*, shortly called *Byzant*, worth something more than nine of our shillings. Silver *Byzants*, worth two shillings, also passed current, and in earlier times Roman money, stamped with the heads of emperors, found its way into Saxon and Anglian purses.

By the Anglo-Saxon a journey was never undertaken for mere pleasure, for many perils beset the way. The rich went short journeys in heavy waggon, longer journeys on horseback—the ladies riding on side-saddles as at present.³ But most travelling was performed afoot. Horsemen carried spears for defence against robbers or wild beasts; pedestrians held a stout oak staff, which did double work in aiding and defending the traveller. The stirrup was of an odd triangular shape, the spur a simple spike. A cover wrapped the head; a mantle, the body of travellers. That they sometimes carried umbrellas we know; but these were probably very rare, being confined, like gloves, to the very highest class.

Plenty of ale-houses, in which too much Anglo-Saxon time was spent, filled the towns, but in country districts inns were scarce.⁴ There were indeed places, like the Eastern caravanserai, where travellers, carrying their own

¹ Pigment was a sweet liquor, made of honey, wine, and spice.

² Anglo-Saxon money is little understood. The pound, which was the name of a sum and not of a coin, represented a Cologne pound of silver (11½ oz. Troy), and was equal to £2, 16s. 3d. of our money. The penny (worth 2½d. of our money), the *triens* (doubtful), the *halypenny*, and the *farthing* were their only silver coins; and in copper they had only the *styca*, worth about one-third of a farthing. The *mark* (two-thirds of a pound), the *mancus*, the *ora*, the *scilling*, the *strimmas* seem to have been only money of account—i.e., sums used in reckoning but not represented in the coinage.

³ Anne of Bohemia, queen of Richard II., did not introduce the side-saddle into England, for it was known there centuries before her birth.

⁴ *Inn*, an Anglo-Saxon word, means "lodging." Other names for the same thing were *Gast-hus* (compare the German *Gast-haus*), and *Cumena-hus*, "the house of comers."

provisions, found a refuge from wind and rain by night within bare stone walls, the patched-up ruins, perhaps, of an old Roman villa or barrack, which afforded a cheerless shelter to the wearied dripping band. But the hospitality of the Anglo-Saxons, implanted both by custom and by law, not after the narrow modern fashion of entertaining friends, who give parties in return, but the welcoming to bed and board of all comers, known and unknown, caused the lack of inns to be scarcely felt, except in the wilder districts of the land. No sooner did a stranger show his face at the iron-banded door of an Anglo-Saxon dwelling than water was brought to wash his hands and feet, and, when he had deposited his arms with the keeper of the door, he took his place at the board among the family and friends of the host. For two nights no question pried into his business or his name; after that time the host became responsible for his character. There were few solitary wayfarers, for the very fact of being alone excited suspicion, and exposed the traveller to the risk of being arrested, or perhaps slain, as a thief.

The central picture in Anglo-Saxon life—the great event of the Anglo-Saxon day—was Noon-meat or dinner in the great hall. A little before three the chief and all his household, with any stray guests who might have dropped in, met in the hall, which stood in the centre of its encircling bowers—the principal apartment of every Saxon house. Clouds of wood-smoke, rolling up from a fire which blazed in the middle of the floor, blackened the carved and gilded rafters of the arched roof before it found its way out of the hole above, which did duty as a chimney. Tapestries of purple dye, or glowing with variegated pictures of saints and heroes, hung, or, if the day was stormy, flapped upon the chinky walls. In palaces and earls' mansions coloured tiles, wrought like Roman *tessere* into a mosaic, formed a clean and pretty pavement; but the common flooring of the time was of clay, baked dry with the heat of winter evenings and summer noons. The only articles of furniture always in the hall were wooden benches, some of which, especially the *high settle* or seat of the chieftain, boasted cushions, or at least a rug.

While the hungry crowd, fresh from woodland and furrow, were lounging near the fire or hanging up their weapons on the pegs and hooks that jutted from the wall, a number of slaves, dragging in a long flat heavy board, placed it on movable legs, and spread on its upper half a handsome cloth. Then were arranged with other utensils for the meal some flattish dishes, baskets of ash-wood for holding bread, a scanty sprinkling of steel knives shaped like our modern razors, platters of wood, and bowls for the universal broth. The ceremony of "laying the board," as the Anglo-Saxon phrased it, being completed, the work of demolition began. Great round cakes of bread—huge junks of boiled bacon—vast rolls of broiled eel—cups of milk—horns of ale—wedges of cheese—lumps of salt butter—and smoking piles of cabbages and beans melted like magic from the board under the united attack of greasy fingers and grinding jaws. Kneeling slaves offered to the lord and his honoured guests long skewers or spits, on which steaks of beef or venison smoked

and sputtered, ready for the hacking blade. Poultry too, game, and geese filled the spaces of the upper board; but, except naked bones, the crowd of *loaf-eaters*, as Anglo-Saxon domestics were suggestively called, saw little of these daintier kinds of food. Nor did they much care, if to their innumerable hunches of bread they could add enough pig to appease their hunger. Hounds, sitting eager-eyed by their masters, snapped with sudden jaws at scraps of fat flung to them, or retired into private life below the board with some sweet bone that fortune sent them. All the while a clamorous tail of beggars and cripples hung round the door, aquabbling over the broken meat and mingling their unceasing whine with the many noises of the feast.

With the washing of hands, performed for the honoured occupants of the high settle by officious slaves, the solid part of the banquet ended. The board was then dragged out of the hall; the loaf-eaters slunk away to have a nap in the byre, or sat drowsily in corners of the hall; and the drinking began. During the progress of the meal Welsh ale had flowed freely in horns or vessels of twisted glass. Mead and, in very grand houses, wine¹ now began to circle in goblets of gold and silver or of wood inlaid with those precious metals. Most of the Anglo-Saxon drinking-glasses had rounded bottoms, like our soda-water bottles, so that they could not stand upon the table—a little thing, which then as in later times suggested hard drinking and unceasing rounds. Two attendants, one to pour out the liquor, and the other to hand the cups, waited on the carousers, from whose company the ladies of the household soon withdrew. The clinking of cups together, certain words of pledge, and a kiss opened the revel. In humbler houses story-telling and songs, sung to the music of the harp by each guest in turn, formed the principal amusement of the drinking-bout. But in great halls the music of the harp, which under the poetic name of “glee-wood” was the national instrument, of fiddles played with bow or finger, of trumpets, pipes, flutes, and horns, filled the hot and smoky air with a clamour of sweet sounds. The solo of the ancient *scop* or maker, who struck his five-stringed harp in praise of old Teutonic heroes, was exchanged in later days for the performances of the glee-man, who played on many instruments, danced with violent and often comical gestures, tossed knives and balls into the air, and did other wondrous feats of jugglery. Meantime the music and the mead did their work upon maddened brains; the revelry grew louder; riddles, which had flown thick round the board at first, gave place to banter, taunts, and fierce boasts of prowess; angry eyes gleamed defiance; and it was well if in the morning the household slaves had not to wash blood-stains from the pavement of the hall, or in the still night, when the drunken brawlers lay stupid on the floor, to drag a dead man from the red splash in which he lay.

¹ The use of wine among the Anglo-Saxons was limited to the highest class. It was either imported from the Continent or made of home-grown grapes, which since Roman days had ripened in the lower basins of Severn and Thames. Many monasteries, alive to the delights of grape juice, contrived to have a vineyard of their own.

From the reek and riot of the hall the ladies escaped to the bower, where they reigned supreme. There in the earlier part of the day they had arrayed themselves in their bright-coloured robes, plying tweezers and crimping irons on their yellow hair, and often heightening the blush that Nature gave them with a shade of rouge. There too they used to scold and beat their female slaves, with a violence which said more for their strength of lung and muscle than for the gentleness of their womanhood.¹ When their needles were fairly set going upon those pieces of delicate embroidery, known and prized over all Europe as "English work," some gentlemen dropped in, perhaps harp in hand, to chat and play for their amusement, or to engage in games of hazard and skill, which seem to have resembled modern dice and chess.² When in later Saxon days supper came into fashion, the round table of the bower was usually spread for *evening-food*, as this meal was called. And not long afterwards, those bags of straw, from which we saw them spring at sunrise, received for another night their human burden, worn out with the labours and the revels of an Anglo-Saxon day.

CHAPTER V.

GOVERNMENT AND LAW IN ANGLO-SAXON ENGLAND.

The King.	The towns.	Were-gild.
The revenue.	Reeves and courts.	Compurgation.
Other classes.	The Witan.	The ordeals.
Division of the land.	Law and punishment.	

SHOUTING warriors in the German forests had been used to hoist their newly chosen king³ upon a shield, and bear him amid the smoke of sacrifices three times round the tribe he was to rule. A good stout cudgel (original type of all the jewelled sceptres, ivory batons, or gilded rolls of pasteboard which have ever filled the hands of royalty on the stage or off it) kept his restless subjects in tolerable order, for one at least of his special claims on the kingship lay in the superior strength of his *biceps* muscle. But in Anglo-Saxon England more state adorned the coronation of a King, who had become a personage of considerably more importance than the simple forest chieftain. The soldier's sword, the judge's crown, the monarch's sceptre, the executioner's rod,—he received them all as symbols and instruments of his great authority.

¹ It was no uncommon thing for Anglo-Saxon ladies to order, on the slightest provocation, that their slaves should be loaded with fetters or tortured in a shocking way. Then, as a proof of their proficiency in the art of beating and the volcanic heat of their tempers, we have the story of Ethelred's mother, who pounded him so heavily with a bunch of candles—the first thing she could lay her hands on—that he lay almost senseless for a while. Naturally enough he could never after bear the sight of candles.

² The chief of these was called *tegtl*.

³ The King (Cynig) may have derived his name either from "*cunnan*, to know," as possessing superior skill, or from "*cyn*, a nation," since he represented the people whom he ruled.

Then riding round his dominions he renewed customary rights, and accepted the homage of his people. All public property and entire jurisdiction over roads and rivers lay in his royal hands. The heaviest penalties fenced round his person and his life. He summoned the militia and issued the coinage. He alone possessed the right of convening the Witan, but he could neither prevent nor dissolve the great assembly. His revenue came chiefly from *six* sources:—1. The crown-lands, which descended with the sceptre. 2. The custom tolls. 3. The *wit-gild*, or tax on crime. 4. The estates of those who died intestate and without heirs. 5. Succession dues, claimed from all estates. 6. Presents from his freemen, which gradually became an extorted tax. The reeves (*gerefan*), who collected the revenue, kept back a large share in the shape of commission fees, in order that they might not lose the fruits of their labour. "Out of the surplus the king maintained his court, entertained strangers, paid his judicial commissioners, and contributed to public works. The church, the army, the fleet, the police, the poor-rates, the walls, bridges, and highways of the country were all local expenses, defrayed by tithes, by personal service, or by contributions among the guilds."¹

Below the king stood the *ealdorman* or *earl*, who owned forty hides² of land, and presided over the affairs of a shire. The Church had its own aristocracy, archbishops being ranked with ethelings or princes of the blood, bishops with earls, and mass-priests with thanes. After the earls came the *thanes* or *genth*, nobles of a lower class, who, holding at least five hides, represented the gentry of our day—the *ceorls* or yeomen, who formed the lowest class of freemen—and the vast crowd of *theowes* or slaves, whom birth or crime or debt or the fortune of war had doomed to the lowest drudgeries of the land. In certain cases a slave might buy or receive his freedom; but while his slavery lasted he was a mere cipher in the state, a human vegetable on the soil to which he was attached, could own no property, take no oath, complete no document. The corl, rejoicing in a freeman's right of bearing arms and combing out a long fleece of yellow hair, could by industry and enterprise climb into the ranks of nobility. Alfred enacted that every merchant, who made three voyages in his own ship, should receive the rank and rights of a thane.

After the king had received his enormous slice of the land conquered by a Saxon or Anglian army, a portion of the remainder, divided among his officers, became private property (*boo-land*). But the surplus (*folo-land*) went to the state, to be allotted or rented out, as future circumstances might require. Ten Anglo-Saxon families formed a *tithing*; one hundred families formed a *hundred*;—expressions which afterwards came to mean the land these families dwelt on. The bond of union, which kept the tithing together, was the *frank-pledge*, or system of mutual police, by which every man of the ten became responsible for the conduct of the other nine. This contained our

¹ Pearson's "Early and Middle Ages of England."

² We do not know the size of a hide of land. Some conjecture thirty acres.

Jury in embryo : if a criminal fled, the headman of his tithing summoned eleven neighbours to decide upon the case.

The wooden towns of the Anglo-Saxons, rising on old Roman sites, began to stud the land plentifully, when the desolating wars consequent on the first settlements had subsided. But architecture made little progress among the early Anglo-Saxons. A log-house on a hill, surrounded with a dyke and a stockade, formed the *burh* or fortress, which served as the nucleus of a thousand English towns. Clustering round this central point clung the squalid huts of tradespeople and dependents, attracted by the instincts of safety or the hope of a little employment from the big house. In general, the free inhabitants of these towns levied their own taxes, had their common purse, and chose their own officials. The *burh-gerefa*, who corresponded to the Norman *mayor*, was probably elected by the citizens, and confirmed by the king. His chief work was to collect the royal dues, but he also looked after the city walls and the militia drill.

The people elected reeves or magistrates, who held the courts of the tithing and the hundred ; the latter once a month, the former whenever need arose. Higher than these was the county-court, presided over by the ealdorman or earl of the district ; or in his absence by the sheriff (*scir-gerefa*), assisted by the bishop. The Anglo-Saxon sheriff seems to have derived his office from the king, who could dismiss him for negligence. His court met twice a year. But even when the earl presided, it was the assembly of freemen who judged the causes, both as to law and fact. The power of the president lay simply in convoking the court, and carrying its judgment into force. An appeal from the decision of the tithing was heard in the hundred-court ; an appeal from the hundred was argued before the earl or the sheriff. In addition to their judicial functions, these courts witnessed the completion of important sales, and took charge of the military defences of the land.

The Witenagemot, or Gemot of the Witan (assembly of the wise), constituted the supreme court of the Anglo-Saxon nation, and, in a certain sense, the original type of the British Parliament. Composed of the earls and prelates, with some of the leading thanes and clergy, and presided over by the crowned king, it met usually three times a year—at the great festivals of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide. A number of *ceorls* stood by during the discussion of state affairs, but what part they actually took in the proceedings has not been definitely ascertained. Palgrave describes them in the Witan of the smaller kingdoms as “listening to the promulgation of the decree, declaring their grievances, and presenting the trespasses committed in the districts to which they belonged.” The Witan joined the king in making peace or war, in imposing taxes, in enacting laws, in raising forces, and in appointing prelates. They, moreover, elected a member of the royal family to the vacant throne, and could depose a bad king. And they formed the supreme tribunal, beyond which there lay no appeal. Owing to the difficulty of travelling, the attendance of members at a meeting of the Witan rarely exceeded one hundred. The

ceorls, especially, must have been represented just by the local yeomanry.

Generally speaking, the Anglo-Saxon law-code was not bloody. Ethelred and Canute both condemned the destruction on slight grounds of "God's handiwork and His own purchase." When death was inflicted for treason, witchcraft, or sacrilege, the criminal was usually hanged. Fetters, shackles for the neck, the stocks, scourges, knotted rods, and whips with leaded thongs awaited minor offenders. Recourse was had to mutilation in the case of incorrigible thieves. But the grand engine of Anglo-Saxon law was the fine. The *witt-gild* or crime-money, and *were-gild* or life-money secured a certain amount of compensation, both to the king or state and to the family or individual who had suffered wrong. A regularly graduated scale priced the lives and bodies of all Anglo-Saxons from the king to the *theow*, descending even to front-teeth and finger-nails. The luxury of knocking out a front tooth cost the striker six shillings; he could amuse himself with a finger-nail for one. Fifty shillings satisfied the law for the blinding of an eye; the mulct for a cut-off ear was only twelve. The *were-gild* of the West Saxon king amounted to six times that of the thane; the thane's to four times that of the ceorl.

A man's *were-gild* settled the value of his oath. A thane could outswear half a dozen churls; an earl could outswear a whole township. So the man who, when charged with any crime of which sufficient evidence was wanting, could get an earl or a few thanes to swear him innocent, got off by what was called "compurgation." If the united oaths of his neighbours failed to determine the innocence of a suspected man, one of the ordeals was resorted to, with the following ceremonial. After three days of fasting and prayer, closed by the sacrament, the accused proceeded to a church, where were assembled the accuser and twelve witnesses. The Litany having been read, the suspected man plunged his hand into a vessel of boiling water, or took three steps with a bar of red-hot iron in his hand. Wrapping the scorched or scalded limb in a cloth, the priest sealed it up for three days. If at the end of that time the wound was healed, it was accepted as a sign of innocence; raw flesh proved guilt. Room was afforded by the ordeal for unlimited cheating and collusion. No scald or burn of the kind could heal in three days; but a priest might pronounce the sore healed, and who would doubt a holy man? Chemistry too, in which not a few priests then dabbled, knows of certain unguents and washes that protect the skin against the action of fire or boiling water. Undoubtedly the ordeal was a great imposture, which could not flourish except in days when thick clouds of superstition and credulity overhung the national mind.

FIFTH PERIOD.—NORSE CONQUESTS AND ASCENDENCY.

(1002 A.D.—1215 A.D.)

CHAPTER I.

SWEYN AND CANUTE.

Sweyn lands.
St. Brice.
Revenge.
Edric Streone.
Treaty of Olney.

Canute sole king.
His policy.
Stolen bones.
Conquers Norway.
His laws.

On pilgrimage.
His letter.
Story of the wacca.
Canute's death.

THE imbecility of the Unready king reached a climax in what led to the fearful massacre of St. Brice. Already the incursions of the Danes had grown so threatening that recourse was had to the miserable temporary shift of paying them to go away. Of course they came back, year after year, in fiercer and larger swarms, demanding greater sums of money; and even when the price of departure had been paid, they did not really leave the land, but passed away into other quarters, to make new demands with lifted sword and flaming torch. Most active among these Vikings was Sweyn, the fierce son of Harold Bluetooth, who made his first appearance in the Thames in 994, leading, in company with the King of Norway, a fleet of ninety-four sail. Beaten from the walls of London by the brave citizens, they sailed on a voyage of desolation round the southern coast, staying their destructive career only when a huge sum of money had left it scarcely worth their while to plunder. They wintered at Southampton. A fatal mistake was then made. These Northmen were taken into English pay, and entrusted with the defence of the kingdom. To defray the cost of their maintenance the tax called Danegeld was levied. And now the cord twisted by her own hand was indeed round the neck of Saxon England.

The poor noodle of a king, not content with these deep cuts at his kingdom's heart, ran his silly head against Normandy, only to be repulsed with disgrace, and to find himself hampered with a second wife, the cunning Emma, sister of the Norman duke. Then it was that his addled brain conceived the awful thought of butchering in one day all the Danes in England. A
Nov. 13, terrible whisper, proceeding from the throne, crept through Anglo-
1002 Saxon houses, lighting a fierce joy in thousands of sunken eyes; for
A.D. there were few who had not suffered from the Danes. On the festival of St. Brice the Saxons rose upon the scattered Danish soldiery and killed them all. Gunhilda, sister of Sweyn, and her husband, Palig, lay

among the bleeding heaps. It was a fearful and bloody scene ; but we must be careful not to over-estimate the extent of the massacre. The settled Danish population, deeply intertwined with the Anglo-Saxon families, cannot have been swept away on this dreadful day ; although it is more than likely that many a blue eye in the Saxo-Danish households rained tears as bitter as the Danish wives and mothers shed. This idiotic sin brought a deluge of vengeance upon the land. Ethelred little thought that the wind thus sown would soon grow into a whirlwind, which should sweep him first into a crownless exile, and with its final gust into a coward's grave.

Moved by revenge and ambition,—two of our fallen nature's strongest springs,—Sweyn dashed over the sea to the English coast ; filled with blood Exeter, Salisbury, Norwich, Thetford ;¹ and before he turned his prow eastward again saw the entire land groaning under the threefold scourge of war, plague, and famine. His speedy return began the same round of terrors. All southern England was alight with the blaze of burning towns ; her soil dyed with seas of blood. It would be very tedious and painful to repeat the woes the English people then suffered for the folly of their wretched king.

A new actor now comes upon the stage—Edric Streone, son-in-law of the witless Ethelred ; in truth, a clever villain, who twisted the king round his finger when he pleased. The assassination of Elfhelm, ealdorman of Mercia, winked at, if not abetted by Ethelred, opened to this low-born favourite a place of power, into which he climbed at once. Edric and his brothers clung like leeches to the king, each trying how much gold and power he could suck for his own share. Ethelred lived, as weak-minded monarchs often do, a life of lust and vice, varied by short spasms of activity, which had small result except the deepening of his subjects' disgust. The cause of the Danes prospered as that of the Saxons grew weak. The Angles, among whom the roots of ancient hatred were still alive, ranged themselves under the banner of Sweyn. Vainly Ethelred enticed to his help Thurkill, a Danish chief, who, having plundered half the land, consented in return for an enormous sum to fight under the Saxon flag. Woful years, red with fire and blood, went by, until in 1013 Sweyn, having landed with a huge force, swept over the land, and set up at Bath a rival throne, proclaiming himself King of England in the very teeth of Ethelred and the mercenary Thurkill, who were locked up within the stone towers of London. The props of the Saxon throne had long been rotting. It now fell, and the Unready king fled across the sea to Normandy.

So with changing names and changing fortunes went on the struggle, now grown to be for the life or death of a dynasty. Sweyn died in 1014 ; but his greater son Canute stood ready crowned in his room. Then came the last flicker of Ethelred's feeble spirit. When the fierce old vulture Sweyn had

¹ *Thetford*, a Norfolk borough (population, 4075) on the Little Ouse, thirty miles south-west of Norwich.

breathed his last, a sudden call from the Witan, backed by the news that an army of Englishmen wanted to be led to battle, induced the Unready king to strike another blow for the fallen throne. All looked well at first; and Canute had to leave the English shore. But the leopard cannot change his spots. Neither the loss of a crown nor the hardships of exile could make Ethelred a ready king. Canute spent the winter in building ships and gathering fierce warriors for a decisive dash upon England; Ethelred spent it in rehearsing on a smaller scale that bloody day of St. Brice, which had cost himself a crown and his poor subjects infinite tears. So, when the masts of two hundred ships broke the eastward horizon in early spring, laden with death and revenge, there was but a slender force to face the invading host. Young Edmund, indeed, whose surname Ironside seems to stamp him as a man of other metal than his father, did his best, but could not muster troops enough to meet the Danish army. Unhindered, the Vikings marched along the southern shore, destroying as they went.

A keen and cunning eye watched every move in the bloody game. Men were playing for a crown, and why should not Edric, who had already won an earldom by craft, cast in his stake and win the higher prize? The old king was sick unto death; the Ironside had no hereditary claim, for he was an illegitimate child; and Canute was a mere crown-hunter from beyond the seas. "Why may not I," thought the Mercian earl, "play them off, one against the other, and work the destruction of both? Let me join the Dane in slaying Ironside, and then rouse the national feeling against the Dane." So he carried his false face into Canute's camp. Amid the clang of war which then arose the death of poor useless Ethelred was scarcely noticed (1016). London proclaimed for Edmund, a thing which gave great strength to his cause; for even then London was the heart of England. Canute, on the other hand, was saluted as sovereign at Southampton by a great crowd of nobles and clergy, who were anxious to end a war so fatal to the land. An unsuccessful siege of London by the Danes; a drawn battle at Sherstone in Wiltshire;¹ another fight, maintained under the light of a full moon, at Assandune, or the Asses' Hill, in Essex,² in which the Danes were beaten; and what fable calls a duel, but what was probably a formal conference, between the rivals, on an island in the Severn, paved the way for an arrangement called the Treaty of Olney,³ by which Edmund was restricted to Wessex, while Canute held East Anglia, Mercia, and all the North. Edric, gliding from camp to camp, as the balance of victory swayed from one side to the other, reminds one of a deadly snake, gifted with the chameleon's power of changing hue at will. Not improbable is the

¹ *Sherstone Magna* (the *Scorstone* of the Saxon chronicle) lies in Wiltshire, near the head of the Avon, six miles from Malmesbury. Population 1589.

² *Assandune* in Essex is thought to be Ashington near Canewdon on the Crouch, twenty miles south-east of Chelmsford. Ashdon, thirty miles north-west of Chelmsford, has with less probability been named as the site.

³ *Olney*. This island in the Severn must not be confounded with that market town on the Ouse in Bucks, where the poet Cowper resided for a long time.

supposition that he accomplished, by some secret agent, the mysterious death of Edmund in November 1016, after only six months' struggle for the crown.

Canute, having then induced the Witan to shake hands with him over the usurped diadem of all England, began to make a bloody clearing round his throne. There stood in his way six persons who must either die or leave the land. Edwy, son of the Unready, and also branded by a scornful nickname, "the Churl King," soon fell. Edward and Alfred, sons 1017 of the Unready's second marriage, fled to their mother's native land A.D. of Normandy. Edward and Edmund, the little children of Ironside, were sent over to Norway to be killed ; but by the cautious or merciful Olaf were passed on to the court of Hungary, where one died a bachelor and the other got married. Of the latter we shall hear again. Right glad must all be to find, in the general hubbub of the time, an axe falling on the head of Edric Streone. We think with slight pity of his gashed corpse left to float up and down in the waters of the Thames. A bad man, he came to a bad end. It had been from first to last a duel of craft, fought in masks, between him and Canute ; and the safety of the newly-founded Danish throne demanded his death. In the terrible days of which I write, the man who stuck at no crime mounted the ladder with the greatest speed ; but it was a perilous climb, for blood is a slippery thing, and the rounds next the top need a firm and careful step.

Thus far Canute plied the steel in carving out a throne. But he was no mere soldier. The time had now come for his genius to put forth fruit. Linking himself to the fallen dynasty by a marriage with unnatural old Emma, he adopted a policy which went far to heal the bleeding wounds of the English nation. Englishmen were raised to offices of trust and power. Then he sent the greater part of his fleet and army back to the Baltic Sea, laden indeed with more than eighty thousand pounds, but yet gone for good from the shore they had so terribly wasted. Six thousand *huscarls*, glittering in armour richly inlaid and ornamented with gold, alone remained around the throne. And, to crown all, he after some time abjured heathenism, and threw himself with ardour into the ranks of the Romish Church.

One of the most striking pictures of his reign, preserved on the page of history, is the disinterment of an old archbishop's bones in St. Paul's, and the removal of them to Canterbury. Canute permitted this to please the monks of the ecclesiastical capital. Springing from his bath, and hastily wrapping a cloak round him, the king ran out to the church to see the tomb opened. The stones, it is related, dropped out of themselves, and the undecayed body was borne out of the church down to the river. The mob, amused by a sham scuffle at a distant gate of the city, and prevented from drawing near the scene of action by the royal guards, knew nothing of the disinterment until a royal barge, all gleaming with golden dragons, had landed the dead saint on the opposite bank of the Thames. The king himself steered the boat across, and saw the car, which was prepared to carry the relics to Canterbury, pass out of sight before he returned to his palace. Clouded brows lined the northern bank

of the river, and angry words rose from the crowd of citizens ; for the bones they had been just tricked out of had become in popular estimation inseparable from the prosperity of the city. With music and golden pomp the remains of the old martyr, who had perished by the axe of a Danish chief, were borne along the Canterbury road, and on their arrival in that ancient city were solemnly buried by the side of the great altar. Canute allayed the murmurs, which this act of theft and his rough sailor jokes upon the stars of Saxon sainthood had excited, by rich gifts to the churches and monasteries of the land. Too knowing a ruler to estrange from his throne the strongest and most highly educated class in the nation, he took care that the monks of England should not lack gorgeous jewelled robes, censers and candelabra of crusted gold, parks stocked with fat venison, meres teeming with delicate fish, dove-cotes and poultry-yards, corn-fields and orchards ; in short, an unstinted supply of all the good things the time and climate could afford. This he did as a stroke of policy ; for his religious feelings, we may well suppose, did not lie very deep.

His restless spirit then turned into the old familiar channel. Taking up the sword, which had been his darling toy almost from the cradle, he crossed the sea in 1025 to Sweden, where with difficulty and peril he contrived to establish an unstable dominion. More complete and lasting was his conquest of Norway, where the gentle Olaf stood meekly at bay amid a crowd of fierce jarls and pagan priests, incurring hatred and reproach by bravely doing what he could to abate vice, and leaven the unruly mass of his subjects with the mild teachings of the Christian faith. Canute seized the chance. English gold proved stronger than Norse loyalty ; and the treacherous courtiers of Olaf promised, when the English fleet entered their fiords, to fall away from the throne of their Christianizing king, and range themselves under the invading banners. They did so. Olaf fled to Russia, and Canute received the crown of Norway.

Returning in 1029 from this successful expedition, Canute with the help of the Witan set about the enactment of a great Code of Laws. Divided into two sections—ecclesiastical and secular—they rest upon two broad and stable rocks,—asserting that but one God should be worshipped in the land, and that every man is worthy of folk-right, or the protection of the common law. The latter clause seems to claim justice even for the slaves, of whom there were not a few in England. We see in these laws of Canute glimpses of the wild superstition and savage barbarity which disfigured the crude legislation of the Dark Ages. Before burial clay could be cast upon a corpse, the soul-scut, or fee for admission into Paradise, must be paid by the weeping relatives. Fierce penalties awaited the unfortunate woman whom it suited some lustful monk to accuse of witchcraft or *morth-working*.¹ With the hot zeal of a proselyte, the royal law-giver denounced the heathen idols he had just abandoned,

¹ *Morth-workers* are thought to have resembled those enchantresses of Hellas, who made a waxen image of the person to be devoted to death, and roasted it before a slow fire, piercing the wax with pins as it softened, until the last stab, reaching the heart, caused, or was said to cause, the instant death of the victim.

prohibiting their worship in fierce words. Mutilation in its most frightful forms fell upon thieves, who, if they got off with their lives, wandered, noseless, lipless, scalpless, or lay with bloody sockets, from which the eyes had been torn, until death released them from a life of misery. The coinage and the regulation of weights and measures were not forgotten in the Code of Canute; and the ceremonies of the ordeal received minute attention. The jealous spirit of the age gleams out in a little clause, which enacts that a stranger or comer from afar was to be imprisoned till he could prove by the ordeal that he meant no harm. Travellers for pleasure or curiosity must have been rare in the days of such legislation. Money might tempt the merchant, and religious fervour impel the monk or pilgrim; but the risk of being hanged as a spy must have acted strongly to keep wise men at their own firesides.

From the building of churches and the framing of laws the red-handed Dane turned to thoughts of what was regarded as the crowning sacrifice of a penitent sinner—a pilgrimage to Rome. Long before this, the stream of grey-frocked sandalled men, whose weary steps a long staff assisted over flinty roads, had begun to flow towards Rome, the Holy City, bearing a precious freight of gold and jewels and silken robes into the treasuries of the Pope. Such travellers returned to their distant homes freed, as they thought, from every stain of guilt, laden, as they thought, with an exhaustless stock of righteousness and blessing,—the latter being mysteriously associated with such relics as the bones of a dead saint, or a splinter of wood from the true cross. But the pilgrims brought away from Rome fresh views of human life, and a wider store of knowledge as to men and countries,—gleanings of more avail than cart-loads of the quackeries palmed off at exorbitant prices under the name of sacred relics. The priests of the Middle Ages have been often blamed, and justly, for dabbling in works of magic; but no magical arts they used surpassed that legerdemon of theirs, by which a musty bone, a worm-eaten bit of wood, or a phial full of red water became a purse of chinking gold, or a casket of sparkling gems.

Canute set out, resolved, if money could buy a place in heaven, to pay his way nobly. Showers of gold fell round him as he passed through France and across the Alps. Nor was it only the monks who flourished in the yellow rain; the poor man and the prisoner shared in the bounty of this splendid pilgrim. The Pope and the Emperor did not disdain to receive magnificent presents, and yet more magnificent promises, from the kingly sailor. The pomp of the Papal court struck but little awe into the breast of a 1031 man whose talk still smacked of ocean brine, whose manners had A.D. still the bluster of the ocean breeze. In the presence of heads that doffed their crowns at St. Peter's footstool, he rated the Pope soundly for the avarice which fleeced English archbishops when they came to seek the pall at Rome. On his way across the Continent he had arranged that pilgrims and peddlers should no longer be obliged to pay exorbitant tolls to those barons and powerful officials whose castles commanded the mountain gates of Italy; and he also induced the Pope to exempt from all taxation the school established

for English students at Rome. So his money and his perils by the way were not entirely unavailing.

From Denmark, whither he went from Rome, he wrote to the English people a remarkable letter, in which he speaks with straightforward sternness of the duty of obedience; commanding especially that tithes, alms, and dues,—above all, Peter's Pence,—should be regularly paid. This epistle is manifestly a result of his visit to Rome; for the Pope, of course, did not yield for nothing to Canute's demands. England was to bleed as freely as ever, although English pilgrims might carry their gifts with greater ease and safety through the pine-woods of the Alps.

An expedition to Scotland closed the campaigning days of Canute. He is said to have then reduced the Northern princes to submission; although in the earlier years of his reign the Lothians had been severed from his realm, and the tie that held Cumberland had been much relaxed. Any mark his sword or sceptre left upon Scotland must have been of the most transient kind. The great mistake, which the Danish conqueror committed, consisted in his neglecting to consolidate the English nation into one mighty and invincible whole. Finding a land broken into petty states, he left it as he had found it; and out of one of these disjointed fragments came the man who broke his sceptre, in a very few years after his dying hand had let it fall.

It is a great pity that the keen research of modern historians has cast shades of doubt, if not of actual denial, over many of those charming stories, which hang like bright flowers from boughs that are often dry and thorny. I am hardly relentless enough to cut the pretty parasites away. With the caution, that they cannot in every case pretend to the dignity of history, let them remain. Their presence, thus understood, can do little harm, and they afford a pleasant variety amid red tales of battle and solid slabs of law.

Such a story is that of Canute and the waves. At some uncertain time the king being, where he loved to be, at the sea-side, resolved to teach his glozing courtiers how absurd were the flatteries they had been used to lavish on him. Among other honeyed lies, they had said that the sea would know his voice, and roll back its waters at his august bidding. Gathering them on the sand, he placed his throne within the tide-mark, and sat until the surf flowed almost to his feet. Then he spoke in a loud voice, commanding the waters to retire. Each wave swept higher on the sand, until they leaped, as if in scorn, upon his knees, and soaked the skirts of his kingly robe. Then, turning to the watching crowd, he said, "How frivolous and vain is the might of an earthly king compared to the might of that Great Power who rules the elements, and can say to the ocean, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther!'" Then, taking from his head the crown, which he never wore again, he sent it to Winchester Cathedral, to be placed in lasting memorial of this incident above the plaited thorns of the great crucifix.¹

¹ There is an odd Welsh legend, which probably afforded to Henry of Huntingdon the groundwork for this story of Canute. Many princes assemble on the shore to try who shall be supreme;

The early death of this great guilty and superstitious Dane caused the triple kingdom, which he had cemented with lavish blood, to fall asunder. Dying in 1035, his fortieth year, he left three feeble sons, who are little more than faint shadows in the vision of the past. Canute, for all his cruelty and credulousness, had sterling manhood to redeem his memory from oblivion. But of Sweyn who got Norway, Hardicanute who got Denmark, and Harold Harefoot who got England, nothing need be said beyond the bare mention of their names. The brilliant soldier, the sagacious chief, who upreared again the fallen Saxon throne, and taught his noble son to wield the sword that was snapt for ever on the field of Hastings, has infinitely higher claims upon our remembrance than the cruel brute and the spiteful drunkard who wore in turn the crown of dead Canute.

CHAPTER II.

EARL GODWIN AND HIS ROYAL SON.

A forest hut.
The Helga.
Alfred's murder.
A crown in Godwin's grasp.
Earl versus King.
Policy of the Confessor.

The riot at Dover.
Flight of Godwin.
Visit of Norman William.
Return and death of Godwin.
Death of the Confessor.

Harold elected.
Battle of Stamford.
Landing of William.
Harold's southward march.
Battle of Hastings.

WHILE the last throes of the Danish Conquest were convulsing the land, a Norse chieftain, flying from his foes, wandered all night through one of the great forests in the south of England.¹ At daybreak he came suddenly on a young man, whom he begged to show him the way to the Danish camp. "Not now," said the Saxon youth, "for it would peril the lives of us both; but come to my father's hut till night, and then I will be your guide." Refusing a gold ring, which the soldier pressed him to accept, the seeming cowherd led the way to a wattle cabin, where sat a worn old man. The story was soon told; father and son vied in attention to their guest, whom the latter brought by starlight safe to Canute's camp. It was then the turn of the rescued guest to play the host, which he did with true heartiness. The mean-clad herdsman sat among princes at the carouse of that glad night, and received the praises of all for the good deed he had done. Such was the incident which opened a path of glory to Godwin, the only son of old Wulfnoth, once a captain in the Saxon fleet, then a pirate on the high seas, and now a broken-down cowherd in a forest hut.

and in the contest that ensues, Maelgoun (the Lancelot of the Idylls) wins by means of a chair that has waxed wings below it.

¹ Probably the great forest of Andred, which stretched from Winchester almost to Dover Cliff, clothing the slopes of that extensive and now fertile valley that divides the North and South Downs.

Received into the ranks of Canute's army, Godwin rose rapidly in favour and in fame. One great achievement placed him at a bound among the first warriors of his day. While the army of Canute lay beleaguered in their camp on the Helga in Sweden, this daring young officer, at the head of a brave handful who formed the Saxon contingent in the Danish force, made a sudden night-attack upon the intrenchments of the Swedes, and drove them headlong from their works,—thus saving the force of his adopted king from being cut to pieces. The hand of Canute's sister Githa and the earldoms of Kent and Wessex rewarded the hero of this brilliant dash. So powerful had he become upon the death of Canute, by dint of his manly character and his lightning eloquence, that his voice swayed the Gemót of the Witan, which met at Oxford, to assign Wessex to Hardicanute, Emma's son, and London with the districts north of the Thames to Harold Harefoot. The enmity of the latter, who felt deep annoyance at being thus shorn of a great province, obliged Godwin to retire with the widowed queen to the palace of Winchester, where he lived in great magnificence.

The name of this illustrious man is mixed up strangely with the most brutal of Harold's crimes. Those sons of the Unready who had taken refuge in Normandy made descents upon the English shore, in the hope that Saxons would rally round a Saxon flag. Alfred, induced perhaps by the invitation of his mother Emma, or more probably by the news that a few nobles had united in his cause, landed on the Kentish side of the Thames, and having been met by Godwin, who proposed to guide him to the queen-dowager, passed on to spend the night at Guildford.¹ As the tired soldiers slept, a band of Harold's men set on the town and captured the whole six hundred. Alfred, brought naked on a wretched hack to Ely,² was there insulted by a mock trial, after which his eyes were torn from the bleeding sockets, and he was left to die in awful agony. It is uncertain whether Godwin can be fairly charged with a share in this nefarious transaction. That he deserted the Saxon prince at Guildford is pretty clear; but a charitable view of his conduct may suppose that he had previously stipulated for the safety of Alfred's life.

A cry got up against him in the succeeding reign by Elfric, archbishop of Canterbury, roused the spirit of all the English nobles, who came forward as one man to swear that he was innocent of Alfred's death. This great utterance of his order testifies to the esteem in which his countrymen held him. His taste and wealth are sufficiently proved by an account of that splendid ship which he offered as a present to drunken Hardicanute. The hull, shaped after the best models of the time, rose at prow and stern into the golden images of a dragon and a lion. A purple sail, embroidered with the pictured history of the Danes, swelled on high. Eighty soldiers, armed with Danish battle-

¹ *Guildford* on the Wey, the capital of Surrey, lies in a hollow of the North Downs, twenty-nine miles south-west of London. Population, 6740.

² *Ely* in Cambridgeshire is an episcopal city, sixteen miles north-east of Cambridge. It is noted for a fine cathedral. The island of Ely, once really an island, lying in a great district of mere and swamp, filled the north of both Huntingdonshire and Cambridgeshire.

axes and Saxon spears of the finest work, with gold bracelets on their arms, and gilded helmets on their heads, hung their eighty shields after the naval fashion of the time in two flashing rows along the bulwarks.

When habitual drunkenness struck dead at Lambeth that indolent son of Canute, whose sole acts of kingship may be summed up in the levying of oppressive taxes and the miserable updigging and insult of his brother's corpse, Godwin might, if he liked, have seized the English crown. But the restoration of the house of Cerdic, glorified by the golden light of Alfred's reign, had long been his darling dream; and now, forgetful or neglectful of himself, he secured the election of a guest at the English court, whose 1041
A.D.
 six-and-twenty years in Normandy had made him, in talk, in dress, in habits of life and thought, a perfect Frenchman. Dazzled by his Saxon lineage, Godwin placed the crown of Alfred upon the head of Edward, who was fitter to be the prior of a Norman monastery than the wielder of the English sceptre. And here in passing I may say, what will explain many of the revolutions in early English history, and will clear the memory of such men as Alfred from the charge of usurpation, that during all the time of which I write, and for centuries afterwards, the monarchy of England was elective,—the power of choosing a king being the grand prerogative of the Witan. The crown remained within the circle of a certain family; but no law of primogeniture existing to fix the future king, the Witan chose from the kinmen of the dead monarch the man who seemed worthiest to wear its jewelled rim.

How there grew up between the giant earl and the young king slight differences, which swelled to open hatred, I do not stop to note. Conscious that he owed to Godwin his royal seat, Edward with the meanness of an inferior nature could scarcely bear the sight of the mighty soldier and eloquent statesman, whose mere presence reminded him sorely of his intrinsic littleness. Godwin's daughter, the lovely Edith, whose golden tresses framed a face of angelic purity, and who surpassed all the ladies of Europe in the arts of painting and embroidery, was married to this royal icicle, whom even her fresh young beauty could not thaw. In spite of this alliance the gulf between the puppet king and his great subject widened month by month.

The solitary benefit conferred on England by Edward, whom monks called the Confessor, lay in his repealing that tax of Ethelred's invention, the hated Danegeld; but he repealed it chiefly because famine had so drained the land of substance that it could not be collected. There is little merit in refusing to take what we cannot get. This little ray of doubtful light darkens under a great odium attached to Edward's memory. He it was who first opened the flood-gates which admitted to English soil a crowd of needy Frenchmen, in whose rush the national throne lay for a time submerged. In the train of the Frenchified Saxon came men of foreign speech and foreign dress, who treated the people of the land with disdain, and yet scorned not to fill their pockets with the coin and fatten their bodies with the bread and beef, which

the honest labour of Englishmen had produced. Edward's wars succeeded on the whole; but not because he bore a weighty sword. There were Godwins, Leofrics, and Siwards around his throne. Hence the Welsh shrank bleeding back to their mountains; and Macbeth was beaten at Dunsinane. The commander of Edward's fleet, Raoul the Staller,¹ seems to have shared in the feebleness of his royal master.

When Magnus of Norway, afraid to enforce by the sword an insolent claim which he had made to the English crown, narrowed his ambition to an attack upon Denmark, Godwin proposed, in a full Gemót of the Witan, to send over a fleet of English ships for the defence of the assaulted throne. In the voice of the council, uplifted with one consent against this enterprise, the great earl heard the first sound of his falling power. Yet that power seemed a solid rock, upon which those who dashed themselves must die, and whose giant bulk then flung its shadow over nearly all England, quite eclipsing the feeble throne. Wessex and Kent owned his sway as earl; but not content with his own dominion, he had planted round him his stalwart sons, like towers of strength, in the richest earldoms of the land—Sweyn at Hereford on the skirts of the Welsh mountains and Harold among the fair corn-fields of East Anglia.

A riot at Dover brought the estrangement between Godwin and the king to a sudden head. A band of insolent Frenchmen, with breastplates on and spears in hand, rode one day into Dover, and began to force their way into private houses, clamouring for lodging and refreshment. Eustace, count of Boulogne, who had married Goda the king's sister, was returning with his retainers from a visit to the English court. Saxon blood at once took fire at the outrage of the steel-clad ruffians, and in one house a French life was taken. The news of this resistance, running like wild-fire through the streets, brought the foreign knights all clattering in a disorderly troop to the place where their dead comrade lay, and there, by his own fire-side, the stout-hearted Saxon who had given the fatal blow was hewn down. The cry of battle rang through the streets, until the French horsemen, after having slain many citizens and trodden many women and children to death, were beaten from lane to lane with lessening files, and driven at last from the town. Eustace and a few of his knights galloped away, with torn crests and bloody spears, towards the palace of their royal friend.

When the king heard of the affair he at once directed Godwin to hasten to Dover which lay in the earldom of Kent, and to punish the citizens who had dared to show such spirit. This Godwin refused to do, well aware of that hatred towards the foreign favourites of the king which smouldered in all English hearts, and believing that he could reckon upon the support of the nation in case of an open rupture. Mustering with the aid of his two sons

¹ The Staller was a kind of high-steward or lord-chamberlain at court. Raoul, son of a French earl by Edward's sister Goda, was among the most noted of the foreigners who came over to enjoy rich estates taken by force or trickery from their English owners.

a vast army, ostensibly for the Welsh war but really for the purpose of striking terror into the court of Gloucester, he advanced to Beverston and Langtree, and there demanded that Eustace and his murderous band should be tried for the massacre at Dover. Edward, calling the great earls Leofric and Siward to his aid, met this threatening front with craft. Instead of a battle at Gloucester there was to be a conference at London on St. Michael's Day. Godwin reached the trysting-place to find the streets thick with hostile spears. His own army had melted away, and he stood in the very jaws of destruction with scarcely a weapon at his back. The old story of Alfred's murder being raked up against the fallen earl, he bowed to necessity, and fled with Githa and Sweyn to his villa at Bosenham in Sussex, where a few ships lay anchored off the curving shore. The tears of a grateful people rained blessings upon the little band of exiles, as the sails swelled out and the prows turned towards the shore of Flanders. There Count Baldwin ruled a court which stood to England in a relation not unlike that held in later history by the Duchy of Burgundy. All discontented spirits flocked to that centre from the English shore, to find there a welcome and a home. Harold and Leofwin, other sons of Godwin, went to Ireland; and the ban of outlawry was proclaimed by not unwilling lips upon every member of this illustrious family. Queen Edith, shorn of all her state, was sent to the nunnery of Wherwell.¹

And now a guest arrived in England, whose present coming served only to foreshadow a deadly return. William of Normandy, who had been secretly invited over to England by the Confessor as an ally against Godwin, landed with a splendid train of knights, and received a magnificent welcome from the king. The joy with which he had greeted the summons from weak and foolish Edward, who had already admitted many Normans to places of honour in Church and State, deepened as his ambitious eye roved over the fair fields of England, laden with overflowing wealth. If not before, he must certainly then have resolved to attempt the conquest of the country. Everything favoured such a design. A spiritless weakling sat upon the throne, ruling a court already invaded by French fashions of speech, dress, and daily life; and Normans, brought over by this royal disgrace to Saxon lineage, wore all the mitres and coronets that were worth possessing. When William bore his presents back across the sea, the blood-red seeds of Hastings were sprouting in his heart.

Godwin soon returned to triumph and to die in the land he loved so well. Aided by his sons from Ireland, he sailed up the Thames to London Bridge, which was purposely left unguarded by the citizens, and in sight of the royal fleet landed his men upon the Southwark side. Sweyn no longer stood by his father's side, for he had gone a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. His life of lust and violence found its fitting end in Lycia, either by cold or hunger or Saracen steel. A panic struck through Edward's Norman court as the bold Saxon earl reëntered London amid the rejoicings of the entire city.

¹ Another authority says that she found a refuge in Wilton convent.

Flinging aside the sacred pall and dashing out by the east gate, Robert, the foreign primate, never drew rein till the welcome shore was reached ; nor did he breathe freely till some miles of salt water rolled between him and the peril he had left behind. Many others fled in like manner to Normandy. The king and Godwin formed a hollow friendship, Edith came back from her nunnery, and Saxon Stigand received the vacant see of Canterbury.

But the hand of death had already touched the great Earl of Kent. Soon after his arrival in England his health began visibly to break. Some have whispered poison ; but that is a mere suspicion. The end came

1053 at Winchester on the 18th of April 1053. Three days before, he
A.D. had been carried speechless to his chamber from the royal banquet hall. Brave, eloquent, and patriotic, he stands out in these sunset

days of Saxon greatness, like a giant amid a crowd of mean and vicious dwarfs. Crimes he committed, no doubt, for it was an age of crime ; but his unshaken loyalty to the house of Cerdic would cover far deeper stains than those that lie upon his name. His manhood, descending to his royal son, flashed out a bright brief blaze at Stamford and at Hastings, setting for ever on the latter field in a sea of Saxon blood.

The reign of Edward lingered on for thirteen ignoble years. Feuds between Harold, who had succeeded to the western earldom once held by Sweyn, and Tostig, whom Edith's favour had raised to the coronet of Northumbria, convulsed the kingdom. Edward, idling life away in the society of monks or abroad in the fields with hound and hawk, made a feeble move towards the appointment of a successor by bringing from Hungary the exiled son of Ironside, and his three children, Edgar, Margaret, and Christina. The sudden death of his nephew and namesake, almost immediately after arriving in London, prostrated whatever hopes the king may have been building on this act of late remembrance.

Meantime the star of Harold had been rising fast. Leading an army clad in light suits of boiled leather into the mountains of Wales, and at the same time causing his fleet to skirt the shore, he inflicted a terrible defeat upon the Welsh, whose king Griffith was taken and slain. Tostig drew sword with his brother in this great enterprise. But England could not contain both these giants of ambition at once. Tostig had to go ; and when Edward grew sick with a mortal disease, nothing stood between Harold and the glittering circlet his father had refused to wear.

The story of his oath to the Conqueror would, if true, brand his kingly name with perjury. But there is good reason for believing it a monkish fiction. Shipwrecked in 1065 on the Norman coast, he fell, it is related, into the cruel hands of Guy count of Ponthieu, who delivered him up to the Duke of Normandy. William, resting his claim to the English crown upon an old promise made to him by Edward the Confessor when they were young together in Normandy, made Harold swear to help him in securing the prize he sought. The point of the story lies in the trick, by which William tried to give a

solemn meaning to words uttered, no doubt, by Harold lightly enough. The Saxon earl, thinking that he swore upon a common reliquary, turned pale with alarm when the cover of the table was removed, and a tub of saintly bones appeared below. In monkish ages to break an oath like this surpassed all other crimes.

The fifth of January 1066 saw Edward the Confessor dead. One day later, the voice of the southern Witan proclaimed Harold the Dauntless king of England. With dying breath the Confessor had commended the queen and the kingdom to the care of this great Saxon soldier, on whom alone his country's heart was resting. Edgar the Etheling, grandson of Ironside, still lived, it is true; but a raw boy was no fitting wearer of the English crown in that hour of blackening storm. So young Edgar was made Earl of Oxford, while tall brave handsome Harold assumed the royal robes.

Few as were the months of this last Saxon reign, they bristle with events whose throb has not ceased to vibrate even at the time I write. One stands out in startling relief: in the last few days the short and bloody drama of the Norman Conquest was played, closing with its catastrophe at Hastings the life of Harold and the existence of the Saxon monarchy in England.

The news of Harold's succession reached the Duke of Normandy as he stood with strung bow in a park near Rouen, ready to let fly at the driven deer. Dropping his bow, he crossed the Seine in a boat, and in the hall of his palace lay with muffled head for hours on a bench, brooding on the loss he had sustained. Then the plan of conquest was matured; and the hot long days of summer shone on crowds of armourers, smiths, and shipwrights, toiling in all the forges and dockyards of Normandy. With anxious heart the Conqueror (as yet so only in hope) saw the days shorten and the Channel waves grow rough with autumn gales, while he waited for that posture of affairs in which his keen eye discerned the greatest likelihood of victory. At last the chance arrived. Tostig, Harold's banished brother, who had been for some time cruising as a pirate off the English shore, sailed up the Ouse with Hardrada king of Norway, inflicted a bloody defeat upon an English army, and took immediate possession of York. Harold, advancing northward with a considerable force, found the invading foe occupying a strong position at Stamford Bridge on the Derwent; and there was fought a battle, whose importance is almost obscured by the great action which made the ensuing month fruitful in changes that run through every page of English history.

At dawn on the 25th of September the battle began. Harold with his horsemen charged the thin crescent in which the Norsemen had formed their array. The spears of the Scandinavians kept their curving hedge long unbroken, standing outward with red and fatal points. But at last the English wedge pierced the extended line, and pushing on, split it right in two. The invaders, many of whom had left their breastplates in camp on account of the oppressive heat, fell in heaps. Hardrada found the seven feet of English earth which Harold's boastful taunt had promised him; for the giant lay

stretched in death amid the corpses of nearly all his force. And Tostig too, the traitor son of Godwin, died in the carnage of that bloody day.

Four days later, on the 29th, the same Kentish shore which had seen the galleys of Cæsar and the keels of Hengist approach laden with blood and flame, witnessed a crowd of painted sails rise out of the offing and overspread the green waves, like a flock of sea-birds dressed in the gay plumage of a tropic forest. They had come from St. Valeri¹ on the Norman coast, and bore sixty thousand soldiers, summoned from various lands to aid in the enterprise of the Norman duke. No Saxon soldier appeared to oppose the landing. No Saxon sail cruised along the defenceless shore. For the northern war had drawn every fighting man to the banks of Derwent, and the Saxon fleet had put into harbour for new supplies of food. Running on the sands of Bulverhithe in Pevensy Bay² on the Sussex coast, the Norman ships disgorged their warlike freight. Clouds of archers, close shaven and clad in short coats, sprang from the decks with bows ready strung and quivers packed with shafts. But in vain these light skirmishers advanced their lines. Not a human figure was in sight. In safety and quiet the knights, clad in complete armour, with laced helmets and shields slung round their necks, descended on the shore, where their squires already stood holding caparisoned chargers by the head. Then the carpenters brought out the timber of three forts, shipped ready-cut from Normandy, with barrels full of pins for joining them together. Before night the Norman stores lay under a wooden roof. Duke William in landing fell forward on the sand. His train, filled with the sensitive superstition of the times, thought the omen bad, until with ready wit he cried, "See, my lords, I have taken possession of England with both my hands."

Marching next day along the shore to Hastings,³ he established there a strong camp, and erected the two remaining forts of wood. From this centre the Norman ravages spread far and wide. The startled farmers fled from all the country round, driving before them huddled groups of oxen, swine, and sheep.

Harold and his exhausted army were nursing their wounds at York when the news of the Norman landing came. Without delay the brave Saxon king hurried to London, calling, as he passed, on all true Englishmen to gather round the banner of their native land. Many of his best friends counselled delay, until the whole strength of the kingdom could be hurled upon the invaders. Brave young Gurth, his brother, offered to lead a forlorn hope, while preparations were made to secure a victory by leading a large and well organ-

¹ *St. Valeri*, a small sea-port in Seine-Inférieure, eighteen miles north of Yvetot. Another port of the same name stands at the mouth of the Somme.

² *Pevensy* in Sussex, five miles south-west of Hailsham, is now a little village of 412 inhabitants. It is supposed to represent the old British town of *Anderida*. A castle, whose ruins still exist, and a harbour of some size made it important about the time of the Conquest. Pevensy gives its name to one of the six *Rapes* into which Sussex has been long divided. The origin of the word *Rape* is unsettled.

³ *Hastings*, a borough in Sussex (population, 16,966), lies on the shore, sheltered by hills, about sixty-four miles from London. Kemble supposes it to have been the fort of the *Hæstingæ*. St. Leonards-on-Sea, once a mile off, has now grown into Hastings.

ized force against the shaken Norman lines. Rejecting the brave offer and the sagacious advice, Harold tried to surprise his wily foe; but when he found that impossible, turning short in his march, he took up a strong position on the hill of Senlac, about seven or eight miles from Hastings. His spies sent out thence are said to have brought back word that there were more priests in the Norman camp than fighting men in the English army. They had mistaken the shaven archers for monks. Again Harold was pressed to retreat on London, waste the country as he passed, and thus starve the Norman army into a state of weakness. But, blindly yielding to the promptings of his own fiery heart, he resolved to stake his crown upon the issue of an immediate battle.

This was playing quite into William's hands. Moving with his force from Hastings to a lower hill near Senlac,¹ the Norman leader sent a monk with three insolent proposals to the English king, demanding that he should either give up the crown at once, refer it to the disposal of the Pope, or stake it on the issue of a duel between themselves. Harold, rash indeed but far from simple, rejected all three. Then came another message, offering to leave Harold all the land north of Humber, and to give Gurth all that Godwin had owned, on condition that the crown was forthwith handed over. This being also rejected, sentence of excommunication, pronounced in terms of a papal bull lying cut and dry in the Norman camp, struck a transient awe through the rough hearts of the Saxon soldiery. But the terror soon passed, and a firm resolve to fight to the death arose in its place.

The night before the battle witnessed the Sussex hills alive with a double line of twinkling fires, separated by a belt of darkness, where the surface dipped between the slopes. Very different were the midnight occupations of the rival armies,—the Saxons roaring songs over horns of ale and wine, while the Normans fasted, heard mass, and confessed their sins. A few hours of sleep, and then the sun rose upon a most eventful day,—Saturday, the 14th of October 1066.

The army of Harold, amounting to scarcely twenty thousand men, crowned the ridges of Senlac Hill with a row of glittering battle-axes, the national weapon of the Saxon soldier. With shields locked together, they stood shoulder to shoulder in a solid mass, protected in front by a barricade of ashwood stakes intertwined with rods of osier. Above them the royal standard, on which the figure of a warrior shone in blazon-work of gold and gems, swung heavily in the October air. The men of London guarded the person of their king. The brave Kentish men stood in the van, for theirs was the glorious privilege of striking the first blow in an English battle. Scattered among the

¹ The year after the Conquest William I. began to build Battle Abbey on the field of his victory, placing, it is said, the high altar on the spot where Harold fell. The abbey, dedicated to St. Martin and filled with Benedictine monks from France, stood on a gentle rise overlooking a richly wooded undulating country. The ruins of a later building on the same site still exist, scattered over the circuit of a mile. The place is eight miles north-west of Hastings. A town called Battle (anciently *Epton*), with a population of 3849, stands there now.

ranks or marshalled in separate bands, hundreds of stout peasants, armed only with forks, slings, or sharpened stakes, lent their sturdy arms to defend the land they ploughed and mowed. A glorious army, indeed, in pluck and patriotism; but in equipment, drill, military science, and the art of manœuvring, wofully behind their Norman rivals.

Above the ranks of William floated a splendid banner, blessed by the Pope himself. His order of battle consisted of three divisions—archers, mailed pikemen, and knights in armour. The last he led in person. After a few fitting words, which told them that their only safety lay in victory, he proceeded to don his hauberk; but in his haste he put it wrong side foremost. Observing the alarmed looks of the soldiers round him, he hastened to interpret the omen in a favourable way, saying that it signified a change of duke into king—another instance of his ready wit.

The battle began at nine o'clock in the morning by the advance of the Normans. Mingled with the bugle-calls that rang incessantly from the lines rose the gay notes of the minstrel Taillefer, who sang lays of Charlemagne and Roland as he rode in front. The Saxons, standing like a wedge of granite, replied with shouts of "Holy Rood!" and "Mighty God!" Up the slope came the Norman charge. Taillefer, having got leave from William to strike the first blow, pierced an Englishman with his lance, but was almost immediately cut down. The shock was terrible. The lightning sweep of the Saxon war-axe, the rapid glinting of swords, the dull crash of the spiked mace, the swift stab of lance and pike, and the whizzing sleet of arrows strewed the trodden earth with bleeding clay, while hoarse battle-cries and screams of pain filled the dusty air. At last the Normans gave way, broken on the point of the Saxon wedge, and their lines, deeply gashed with Saxon bills, staggered down the ridge. On one side lay a deep thorny ravine, which, in the hurry of advance, they had not seen; and into this floundered a headlong heap of men and horses, the crushing weight of whose iron cases stunned them to ignoble death, or rendered them an easy prey to the sheer swing of the pursuing axe. It was probably then that Gurth's spear killed the horse of the Norman duke, who fell to the ground as if shot. A cry that their leader had perished spread dismay through the wavering Norman lines; and nothing but the sight of the Duke himself, who rode with his helmet off into the thick of the retreating stream, could have turned the tide of battle in that critical moment. His brother, Odo bishop of Bayeux, riding mace in hand upon a white horse, did good service to the Norman banner that day. So the battle raged from nine to three, much as that great struggle between the modern representatives of the same two nations raged in the present century on a Belgian plain—huge waves of French cavalry, preceded by sharp arrow-showers, dashing upon a great rock of Englishmen, only to recoil in broken spray. The Norman chroniclers, dwelling with kindling spirits upon the great achievements of their countrymen, cannot help bearing witness to the surpassing valour of the English foe. But about three the tide began to run steadily and with grow-

ing force against the Saxons. Aiming up into the air at a great angle, the Norman archers began to shoot so that their arrows fell like rain upon the undefended heads of the enemy. One struck Harold above the right eye, and pierced down to the ball. Tearing it out, he leaned his bleeding face in awful agony upon his shield. A pretended flight of the Normans then drew the Saxons from their lines, and scattered them, leaderless, down the slope. This proved a fatal mistake. Norman swords soon hewed their way through the barricade of Senlac, and the last remnant of the Saxon force clustered round the golden banner of their king. Then twenty Norman knights took an oath to seize the English standard; and with a dash ten surviving of the twenty succeeded in piercing the gallant ring of footmen and tearing down the flag-staff. Close by lay the corpse of Harold, slain either by the arrow-wound or by blows on head and thigh received in the struggle round the banner. That brutal knight—one of the twenty withal—who in passing pricked the dead flesh with his bloody spear, well deserved the disgrace and expulsion with which, we are told, William visited the unknighthly act. The October sun had set long before the noise of battle ceased. In the wood behind the islanders fought from tree to tree until thick darkness flung its pall over the dead.

When the sad Sunday morning began to glimmer over the silent field, bands of Norman plunderers went out to strip the slain. Weeping wives and mothers, all fear lost in the frenzy of their grief, sought wildly among heaps of corpses for the faces of those with whose being all their deepest love was woven. No trace of Harold could be found, it is said, until Edith of the Swan Neck recognised beneath a mask of blood and clay the mangled features of the Dauntless King. Buried at first on the beach hard by, the body of the last Saxon who wore a crown in England was afterwards taken from the sand at the earnest prayer of his mother Githa, and interred beneath the roof of Waltham Abbey,¹ which he had founded before the opening of his short and bloody reign. For many a year the legend circled round winter fires, that he had escaped from the field of Hastings with a wounded eye, and spent his last days as a monk within the ancient walls of Chester.

Thus perished the Saxon line of kings. A great revolution had been accomplished by the sword, and a nationality, half strangled but never slain, sank breathless and bleeding beneath the heel of a foreign conqueror. The England of Alfred, bound as with a chain of steel to a scrap of the opposite coast, must lie for a time like a shackled Amazon, waiting with patient endurance for strength to burst her bonds. And whence at last shall that new strength come? Chiefly indeed from the inner heart, whose pulses shall grow stronger with each returning year; but largely too from the very race whose swords smote her down. Rolling years shall bridge over the wide gulf that stretched between the Saxons and their Norman tyrants. At last the gap shall disappear, and from the common homes and common graves that cluster thick and

¹ Waltham, a market town of Essex, lies on the Lea, thirteen miles from London. Population 2372.

thicker on the neutral ground where once it yawned, a strong and kindly feeling shall grow, to knit with adamant links the sons of Cerdic to the sons of Rollo, and to mould from their mingled blood a glorious people, whose piercing intellect and indomitable valour shall make their little island the heart and centre of a colossal Empire, embracing within its bounds Indian jungle and polar ice, and planting the banner of its outposts on the farthest islands of the sea.

CHAPTER III.

THE REIGN OF THE CONQUEROR.

Who shall reign?

A bloody Christmas.

Siege of Exeter.

Durham and York.

Desolation of Northumbria.

The Feudal System.

Lanfranc.

The New Forest.

Hereward.

The Camp of Refuge.

The Bridal of Norwich.

Domesday Book.

Family troubles.

A cinder at Mantua.

FROM the victorious field of Hastings the Conqueror, having sent part of his army westward to desolate Sussex and Hampshire, marched to Dover, which he burned into submission. After eight days, spent in waiting there for fresh troops from Normandy, he pushed on towards London, in which the scattered fragments of the Anglo-Saxon government lay, vainly striving to patch up a substitute for the fallen throne of Harold. The noise of miserable squabbling daily filled the halls where the Witan met. Stigand and Aldred, the leading prelates of the land, backed by many nobles, supported the claims of Edgar the Etheling to the vacant throne; another party lifted their voices for the Anglian earls, Edwin and Morcar; while not a few, puppets whose strings were pulled at Rome, maintained that William should be elected king. Meanwhile he passed, almost within sight, living the Southwark bank with the smoking ashes of Saxon houses. Crossing the Thames at Wallingford,¹ he fixed his camp at Berkhamstead;² and from that centre spread his ravages far into all the neighbouring shires. His cavalry speared stragglers and carried off plunder under the very shadow of London walls. Hastings had cowed the Saxon spirit, and the ancient fire of their courage burned low. Out from their strong stone ramparts, on which Danish war had often poured its useless fury, came a crowd of London citizens, with Stigand, Edgar, Aldred, and Wulstan at their head, to offer the crown of England to the base-born Duke of Normandy. With many fair promises, belied in a day or two by a continuance of brutal ravaging and murder, he accepted the honour, not as a prize his sword had won, but as a right, dating from the promise and the will of the Con-

¹ *Wallingford* in Berkshire on the Thames is a borough of 2819 inhabitants, forty-six miles from London.

² *Berkhamstead St. Peter's* is a market town of Hertfordshire, lying twenty-six and a half miles north-west of London, in a deep valley on the right bank of the Bulborn and Grand Junction Canal. Population of the parish, 3395.

essor. Then preparations for the coronation filled London with bustle for a while.

It took place on Christmas Day. Passing with an armed guard along the grassy road which then joined London to Westminster, the Conqueror entered the abbey of the latter town, to receive the crown 1066 from the hands of Aldred, archbishop of York. Stigand's doubtful A.D. title caused him to be passed by. When the officiating prelate asked the gathered crowd if they chose William for their king, a pealing shout was the reply. This noise alarmed the Norman soldiers, who stood without the abbey and who had heard of the bloody horrors of St. Brice's Day. At once some houses at hand were set on fire, and the work of plundering and blood began. With a rush the crowd of spectators left the abbey; and in the presence of but a few terrified monks the great Conqueror, shaking violently in every limb with fear and strange excitement, received the English crown.

Then having rewarded his officers with large slices of the crown lands, forfeited by the fallen royal family, and having also tied many of his bold knights to the newly conquered realm by giving them as wives the blue-eyed daughters of the soil, he carried over to Normandy with him in the early spring of 1067 heaps of golden and jewelled spoil, torn from the fallen Saxons. Edwin, Edgar, Morcar, Stigand, Waltheof, and many others accompanied him, both that their presence might grace his triumph on the Continent, and that their absence from England might lessen the chances of revolt. The relentless Bishop Odo, half-brother of the king, and the seneschal William Fitzosbern acted as viceroys during this eight months' trip to Normandy. Kent rose, but the chain was too strong to break. Exeter¹ yielded only to the presence of the Conqueror himself, and then not until eighteen days' battering had shaken its walls to the foundation. Sparing the city from motives of policy, he rested satisfied with erecting on a red hillock close by a massive castle, similar to that with which he had already secured his hold upon Winchester, the capital.

Oxford, Warwick, Derby, Nottingham, Leicester, Shrewsbury then felt the weight of this terrible hand. Link after link was added to the vast chain of castles which he was gradually winding round the land. But it took a sterner lesson to quell the stubborn North, in whose veins flamed the hot Danish blood. Viking to Viking was like Greek to Greek. The tug of war was tremendous. At first, indeed, York submitted, receiving a badge of slavery in the shape of a strong stone castle, that frowned terror on its roofs; and the nobles of Northumbria fled to the friendly shelter of the Scottish court. But when Robert de Comines with seven hundred men seized Durham, the Northumbrians, bursting with the winter's dawn through unguarded gates, massacred the entire troop except a solitary soldier. A great Danish fleet, swelled by a few ships from Scotland that bore Edgar and the English exiles, appearing in the mouth of the

¹ Exeter, the capital of Devon, is on the left bank of the Exe. It was the *Caer-Is* and *Caer-Epith* of the Britons—the *Isca Dumnoniorum* of the Romans.

Humber, York was besieged with the aid of a Northumbrian army, and after eight days was taken by storm. William heard of this heavy blow as he was hunting in the Forest of Dean,¹ and swore that he would pierce all Northumbria with a single spear. Fearfully he kept the oath. Advancing slowly under inclement skies through forest and marsh and over streams red with autumn floods, he forced open the shut gates of York, and proceeded to clear the way for a vengeance on Northumbria which should strike terror into the remotest corner of the island. Money freely spent, and the privilege of plundering the east coast of England for a few months sufficed to buy off the greedy Danes. The Northumbrian army fell back beyond the Scottish border.

So poor Northumbria lay open to her fate. The grand *battue* began. Camps full of reckless plunderers, stretching in a ring round the doomed district between the Humber and the Tyne, narrowed their fatal circle, slaying men, women, and cattle; burning houses, carts, and implements of husbandry; reducing the smiling river-basins into scenes of desolation which resembled, beyond all things else, the charred and blasted surface over which some huge volcano has lately poured its destructive lava streams. Famine stalked with hungry eyes through the wasted corn-fields; and where rude but happy homes had once clustered into hamlets, dead bodies lay by thousands, their blue fleshless limbs scarcely sufficient to appease the fierce voracity of the wolves and ravens that now reigned supreme upon the wolds. For more than

1069 one hundred years this portion of the island remained a silent wilderness.

A.D. To complete the picture of misery, we have only to behold

Malcolm of Scotland sweeping with sword and flame over fair Teesdale as far south as Cleveland.² In the very middle of such awful carnage and destruction William, sending to Winchester for his crown, had kept a festal Christmas within the castle of York. In our disgust we can almost imagine him quaffing goblets of human blood, as his ancestors had been used to do from the skulls of their fallen foes. Generous wine seems hardly a fitting liquor for this remorseless slayer of men. From York he passed to Chester to quell the restless Cymri.

We may now turn from this red revolting tale to note the principal changes which the Conquest produced upon the condition of the kingdom. That arrangement of landed property known as the Feudal System was firmly established in England as an immediate result of the change of dynasty. It is true there were traces of such a thing among both Saxons and Danes long before the battle of Hastings; but it was reserved for the Conqueror to lay it down as a new basis or frame-work on which English society was to rest for centuries. The death of Harold left him in possession of vast crown lands, with which, as we have seen, he rewarded his principal officers. Gradually

¹ The Forest of Dean lies in Gloucestershire, west of the Severn. Once thick with chestnut, oak, and beech, it now abounds in apple orchards. The Crown still holds more than twenty thousand acres of the Forest.

² Cleveland is a valley in northern Yorkshire, watered by the Tame, a secondary feeder of the Tees.

one estate after another was added to the list, until only a sprinkling of Saxons held any considerable tract of land at all. What the king did for his great lords they did for their captains, and these again for their vassals. Counties were carved into manors, and manors into farms; and in the most commanding part of every manor a strong castle rose, often built of the very stones which had formed streets in the Saxon towns. The trembling Saxons called the fierce dwellers in these strong keeps Castle-men; never speaking the name without a thrill of terror and of hate. Under the Feudal System both spear and plough helped to pay the rent. *Knight-service* and *Soccage* were required from every tenant;—the former obliging him to serve, at the call of his landlord, for so many days in the field of war; the latter, to give occasional days to labour on the castle grounds, or to send fixed supplies of such things as beef or poultry, meal or honey up to the castle larder. Numbers of serfs, called *Villeins* by their Norman masters, tilled little patches of ground under certain conditions. Thus the chain-work of stone and steel was completely flung over unhappy England.

The groaning people saw the pall of Canterbury stripped from the shoulders of their countryman Stigand, and given to a clever crafty monk of Lombardy, who came to sneer at their national saints and to teach doctrines from beyond the Alps, at which their strong Saxon common sense utterly revolted.¹ The elevation of the polished Lanfranc to the Primate's chair undoubtedly proved the source of much good in the long run. His scholarship, which had attracted illustrious pupils to the poor school at Bec over which he presided, cast light into many an English abbey where darkness had reigned supreme for ages. And we must not forget that Lanfranc, whom William's favour had changed from Prior of Caen into Archbishop of Canterbury, often braved the anger of his royal patron and spoke out his mind with a blunt honesty worthy of all praise. Yet the English clergy suffered under his rule; and crowds of worthless Normans swarmed over the sea to enjoy all the fattest livings of the English Church. Then the Forest Laws, which Canute had fenced round with a number of ferocious laws, received from the enactments of the Norman Conqueror an importance which placed the soulless deer and swine far above the Saxon serfs and peasantry who tilled the land. One of his worst acts, showing how cheaply a Norman duke held the happiness of his subjects, was the wasting of a district in the south of Hampshire ninety miles in circumference, in order that he might have, in the New Forest thus formed, a vast hunting-ground not far from his royal palace at Winchester. More than twenty churches were levelled to the ground, and crowds of villagers were turned adrift to wander away in search of new homes, leaving with tears and heavy sighs the hearths where they had sat as children, and the tufted yews under whose shadow their fathers and mothers lay sleeping. Children cried

¹ Transubstantiation was one of these doctrines. Eilfric, a leading churchman in Dunstan's time, who distinctly states in a letter and a homily that the bread and wine cannot be considered Christ's body in any but a ghostly (or spiritual) sense, may be taken as an exponent of the creed of the Saxon Church upon this point.

for bread their parents could not give ; but what of that ? The bugles of the royal hunt rang gaily through forest glades, and whistling arrows pierced the dappled sides of bucks, fatter than any peasant in the land. It is little wonder that some writers have ascribed to Heaven's righteous judgment the violent death of two of the Conqueror's sons within the bounds of this leafy monument of selfishness and sin. The stag's horn that gored Richard, and the arrow which cleft the breast of Rufus, well avenged, within the fatal circle of those accursed trees, the desecration of village altars and the wholesale ruin of cottage homes.

There were hosts of English hearts into which these wrongs burned deep and sore. Many gallant warriors found their way to Constantinople, where they assumed the battle-axe and bearskin of the Varangian Guards. Some carried their sharp swords to Italy ; but even in England there was still a spot which defied the power of the tyrant. Amid those vast beds of reeds and water-flags, which shoot up their green spears and blades along the banks of Ouse and Nen, lay the spongy island of Ely, thick with fringing willows and enclosed on every side with treacherous lagoons. Hither flocked all the dauntless spirits of the fallen nation, and hither in the darkest hour of England's sorrow came Hereward, noblest Englishman of his day, worthy, if Heaven had so willed it, to wear the crown that dying Harold had let fall. This brave East Anglian, son of Leofric, lord of Brun,¹ had been driven by a sentence of the Confessor into exile. Abroad on the Continent his prowess excited such admiration, that minstrels struck their harps in honour of the English sword. Returning to his native land after the Conquest, he found an insolent Norman in his dead father's hall. The marsh became his home. His uncle Brand, abbot of rich Medehamstede,² conferred on him the golden spurs of knighthood, by which he became entitled to lead his countrymen to battle. Dashing out from his naturally moated stronghold, he let slip no chance of striking a swift blow at the Norman invaders. When upon his uncle's death a Norman priest came to preside over Medehamstede, with patriotic zeal he plundered the coffers of the abbey, that the treasures heaped up by Saxons might not pass into Norman keeping. Some of the leading Saxons found their way to the Camp of Refuge, as the island fort was called. Stigand, Morcar, and Waltheof waded across at different times. But Hereward was the soul of this gallant stand against the fierce Norman tyranny. Brilliant success crowned his arms for a time in the guerilla warfare which he waged. The Norman abbot, Thorold, was captured, and set free only at a very great price. Then came William with soldiers and engineers to bridge over the sluggish streams, and push a road across the trembling bog which encircled Ely. But even the incantations of a witch, borne out in a wooden tower to face the spirits supposed to be in league with Hereward, could not save the causeway from

¹ *Brun* or *Bourne*, a parish and market town of Lincolnshire, thirty-five miles south-east of Lincoln, was also notable as the residence or birth-place of Robert Manning, one of the first rhyming chroniclers who wrote in English.

² *Medehamstede* lay near the Nen in Northamptonshire, surrounded by the Fens.

destruction. The dry reeds, through which the embankment was slowly growing, being set on fire, became a sea of flame, in which tower, witch, and workmen all sank to ashes. For a time it seemed as if Ely was to be another Athelney, and the newly founded Norman throne was about to fall in the shock of a second Ethandune. But treachery ruined the Saxon cause. Some gluttonous monks of Ely, loving pastry and roast pork better than the honour and freedom of their native land, sent secretly to William, offering to point out a safe path over the swamp if he would spare their monastery. Accepting the offer, he crossed the barrier of mud and moss, stormed the camp, and left a thousand of its defenders dead among the sigh-
 ing reeds and willows. Henceforth Hereward is a shadow in history,
 yet always the shadow of a gallant soldier and great man. One story
 marries him to a rich and noble Saxon lady, in whose mansion he lived and
 died in peace; another paints him springing pike in hand upon twenty Nor-
 man knights, who beset him as he slept under a tree, and slaying sixteen of
 them before the fatal lances cleft his heart.

1071
A.D.

After a campaign in Scotland, during which he advanced to Abernethy on the Tay,¹ and received the homage of Malcolm, whose Saxon marriage² had rendered him the friend and supporter of Edgar and the English exiles, William crossed in 1073 to subdue rebellious Maine. He had previously gone through the ceremony of coronation a second time, in sign of having reduced the kingdom of England to all but complete submission. During his two years of absence, which were chiefly occupied by a Breton war, a great conspiracy grew up, threatening at one time to shake the throne. It was formed first at a marriage feast in Norwich, when the Earl of Hereford, in direct opposition to the Conqueror's commands, gave his sister Emma to Raoul de Gael, earl of Norfolk. Loud talking, breaking from the nobles flushed with wine, disclosed their secret grudges against William to one another. The timid Waltheof, last of the great Saxon earls, was involved in the plot; but it is said that he betrayed its existence. The rebels sought for aid from Denmark; it came, but too late. Iron-handed Lanfranc, archbishop of Canterbury, acting as regent for the absent king, proved equal to the crisis. Hurling the thunders of the Church against Hereford, he launched after them the more practical thunders of war, defeated the rebels at Swaffham,³ cut off their right feet by scores, flung Hereford into prison, and drove Raoul to find a refuge in Bretagne. William came to England in 1075, bursting with a desire for revenge. It fell heavily all round him, on none more heavily than on Waltheof of Northumbria, who had hoped to save his head by turning king's evidence against his Norman associates. After a year in prison, he laid down

¹ *Abernethy*, the ancient capital of the Picts, lies in Perthshire at the junction of the Earn and the Tay, seven miles south-east of Perth. Population, 972.

² Malcolm III. of Scotland, surnamed Canmore, married Margaret, the sister of Edgar the Etheling.

³ *Swaffham*, a market town of Norfolk, lies on a hill, twenty-seven miles from Norwich. Population, 3858.

the life which a faithless wife had sworn away. Sunrise glittered on the dewy grass near Winchester as he knelt to pray his last earthly
1075 prayer in the sublime words of the Paternoster. "Lead us not into A.D. temptation," said the doomed earl;—"But deliver us from evil," hissed the quivering lips of the severed head as it rolled on the reddened green. It was the last head worth shearing from Saxon shoulders. Edwin's young beauty had already been mangled by assassin hands. Morcar lay in prison, where he lingered until the reign of Rufus.

The celebrated Latin register of land known as Domesday Book¹ was an outgrowth of the Feudal System; for since the army of the king depended upon the distribution of the various manors and farms into which the land was parcelled, to know who held a certain piece of land became a matter of essential importance to the crown. Serving both as a basis for national taxation and a muster-roll for the national army far into the Plantagenet centuries, it has come down to us in two volumes, a larger and a smaller, to show what kind of England it was that the Conqueror subdued, and how fierce and far-stretching was the mailed grasp in which he clutched his unhappy prize. A great council, held at Gloucester in 1085, resolved upon the survey which resulted in these volumes. A royal commission, passing through the various districts, called before them the sheriffs, the lords of manors, the parish priests, the hundred reeves, the bailiffs, and six villeins out of every hamlet, who, being sworn to tell the truth, gave evidence as to the amount of land in the district, its distribution into wood, meadow, and pasture, its value, and the service due by its owners, and the number of its inhabitants, both freemen and serfs. The survey was not complete. Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland stretched in a vast wild across from the mountains to the sea, and were therefore passed over. Parts of Lancashire and Westmoreland suffered similar neglect for a similar reason. Monmouthshire had been harried into a desert by the Welsh. London and Winchester do not appear at all, and Bristol is little more than named. The survey of Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk fills the smaller volume of the Domesday Book, which was finished in the course of the year 1086.

How the sons of the Conqueror squabbled continually, and how the eldest, bandy little Robert Curthose, rebelled against his father, holding out in the castle of Gerberoi in France,² belong not to the history of England. Deeply the Conqueror must have felt that sting which is sharper than a serpent's tooth.

A coarse jest of the French king, reflecting on William's monstrous corpulence, led the fiery fat old Conqueror into his last war. As he rode round the blazing roofs of Mantes,³ a hot cinder burnt his horse's foot, and the sud-

¹ Some have thought that the title Domesday refers to the Day of Judgment. A Celtic derivation forms it from *dom*, a lord, and *deys*, a proclamation; i.e., the king's proclamation to his tenants. Stow says that it is a corruption of *domus dei*, the name of that room in the royal treasury where the volumes were kept.

² Gerberoi, a strong castle on the inner border of Normandy.

³ Mantes, a town on the Seine, in the department of Seine-et-Oise, thirty-four miles from Paris.

den plunge of the pained animal bruised him on the high fore-peak of his saddle. Inflammation and fever following, he died in a short time at Rouen, where his body, stripped naked by the robber-servants **1087** who had watched his dying hours, was borne to Caen, and there A.D. huddled into an ignoble grave on which no tears fell. Meanwhile Robert was lazily trying on the coronet of Normandy; William, with prow turned to the English shore, was cutting the waves of the Channel; and Henry was counting the five thousand pounds of silver which had descended to him from his mother's inheritance.¹

CHAPTER IV.

RUFUS—BEAUCLERC—STEPHEN.

Wholesale robbery.
Mortgage of Normandy.
Death of Rufus.
Beauclerc's marriage.
Tenchebrai.

Anselm.
Investitures.
Policy of Beauclerc.
Blanche Nef.
Death of Henry.

A wretched nation.
Battle of the Standard.
Civil war.
Death of Stephen.

THE reigns of William Rufus, Henry Beauclerc, and Stephen of Blois, the sons and nephew of the Conqueror, filling together sixty-seven years, demand no lengthened narrative. The first, especially, may be disposed of in a few sentences. Fiercest of the wild beasts that had turned the household of their father into a cage of endless snap and growl, Rufus worried the wretched English people whom he misgoverned, as they had never before been worried and torn. To supply money for the disgusting revels that polluted his darkened palace, he slew and tortured and robbed on every side, setting his fierce jackal of a minister, old Ranulf Flambard, to scent out fresh prey as often as the coffers ran low. After crushing the plot of Odo and hunting that restless priest across the Channel, he carried his red face into Normandy, where his indolent brother Robert lazily wore a ducal coronet. A tedious war ended in a compromise, by which it was agreed that whichever of the two survived should wear both crown and coronet, unless the dead ruler left a child. A war of no great importance with Malcolm Canmore, king of Scotland—a war with the Mowbrays of Northumbria, who had uplifted the banner of revolt against their feudal lord—an unsuccessful raid into Wales—spent much English blood to very little purpose.

During the reign of Rufus the First Crusade began. Robert, whose bravery somewhat atones to the reader of history for his outrageous laziness, kindled up at once. Go he would. Would Rufus lend the necessary cash? Grasping

¹ The Channel Islands, only existing relic of the English dominions beyond the Channel, became appendages of the English crown at the Norman Conquest. They thus form our first acquisition of territory beyond the circle of our island shore. For a fuller account of these islands see Book IV. of the present volume.

at the chance with avidity, William agreed to advance 10,000 marks for five years, Normandy being handed over as a pledge of payment. This happened in 1096. Four years later, some charcoal-burners, wending

1100 through a silent glade of the New Forest in the red light of an
 A.D. autumn evening, found a corpse clad in a rich hunting suit lying upon the grass in a bloody pool which had trickled from an arrow wound. It was Rufus, shot dead by some unknown hand.

Seizing with a dash the treasures hoarded at Winchester, Henry could scoff at any claims upon the English crown which his eldest brother, now returning laurelled from the Holy Land, might advance. By scattering gold and lightening taxes, filling vacant livings, and repealing obnoxious laws he attached a strong party of both nobles and clergy to his throne; and by marrying the lady Edith, niece of Edgar the Etheling and a representative of the Saxon royal line, he took the first step towards that blending of the conquering and the conquered races which resulted in the birth of the great English nation. This nun-like queen, known to history as the good Maud (she assumed the name of Matilda on her marriage), retired, after she had borne a son and a daughter, from the uncongenial court to quiet convent walls, within which she gave herself up to music, study, and the delights of charity.

The annexation of Normandy to England is a principal feature of Henry's reign. Flambard, escaping from prison, induced Robert to invade England. Henry bought off the invader, but soon snapped all ties of blood and treaty

by pouring his soldiers across the sea and defeating the Norman
1106 forces in the battle of Tenchebrai,¹ which consigned Robert to life-
 A.D. long imprisonment in the cells of Cardiff, and placed on Henry's head the coronet of a most troublesome province. Wars like these

left England to flourish in such quiet as feudal times could boast. While Normans were cutting each others' throats across the sea, there came from the mouth of the Rhine a colony of cloth-weavers, who joined some kinsmen already on English soil, and travelled under protection of the king westward to Pembrokeshire. The looms, thus planted in the neighbourhood of hills thickly dotted with white-fleeced sheep, may be said to have established that branch of our national manufactures for which the West of England is yet famous—the weaving of woollen cloth.

The name of Anselm mixes largely with the history of England under Rufus and Beauclerc. Born near Aosta² in Piedmont (1033 A.D.), and frocked in the monastery of Bec, where he studied at the feet of Lanfranc, this man of gentle presence and retiring nature was forced into the see of Canterbury by the brutal Rufus, whom sickness had smitten with a sudden penitence. The pall had lain vacant ever since the death of Lan-

¹ *Tenchebrai* or *Tinchebrai* is in the north-west of the department of Orne, near the source of the Nolreau, and not far from Mortain.

² *Aosta*, a town in northern Piedmont, lying fifty miles north-west of Turin, at the junction of the Dora Baltea and the Butier. The long valley of the former stream, overlooked by the snowy peaks of Blanc, St. Bernard, Cervin, and Rosa, bears the name of Aosta also.

franc in 1069, and the income of the see had gone for four years to the tailors and buffoons, the drunkards and profligates who swarmed in the court of the Red King. But the grasping hand of the licentious monarch could not let go the fiefs and manors he had been squeezing dry for years. Anselm, gentle as he was, resisted this continued robbery of the Church. The breach between him and William widened. Anselm demanded leave to visit Rome, that he might receive the pall from Pope Urban. William refused to let him go. The Council of Rockingham¹ made matters nothing better. William, assuming feudal rights of superiority, summoned the archbishop to appear before him. Again leave for the Roman journey was sought and denied. Finally Anselm, having had his boxes searched at Dover, got away to a peaceful exile in Italy and France, which lasted more than three years (1097-1100). Beauclerc on his accession recalled the good old prelate; but the battle between Church and State soon revived. The question of Investitures arose. Anselm, whose strength lay in a calm temper and a solid will, stood up against a practice of the Norman kings by which they invested new bishops with ring and crozier, just as they were used to hand lance and sword to a military tenant. Upon this virtual setting aside of the Pope in what was then considered his own special domain the question hinged. After some intriguing Anselm went at the bidding of the king to Rome, and found his absence turned into a second exile. For three years the Primate of England lived abroad, chiefly at Lyons, reading calmly the numerous letters that came to tell him how his estates had been all confiscated, and the English Church was rapidly sinking into frightful disorder. His patience was crowned with victory. Henry, holding out the hand of peace, restored the revenues of his see, and consented to waive the right of investiture. A compromise, made at the Council of London in 1107, settled the question **1107** by deciding that the Pope alone should give ring and crozier, while **A.D.** the king was to receive homage from the bishops for those lay fiefs from which they drew their chief revenues.

Let us not do injustice to the character of Beauclerc. The fierce blood of the Conqueror ran in his veins, no doubt, and his hand struck many cruel blows; but he was worth a dozen of the red-faced flaxen-haired stuttering sot who preceded him upon the throne of England. His name denotes a taste for learning, which led him to draw round his throne clever men and scholars, that the interests of education and literature might be advanced. Knowing how important to the merchant was a fixed standard of measure, he caused the length of his own arm to be considered henceforth an English yard or ell. The coinage of base money, which misgovernment had rendered frightfully common, was put down with a strong hand, blindness and mutilations—punishments of a dark age—being inflicted on some of the coiners. New coins were issued; thieves were hanged in great numbers; and the full machinery of the law was brought to bear on crime, until the “Liquor of Jus-

¹ Rockingham is a village in Northamptonshire, ten miles south-west of Stamford. Population, 261.

tice," as the king came to be called, saw that he might venture to treat a bettered people with less sternness. Not least among the labours of Beauclerc was his cleansing of that Augean stable, the English court, from the filth and crime which had gathered in its chambers during the late polluted reign.

The drowning of Prince William in the wreck of the *Blanche Nef*, off the Raz de Catteville, almost broke his father's heart. The latest political efforts of the king were given to the cause of his daughter Matilda, whose succession he was anxious to secure. The childless widow of Henry V., emperor of Germany, she married Geoffrey of Anjou, much to the disgust of the barons round her father's throne. This disgust deepened later into a civil war.

1135 Henry's death in 1135, caused by a surfeit of lampreys, prepared the A.D. way for a scene of strife.

Stephen, Earl of Boulogne, son of Adela the Conqueror's daughter, backed by the influence of the Church, which his brother the Bishop of Winchester wielded in his cause, crossed to England to receive the crown. He had in his favour the feudal preference for a man-monarch, the general dislike of Geoffrey, Matilda's husband, and the bluff good-humoured hearty way he had of cracking jokes with all around him. He was in Norman times what modern Englishmen call "a right good fellow;" but, like many of the stamp, he lacked decision and strength of will, being too much disposed to veer round at every flaw of impulse from within or without. The sword never rested in its sheath until the last year of his reign. To the misery of civil war between his imperial rival and himself the weakness of his rule added another misery even less tolerable; for more than one hundred new nests of robbery and lust, in the shape of stone castles filled with barons and their lawless trains, sprang up over the face of the land. Upon the peasant and the merchant the heaviest burdens fell. The sight of two or three men on horseback sent the population of a whole town, white and shaking, to hide in their lowest cellars. Flaming churches reddened the sky every night. Husbandmen sat idle amid their starving children, for they said that to plough the land was as useless as to plough the sea.

The civil war went on for eighteen years. David, king of Scotland, was the first champion of his kinswoman's cause. Upon the field of Northallerton¹ he suffered a great defeat, which is known in history as "The Battle of the Standard." It was fought on August the 22d, 1138, and took its name from a remarkable ensign, consisting of a silver crucifix fastened to the top of a ship's mast, from which drooped the banners of three Saxon saints. The huge flag-staff was borne to its place in a four-wheeled car. Round this sacred centre the little band of Normans locked themselves in an iron ring, all jagged with
1138 bristling lance-heads. Foolishly yielding to a savage clamour, the Scottish king passed by his well-drilled English allies, and gave the A.D. honour of the onset to the half naked Picts of the Galloway moor-

¹ *Northallerton* (once *El'fer-tun*) is the capital of the North Riding of Yorkshire. It lies near the river *Wiske*, thirty-three miles from York. Population, 4995.

land. Terrific indeed was the first rush of these wild warriors; but their pikes snapped like reeds on the Norman hauberks. Vainly the huge claymores hacked and hewed. A fatal rain of arrows pierced the thin tartans, and laid them in heaps around the unbroken lines of the Norman array. It was with difficulty that the Scottish king could save the relics of his broken host from annihilation. This battle decided little except the superiority of lance and breastplate over plaid and claymore. The three counties on the English side of the Cheviots remained, as they did for many a year later, a debatable land, fought for to the full as bitterly as if it had been then of any value to either country.

Robert, earl of Gloucester, an illegitimate son of the late king, conducted the English war on behalf his sister Matilda. There were many ups and downs in the strife. Robert and Matilda landed at Arundel¹ in 1139. The battle of Lincoln struck Stephen from his throne to a dungeon. Matilda disgusted the nobles, who had made her a kind of queen, by her rudeness and disdain. The siege of Winchester set Stephen free; for Earl Robert, being taken prisoner, was exchanged for the captive king. So the years went on in unprofitable war. Robert died. Young Henry, Matilda's son by Geoffrey of Anjou, grew up; and it seemed as if the endless strife were about to be renewed with greater violence between him and Eustace the son of Stephen. The death of the latter completely changed the current of events. By the Council of Winchester, held in 1153, Stephen adopted Henry as his successor; in the following year he died. There was then in England a monk of thirty-six, who had already climbed many rounds, but was destined to rise yet higher on the ladder of fame. To this illustrious man, the representative and darling of a race about to rise from a long lethargy with renewed energies and freshened blood, I devote the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

BECKET.

Early life.
Household of Theobald.
Diplomacy.
Made Chancellor.
Curia Regis.
A royal portrait.

Case of Battle Abbey.
Sentage.
Ambassador to France.
The pall of Canterbury.
Skirmishing.
Constitutions of Clarendon.

Council of Northampton.
Six years of exile.
Fréteval.
Blood on the altar steps.
A martyr's tomb.

In 1118, when their eldest son Thomas was born, Gilbert Becket, a native of Rouen, and his wife Matilda, whom an old story describes as a Saracen girl, were living in Cheapside. Whatever kind of stall the Norman merchant

¹ Arundel, a borough in Sussex on the Arun, ten miles east of Chichester. Vessels of one hundred and fifty tons can come up to the town. The castle of Arundel is remarkable for its fine circular keep. Population, 2748.

kept, he held so marked a place among the citizens of London that he was chosen Port-reeve or Mayor. His son received an education which enabled him to play many parts in life right well. Though never a deep scholar, Becket acquired an uncommon amount of knowledge on many subjects; and what perhaps availed him more than book learning, he studied life and men in various places and various ranks. The monastery of Merton in Surrey was his first school. He then studied in London and Paris, spent some time in a knightly household, and became proficient in all the accomplishments of the day. The failure of his father cast a shadow upon his prospects for a time, during which he wrote in the office of Master Eightpenny, clerk to the Port-reeves of London. But his sun soon shone again. Two learned

1142 priests of Normandy, who had formerly feasted at his father's hospitable and abundant table, introduced the young man about 1142 A.D. to the notice of Theobald, archbishop of Canterbury. This proved the first stepping-stone to brilliant honours.

Living in the Primate's household, he showed a decided dislike to theology, for his sanguine temperament inclined him to greater gaiety and a freer life than the monkish habit permitted. A trip to Italy, whither he went to study law at Bologna, decided the direction of his life. For, entrusted with a piece of diplomatic work, he skilfully obtained from the Pope a Bull which forbade the coronation of Eustace, Stephen's son and Henry's rival. Thus he won the favour of the first Plantagenet. Returning home, he took orders, and became a pluralist—being at once rector of St. Mary-le-Strand and Orford in Kent, a prebendary of St. Paul's and a prebendary of Lincoln. When, as soon happened, the archdeaconry of Canterbury was added to the list, his income swelled to something like the revenue of a rich bishopric.

So by rapid steps he rose, until in 1155 the favour of the new king, the good word of old Theobald, and, it was said, a good round sum out of his own purse elevated him to the Chancellorship of the kingdom. As keeper

1155 of the royal seal, it was the duty of the Chancellor to prepare charters A.D. and royal letters, and to issue certain writs. He had the care of

vacant bishoprics, abbeys, and baronies, distributed the king's alms, and heard the king's confession. He also sat as assessor to the king in the *Curia Regis*, that great court of the king's tenants-in-chief, which after the Conquest took the place of the Witenagemôt. The office of Chancellor needed therefore an odd jumble of priestcraft and statesmanship. Moreover Becket, whose tastes leant strongly towards the magnificent, had to do the honours for his careless master, keeping open house, especially at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, when the councils of the nation used to meet. Combining business with pleasure after a delightful but dangerous fashion, these guardians of mediæval England used to play at politics over a board spread with delicate dishes and flowing with heady wine. The Council was in fact a drinking bout. There sat the tall handsome Chancellor, whose tongue dropped honey, salt, or gall, as the need arose; and round him thronged a clam-

orous crowd, gay with gold and velvet, talking of a thousand things, and ready in a trice to turn the lightning of an angry eye into the cold blue gleam of naked steel. The Christmas floor was strewn with rushes—the summer days brought fresh green boughs instead; and often, when the oaken stools and benches had no inch of sitting room to spare, grand barons and glittering gallants who had come too late, did not disdain to squat down on this primitive carpet, with a roast fowl and a hunch of bread in either hand and a flagon of wine between their knees. There were times when the door, flung back with a sudden push, admitted a man of middle size, red-haired, rosy-cheeked, grey-eyed, whose dress hung in slovenly folds upon his solid limbs, and whose hand, all seamed and raw with recent wounds got in the chase, held an arrow newly pulled from the side of a slain deer. It was King Henry II., come to share in the solemn deliberations of his assembled Council. Then Becket, in the exercise of his high duties as Chancellor, was obliged to obey the mandate of the King by leaping over the table, or trying, with much disloyal spluttering or perhaps an incipient apoplectic fit, to swallow the contents of the largest tankard on the board at a single breath. Such scenes caused a great intimacy to grow up between King and Chancellor. The royal purse lay open, and, by permission likely of the careless king, Becket helped himself as often and as freely as he chose. And very often, and very freely no doubt did Becket choose, for an open house requires a long and heavy purse. The Chancellor, as we may suppose, went with the King in every movement which that royal statesman made. One case deserves especial mention, for it illustrates the difference between the tactics of Thomas the Chancellor and Thomas the Archbishop, the rights of the Church being at stake. A question arose between Hilary, bishop of Chichester, and the monks of Battle Abbey, who claimed entire freedom from episcopal control. It came before the king, whose Norman heart leaned to the monks, when they reminded the court that their abbey was a monument in stone of that bloody field which gave the Conqueror his crown. Hilary produced letters from Rome in favour of his demand. But they were flung aside; and the king, backed by his leading courtiers, among whom Becket stood prominent, beat down the weak pleas of the Bishop of Chichester.

We now find Protean Becket in a new character, shining in knightly armour on the battle-field. The insolent claim, which Henry made upon the earldom of Toulouse,¹ kindled war in the south of France. Becket gave the king a remarkable hint, which resulted in the levying of a tax called *Scutage*, or shield-money, a certain sum paid out of every knight's fee in lieu of personal service in the field. Applying the money thus raised to the payment of a body of Dutch pikemen, Henry, whose French possessions by marriage and inheritance already exceeded those of the French king, marched upon Toulouse to add that fair land of vineyards to his

¹ *Toulouse* (anciently *Tolosa*) is on the Garonne in the department of Haute-Garonne. It was once the capital of the province Languedoc. Population, 83,554.

overgrown dominions. The priestly Chancellor, in helm and cuirass, rode gallantly at the head of seven hundred lances equipped at his own expense; and when the work of death began, his tall figure loomed conspicuous in the dusty charge and amid the crumbling gaps of the shattered wall.

Becket's embassy to Paris displays him in the noonday of his magnificence. Sent over to the court of Louis to arrange a marriage between little Prince Henry, aged seven, and the little French Lady Margaret, who had seen three summers, the luxurious and splendid Chancellor passed like a comet with a sweeping tail of splendour through the dazzled country towns of France up to the admiring capital. We have nothing like it now, except a Lord Mayor's procession of gilded gingerbread or the triumphal entry of a travelling circus. Two hundred and fifty pages rode in front, singing in full chorus the songs of their island home. Then came a pack of deep-chested hounds in couples, and long-winged hawks shaking their silver bells as the falconers, who bore them on their wrists, paced steadily along. Eight huge vans creaked on, loaded with rich dresses, golden plate, casks of ale, cooking utensils, cups for the altar, and jewelled books for the mass. There was a groom for every horse; a fierce dog growled below every carriage; and on each of the twelve sumpter-mules grinned and chattered a long-tailed ape. Esquires carrying shields, and leading chargers by the head; knights and priests, mingled in a brilliant mass, then followed; and when the strange and many-coloured pageant had excited the curiosity of the wondering Frenchmen to the highest pitch, the English ambassador—Thomas the Chancellor—appeared in robes of state amid a little knot of his most intimate friends. "What sort of man must the King of England be," said the gazing crowd, "when his Chancellor travels in such state?"

With the suddenness of a transformation scene all was changed. Sacking for clothing of gold; bitter water instead of wine; the washing of beggars' feet for the gay music of the greenwood. For upon the death of old Theobald the voice of the whole nation rose in favour of the popular Chancellor, as fittest to be the new Archbishop of Canterbury. There was some reluctance, it seems, on the part of Becket himself to undertake the duties of so high and sacred an office, for he was not without a conscience, and he knew that his life had been anything but saintly. "A pretty saint indeed," said he to the King, when first he heard that the mitre awaited his acceptance. But ambition proved stronger than conscience, and the King's word prevailed. Becket became Primate; and after the see had lain vacant for thirteen months

June 3, he received the honours of consecration. The gulf, opened that day between Becket and his King, never closed again. For in the great

1162 **A.D.** battle between Church and State then going on it was impossible for a Becket to be neutral; and taking any part, he must perforce take part against the King. The resignation of his Chancellorship immediately after consecration foreboded yet more decided steps to come.

Some skirmishing preceded the open war. Becket demanded from the King

the castle of Rochester, and from the Earl of Clare the castle of Tonbridge, which had both belonged to the former archbishops of Canterbury. He got neither. Then he hurled the thunders of the Church against a knight who claimed the right of choosing his own parish priest. This sentence Henry forced him to retract. But these were trifles in comparison with the greater question which arose towards the end of 1163. Henry—no mean statesman, be it marked, when he chose—resolved to strike a heavy blow at the roots of monkish wickedness within his realm. Priests charged with crimes could be tried only, as the law then stood, by priestly tribunals : and as the sacred robe of clergyman could not, in theory, be stained with blood, neither death nor mutilation awaited the convict who had the shield of holy orders to skulk behind. Unfrocking formed a punishment worse than death, these holy judges said ; so the guilty were just unfrocked. Or there lay an appeal to higher courts at Rome, which opened a door for endless delays and technical quibblings. The result of all this was that many English priests in Becket's time ran riot in the depths of wickedness. The monkish gaberdine concealed and fostered blacker seeds of sin than even the knight's breastplate, rough and brutal as was the blood that flamed beneath the soldier's steel. Henry, seeing this, proposed at Westminster that men in orders taken red-hand in a felony should be first degraded and then handed over for punishment to lay tribunals. A voice of newly shed blood cried forth with appalling eloquence for this needed change, for, only a few days before, at Worcester a monk had killed an old man who presumed to speak angrily to the seducer of his daughter. Even in the face of this red and staring crime Becket said "No" to the king's demand. Soon, however, the desertion of the bishops and the advice of the Pope induced him to yield so far as to attend a great council held at Clarendon in Wiltshire,¹ where eighteen articles, drawn up by the crown lawyers, stated the rights of crown and mitre from the King's point of view.

Among the various enactments of the Constitutions of Clarendon I may name a few. Prelates and abbots were to pay homage to the King as their liege lord for life, limb, and earthly honours, *saving the rights of their order*. Such were not to leave the kingdom without permission of the King. Priestly criminals were to be tried by a church court, but sentenced by the justiciary of the King. No royal officer or tenant-in-chief was to be excommunicated or have an interdict laid on his lands without the consent of the King. *There was to be no appeal to Rome*. Livings in the royal gift could not be filled without the King's consent. Vacant sees and benefices were to remain in custody of the King, who should receive their revenues. The sons of serfs were not to be admitted to orders without the consent of the lord of the soil.

Startled by the wide sweep of these articles, Becket, though he had already consented to sign them, saw that it would be giving up all he fought for, to sanction their enactment. He therefore refused to affix his seal to the

¹ Clarendon, a place in Wiltshire, where the Norman kings had a hunting lodge and forest, is two miles south-east of Salisbury.

Constitutions. A stormy scene ensued. The gleam of arms shining from an inner room awed the weaker spirits among the clergy. Three days
1164 of tumult ended in a verbal promise wrung from the unwilling lips
 A.D. of the Primate, who rode away with a copy of the charter to repent in solitude his passing weakness and to shut himself out from his sacred duties as one unworthy to approach the altar. The Pope, whose battle he was fighting, sent him absolution and advice.

But Northampton¹ witnessed the final fury of the storm. Henry, resolved to crush the rebel whom his royal hand had pampered and uplifted to the Primate's chair, demanded an account of the various sums received by Becket in his public capacity as Chancellor. We know already how the Chancellor lived, and how deeply he must have dipped into the royal purse. For the huge sum of 30,000 marks thus required at his hand, Becket pleaded a quittance which he had received from the justiciary upon his resignation of the Great Seal. Sending for the bishops, he found them all gone over to the King; and most of them, acting as mouth-pieces of the royal wish, said that the only hope of peace lay in his ceasing to be Primate. Neither the feeling that he stood alone nor the solitary thoughts of two days' sickness could shake the stubborn will of this remarkable man. Rising from a bed of pain on the morning of the last day, he arrayed himself in the splendid robes of his office, and rode, cross in hand, to the palace gate. Dismounting, he refused to let go the cross which an attendant generally carried before him, but swept with that signal of defiance in his hand right on to the foot of the throne. This was flinging down the glove in earnest. The King, followed by barons and bishops, went into another room, leaving the archbishop to bear his cross in the midst of a few humble priests, who clung to the darling of the poor. Becket

sat down on a bench, waiting for the result of a conference whose
 October 18, echoes reached him from the inner chamber. By-and-by the bishops

1164 came out in a body, to fling their obedience in his face. With

A.D. curled lip he heard them to the end, and stung them with the "splendid scorn" of his silence. To the barons, who then came out to pronounce in the Norman fashion a sentence of imprisonment, he vouchsafed a reply, in which he haughtily refused to acknowledge their right to judge him, and appealed to the Pope for the only decision of the case to which he would deign to bow. Shouts and curses thundered in his ears, as he rose to go, still clutching firmly in his grasp the crozier which was at once his banner of rebellion, his weapon, and his shield. Handfuls of trodden rushes, gathered from the floor, were flung upon the splendour of his dress. "Traitor," and "perjured one" followed him to the door. His calmness, maintained with a tremendous effort, now gave way, and he turned on the threshold, like a lion at bay. Hurling back names fiercer and fouler than any uttered by the foaming lips of the angry crowd within, he cried to the foremost knight, "If I might bear arms, De Broc, I would soon prove you a liar in single com-

¹ Northampton, a borough on the Nen, sixty-six miles from London. Population, 26,657.

bat." The breach was now complete. In the thick darkness of that very night he stole with one of his attendants from the sleeping town, and in the disguise of a common monk made his way under the name of Brother Dearman towards the shore, hiding by day and hurrying on through the long autumnal nights. Reaching Sandwich¹ at last, he put off in a little boat and struggled over through November storms to the port of Gravelines on the Flemish coast.²

Becket spent the six years of his exile in the friendly land of France. Louis, jealous of a vassal whose huge French dominions³ caused his own to dwindle into seeming insignificance, gladly welcomed one who had dared to beard this mighty Henry on the very steps of his English throne. Pope Alexander III., then living at Sens,⁴ rejoiced to afford a shelter to so faithful a son of Rome. Pontigny Abbey being allotted as his residence, Becket, reinvested with the archbishop's pall, which he had delivered into the hands of Alexander, devoted his days and nights to exercises of religion. Though Alexander jeered at and rebuked the gorgeous bishops who came over to plead the cause of Henry at his footstool, yet he did not finally break with the English king. Indeed through the entire transaction it was the policy of the Pope not to uplift Becket too much, lest the mitre of Canterbury should grow into a dangerous rival of the Roman tiara. Henry's extreme measures of revenge upon the exiled prelate struck deep disgust through all classes of the English people, except a few of the clique who stood next the throne. The seizure of Becket's possessions might have passed as a natural addition to his exile, but the blotting of his name from the Liturgy, and the cruel edict which drove four hundred of his kinsmen and friends with their children and their sick across the wintry sea, to besiege his cell with piteous clamours, sickened the English heart, ever keenly alive to a sense of injustice and revolting at displays of wanton cruelty. After two years of prayer and fasting at Pontigny Becket took the bold step of mounting the pulpit at Vezelai,⁵ and there uttering the most terrible curses of the Church against those who upheld the Constitutions of Clarendon and usurped the estates of Canterbury. Henry, not far off at Chinon⁶ in Anjou, rolled in a fury on the floor, tearing the straw of his bed with gnashing teeth,

¹ *Sandwich*, a cinque-port and borough in Kent, on the Stour, twelve miles east of Canterbury. Under the Norman kings it was the chief continental port of England, but the harbour afterwards became choked with sand.

² *Gravelines*, a sea-port of France in the department of Nord, twelve miles west of Dunkerque, at the mouth of the Aa. Population, 5582.

³ Henry II. ruled all the northern and western coasts of France except the rocky horn of Bretagne. He inherited Normandy from his mother; Anjou, Touraine and Maine, from his father; while Poitou and Aquitaine came to him through his marriage with Eleanor, the divorced wife of Louis VII.

⁴ *Sens*, a city in the department of Yonne, on the river of that name, seventy miles south-east of Paris, on the site of the old *Senonia*.

⁵ *Vezelai*, a town and hill of Nievre, one hundred and seventeen miles south-east of Paris.

⁶ *Chinon*, on the Vienne, twenty-eight miles south-west of Tours. The ruins of the castle in which Henry II. died, and Joan of Arc had her first meeting with Charles VII., stand on a hill above the town.

when he heard of this daring move. With difficulty, for Becket's pride was offensive even to the French king, a reconciliation was patched up in a pleasant meadow near Freteval on the borders of Touraine.

1170 A.D. There was much to make up. Only the month before, the Archbishop of York had crowned young Prince Henry without administering any oath regarding the liberties of the Church. But Henry smoothed over this and other ugly wrinkles in the quarrel, promised to give the kiss of peace when they met in England, and showed his new-born respect for the Church by holding the archbishop's stirrup as he climbed into the saddle. Becket knew that the peace was hollow; he knew that there were men in England who had sworn to slay him, and others who would gladly buy his blood at any price. Yet in less than six months after the interview at Freteval he landed on the English shore at Sandwich (December 1, 1170), having heralded his approach by sending forward to the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of London and Salisbury letters of excommunication which he had obtained from the Pope.

Before the new year he was dead. The prayers and blessings of peasants and tradesmen greeted him on every side, as his foot touched English earth; but under the velvet bonnets of the great gloomed a dark and ominous frown. The De Brocs stood in the van of his enemies. One of them cut off the tail of his sumpter-horse as he left Harrow. Surrounded by the rusty lances of an affectionate rabble, he made his way to Canterbury, resolved upon an act of mortal defiance, which proved to be his last. He well knew that he was perilling his life upon the cast. From the cathedral pulpit on Christmas Day he preached on the text, "I am come to die among you;" and then with flashing eyes and voice of thunder he uttered sentence of excommunication against the De Brocs and the Rector of Harrow. When the three prelates, who had received letters of excommunication from Becket, crossed the sea to Henry, who was living at Bur,¹ the King's rage burst all bounds. "How!" he cried, "a fellow that hath eaten of my bread, a beggar that first came to my court on a lame horse, dares insult his king and the royal family, and tread upon the whole kingdom, and not one of the cowards I nourish at my table will deliver me from this turbulent priest."

Some time after the utterance of this speech—on the 29th of December—four knights entered the palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury about two o'clock in the afternoon, and without word or sign sat down on the floor before the audacious prelate. They were Reginald Fitzurse, William Tracy, Hugh de Morville, and Richard Brito. Twelve others accompanied these self-elected workers of the King's furious wish. After a long and dreadful silence Fitzurse demanded the absolution and replacement of the bishops under ban, and an acknowledgment of the King's supremacy. When furious words had flashed from either side, the knights rushed out to get their swords, resolved that Becket should yield to the logic of cold steel, since he was proof against all

¹ *Bur*, a castle near Bayeux in Normandy.

other argument. Shut doors met them on their return; but they climbed through a window of the hall. Becket had then gone into the northern transept of the church, attracted thither by the vesper song of the monks, and refusing to allow the house of God to be barricaded like a fort. The clash of arms and the shouts of angry men rang through the vaulted colonnades, as the knights, now mailed and bent on slaughter, burst fiercely into the twilight-darkened church. Closing round the doomed archbishop, as he stood erect against a pillar, they again demanded that the bishops should be freed from curse, and the "Never," coupled with a foul name, had scarcely passed the Primate's lips when a sword made lightning in the gloomy air, and would have cleft his head, but that it met and nearly lopped in two the shielding arm of Grim, the faithful bearer of his cross. The Primate fell beneath the second blow; the third sliced off a portion of his skull; and one of the murderers, thrusting his sword-point in among the protruding brain, drew it out and daubed the grey pulp upon the altar steps. When the body was stripped, an inner shirt alive with vermin met the weeping gaze of those who idolized the man. Poor Becket! it was the superstition of his day. There are lands on earth where, even yet, the wretched notion that religion and dirt have a close and intimate connection has not yet quite died out.

The tomb of this murdered man soon became a great centre of pilgrimage, for the English people esteemed him as a martyr, and worshipped him as a saint.¹ The secret of his hold upon their hearts lay in his opposition to a Norman king. Though not a Saxon, he had suffered and died in resistance of the same iron hand that was grinding Saxons in abject slavery. This linked him to the Saxon cause, and led a people who had almost forgotten how to hope to behold in him the morning star of a new and brighter day. The gloom of Becket's death lay dark on many a poor man's home, but within the palace all was horror and remorse. No one can now say whether Henry meant that Becket should be killed. If he did, it was an awful blunder and an awful crime; for Becket, lying dead in the winter twilight upon the altar steps amid the splashes of his blood and his brains, was a foe more terrible a thousand-fold than living Becket, railing in any council hall or cursing from any cathedral pulpit, could have ever been. Vainly Henry tried, three years and a half after the murder, to cleanse the stain from his conscience and his reputation, by submitting his naked shoulders to the scourge at Becket's tomb. The capture of a Scottish king at Alnwick, by the greatest of his generals, Ranulf de Glanville, happening to coincide in time nearly with this late act of humiliation, was eagerly grasped at by his uneasy mind, as a proof that Heaven's mercy had not entirely withdrawn itself from the utterer of the fatal words at Bur, which had brought swords on the bowed head of Becket. But the English people never forgave Henry for the blood of their darling; and in the fact that

¹ Not a trace remains of this celebrated shrine, whose name is woven inseparably with the *Beary* glory of Chancer. Canterbury (population 18,386) on the Stour, fifty-five miles from London, was the *Durovernum* of the Romans and the *Cer-Cant* of the early Saxons.

there were many Norman merchants who nourished the same reverence for Saint Thomas as filled the Saxon serfs and peasants, we may trace one of the earliest signs that the old hatred of the rival races was beginning to decay. I do not believe that the tomb of St. Thomas of Canterbury wrought any miracles, or cured any sick by the magic power of the dust that lay beneath its stones. But if from the mouldering bones there grew up any disuse of old rivalries or neglect of bitter feuds—if from a common grief sprang common interests, and at last under the moulding of other influences a common nationality, the carved stone-work that encased the murdered clay wrought a higher cure than ever its priestly guardians claimed, for it helped to heal the deep and bleeding gashes that the fight of Hastings had left upon the side of fallen England.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST OF IRELAND.

Early glories of Ireland. Ossmen. Pope Adrian's bull. Dermot MacMorrough	Richard Strongbow. First landing of lances. Arrival of Strongbow. Siege of Dublin.	Henry II. in Ireland. The wicker palace. Synod of Cashel. Return of Henry.
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WHILE England was passing through the fiery ordeals of the Roman occupation and the Saxon conquest, Ireland, girdled by the wild Atlantic waves, was enjoying a degree of peace and consequent prosperity, to which all Europe except this favoured spot was then a stranger. There came into the island about the opening of the Christian era a flood of Teutonic settlers, from whom the country derived a name, *Scotia*, by which it was known from the fourth to the eleventh century. These were the Scots.¹ How much or how little they mingled with the original Celtic population of the land, we cannot tell. But we may judge the transfusion partial from the fact that the majority of the Irish people, to this day, show the unmistakeable Celtic type in temperament and *physique*. When the altars of Anglesea were overturned by Paulinus, Ireland with its great central temple at Tara² became the last stronghold of Druidism. There the fires burned till in 432 A.D., St. Patrick, in whose veins flowed a mixture of British and Roman blood, crossed from his birth-place at the mouth of the Clyde to quench their lurid flame. Leogaire MacNeil was the first of the Christian kings. Ireland at this time, and for long afterwards, well deserved the apt description of a recent writer, being indeed only a "cluster of clans," and suffering all the woes which naturally result from such

¹ Scythæ, Gothi, Scoti, Getæ, are thought to be varieties of the same word.

² Tara, a village and hill in Meath, twenty-three miles north-west of Dublin, where every three years the great Irish Council met to elect a federal king.

an organism. Yet in spite of petty feuds—in spite of the island being parcelled into five provinces, with the fair plains of Meath lying in the centre, like a beautiful apple of discord—in spite of the evils of *tanistry*,¹ this land, on which the moist ocean breezes have always flung a carpet of the richest green, flourished up into unexampled prosperity and glory. Her round towers of stone and lime, many of which still stand, summoned the people to prayer with pealing bells, or cast the glare of beacon-fires far across the darkened landscape. Her rivers yielded yellow gold which skilful hands moulded into delicate collars and armlets. The hammer of her smiths rang loud. She gave Christianity to Scotland, when Columba crossed from Donegal to the grey shielings of Iona. She gave learning to England, when her monks settled at Glastonbury, and to France, when Erigena passed to the court of the Carlovingians. She founded the literature of mediæval Europe. Students from many lands thronged her schools, and the harps of her bards filled her rich valleys with delicious music. Yet there were remnants of savagery mingled with this advance in art and learning. Her merchants had no native coinage, and her soldiers wore no mail.

The Danish keels came, and their invading swarms swept over the island, but left little trace behind. Wherever they settled they melted into the native population, except in some sea-port towns, like Dublin, Waterford, and Limerick, where they dwelt under the name of Ostmen. King Brian Boru smote their armies at Clontarf² in 1014 with an arm whose sinews eighty-five years of struggle had not relaxed, and then, kneeling to pray in his tent after the battle, fell beneath the blows of an assassin. For a time the reign of Malachi, who "wore the collar of gold," and who in truth had been ousted from his rightful throne by Brian, preserved the peace of the land. But his death was the signal for a protracted civil war, which ceased not to desolate the island until Turlogh, contemporary with the Conqueror in England, won the blood-stained crown. The waves raised by this fierce tempest had not subsided when the first of the Plantagenets ascended the English throne. A hard-drinking clergy did little to abate the evils that swarmed in the land. Every man carried an axe along over the shoulder of his ragged sheepskin dress, and the provocation of a word, or even a look, struck from eyes, that were hidden beneath a tangled thatch of yellow hair, an angry fire that could only be quenched in blood. The extreme beauty of the Irish women gave these axes sufficient work to keep them sharp and bright. Indeed a woman caused the Norman conquest of Ireland which I am about to narrate.

Very slight links bound Ireland to Britain previous to the year 1169. Some commerce between Wales and the harbours of the opposite shore—an occasional letter from Canterbury to the Irish prelates and kings—the flight of a rebellious

¹ The *Tanist* was the heir-apparent to any chief, elected by the tribe from among the reigning family, during the lifetime of the chief. A strange and miscellaneous feature of the system was that the deeds of any chief were not binding on his successor.

² *Clontarf*, a village on the north shore of Dublin Bay, about three miles from the city, where the receding tide leaves a great stretch of sand.

nobleman now and then from the scene of a defeat in England—these formed almost the only points of interchange between the islands. There were intentions indeed of conquest on the English side of the water, but they came to nothing. The Conqueror died too soon, and Rufus drank too hard. It was not until Henry II. ascended the throne that the project of an Irish expedition took definite shape. One of the first acts of that solitary
1154 Englishman in the long list of popes,—Nicholas Breakspear or Adrian A.D. IV.,—granted to gallant young Henry a Bull which made him master of Ireland; for popes, according to the forged donation of Constantine, owned all Christianized islands. A pope gave the green island to Henry. Let him go and plant his banner on the land conferred. The king laid the matter before his council; but it dropped for the present. Dust gathered on the unpublished Bull.

Thirteen years passed, and then a visitor entered Henry's palace at Aquitaine, who started the sleeping scheme to life again. It was a hoarse Irish giant named Dermot MacMorrogh, who had been driven an exile from the throne of Leinster,¹ because he had carried off the beautiful Devorgilla, wife of O'Rourke, lord of Breffny, from an island in Meath where her husband had locked her up. Chroniclers say that Dermot, who was not a young man then, yielded to the entreaties of this wicked beauty rather than to any passion of his own. This woman it was who did the mischief. Dermot obtained from Henry, in return for an acknowledgment of vassalage, a letter permitting any subjects of the English realm to assist in the recovery of his kingdom. Great and weighty affairs, perhaps the unsettled state of the Becket business, prevented Henry from grasping at this favourable opportunity himself. Arrived at Bristol, the great port for Ireland, Dermot made the tenor of the king's letter known; for a time in vain. At length a hulking unhealthy weak-voiced soldier, Richard le Clare, earl of Pembroke, whose surname of Strongbow does not harmonize with the chronicler's portrait of him, agreed to cross the channel in the next spring, if Dermot would give him young Eva in marriage and the reversion of the Leinster crown. The Irishman gladly struck hands on the bargain. But Fitzstephen and Fitzgerald, sons of a Welsh princess, got the start of Strongbow. Bribe by the gift of Wexford with some adjoining land, Fitzstephen followed Dermot across the sea, landing at a creek called the Bann, twelve miles south of the city which formed his pay. For

May, the conquest of a kingdom only five small ships carried forty knights,
1169 sixty men-at-arms in mail, and three hundred and sixty archers.
 A.D. When Dermot's five hundred joined the invading force, it mustered in all less than a thousand men. The men of Wexford, frightened at the shining armour of the Normans, surrendered in two days. A raid into Ossory laid two hundred bloody heads at the feet of Dermot, who in savage

¹ Ireland at the time of the Norman invasion consisted of five kingdoms—Lagenia or Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, Desmond or South Munster, and Thomond or North Munster. Whichever king was federal monarch of the whole island held during his time of office the central district of Meath.

ecstasy of joy seized the stiffened hair and bit off the nose and lips of one who had been his special foe—a little glimpse of the inner man, which certainly does not brighten Dermot's more than doubtful reputation in history. Meantime Roderic O'Connor, king of Connaught and federal king of Ireland, was advancing with an army. The bogs surrounding Ferns¹ became the stronghold of the invaders. Roderic gladly made peace, for he too felt the terrors of lance and mail. It was agreed that Dermot should have his kingdom back, and that no more Normans should be brought from Britain. The arrival of Fitzgerald with one hundred and forty men blew the treaty to rags. Dermot and his English lances marched on Dublin, which yielded without delay. Such was the state of things when Strongbow began to think of fulfilling his promise.

Henry's leave being necessary or at least important in the advanced position of the strife, Strongbow sought it in Normandy. Receiving an evasive answer, the earl, according to the wont of feudal barons, construed it to his own liking, and went back to Wales to prepare for action. He sent over, as a herald of his great approach, Raymond the Fat, who landed at the rock of Dundonolf near Waterford, beat three thousand Irish with the mailed handful he commanded, and further distinguished himself among barbarians by carrying his seventy prisoners to the edge of the rocks, breaking their bones, and flinging them into the sea. The Earl of Pembroke, in spite of a decided message from the king, weighed anchor from Milford Haven² in the middle of September, and landed near Waterford with two hundred knights and a thousand other troops. Moving at once on Waterford, he made a breach in the wall by hewing down the wooden foundations of a house that formed part of it, and filled the streets with slaughtered heaps. The blood was scarcely washed from his hands when he gave it in wedlock to Eva, Dermot's daughter, who brought him the crown of Leinster as her dowry. Then Dublin, filled with Danes, became the centre of attack, for it had revolted under Hasculf from the allegiance lately sworn to Dermot. Avoiding by a hasty side march through the mountains the Irish forces that blocked the road, Strongbow reached the bank of the Liffey unexpectedly, and, while the terrified Dubliners were trying to make terms, the impatient Miles de Cogan with some kindred spirits broke in at a weak point of the city wall and inflicted on the wretched inhabitants all that brutalized humanity could devise. The wasting of Meath followed at once. The weak Irish clergy, holding a Synod at Armagh, strove to appease the wrath of Heaven by setting free the slaves.

About this time an angry message from Henry, requiring all loyal men to return at once on pain of banishment and the loss of their estates, reached the camp of the Norman adventurers. Its weakening effect was immediate; and

¹ *Ferns* lies a little east of the Slaney in northern Wexford, population only 637. With Ossory and Leighlin, Ferns forms a bishopric.

² *Milford Haven*, a fine natural harbour, cuts deep into Pembrokeshire. The town of Milford stands on the northern shore, twelve miles from Pembroke. Population, 2837.

Sept.
1170
A.D.

the star of Ireland seemed to brighten for a while. Upon Dublin with its thinned garrison dashed a host of mail-clad red-shielded Danes, whom Hasculf, the expelled governor of that city, had brought from Norway and the Orkneys in sixty ships. A successful sally of the beleaguered knights scattered them like chaff. More formidable and menacing seemed the investment of the Irish capital by a second Norse fleet from the Isle of Man and a great confederate army under Roderic O'Connor. Thirty thousand men, mustered by the untiring efforts of Laurence the archbishop of Dublin, hemmed in the little band of soldiers who lay harnessed within the city walls under the command of Strongbow. Two months of the blockade went by, and hunger had bowed the haughty Norman spirit so far that Strongbow sent a message out to Roderic, offering to become his vassal, when the news of Fitzstephen's danger at Carrig near Wexford, where a host of Irish had beset his castle, kindled new flame in the sinking hearts of the besieged. The gallant handful, dashing in three troops out upon the vast Irish lines one morning at nine o'clock, broke up the besieging camp, and swept thirty thousand foes before the whirlwind of their charge. In all the struggles of this remarkable conquest, achieved as it altogether was by a few hundred lances, there was no more memorable instance of the terror, which the very glitter of Norman armour struck into the half-naked Irish hordes, whom despair had called out of bog and forest to the siege of towns and the shock of regular battle. Carrig had fallen before Strongbow could reach it, and Fitzstephen, loaded with Irish fetters, lay in a little island off the Wexford coast.

The Earl of Pembroke, who by Dermot's death had become king of Leinster, now received a sharp summons to appear before his king, who lay at Newnham in Gloucestershire.¹ Crossing the Channel, he made ample submission, yielded up his conquests to Henry, and gladly saw the threatening storm blow past. Together king and earl sailed from Milford with a force of five hundred knights and four thousand common troops, and landed at Croch near the city of

Waterford. The hard work of the war was done, and the mere presence of so many shining coats of mail brought the Irish people to see the folly of the least resistance. Anxious to curry favour

Oct. 18, 1171 A.D. with the foreign monarch, the captors of Fitzstephen gave him up as a rebel who had engaged in war against his king's express command. A few words tell the rest of the tale. Henry never drew the sword at all. Princes came from near and far—the King of Cork—the King of Limerick—the Prince of Ossory and hosts of others—to bow humbly before his throne. Roderic's army, mustered on the great line of the Shannon, kept their loose array for a while; but his submission and promise to pay tribute melted it like snow. Keeping Christmas within a hall of wicker-work, woven at Dublin by native hands, Henry saw chiefs from every corner of the island except unconquered Ulster sitting at his laden board, and in their own uncouth fashion drinking goblets of red French wine. We can fancy the shouts of

¹ *Newnham* is above the Severn, twelve miles south-west of Gloucester. Population, 1298.

coarse loud laughter, that shook the osier walls of the banquet-hall at every breach of Norman etiquette, committed by these simple untaught sons of a once polished land; and the looks of comical surprise, with which they saw their courtly hosts tear a roasted crane wing from wing and pick it to the bones.

The winter which a stormy sea compelled Henry to spend in Ireland he gave partly to the improvement of the Irish Church. At the Synod of Cashel,¹ held early in 1172, many laws were passed which struck at the root of the clan-system. But when the spring winds blew, appointing Hugh de Lacy governor of Dublin, justiciary of the island, and viceroy of Meath, which had now become a jewel of the English crown, Henry left Wexford with the rising sun one April morning and recrossed the sea, to plunge once more into those "ferce domestic broils" with wife and sons, which sowed early grey among his locks and laid him broken-hearted in the grave.

CHAPTER VII.

RICHARD OF THE LION HEART.

A handsome bully.
Unfilial.
Jewish blood.
Raising funds.

The Third Crusade.
The chained Lion.
Longchamp.
Prince John.

French wars.
The fatal knife.
Robin Hood.
Longbeard.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION, third son of Henry Plantagenet, deserves a brief notice at our hands, for he was the very model of a feudal knight, the type, embodiment, and full-blown flower of Norman chivalry. It is true that the chief influence of his reign upon the English people was to squeeze almost every coin from their coffers and to drain the national heart of its reddest and bravest blood. But he stamped his likeness so deeply on the age, that for centuries soldiers, cut after the same pattern, fought on every English battlefield. Romance has flung her coloured splendours round his character. He was a great soldier, but a bad king. His lance flashed brightest and smote strongest in the tournament; his harp and song rang sweetly in the hall. Saracen mothers awed their crying children with his dreaded name, and the cities of Sicily and Cyprus felt the weight of his mailed right hand. But English ploughmen, smiths, and weavers starved under his sceptre, working their thin fingers to the bone that they might make money to maintain his French and Eastern wars. No law of any consequence grew out of his ten years' reign. Reading his story, we find only—a rebellion which broke his father's heart—a cruel massacre of unoffending Jews—an unsuccessful Crusade—a

¹ Cashel, about two miles east of the Suir in Tipperary, is built on the eastern and southern slopes of a remarkable rock.

troubled Regency—a romantic captivity—some petty feuds with France—and a fatal arrow-wound. Daring, eloquent, musical, and poetic—arrogant, greedy, cruel, and utterly heartless, this handsome bully must be viewed as an extremely fine animal of the human species—and very little more.

The death of his elder brother Henry opened to Richard a prospect of the English throne. Before that event his future had been narrowed within the bounds of Aquitaine and Poitou, duchies which had formed his mother's dower and had been assigned to him by a settlement of his father. Urged by his jealous and vindictive mother, Queen Eleanor, he had joined his brothers in those movements which had imbittered the last moments of the too indulgent Henry. A chronicle tells us how blood came streaming from the mouth and nose of the royal corpse, when Richard met it on the way to Fontevraud. Remorse and horror, all too late, racked the bosom of the unfilial son, and the red ooze of that accusing stream burnt like fire into his guilty soul.

Becoming king in 1189, he threw all his energies into the preparations for a third Crusade. By way of pious prologue, or to keep his hand in as a wholesale murderer, he fell at once upon the Jews. Their money-boxes, loaded with the spoils of usury, sorely tempted a needy monarch intent upon a distant and expensive war. So at Dunstable, Stamford, and Lincoln they bled and died. The tragedy of York Castle transcended all the rest in horror. Five hundred hunted Jews took refuge there within strong stone walls, round which a crowd of human tigers roared and heaved in mad thirst for blood. When all offers of gold had been refused as ransom for the lives of the besieged, the Rabbi, on whose teachings they had been used to hang with reverent attention, proposed death as an escape from the worse evil of falling into the hands of such a rabble. Slaying their wives and their children, and shutting themselves with their hoards in the royal chamber, they turned the castle into the funeral pile of a fiery suicide.

The gathering of money by all means, fair and foul, went briskly on. Many towns bought their charters from the needy King. Sheriffships, rendered vacant by the simple plan of turning out the holders, went to the highest bidder. William Longchamp, bishop of Ely, a low-born Frenchman, paid 3000 marks for the Chancellorship, which was tantamount to the Regency, for the Chancellor presided over the Council, in which the government was vested during Richard's absence. And that homage, won from Scotland by Glanville in the last reign, melted for ever into a good round sum of silver marks. Old Glanville himself, one of the ablest statesmen and legists of the Anglo-Norman reigns, was imprisoned, it is said, in a kind of serious jest, and obliged to pay 3000 pounds before he left his cell.

In the summer of 1190 Richard joined Philip Augustus of France, his associate in the Holy War, on the plains of Vezelai. One hundred thousand swords and lances glittered on the muster-field. At Lyons they parted; Philip bound for Genoa to hire transports, Richard for Marseilles where his English fleet was to meet him. A row with a peasant, who had manhood enough to resent the rob-

bery of a hawk, brought a storm of Calabrian sticks and stones round the ears of the bullying King of England. The sack of Messina amused his winter leisure and added to his purse 20,000 golden coins wrung from King Tancred. His marriage with Berengaria of Navarre, and his defeat of Isaac prince of Cyprus, whose silver fetters galled as sorely as those of plebeian iron, took place before he reached the scene of action June 8, in the Holy Land. Acre,¹ invincible till then, fell four days after 1191 the trumpets and drums of the crusading camp had noisily welcomed his arrival. Philip, in disgust at the success of his rival, A.D. with whom he had had much bickering by the way, took home-sickness and returned to France amid a tempest of hisses and curses. Richard and his battle-axe of English steel, whose gleaming head weighed twenty pounds, did wondrous deeds of valour, which made the English king the idol of his soldiery. He did not please the princes of the Crusade. One especially he turned into a deadly foe. Duke Leopold planted the banner of Austria on the gate of Acre; Richard tore it down. The same prince refused to work at the ramparts of Ascalon²; Richard cursed, and kicked him. The dungeon of Tiernsteign soon avenged both the curses and the kicks. With all his valour Richard did not succeed in the object of the Crusade. His soldiers never saw Jerusalem. Fighting his way inch by inch southward along the shore, he taught the Sultan Saladin to respect him as a daring and chivalrous soldier, but not as a far-sighted tactician, who could grasp the details of a campaign, huge and petty, and mould them into success. A black slander, originating probably in the jealousies of France and Austria, fell upon Richard's name before his valour gave its last brilliant flash in the victory of Jaffa.³ This slander charged him with the murder of Conrad of Montferrat, Oct. titular king of Jerusalem. Gladly seizing the chance of leaving this 1192 land of failure and reproach, he concluded a truce with Saladin for A.D. three years and three months and then embarked at Acre for Marseilles.

Shifting his course, he sailed up the Adriatic, suffered shipwreck between Venice and Trieste, assumed a merchant's dress and name during his journey to Erperg near Vienna, but was there betrayed by the foreign gold and costly garb of his page whom he sent to buy food in the market. The prisoner of Duke Leopold of Austria got better treatment than one would have expected from the insults offered to that prince in Palestine. The Emperor Henry VI., buying the Lion-hearted king from Leopold, who had no objection to sell his

¹ *St. Jean d'Acre* or *Accho* (called *Ptolemais* by the Greeks) lies on the northern horn of a curving bay on the Syrian coast. Mount Carmel towers to the south-west across the bay. The fortress of Acre commands the plain called *Esdraïlon*.

² *Ascalon* lay on the shore, fourteen miles from Gaza. It was one of the five Philistine cities. A little village, *Scalona*, lying somewhat north, represents the fallen greatness of Ascalon, bearing its corrupted name.

³ *Jaffa* (the ancient *Joppa*,—in Arabic *Yāfa*.) is a Syrian sea-port of about 4000 inhabitants, some thirty-three miles north-west of Jerusalem. In the Middle Ages it was the great landing-place for pilgrims.

prize for 50,000 marks, flung the royal captive into a castle in the Tyrol, where he lay a long time, completely lost to the sight of the English people, but managing to wile the hours of bondage away pleasantly enough with songs, jokes, and drinking matches. At last the copy of a letter from the Emperor to Philip disclosed the secret of Richard's prison. The story of Blondel wandering with his harp in search of his king, until the welcome echo of his strain from within a castle grating told that his search was at an end, must be consigned with all its pretty sisterhood to the pages of poetic romance. At the Diet of Worms¹ held in 1193, Richard made an eloquent defence against the charges heaped upon his head, and did homage to the Emperor for all his possessions; but it was not till public opinion forced Henry to resign his prey, that the Lion-heart was freed. And then not till the wool was shorn from almost every sheep in England, and the plate torn from every chest, to make up the enormous ransom exacted by the greedy German. Richard landed at Sandwich on the 13th March 1194, after an absence of more than four years, and an imprisonment of fourteen months.

Meantime how was England governed? What with the money raised for the Crusade, and the money raised for the ransom of the King, the very marrow had been sucked from her bones. Longchamp—Chancellor, Justiciary, and Regent,—a man of craft, avarice, and intense ambition, bent energies of no mean order to the control of the realm, fleecing mercilessly on every side.

The imprisonment of Pudsey, bishop of Durham, his colleague on the bench, left him without a rival for a time. Had his power met no check, we are told, he would have robbed men of their girdles, knights of their rings, women of their bracelets, Jews of their gems. But the ambition of Prince John, youngest brother of the absent King and meanest scoundrel on the royal roll of England, arose to confront and overturn the tyranny of Longchamp. One evil killed the other. Borne down by the craft and violence of John, the Chancellor, though bribed by the offer of a bishopric and three royal castles, spurned the advances of the treacherous prince, and yielded the Tower keys only to compulsion. Some fishwomen at Dover spying a tall lady in green silk with close-veiled face, sitting silent on the sand, gathered curiously round, and growing bolder at her continued dumbness, lifted a corner of the hood. A black beard appeared below. It was Longchamp in disguise waiting for a ship. This discovery resulted in a short imprisonment; but he soon got away to the Continent, where he cannonaded John and the barons with Papal bulls. The shots fell harmless, and all his intrigues could not replace him in power until the return of Richard, whose Chancellor he continued to be during all but the last year of the reign. John's rebellion bore no fruit but trouble to the kingdom and infamy to himself. When "the devil had broken loose," as a letter from Philip to John pithily described the liberation of Richard,

¹ Worms, a German city on the Rhine, twenty-eight miles south of Mayence. It is famous for Luther's defence before Charles V. in 1521.

Nottingham Castle alone held out in favour of the prince. It was stormed, and many of its garrison were hanged. John was then sneaking at a safe distance in Normandy, and when the making of a new seal, that all old grants might be rendered null and void, with two or three similar expedients, had filled Richard's purse again, and enabled him to sail with an army to Bar-fleur,¹ John came licking the dust before his manlier brother, and craving a forgiveness he little deserved. Chivalrous Richard bore no malice, and restored the rebel to a pension, to estates, but not to the use of those dangerous toys—stone castles filled with steel.

The rest of Richard's reign belongs to France. England was but an impoverished plantation, where Saxon slaves under the fierce whips of Norman overseers cultivated thinning crops of gold. Philip Augustus and he had not forgotten their old feud. But the will for war survived the power. Having quite exhausted the treasures of their kingdoms, they kept rushing at each other like two fangless hounds, until an interview upon the Seine, Richard sitting in a barge, Philip on horseback upon the bank, terminated their useless struggle in 1199. The same year saw Richard dead of 1199 an arrow wound, got at the siege of a castle in Limousin.² Piercing A.D. his shoulder, the head broke off; and the knife of a clumsy surgeon irritated the wound to a fatal inflammation. Already in the valleys of Normandy a song had been sung which told that an arrow was shaping in Limousin to kill the tyrant. It seems to have been no chance shot that struck Richard; but whose murderous thought winged the shaft, or whose gold paid the hand that drew the string, we know as little as we know who shot Rufus in the New Forest.

Romance connects the name of Robin Hood, the celebrated outlaw, with the reign of Richard I. Some authorities place him later, one assigning him to the times of Simon Montfort, another to the reign of Edward II. His skill in archery, his rollicking life with Little John, Friar Tuck, and Maid Marian in the green glades of Sherwood, the great Nottinghamshire forest,³ his chivalrous behaviour to women, his kindness to the poor, his robbery of fat abbots and rich land-owners on whom he played rough practical jokes in addition to relieving them of their purses, form the favourite subjects of the early English minstrels, who sang oftener of bold Robin than of any other hero. German sceptics, followed by the antiquary Wright, have tried to dissolve him into a myth. But there are good reasons for believing in his personality, and for ranking him much higher than a common forest robber. Like his predecessors of less note, Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William Cloudealey,

¹ *Bar-fleur*, which in the time of the Norman kings of England was the great English port of Normandy, is now only a fishing village of 1185 inhabitants. It lies in La Manche on the east side of Cotenin.

² *Limousin*, now represented by the departments of Corrèze and Haute-Vienne, was a great source of contention between the French kings of France and the French kings of England.

³ The high lands of Sherwood Forest lie on the upper course of the Maun, one of the tributaries of the Idla.

who robbed in Inglewood Forest¹ near Carlisle, he was the representative of the trodden Saxon race, his lawless life the result of an unhappy time when foreign tyrants blasted the peaceful industry of the people, and with bloody laws and grinding taxes drove them to the shelter of the woods. With a hundred tall bowmen fed on venison, bold Robin kept the fastness of the greenwood against all comers, could split a wand at a couple of hundred yards, shot deer when and where he liked, fleeced Norman spoilers of the money their oppression had already wrung from a groaning land, and by daring skill, and kindness, so grew into the people's love that they never tired singing of his deeds and the wild free life he led. There must have been a reason for all this love and admiration; and that reason must have been that Robin Hood typed the feeling of sturdy Saxon independence, which, bowing for a time but never bending beneath the Norman yoke, was content to linger in marsh and forest until a time of revival came.

The career of William Fitzosbert or Longbeard, also belonging to this reign, indicates the same leaven of nationality working in the masses. Fitzosbert, one of those debauched Crusaders who came home unfit for anything but fighting and vice, quarrelled with a brother who had brought him up, and who now refused to supply him with unlimited pocket-money. Denouncing this brother as a traitor to the king, his charge was repelled by the court at Westminster. On the head of this grievance Fitzosbert allowed his beard to grow in token of his sympathy with the common people, and set up in business as a public agitator or demagogue. His fiery eloquence inflamed the minds of the Londoners to a high degree; more than fifty thousand names blackened his muster roll, and a rising against the Norman rule seemed imminent, when a sudden dash of soldiers upon him as he walked unguarded in the streets drove him for refuge into the steeple of St. Mary-le-Bow, where he held out for four days. Then smoked out by the burning of the doors, he got a knife-wound in the belly while trying to rush into the street. Dragged naked and bleeding at a horse's heels to Tyburn tree, he was there hanged with nine of his followers. This "king of the poor," as he was called, had won the popular affection simply because from selfish and base motives he had opposed the laws they hated and groaned under. Chips of his gibbet, earth on which his feet had rested, became sacred relics, and so much did pilgrimage to the scene of his quasi-martyrdom grow into fashion among the poor, that the whip and the prison-cell had to be called in to quell the fervour of the mob. We see in the stories of both Hood and Longbeard the yearning of a wretched and trodden people after the relief that seemed so long in coming. The darkest hour was yet to come; and then—THE DAWN.

¹ *Inglewood Forest* used to clothe a large part of the basin of the Eden, between Carlisle and Penrith.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAGNA CHARTA.

Murder of Arthur.
Losses in France.
The Langton quarrel.
An interdict.
A crown in the dust.
Sea-fight in Dammes.

Bouvines.
Roots of the national spirit.
Stephen Langton.
Easter week.
Runnymede.

Magna Charta.
Fire and sword.
A blunder.
Death of John.
Past and future.

THE murder of a boy of fifteen, Arthur, the son of his dead brother Geoffrey, secured to Karl John the possession of the English throne, but cost him all his French coronets but one. Tricked by the slippery King of France, the hapless boy fell at Mirebeau into his cruel uncle's hands, was carried from Mirebeau to Falaise,¹ from Falaise to Rouen, and there disappeared with a suddenness which can bear but one interpretation. Shakspeare, using dramatic license, makes him die in leaping from the wall of an English castle; but the old chronicler, who tells the dark tale with most minuteness, speaks of a boat, a sudden stab, and a fair-haired corpse cleaving the dark current of the Seine. Some say that John himself struck the blow.

This foul deed, and the theft of a wife from the Count de la Marche, roused against the dastard King of England a storm of war, which swept away from his grasp in one disastrous year (1204) Normandy, Bretagne, Maine, Anjou, Touraine, and Poitou; Aquitaine or Guienne alone remained under English rule, and even it was to all appearance a last leaf trembling in the breeze. The effect upon the destinies of England of this loss, or rather change, for it was a blessing in disguise, shall be noted soon. Her greatness grew out of the folly of a poltroon. Strange that a growth so noble should have a root so base!

The Langton quarrel and its disgraceful end plunged John into the depths of degradation. When the see of Canterbury fell vacant, the English king demanded the elevation of a friend and favourite, John de Gray, bishop of Norwich, to the chair. Pope Innocent III. appointed Stephen Langton, and the monks would accept no other archbishop than the Papal nominee. John in a fury scattered the audacious monks at the point of the sword, seizing all their wealth; and when, a little later, three bishops sought his presence at the Pope's command, and threatened extreme measures if he refused to undo his evil deed, with white and foaming lips he swore that he would mutilate most horribly any Roman shavelings he found within his realm. Innocent's answer was an Interdict. The cup of bitterness drained by unhappy England then reached its bitterest dregs. The church doors remained always shut;

¹ Falaise, in the department of Calvados, lies twenty miles south-east of Caen, on the Ante, a tributary of the Dive.

the church bells never rang ; priests, forbidden to administer any religious rites except baptism to infants and the sacrament to the dying,

1208 found their occupation almost gone ; holes dug anywhere received
 A.D. the dead without a prayer to pour its balm into the bleeding hearts of the survivors. The statues and pictures of the saints were veiled

with black, and their relics were laid in ashes upon dusty altars. At the time of which I write no heavier curse could fall upon a land. Famine might be borne ; war had its fierce excitements ; pestilence dealt only with the body that must die at any rate ; but the black shadow of an Interdict seemed to a superstitious people to fling its appalling and merciless eclipse across the grave into the life that never ends, blotting out from human souls all chance and hope of Heaven. Miserable John seems to have been stung by this terrible lesson into a little spasm of something like courage. Squeezing all the wretched Jews in the kingdom dry of money—drawing the marks from a Hebrew of Bristol by using the dentist's forceps on his double teeth—he crossed with an army to Dublin, where, as a boy governor, he had amused himself by plucking Irish beards, and then marching to Connaught expelled the revolted De Lacys from the island. Then returning he penetrated Wales to the foot of Snowdon, wresting tribute and hostages from the mountaineers. But the Pope, who had meanwhile added a Bull of excommunication to the Interdict, had yet another and a deadlier shaft in his spiritual quiver. Declaring the English throne vacant, he promised Philip of France the forgiveness of all his sins if he would invade England, and expel the impious holder of the royal seat. Philip, more dazzled probably by the glitter of a double crown than by the spiritual boon, mustered a great army in Normandy and a great fleet in the harbours of the Channel coast. This brought John to his knees at once. It seemed at first indeed that some sparks of patriotic fire smouldered under the vicious crust of his soul, for he gathered a force of sixty thousand men round his flag at Barham Downs,¹ and sent English sailors across the Channel to burn Dieppe² and the shipping at Fécamp.³

But in a little while, smitten with terrors of the French soldiery,
1213 and troubled with well-founded fears that he had not a lover among
 A.D. all his host, he stooped his craven knee in Dover Cathedral at the footstool of Cardinal Pandulph, the Papal legate, and there, laying in the dust the crown already soiled with blood and infinite tears, swore to be a faithful vassal of the Pope, and to pay a yearly tribute of seven hundred marks of silver for England and three hundred for Ireland. Thus did he save himself, not his people (for that was comparatively a trifling matter), from the sword that hung by a hair above his head.

¹ *Barham Downs* lie between Dover and Canterbury. The great Roman road, Watling Street, runs across this district.

² *Dieppe* (called *Bertheville* in the eleventh century) is a sea-port in Seine-Inferieure, thirty-eight miles north of Rouen. Population, 16,216.

³ *Fécamp* is a sea-port in a narrow valley, twenty-two miles from Havre. Population, 10,000.

The French king, balked of his prey when ready couched for a spring, turned his collected fury upon Flanders, whose earl had been the principal means of thwarting his English expedition. Although John, by secret bargaining with Earl Ferrand, got mixed up with this war, it would hardly deserve our notice here but for a memorable sea-fight—first of many between the fleets of England and of France—which took place off the Flemish shore near Damme,¹ then the port of Bruges. In this action the navy of France was utterly destroyed. The English ships, falling first upon some vessels which could find no room in the closely packed harbour, grappled finally with those within the curve, a great part of whose crews had landed to plunder the fair hamlets of Flanders. Three hundred prizes, laden to the deck with corn, wine, and oil, carried the joyous news to England. One hundred more were burned by the victors, and Philip saw no resource but to deal in like manner with the scanty remnant of his great fleet. Joining a mighty league for the partition of France, of which the Earl of Flanders and Otho the emperor of Germany were the chief promoters, John sailed with his new-won laurels to Poitou. But the battle of Bouvines² (July 27, 1214), in which Longword, the victor at Damme, was knocked down by the mace of warlike Bishop Beauvais, and the army of the League was irretrievably shattered, reduced John to the necessity of humbly asking a five years' truce. He got it and went home.

The discontent of the English people had now come to a head. The descendants of those men, who had reddened the field of Hastings with each other's blood, now made common cause against a tyranny under which they all groaned. The Norman barons undoubtedly were still the ruling race, but many causes had obliterated the line that divided them from the men they had enslaved. The flame of a common nationality, kindled by the watchfires of the East and fed with the blood which soaked Arabian sands, had begun to melt down the sharp edge of their hostility and to fuse both races into the great English people. To this influence may be added the grinding taxation of the first two Plantagenets, levied alike on crushed ploughman and fleeced noble. From common glories and a common grievance it is little wonder that a national spirit began to spring. Month by month, amid all the grinding and oppression of the Norman kings, a middle class, enriched by merchandise and agriculture, grew up between the serfs and the nobles, until the People became a felt power in the state. Buying the estates of impoverished Crusaders, some of them became lords of the soil, possessed of all the influence and prestige that such a position gives. And when England, too long moored to the banks of the Seine, was cut adrift, and rode in proud independence, encircled by her girdle of salt sea-water, those descended from the heroes of the Norman Conquest centred all their thoughts and lavished all their care upon

¹ Damme, once the port of Bruges, is now a village lying in the centre of fruitful fields three miles north-east of that city.

² Bouvines, a village between Lisle and Tournay.

the fair acres by Trent and Thames. With a bitterness that knows no name those nobles of the old *regime* saw adventurers from Anjou and Poitou caressed at the vicious court of John, and loaded with all the honours and rich appointments which they had been used to regard as their special right. The manhood of Henry II. and his lion-hearted son had prevented any great outbreak of the growing discontent; but when a pitiful wretch like John treated lords of iron armour and stone castles with sneers, insults, and cruel wrongs, the patience of outraged men gave way, and they turned sternly on the vile thing that tried to tread their spirit down.

That very Stephen Langton, Cardinal of St. Chrysogonus and Archbishop of Canterbury, whose nomination to that see John had venomously opposed, appeared as the chief champion of English freedom in this struggle between a people and a king. Born in Lincolnshire or Devonshire, he grafted on a stem of English growth the polish and subtlety which could then only be acquired at Paris and at Rome. At a great council, held in St. Paul's in 1213, he laid before the assembled prelates and barons an old charter, granted by the accomplished Beauclore but swept utterly out of memory by the storms of a changeful century. Here was a base of operations for the mailed and sworded statesmen, who meant to lay a great foundation-stone of the English Constitution. On this forgotten fragment the Great Charter was to rise. Meeting in the abbey of St. Edmundsbury¹ on the saint's day, the confederate patriots swore solemnly on the high altar that if the King refused their just demands they would not sheathe the sword until they had wrested from him a charter under his own seal granting what they asked. When upon the feast of the Epiphany a stern band entered his presence and laid their demands before him, the pale lips of the craven could hardly ask for time to consider the petition. Easter week being fixed for the giving of a final answer, the base King set himself during the intervening months to throw up what defences he could against the encroachments of his menacing nobles. At the foot of St. Peter's chair he cast the ancestral privilege regarding the election of abbots and bishops, thinking thus to bribe the clergy and the Pope. And he placed himself more securely yet under the Church's wing by solemnly swearing that he would lead a crusading army to the Holy Land.

Easter week came. The King lay at Oxford. Marching in gleaming armour from Stamford to Brackley,² the barons met Langton and two earls, by whom they sent forward a list of the needed reforms to the foot of the throne. Langton read the parchment in the hearing of the King; upon which John, at whose elbow stood that pillar of the Church Pandulph the legate, flamed into

¹ *Bury St. Edmunds* is the chief town of West Suffolk, and lies on the river Lark. Its population is about 14,000. The ruins of a magnificent abbey still adorn the town.

² *Stamford*, lying on the Welland partly in Lincolnshire and partly in Northamptonshire, was one of the "Five Burghs" of the Danes. The population of the Lincolnshire *Stamford* is about 9000; the other portion, called *Stamford Baron*, contains nearly 3000. *Brackley*, in the south of Northamptonshire, with a population of 2157, lies near one of the head streams of the Ouse.

a furious rage. "And why do they not demand my crown also?" he cried; "by God's teeth I will not grant them liberties that will make me a slave." He might have spared his foam, for brave soldiers steel in hand were resolved to take what his mean heart could not bear to give. Their failure at Northampton did not daunt them. Bedford gates flew open. And word from London told them how all that mighty heart throbbed with delight at their resolution. On Sunday the 24th of May through open gates and silent streets they wound their glittering way into the capital, while the citizens were hearing mass in the churches. This wakened John from his dreams of folly. He saw but seven knights who lingered by his falling throne. There was not a moment to be lost. A promise must be made, and an oath sworn; but what of that? John believed with all his heart (if any heart he had) in the old resemblance between promises and pie-crusts. So with a smiling face he bade Pembroke go to London and tell the barons that on a certain day and at a certain place he would grant their full demands.

There is by the Thames, not far from Staines,¹ a narrow strip of green meadow-land which bears the name of Runnymede.² Though now degraded to a county race-course, where bumpkins drink bad ale and cockneys try to appear knowing in the mysteries of the turf, it witnessed in the thirteenth century as great a sight as England ever saw. Pouring with the rising sun from the gates of Staines, a huge cavalcade of barons, headed by stern Fitzwalter, whom they had elected their general, wound across the field carpeted with June daisies, and halted in the meadow beside the silver flood of Thames. A smaller party, including the King, Pandulph, Pembroke, and the Master of the English Templars, rode down from Windsor Castle to the appointed place. And there, with the faintest show of objection and June 15, the most transparent readiness to do all that the barons asked, John 1215 took a pen and affixed his royal signature to Magna Charta and the A.D. Charter of the Forests, his black heart belying what his hand had traced. Then riding home to Windsor, he flung himself after the fashion of his poor father on the ground, grinding sticks and straw to powder with his gnashing teeth and cursing the Charter whose ink was scarcely dry.

In this famous Charter, which has been well summarized as "a solemn protest against the evil of arbitrary arrest and arbitrary taxation," the rights of the clergy and the barons are laid down with unmistakable distinctness. But its most striking and suggestive feature lies in its provisions for the mass of the people. Even the *villein*, who ploughed the fields in coarse leather dress and tore black bread with wolfish jaws, was not forgotten. The property of the baron and the citizen was shielded by an article which said,

¹ Staines is a market-town of Middlesex, situated on the left bank of the Thames, about seventeen miles from London. It contained 2430 inhabitants in 1851.

² This place is called in the Great Charter "Runing mede inter Windlesorum et Staines." By some the phrase is said to mean the "meadow of council;" but it more probably derived its name from a stream that passed through it.

"No scutage nor aid shall be imposed upon the kingdom, *except by the common council of the kingdom*, unless it be to redeem the king's body, to make his eldest son a knight, and once to marry his eldest daughter; and that to be a reasonable aid: and in like manner shall it be concerning the *Tallage* and Aids of the city of London, and of other cities which from this time shall have their liberties; and that the city of London shall fully have all its liberties and free customs as well by land as water." The person of the freeman was thus protected, "No freeman's body shall be taken, nor imprisoned, nor disseised, nor outlawed, nor banished, nor in any way be damaged, nor shall the king send him to prison by force, *except by the judgment of his peers and by the law of the land*." The holding of the freeman, the goods of the merchant, the waggon of the villein were not to be torn from their owners. And by the Charter of the Forests death or mutilation no longer awaited the hungry peasant or sporting tradesman who drove his lawless arrow through a stag. Such was the nature of that remarkable document, in whose completion Langton's pen and Fitzwalter's sword had about an equal share. The Latin bears in every line the distinct stamp of a clear business brain, the sharp incisive far-seeing sweep of a lawyer's practised eye. "Thirty-two times," says Sir Edward Coke, "have the Great Charter and the Charter of the Forests been confirmed by Acts of Parliament,"—a thing not to be wondered at, for Truth, Justice, and Freedom are of slow growth in the history of nations, needing, like our island oak, an occasional storm to scatter decaying leaves and strike brawny roots with a firmer grip in the deep earth.

John never meant to keep his written promise. With a gang of French brigands he seized Rochester Castle in autumn, reddened the Christmas snow with the blood of Yorkshire men, carried the torch of war (his favourite weapon) past the Cheviots up to Edinburgh, and there turned tail before the rising wrath of Scotland. His way back was lighted with the flames of burning towns. This could not last. In despair the barons, who had not yet cast away all hankering after France, called Prince Louis over to face the fury of the madman. Landing at Sandwich, Louis lost much valuable time in the siege of Dover, during which the eyes of the barons were opened to the blunder they had committed in calling a stranger over to seize the English sceptre. They knew not what to do. There was John spreading his circles of flame and blood from the centre of Lincoln. Here was Louis maundering by the walls of Dover. Darkness thickened, until one night in October John, who had just lost his carriages and money in the swift running tide of the Wash, entered the abbey of Swineshead¹ and supped gluttonously off peaches and new cider. Four days later (October 18, 1216) he died of acute fever in the castle of Newark on the Trent.² Thus was England freed by Heaven from terror and

¹ *Swineshead* or *Swinstead* in Lincolnshire, though now six miles from the sea, was once on the shore. It lies twenty-nine miles south-east of Lincoln.

² *Newark* in Nottinghamshire is a borough on an arm of the Trent, twenty miles north-east of Nottingham. Population, 11,380.

great perplexity. 'Tis true Louis and his soldiers still clung to her soil ; but they were soon brushed off like a swarm of stingless flies, and little Henry reigned in his wicked father's room.

With *Magna Charta* the history of England begins. In the preceding pages I have traced the progress of those three great Conquests, which, passing like huge waves across the land and dashing against the western hills in whose lofty bosom the old race had found a shelter and a home, left changed land-marks and a deep foreign sediment behind. It remains that I should follow the growth of the British nation to her present height of glory and of strength, attained not merely by the force of stalwart arms but chiefly by the far-reaching splendour of matchless intellects and the untiring energy of adventurous spirits. *Crecy* and *Blenheim* and *Waterloo* shall receive their due share of space in my future narrative. I shall not lightly pass the great *Oliver* and the great *Arthur*. But *Richard Arkwright* with his cotton loom and *George Stephenson* with his locomotive, *Cook* on the bloody sands of *Hawaii*, and *Franklin* in his icy shroud beneath the northern star, shall hold no second place among the great names of my book. I shall tell the national story principally but not entirely by the story of those men who rode upon the crest of their time, and shall strive to celebrate the manifold victories of Peace with at least as much fulness and glow as are usually accorded in the more romantic triumphs of the sword.

CHAPTER IX.

LIFE AND LAW IN ANGLO-NORMAN ENGLAND.

Feudal divisions.	Dubbed a knight.	A single coin.
The Norman keep.	Dress in war and peace.	<i>Curia regia</i> .
Homage.	Meals and food.	Duel and assize.
Domestic life.	Amusements.	Roots of law.
Hound and hawk.	The monastery.	Royal revenue.
The tournament.	Norman schools.	

HAVING already stated that the Norman Conquest rooted the Feudal System firmly upon English soil, and having briefly described the features of that great network of steel and stone, I now proceed to notice, in somewhat fuller detail, the life of those barons and vassals who lived under the sceptre of the early Norman kings.

The Norman conquerors consisted, speaking generally, of the *tenants-in-chief*, who held their lands directly from the crown and formed the aristocracy of the land ; and those *free-tenants* or *franklins* who held fiefs under the *tenants-in-chief*. The mass of the conquered Saxons were reduced either to villenage or serfdom. The *villein* (from *ville*), of whom there were two classes,—the *villein regardant*, attached to the soil, and the *villein in grosse*,

attached to the person of his lord,—could, in theory at least, own neither money nor goods. Yet he often bought his freedom. To become a priest or escape to a town were other methods of obtaining this boon. In both instances he was considered as having exchanged one service for another, for priests served the Church, and corporate towns ranked as barons. The line between the villein and the freeman was not always sharply drawn, for freemen sometimes did villein's service upon land held upon that tenure. The poor *serf*, lowest grade of all, took rank with the oxen and the swine he tended, being like them the property of his master.

The tall frowning keep and solid walls of the great stone castles, in which the Norman barons lived, betokened an age of violence and suspicion. Beauty gave way to the needs of safety. Girdled with its green and slimy ditch, round the inner edge of which ran a parapeted wall pierced along the top with shot-holes, stood the building, spreading often over many acres. If an enemy managed to cross the moat and force the gateway, in spite of a portcullis crashing from above and melted lead pouring in burning streams from the perforated top of the rounded arch, but little of his work was yet done, for the keep lifted its huge angular block of masonry within the inner bailey or court-yard, and from the narrow chinks in its ten-foot wall rained a sharp incessant shower of arrows, sweeping all approaches to the high and narrow stair, by which alone access could be had to its interior. These loopholes were the only windows, except in the topmost story, where the chieftain, like a vulture in his rocky nest, watched all the surrounding country. The day of splendid oriels had not yet come in castle architecture.

Thus a baron in his keep could defy, and often did defy, the king upon his throne. Under his roof, eating daily at his board, lived a throng of armed retainers, and round his castle lay farms tilled by martial franklins, who at his call laid aside their implements of husbandry, took up the sword and spear which they could wield with equal skill, and marched beneath his banner to the war. With robe ungirt and head uncovered each tenant had done homage and sworn an oath of fealty, placing his joined hands between those of the sitting baron and humbly saying as he knelt, "I become your man from this day forward, of life and limb and of earthly worship, and unto you shall be true and faithful, and bear to you faith for the tenements that I claim to hold of you, saving the faith that I owe unto our sovereign lord the king." A kiss from the baron completed the ceremony.

The furniture of a Norman keep was not unlike that we saw in the Saxon house. There was richer ornament—more elaborate carving. A *faldstol*, the original of our arm-chair, spread its drapery and cushions for the chieftain in his lounging moods. His bed now boasted curtains and a roof, although like the Saxon lord he still lay only upon straw. Chimneys tunnelled the thick walls, and the cupboards glittered with glass and silver. Horn lanterns and the old spiked candlesticks lit up his evening hours, when the chess-board arrayed its many men, carved out of walrus-tusk, then commonly called whale's-bone.

But he had an unpleasant trick of breaking the chess-board on his opponent's head, when he found himself check-mated, which somewhat marred said opponent's enjoyment of the game. Dice of horn and bone emptied many a purse in Anglo-Norman days. Tables and draughts were also played. Dances and music wiled away the long winter nights, and on summer evenings the castle court-yards resounded with the noise of foot-ball, *kayles* (a sort of ninepins), wrestling, boxing, leaping, and the fierce joys of the bull-bait.¹ But out of doors, when no fighting was on hand, the hound, the hawk, and the lance attracted the best energies and skill of the Norman gentleman.

Rousing the forest-game with dogs, they shot at it with barbed and feathered arrows. A field of ripening corn never turned the chase aside; it was one privilege of a feudal baron to ride as he pleased over his tenant's crops, and another to quarter his insolent hunting train in the farm-houses which pleased him best. The elaborate details of *woodcraft* became an important part of a noble boy's education, for the numerous bugle calls and the scientific dissection of a dead stag took many seasons to learn. After the Conquest to kill a deer or own a hawk came, more than ever, to be regarded as the special privileges of the aristocracy. Hence the rage of *Cœur de Lion*, when he heard a falcon's cry from the door of a Calabrian peasant's hut. The hawk, daintily dressed as befitted the companion of nobility, with his head wrapped in an embroidered hood and a peal of silver bells tinkling from his rough legs, sat in state, bound with leathern jesses to the wrist, which was protected by a thick glove. The ladies and the clergy loved him. By many a mere fat abbots ambled on their ponies over the swampy soil, and sweet shrill voices cheered the long-winged hawk, as he darted off in pursuit of the soaring quarry.

The author of *Ivanhoe* and kindred pens have made the tournament a picture familiar to all readers of romance. It therefore needs no long description here. It was held in honour of some great event—a coronation, wedding, or victory. Having practised well during squirehood at the *quintain*,² the knight, clad in full armour, with visor barred and the colours of his lady on crest and scarf, rode into the lists, for which some level green was chosen and surrounded with a palisade. For days before, his shield had been hanging in a neighbouring church, as a sign of his intention to compete in this great game of chivalry. If any stain lay on his knighthood, a lady, by touching the suspended shield with a wand, could debar him from a share in the jousting. And if, when he had entered the lists, he was rude to a lady or broke in any way the etiquette of the tilt-yard, he was beaten from the lists with the ash-wood lances of the knights. The simple joust was the shock of two knights, who galloped with levelled spears at each other, aiming at breast or head, with the object either of unhorsing the antagonist, or, if he sat his charger

¹ We learn that horse races were held during this period at Smithfield.

² The Quintain was a revolving wooden figure—often representing a Saracen,—which, if not struck right in the centre with the blunted lance, whirled rapidly on its pivot, and dealt the awkward marksman a smart stroke of its outstretched wooden sword.

well, of splintering the lance upon his helmet or his shield. The *mellay* (*mêlée*) hurled together, at the dropping of the prince's baton, two parties of knights, who hacked away at each other with axe and mace and sword, often gashing limbs and breaking bones in the wild excitement of the fray. Bright eyes glanced from the surrounding scaffolds upon the brutal sport, and when the victor, with broken plume and dusty battered red-splashed armour, dragged his wearied or wounded limbs to the footstool of the beauty who presided as Queen over the festival, her white hands decorated him with the meed of his achievements.¹

The little page, well trained in manners, music, chess, and the missal, left the society of the ladies at about fourteen, to enter on the duties of a squire. Having received a sword and belt at the altar, he was entitled to carve at table, to rivet his master's armour in camp and tilt-yard, and to follow the knight in the charge with spare lances and a led horse. Then at twenty-one, or upon the performance of some valorous deed, he kept vigil in a church, received his golden spurs, bent for the *accolade*,² and rose from his knees a dubbed knight.

The chain-mail of the first Crusaders was exchanged in the fourteenth century for plate armour, which at last grew so heavy that an unhorsed knight lay sprawling on the battle-field in his iron shell, like a huge disabled lobster—useless, ungainly, and utterly at the mercy of the timidest dwarf who chose to thrust a dagger between the joints of his armour. The Norman conquerors, clad in mail formed of steel lozenges sewed on a leathern or woollen suit, not only shaved the upper lip and chin but even the back of the head,—a circumstance which accounts for the mistake of Harold's spies. The Norman dress of peace consisted of a tunic, long tight hose, a short cloak lined or trimmed with expensive fur, and shoes with peaked toes curling like a cork-screw or a scorpion's tail. Ladies exchanged the Saxon gown for a flowing robe with sleeves so long that they were knotted up to keep them from trailing on the ground. The shaveling soldiers of the Conquest, imitating the Saxon fashion, soon began to grow long beards and wear their hair in masses on the neck. So far did the hirsute fashion run, that bishops, having preached upon the enormity of the offence, descended from the pulpit to clip the congregation all round, as the only sure way of remedying the evil. Henry II., who won his name of *Curtmantle* by the restoration of the little Norman cloak, also set the example of shaving closely. Both beard and monstache, however, broke out into full luxuriance under Cœur de Lion—a result perhaps of camp-life in the Crusades.

The Normans probably dined at nine in the morning. When they rose they

¹ The people imitated this aristocratic sport by tilting against each other from swiftly pulled boats; and boys, skating on the Thames with the shank-bones of sheep tied to their feet, played at tournament with staves. The quarterstaff was a species of long cudgel, greatly used by the peasantry and yeomen of the time.

² The *accolade* was a blow from the flat of a sword, administered to the candidate for knighthood by the prince or noble who conferred the rank.

took a light meal, and ate something also after their day's work, immediately before going to bed. Goose and garlick formed a favourite dish. Their cookery was more elaborate and, in comparison, more delicate than the preparations for a Saxon feed. But the character for temperance, which they brought with them from the Continent, soon vanished, for they learned from the conquered Saxons to gorge and swill till they were sick. The poorer classes hardly ever ate flesh, living principally on bread, butter, and cheese; a social fact which seems to underlie that usage of our tongue by which the living animals in field or stall bore Anglo-Saxon names—ox, sheep, calf, pig, deer—while their flesh, promoted to Norman dishes, rejoiced in names of French origin—beef, mutton, veal, pork, venison. Round cakes, piously marked with a cross, piled the tables, on which pastry of various kinds also appeared. In good houses cups of glass held the wine, which was borne from the cellar below in jugs. Squatted round the door or on the stair leading to the Norman dining-hall, which was often on an upper floor, was a crowd of beggars or lickers (*lecheurs*), who grew so insolent in the days of Rufus, that ushers armed with rods were posted outside to beat back the noisy throng, who thought little of snatching the dishes as the cooks carried them to table.

The *jougleur*, who under the Normans filled the place of the Saxon gleeman, tumbled, sang, and balanced knives in the hall, or out in the bailey of an afternoon displayed the acquirements of his trained monkey or bear. The fool too, clad in coloured patch-work, cracked his ribald jokes and shook his cap and bells at the elbow of roaring barons, when the board was spread and the circles of the wine began. Already strolling players, tramping round the land, had roused the anger of the Church by the licentious doggerel which they recited in market-places and court-yards, and had induced zealous priests to get up Mysteries or plays founded on the Bible stories, as an influence calculated to neutralize the poison they diffused in the public mind. Thus originated the earliest form of our English drama.

While knights hunted in the greenwood or tilted in the lists, and *jougleurs* tumbled in the noisy hall, the monk in the quiet Scriptorium compiled chronicles of passing events, copied valuable manuscripts, and painted rich borderings and brilliant initials on every page. These illuminations form a valuable set of materials for our pictures of life in the Middle Ages.¹ Monasteries served many useful purposes at the time of which I write. Besides their manifest value as centres of study and literary work, they gave alms to the poor, a supper and a bed to travellers; their tenants were better off and better treated than the tenants of the nobles; the monks could store grain, grow apples, and

¹ The celebrated Bayeux tapestry affords our best material for vivid sketches of Norman life at the time of the Conquest. This great roll of linen (214 feet by 20 inches) contains a series of views, worked in coloured wool, of the Norman Conquest—from Harold's departure for Normandy to the defeat of the Saxons at Hastings. Wrought, it is said, by Matilda the Conqueror's queen and by her presented to the Cathedral of Bayeux, where Odo was bishop, it has come down to our day in good preservation, and is now kept on a roller in the hotel of the prefecture of Bayeux, which is a town of Calvados in France, situated on the little river Aure.

cultivate their flower-beds with little risk of injury from war, because they had spiritual thunders at their call which awed the superstitious soldiery into a respect for sacred property. Splendid structures these monasteries generally were, since that vivid taste for architecture, which the Norman possessed in a high degree, and which could not find room for its display in the naked strength of the solid keep, lavished its entire energy and grace upon buildings lying in the safe shadow of the Cross. Nor was architectural taste the only reason for their magnificence. Since they were nearly all erected as offerings to Heaven, the religion of the age, such as it was, impelled the pious builders to spare no cost in decorating the exterior with fretwork and sculpture of Caen stone, the interior with gilded cornices and windows of painted glass.

As schools too the monasteries did no trifling service to society in the Middle Ages. In addition to their influence as great centres of learning, Anglo-Saxon law had enjoined every mass-priest to keep a school in his parish church, where all the young committed to his care might be instructed. This custom continued long after the Norman Conquest. In the Trinity College Psalter we have a picture of a Norman school where the pupils sit in a circular row round the master as he lectures to them from a long roll of manuscript. Two writers sit by the desk, busy with copies resembling that the teacher holds. The youth of the middle classes, destined for the cloister or the merchant's stall, chiefly thronged these schools. The aristocracy cared little for book-learning. Very few indeed of the barons could read or write. But all could ride, fence, tilt, play, and carve extremely well ; for to these accomplishments many years of pagehood and squirehood were given. The University of Oxford was fast growing into a formidable rival of the great school at Paris. But the latter still sent forth the greatest men of the age. Becket and that noted English monk, born near St. Albans,—Nicholas Breakspear who became Pope in 1154 under the name of Adrian IV.,—were both distinguished students of Paris.

The only Norman coin we have is the silver penny. Round halfpence and farthings were probably issued. As in Saxon days the gold was foreign. In the reign of the Conqueror and for some time afterwards tax-collectors and merchants reckoned money after the Saxon fashion already noticed.

At the Conquest the Saxon Witenagemot gave place to the *Curia Regis*, formed of the barons or royal tenants-in-chief who assembled in the palace on stated occasions to feast at the King's expense and transact the public business of the realm. The King enacted laws by the advice and with the consent of this council, so that the double sanction of royalty and nobility came to be regarded in the popular mind as essential to the reality of a law. During the frequent absences of the Norman kings the chief Justiciar sat as president of the *Curia*, having associated with him in the management of affairs the Constable, the Marescall, the Chamberlain, the Chancellor, and the Treasurer. As business increased the *Curia* broke into several courts—Common Pleas, Chancery, King's Bench, and Exchequer ; of these the Exchequer was historically oldest. And

when it became difficult for the Justiciar to travel about the land, Justices in Eyre (i.e. itinerant) were appointed, who went on circuit in the character of royal commissioners, not only to try criminals and hear pleas, but to receive oaths, to collect taxes, to inspect garrisons, and to regulate coins. The great council, held at Northampton in 1176, divided the country into six circuits.

The Ordeals gradually fell into disuse and were at last forbidden by the Church. The *Duel* and the *Grand Assize*, the former brought from Normandy about the time of the Conquest, the latter instituted by a law of Henry II., became the modes of decision in cases of uncertain guilt or liability. The *Duel*, like the *Ordeal*, sprang from a belief that God defends the right and cannot allow the innocent to be vanquished. So plaintiff and defendant fought it out, or paid champions to do battle for them by proxy. If the *Grand Assize* was chosen instead of the *Duel*, four knights returned by the sheriff and twelve others from the district, chosen by them, were sworn to give a verdict on the case. Ranulf de Glanville, who bears an honoured name in English history, not only as a successful soldier but as a great legislator and the author of the oldest English law-book we have, "*Tractatus de Legibus et Consuetudinibus Angliæ*," is believed to have hit on the happy expedient of the *Grand Assize*, which we may regard as the first establishment of trial by jury in regular legal form.

The multitudinous laws of England, enacted during this period, grew from three great roots—the Common Law of the Saxon times which had taken shape and substance from long usage, the Canon Law of the Church, and the Roman Civil Law, which had begun to be studied deeply on the Continent and upon which lectures were delivered at Oxford in the reign of Stephen. From the clash of these three rival systems, the nation, groaning in the throes of revolution and transition, suffered heavily. The barons and the people stood firmly by the Common Law, with which their best interests were deeply interwoven.

A Norman king derived his revenue from several sources, of which these are the principal :—

1. The *relief* or *fine*, paid by an incoming heir before he could take possession of his estate. This stood for the Saxon *heriot* or suit of armour, given under similar circumstances.

2. The *primer seisin*, a year's or half-year's income of the lands, payable only by tenants of the crown.

3. The rents of above fourteen hundred royal manors, held in addition to more than eight hundred hunting grounds.

4. *Fines of alienation*, paid when a tenant sold or gave any part of his lands to a stranger.

5. *Aids*, paid to ransom the king, to portion his daughters, or to make his eldest son a knight.

6. The profits of *wardship* and *marriage*, for the crown managed the estates of minors and held the right of giving in marriage the heiresses and widows

of its tenants. A good round sum was generally needed to buy the royal consent.

7. The *danegeld* or *hideage*, a Saxon land-tax revived by the Conqueror.

8. Various taxes called *scutage*, (a substitute for that armed soldier whom every royal tenant was originally bound to furnish and maintain during forty days, for every knight's fee he owned)—*hearth-money* and *moneyage*, (the latter being a shilling on each hearth every three years, paid to the king that he might not tamper with the coinage. Henry I. abolished it on his accession)—*customs*—*tallages* or *cuttings*, a property tax on towns and boroughs.

9. Purveyance and pre-emption, by which the king's servants were permitted to take provisions, horses, and carriages for the use of the royal household at a certain price, whether the owner consented or not.

10. Criminal fines and confiscations.

11. Robbery of their subjects, whether openly or under the flimsy disguise of a benevolence or loan.

12. Treasure trove—royal fish—waifs and strays—idiots' estates—wrecked goods—spoils in war—also helped to fill the royal coffers.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE FIRST BOOK,

ARRANGED ACCORDING TO RACES AND REIGNS.

TIME OF THE ROMAN OCCUPATION—55 B.C. to 410 A.D.

B.C.

55. August 26.—*Julius Caesar* lands with two legions in Kent—stays eighteen or twenty days.

54. Returns with five legions; crosses the Thames, and storms the town of Cassibelan; readily concludes peace.

A.D.

43. *Plautius*, lieutenant of *Emperor Claudius*, lands and is soon joined by the Emperor. Capture of Camulodunum. Britain called a Roman province. *Vespasian* in Britain subdues the Belgæ. *Caractacus* after a fight in Essex flees to Wales.

51. Defeat of *Caractacus* and the Silures by *Ostorius*.

59. Conquest of Mona (Anglesea), and final destruction of the Druid altars by *Paulinus*.

61. *Rising of the Iceni under Boadicea*. Sack of Camulodunum and London by the Britons. Massacre of seventy thousand Romans. *Boadicea*, defeated by *Paulinus*, poisons herself.

78. *Beginning of Agricola's propraetorship*. He defeats the Ordovices of South Wales.

79. *Agricola* fighting and forming camps in north-western Britain.

80. He advances to the Taus (Tay or Solway Frith.)

81. Builds a chain of forts from Forth to Clyde.

82. Overruns Galloway with a view to the invasion of Ireland.

A.D.

83. Advances almost to the Ochla. The Ninth Legion nearly cut to pieces.
84. *Defeats Galgacus on the moor of Ardoch in the battle of the Grampians.* His fleet sails round Britain, the insularity of which had previously been only guessed at.
86. *Agricola recalled by the jealous Domitian.*
121. Hadrian builds his great wall, seventy miles long, from the Solway Frith to the Tyne. It required ten thousand defenders.
140. The wall of Antonine, built by Urbicus, from the Forth to the Clyde, a distance of about thirty-one miles.
209. *The great campaign of Severus in the Caledonian forests; he penetrates to the Moray Frith.*
211. Death of Severus at Eboracum (York).
269. *The revolt of Carausius, captain of the Channel Fleet. He seizes Gesoriacum and assumes the purple in Britain.*
267. Assassination of Carausius by Allectus.
267. Sack of London by Picts, Scots, and Attacotti—a sign of the weakness of the Roman rule at that time.
410. *The Letters of Honorius, telling the cities of Britain to provide for their own safety. End of the Roman Occupation.*

TIME OF THE SAXON HEPTARCHY—410 A.D. to 823 A.D.

432. St. Patrick preaches the Gospel at Tara in Ireland.
449. *The reputed landing of Hengist and Horsa at Thanet in Kent. Three tribes—Jutes, Angles, Saxons—are said to have been represented by the crews of their three ships. Various settlements of Teutonic tribes on the southern and eastern coasts of Britain form seven or eight kingdoms. The names and assigned dates follow:—*
457. Kent, founded by..... Hengist.
490. South Saxony, founded by Rlla..... = Sussex and Surrey.
519. Wessex, founded by Cerdic ... = Hants, Wilts, Dorset, Devon.
537. East Saxony, founded by... Krosenwin = Essex, Middlesex.
547. Northumbria, founded by Ida..... = East shore from Humber to Forth.
575. East Anglia, founded by... Uffa..... = Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge.
582. Mercia, founded by..... Crida..... = Midland Counties.
597. *Landing in Thanet of Augustine and forty monks, sent by Pope Gregory at the request of Ethelbert of Kent.*
617. *Battle of the Idel, which restores Edwin of Deira to his throne.*
637. Christianity planted in Northumbria by means of Paulinus. Coifi hurls his spear into the idol's shrine.
633. Death of Edwin in battle at Hatfield Chase in Yorkshire, where Penda and Cadwalla rout the northern army.
656. Death of Penda, king of Mercia, in the battle of the Winwed near Leeds.
688. *Ira, the lawgiver, ascends the throne of Wessex.*
753. Battle of the Windrush, which determines the ascendancy of Wessex over Mercia.
787. *Landing of three Danish ships at Dorchester—being the beginning of the Danish incursions.*

A.D.

796. Death of Offa, king of Mercia, who had beaten the Cymri at Rhuddlan.
 800. Egbert, king of Wessex, restored to his rightful throne.
 823. *He subdues Mercia in the battle of Wilton*, after which Kent, Essex, Northumbria, and East Anglia submit to his sword.
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TIME OF THE EARLY SAXON KINGS—823 A.D. to 1017 A.D.

835. Egbert defeats the Danes at Hengsdown Hill in Cornwall.
 836. Death of Egbert.
 849. Birth of his grandson Alfred at Wantage.
 871. *Accession of Alfred*. Battle of Wilton.
 877. Alfred hides in the marsh of Athelney for the winter.
 878. *Battle of Ethandune*, in which Guthrum is defeated. Treaty of Wedmor, by which he receives baptism and the Danelagh.
 893. Hastings, the Sea-king, anchors off the Kentish shore with two hundred and fifty sail. Desolating war for four years.
 896. The fleet of the Danes stranded at Ware on the Lea by Alfred, who turns the stream aside.
 901. *Death of Alfred*, aged fifty-two. He is buried at Winchester.
 938. *Battle of Brunanburgh* in Lincolnshire, where Athelstan, Alfred's grandson, defeats a league of Danes, Scots, and Cymri. Athelstan calls himself "King of England."
 956. Quarrel of Edwy and Dunstan. Flight of the latter to Flanders.
 963. *Dunstan made Archbishop of Canterbury*. He stands out as the champion of the Benedictines, in their struggle with the parish clergy of England about the lawfulness of priestly marriages.
 978. Meeting of the Synod of Calne. Fall of that part of the floor which held Dunstan's opponents.
 988. *Death of Dunstan* at Canterbury.
 1002. The massacre of Danes on St. Brice's Day by order of Ethelred the Unready. Next year Sweyn, whose sister and brother-in-law were killed, takes a terrible revenge.
 1013. Return of Sweyn, who sets up a rival throne at Bath. Ethelred flees to Normandy. Sweyn dies in 1014.
 1017. *Accession of Canute the Dane* after a six months' struggle with Edmund Ironside, who dies just after the Treaty of Olney has divided the kingdom.
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TIME OF THE DANISH KINGS—1017 A.D. to 1041 A.D.

1026. Canute's invasion of Scandinavia. After some campaigns he expels Olaf, and receives the crown of Norway.
 1031. Canute's pilgrimage to Rome. He obtains remission of taxes and tolls on English pilgrims and students.
 1035. *Canute's triple kingdom falls asunder on his death*. Accession of Harold, who reigns four years.
 1039. Accession of Hardicanute, his half-brother.

A.D.

1041. *The crown returns to the Saxon line* in the person of Edward the Confessor, through the influence of Godwin, Earl of Kent and Wessex.

TIME OF THE RESTORED SAXON LINE—1041 A.D. to 1066 A.D.

1042. Danegeld abolished by the Confessor.
 1061. Rapture between the King and Godwin, rising out of the riot at Dover. Godwin sails away to Flanders. Visit of Duke William of Normandy to England.
 1062. Godwin returning is received in London with joy. Flight of the Norman primate and other foreigners.
 1063. Death of Godwin. Speedy rise of his son Harold, who invades Wales.
 1066. Death of the Confessor. Election of Harold. Battle of Stamford Bridge (Sept. 25). *Battle of Hastings or Senlac* (Oct. 14).

DYNASTY OF THE NORMAN KINGS—1066 A.D. to 1154 A.D.

1. WILLIAM I. or THE CONQUEROR (1066-1087).

Married MATILDA OF FLANDERS.

1066. Dec. 25.—Coronation. Massacre of the London citizens.
 1067. William crosses to Normandy. Revolt in Kent and the south-west. Siege of Exeter (1068).
 1069. A Danish force, aided by Saxon exiles, takes the city of York. Desolation of the northern shires by William in revenge.
 1071. *Hereward's camp in Ely stormed*. Wading through the fens, he escapes. Coronation of William by the papal legate, in token of his completed conquest.
 1072. William makes an expedition into Scotland and receives homage from Malcolm.
 1075. Execution of Waltheof, earl of Northumbria, last of the great Anglo-Saxons, for engaging in a plot with discontented Normans.
 1086. *Completion of Domesday Book*, decreed by the Council of Gloucester (1085).
 1087. Death of the Conqueror at Rouen of an inflamed bruise. He is buried at Caen.

2. WILLIAM II. or RUFUS (1087-1100).

Unmarried.

1093. Anselm made Archbishop of Canterbury.
 1096. *The First Crusade*, in which Robert of Normandy and Edgar the Etheling join.
 Anselm driven into exile (1097).
 1100. Rufus shot in the New Forest.

3. HENRY I. or BEAUCLERC (1100-1135).

Married, 1. MATILDA OF SCOTLAND; 2. ADELICIA OF LOUVAIN.

1106. *Battle of Tenchebrai*, in which Robert lost his coronet and freedom. Normandy annexed to the English crown.

A.D.

1107. The great question of Investitures, on which Anselm battled with the King, compromised at the Council of London.
 1118. Birth of Becket in Cheapside.
 1119. Battle of Brenville.
 1120. *Wreck of the White Ship, and drowning of Prince William in the Raz de Catteville.*
 1135. Death of Henry at St. Denis from a surfeit of eels.

4. STEPHEN, EARL OF BOULOGNE (1135-1154).

Married MATILDA OF BOULOGNE.

1136. *Battle of the Standard* at Northallerton.
 1139. Landing of Matilda and her half-brother at Arundel. Civil War begins.
 1141. *Battle of Lincoln*. Stephen made prisoner; afterwards exchanged for Robert, earl of Gloucester, who was taken at the siege of Winchester.
 1142. Siege of Oxford. Escape of Matilda over the snow to Wallingford.
 1142. Becket enters the household of Theobald.
 1143. Death of the Earl of Gloucester.
 1152. Arrival in England of Henry, Matilda's son.
 1153. *Treaty of Winchester*, by which Henry is acknowledged heir to the throne.
 1154. Death of Stephen. Accession of Henry II., first King of the Plantagenet line.

DYNASTY OF THE PLANTAGENETS—1154 A.D. to 1485 A.D.

1. HENRY II. or CURTMANTLE (1154-1189).

Married ELEANOR OF GUIENNE, THE DIVORCED WIFE OF LOUIS VII. OF FRANCE.

1155. Becket raised to the dignity of Chancellor.
 1159. *Scutage* levied, by advice of Becket, for the war in Toulouse. Becket in helm and cuirass leads seven hundred lances in the war.
 1162. June 3.—*Enthronement of Becket as Archbishop of Canterbury* in the room of old Theobald, his early patron. Beginning of difficulties between the Primate and the King.
 1164. A great Council held at Clarendon in Wiltshire, at which eighteen articles of clerical reform, called the *Constitutions of Clarendon*, are submitted by the crown lawyers. Becket refuses to sign them. At the Council of Northampton, held in the following October, the breach becomes complete. Becket, fleeing to France, receives the abbey of Pontigny as a residence.
 1169. *Landing of Fitzstephen at the Bann near Wexford in Ireland*, to recover Leinster for the exiled Dermot.
 1170. After six years of exile Becket is apparently reconciled to Henry at Freteval in Touraine.
 Dec. 1.—Becket lands at Sandwich.
 Dec. 25.—Preaching at Canterbury, excommunicates the rector of Harrow.
 Dec. 29.—*Is murdered on the altar of Canterbury* by four knights of Henry's court.
 Sept.—Richard le Clare, earl of Pembroke, surnamed Strongbow, takes Waterford, and expels the Danes from Dublin.

AD.

- 1171. King Henry and Strongbow sail to Ireland. Henry winters there, living chiefly in Dublin.
- 1172. *Synod of Cashel*. April.—Return of Henry to England.
- 1173. Henry's sons, urged by their jealous mother, rise in revolt.
- 1174. The King does penance at Becket's tomb.
Capture at Alnwick by Glanville of William the Lion, king of Scotland, who by the Treaty of Falaise agreed to swear fealty to Henry as his liege lord, and do homage for Scotland as a fief of the crown.
- 1176. The Council of Northampton, which establishes the principle of the Assize.
- 1180. Death of Henry at Chinon, aged fifty-seven.

2. RICHARD I. or CŒUR DE LION.

Married BERENGARIA OF NAVARRE.

- 1189. Accession of Richard, Henry's third son.
- 1190. *Armies of the Third Crusade muster at Vezelai.*
- 1192. Seizure of Richard near Vienna.
- 1193. His defence before the Diet of Worms.
- 1194. His return to England, being ransomed at a great price.
- 1196. A demagogue, called Fitzosbert or popularly Longbeard, hanged for sedition at Tyburn.
- 1199. Death of Richard in France, caused by the rankling of an arrow-wound.

3. JOHN OF LACKLAND (1199-1216).

Married, 1. ISABEL, GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF GLOUCESTER—Divorced;

2. ISABELLA OF ANGOULEME.

- 1199. Accession of John, Richard's younger brother.
- 1200. Supposed murder of young Arthur at Rouen.
- 1204. *Loss of Normandy*, and all other French provinces except Aquitaine.
- 1207. *John's quarrel with the Pope* about the see of Canterbury. The King nominates De Gray; the Pope, with whom the monks side, appoints Langton.
- 1208. England laid under an Interdict.
- 1212. *John said to be deposed by an edict of the Pope*, and Philip of France desired to occupy the vacant throne.
- 1212. At Dover John swears homage to the Pope, and agrees to pay tribute for England as a fief of the Papedom.
Annihilation of the French fleet at Damme off the Flemish coast by Longsword, earl of Salisbury.
- 1214. Defeat of the Emperor and the Earl of Flanders, allies of John, in the battle of Bouvines.
- 1215. *MAGNA CHARTA signed at Runnymede*, June 15.
- 1216. Invasion of England by the French under Louis at the invitation of the Barons.
Death of John at Newark after the loss of his baggage and jewels in the Wash.

BOOK II.

FIRST PERIOD.—THE BIRTH OF THE ENGLISH NATION.

FROM THE SIGNATURE OF MAGNA CHARTA IN 1215 A.D.
TO THE ATTACK ON CADSANT IN 1337 A.D.

CHAPTER I.

SIMON DE MONTFORT.

Montfort the Elder.
Regency of Pembroke.
Battle of Lincoln.
Quick lime at sea.
The Parliament of 1225.

Four French wars.
Fall of De Burgh.
Foreign favourites.
De Montfort.
The Provisions of Oxford.

Chaco.
Battle of Lewes.
Burgesses in Parliament.
Battle of Evesham.
Death of Henry.

WHILE mailed barons were wresting the Great Charter from the coward hands of John, a banished Englishman reddened the waters of the Garonne with the blood of the Albigenses. In 1218 a stone from the walls of Toulouse fractured the skull of this pitiless Crusader, who had already bestowed his name on a second son, that Simon de Montfort, with whom I have now to deal.

However, before the Crusader's son shines out in full brilliance, the reign of Henry, son and successor of John, has to drag out more than forty of its six and fifty years :—years of grumbling among barons and of weakness on the throne, yet withal years of steadily growing power, wealth, and knowledge, which then struck roots on English soil that have never lost their grasp.

In the first place little Henry must be crowned, for until that plain gold rim, which was hurriedly made to serve for the diadem buried in the quicksands of the Wash, rested on the curls of the fair-haired boy, the loyalty of the nation would not cling to him with all its might. So Gualo, the Papal legate, performed the ceremony at Gloucester on the 28th of October 1216. It was well for England and well for Henry that a great man was at hand to direct the fortunes of the state and secure the throne from a second French conquest. The Earl of Pembroke, Marshal of England, being chosen at the Great Council of Bristol *Rector Regis et Regni*, bent the skill of a soldier and the subtlety of a

pliant statesman upon the invading army of Louis and upon the barons, whose blunder had called that prince across the sea. For a time the sky looked very dark. Wales and Scotland lent their aid to the invader. London with its Tower lay in his hand. 'Tis true Dover Castle, defended by Hubert de Burgh, foiled his utmost skill and craft. But he sent his marauders as far north as Lincoln, and desolated the central shires with extreme cruelty. At Lincoln the Count de Perche, one of his generals, received a check, which resulted in the withdrawal of the French armies. Caught in the narrow streets of Lincoln, while battering the walls of the stubborn citadel, the gallant knight was forced to yield to the crossbows and lances of the English Regent, who had made a sudden dash through the gates. This battle, known as "The Fair of Lincoln," took place in the spring of 1217.

This heavy blow locked Louis up in London, which became a perfect hot-bed of plots and perils. But heavier yet was the defeat of that splendid fleet of more than eighty sail, which left Calais with three hundred knights and a large force of infantry, bound under the command of Eustace, a Flemish monk turned pirate, for service in the English war. As the huge armament bore away for the mouth of the Thames, a little English fleet of only forty ships, led by Hubert de Burgh, who was equally at home upon brine and battlement, crept between them and the wind, dashed on them in old Roman style with the iron beaks of their galleys, and from decks steaming with the white pungent smoke of slaking lime showered a sharp rain of arrows, which struck the blinded sailors down by scores. The head of Eustace, sent to the English court, told its bloody tale. Louis, hearing of this great disaster, gladly made terms. He had won little by his English trip; for his purse had run so low that the citizens of London had to pay his passage home.

The loss of wise and gallant Pembroke, who died in 1219, exposed England to the evils of a contest between two ambitious ministers, Hubert de Burgh, whose gallantry had made him the darling of the nation, and Peter de Roches, a subtle Poictevin, who had become Bishop of Winchester. The strife troubled the land but was too short for lasting results. Peter went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre when he felt the ground rocking below him, and Hubert stood without a rival in the direction of affairs.

The ninth year of Henry III. deserves especial remembrance in the history of the British Constitution. Upon the refusal of Louis, Dauphin no more but King, to give back those English possessions in France which had been wrung from John, Henry called a *Parliament* (then a new-fangled name for the council) at Westminster, and by the lips of De Burgh asked for money to carry war into France. Mark this—he *asked* for money; his fathers had been used to *take* it without going through the form of asking the owners' leave. Some of his iron-handed descendants adopted the same summary mode of filling an empty purse. But the great principle of our Constitution—that the right of controlling the public expenditure rests with the people from whose pockets the supplies are drawn—had begun to develop itself. Every session of the Par-

liament saw it striking deeper and stronger roots. In return for a tax of one-fifteenth of all moveable property granted with some grumbling
1225 by the assembled councillors, the king solemnly ratified the Great
 A.D. Charter, and issued orders that the royal officers should carry out all its enactments with vigour and care. This remodelled Charter of Henry's ninth year is in fact the document on which our national freedom rests. Westminster completed and revised the rougher draft of Runnymede.

To relate in detail how Henry made paralytic attempts to recover the broad acres his father had lost in France—how a movement in 1224 with its partial success encouraged him, five years later, to land at St. Malo¹ in person, and while he ate, drank, and dressed himself, to believe that he was conquering France—how at the entreaties of his mother Isabella, who had married the Earl of Marche, he in 1242 backed that nobleman in revolt against the French crown, until the battles of Taillebourg² and Saintes,³ fought on two successive days, drove him in pallid flight from the banks of the Charente—or how in 1254 he squandered English silver in Guienne, that he might baffle the claims which a prince of Castile had advanced to that province—would but serve to detain us from the great subject, which fills the latter years of the reign—the brief brilliant career of Simon de Montfort, the organizer, if not the founder of the British House of Commons.

When Henry came home from his idiotic campaign in Bretagne, every heart from the Tyne to the Tamar hissed him, as a coward and an idler. With illogical malice the beaten king turned on brave De Burgh, and, being provided with another minister, for De Roches had returned from pilgrimage, he worried the too faithful statesman into flight, and then sent a band of soldiers to drag him from his place of sanctuary to the Tower of London. The
1232 bishops crying out against this violation of a holy place, the fallen
 A.D. minister was carried back to the church, whence he had been hauled, was thrust in, naked and hungry, to spend forty miserable days in the cold damp building, round which a ditch and stockade had been carried to prevent his escape or his relief. Starved and shivered into a surrender, he lay a year in the castle of Devizes,⁴ until the news that his rival Peter the Poitevin had placed a vassal of his own in custody of the prison, forced him to prefer a drop by night into the slimy moat and a return to the unsafe sanctuary of a country church to the certain torture and probable death which awaited him at the hands of the new keeper. After eighteen months in Wales he came back to court, and to the council-board; but he had done with that statesmanship which had brought him such questionable rewards. His eight

¹ *St. Malo*, a well fortified town of about 21,000 inhabitants, built on the rocky isle of Aron in the department of Ille-et-Vilaine, near the mouth of the Rance.

² *Taillebourg*, a castle on the Charente in Saintonge.

³ *Saintes* (the Roman *Mediolanum*) a town of 10,000 inhabitants in the department of Charente-Inférieure, above the Charente, forty-three miles south-east of Rochelle.

⁴ *Devizes*, a borough of 6684 inhabitants in Wiltshire, twenty-two miles from Salisbury and nearly in the centre of the shire.

years of premiership (1224-1232), coupled with his gallantry by land and sea, entitle him to a distinguished place among the great names of this transition period. It is no bad sign, especially in days like those of which I write, to find a man deep in the people's heart. This was the proud distinction of De Burgh, due not only to his brilliant deeds of war but to his comparatively gentle administration of the law.

Peter's hatred of the English barons bore noble fruit. When he, a Poitevin, brought over swarms of his hungry countrymen, who ate English bread and yet mocked at the English laws, and when Henry's Provençal wife, Eleanor, brought a similar crowd of needy adventurers from the banks of the Rhone, the old English spirit rose. They had not endured such despite from the father; should they tamely bear it from the weakling son? The heart beneath each baron's cuirass said loudly "No." But it takes time to raise the English nation to a white heat. Session after session saw the meetings of the council grow more thunderous, more charged with a latent volcanic flame, which was steadily eating its way on to a mine of revolution.

It was then that the hero of the time appeared upon the scene. The elder Montfort of crusading infamy, who had acquired the earldom of Leicester by a marriage with Amicia, sister and co-heiress of the last earl, forfeited this dignity when he was banished from the English realm. About 1230 his second son and namesake, Simon, by consent of an elder brother, received the coronet again, and by a marriage with Eleanor, the Countess Dowager of Pembroke and sister of King Henry, obtained in England a position of remarkable prominence and power. His brilliant qualities then shone out in full lustre. His earnest piety and love of bookish men endeared him to the clergy. His warlike prowess and keen political foresight made him a man of mark among the barons. And to the people he was all in all, for he discerned their worth and weight in the triple union of a perfect constitution. Great men often embody in their lives a single thought, which weaves its colours into every act they do. The dominant idea of Montfort's life was "the people." Consciously or not, it was for them he spoke at Oxford and bled at Evesham.

The jealousy of Henry having banished him from England, he assumed for a time the government of Guienne. But he did not get on well with the turbulent nobles of southern France. Perhaps his father's name had much to do with this, for the scent of blood is no attractive odour. Listening to some murmurs from Guienne, Henry recalled the earl, and blustered out the big word "traitor" in his face. We can fancy the comical countenance of the little monarch, as he tried to look savage from under his drooping eyelid on the great man who stood contemptuously by his throne.

Montfort wore mail among the barons who assembled in complete armour in the council hall at Westminster on the 2nd of May, 1258. It was a gloomy time. Famine had seized the land. Foreigners were sucking out the nation's blood. And a weak king, whose mother, wife, and courtiers all twined his little brain round their fingers, had squandered English wealth in heaps upon

empty pageants and fruitless wars. Little wonder that swords rang sharply when Henry entered the hall. Paling at the sound, he began with a glibness of utterance, which would have done credit to his father John, to make all sorts of promises under the terror of the gleaming steel. One of his four half-brothers, sons of Marche, whom he pampered with the daintiest pickings of his realm, tried to bully the stern assembly. But he might as well have bullied granite rocks.

The adjourned assembly met at Oxford on the 11th of the following June. A muster of military tenants guarded the daring barons in the great work they had met to do. For it was no light thing to beard a King, and foreign lances hedged the throne in many a row. "The Mad Parliament," as Henry's partisans were silly enough to call the patriotic house, appointed, with-

1258 out a word from the frightened King, a committee of twenty-four
A.D. members, twelve chosen by the barons and twelve by the King, to reduce the affairs of the state to some degree of order. Some enact-

ments completed their business; of these the principal were (1) that four knights should be chosen by the votes of the freeholders in each county, to lay before the parliament all breaches of law and justice that might occur; (2) that a new sheriff should be annually chosen by the freeholders of each county; and (3) that three sessions of parliament should be held regularly every year—the first, eight days after Michaelmas, the second, the morrow after Candlemas Day, the third, on the first day of June. To maintain these *Provisions of Oxford* the King, his son Prince Edward, and the chief hangers-on of the court swore, for they dared not refuse, a most solemn oath. It took seven years of war and cost some noble blood to make that oath the seal of a reality.

The committee of twenty-four, moulded by the strong and skilful hands of Leicester, soon lost its royalist half; and the government rested in the council of state and a standing committee of twelve. But the work was too stern to be done by voice or pen alone. The sword was drawn. Not at once however. For five years change and disunion seemed to paralyze the national cause. Richard, King of the Romans,¹ a soldierly brother of Henry, who had won considerable fame as a Crusader, came over to prop the shaken throne. Leicester and Gloucester, leaders of the patriotic party, had a fierce quarrel, which sent the former for a time to France. Gloucester leant towards the King. Prince Edward threw the weight of his influence on the side of Leicester, who came back to England. Poor Henry mustered courage, screwed up by the possession of a Papal bull permitting him to break the oaths he took at Oxford, to dismiss the committee and seize London. Edward joined the barons. Many of them joined the King. Leicester, disgusted, crossed the sea again. All seemed a chaos of parties and partisans. The magic of the sword brought order, when order looked a hopeless thing

¹ The title "King of the Romans," was regarded as a certain step to the imperial throne of Germany. Emperors, desirous that their eldest sons should succeed them, caused the title to be invented. But in Richard's case the usual result did not follow. He never became Emperor, although he spent vast sums of English money in Germany with the view of securing votes. His English title was Earl of Cornwall.

The arbitration of the French king, Louis IX., failing to satisfy the barons, war began. It was easy at the beginning to see the superior strength of the national party, for the richest English shires, midland and south-eastern, the Cinque Ports, and above all London, filled with rich and sturdy citizens, glowed with ardour on the side of Leicester. Both parties plundered the wretched Jews without remorse or pity. In the first battle the King, breaking into Northampton, won a slight advantage. But Lewes¹ turned the scale. With an army, wearing the white cross on their breasts, Leicester descended from his camp on the slope of the South Downs to fight with Henry, lying in a hollow, which a lazy scorn, resulting from superior numbers, would not let him leave. Prince Edward, darting with his fierce cavalry too far in pursuit of a crowd of scattered Londoners, returned to find the battle lost, the field heaped with bleeding royalists, and the King his father a prisoner, locked fast in the Priory of Lewes. Stunned by this unexpected disaster, he fell with scarcely an effort to escape into the hands of the victors. By a treaty called "The Mise of Lewes," concluded on the following morning, it was agreed that another attempt should be made to patch up the quarrel by peaceful means, young Edward and his cousin Henry, Richard's son, remaining in the hands of the barons as hostages for their fathers.

May 14,
1264
A.D.

While Henry lay in custody, Montfort issued writs in the King's name for a parliament, which met in the beginning of the next year. Some earlier traces of the Commons being summoned to aid in the business of the great national council, may be found by the curious inquirer. But this parliament of 1265 affords the first direct evidence that the masses had begun to be fairly represented in the august assembly. Besides two knights to represent each county, *two citizens or burgesses were to be returned from every city and borough within it*. Thus the last, and in one sense the greatest, element was added to the completed parliament of England. Monarch—lords spiritual—lords temporal—knights of the shire were joined by the representatives of the rich and busy towns, with which, in spite of civil war and sweeping taxes, the land had become thickly studded. Admitted at first on sufferance that they might grant supplies to the needy rulers of the state, they sat a while dumb, or ventured only in the humblest manner to petition for redress of grievances in return for the money they granted. But, when they did find a voice, it was not very long before its free clear tone made kings tremble and give in.

1265
A.D.

The escape of Edward gave a new turn to the war. Blocked up on every side, and disappointed in aid he expected from his son, whom the royalists surprised by night near Kenilworth,² old Leicester stood gallantly at bay near

¹ Lewes, the county town of Sussex, lies above the Ouse, about seven miles from the sea. The hill, on which the battle chiefly raged, stands two miles to the north-west and is still called Mount Harry.

² Kenilworth, a market town of Warwickshire, four and a half miles from Warwick. It is noted for its magnificent castle, which was a stronghold of the Montforts, and was the scene of Dudley's splendid hospitality to Queen Elizabeth.

Evesham¹ on the Avon. Having prayed and taken the sacrament, "Sir Simon the Righteous," as the Commons loved to call their wise and virtuous champion, formed his troops into a solid round, and for a time baffled every charge of the foe. When his horse sank dead below him, the old man fought on foot with a courage that never quailed. His son fell. His friends lay in ghastly heaps around. There was nothing left him but to die, and he died sword August 4, in hand. A butchery of his surviving partisans stained the victory of 1265 the royalists, who wreaked a pitiful revenge on the great rival of A.D. their puny king by hacking off his head and limbs. Thus Montfort fell. The England of his own day loved him well, and in secret cherished his memory long. We, who enjoy the rich fruitage of the work he did and sealed with his blood at Evesham, have weighty reasons for blessing the name of this great and gallant man, who died six hundred years ago.

The death of Henry, whom this battle restored to freedom and an untroubled throne, followed in 1272. Prince Edward had gone, two years earlier, to share in the perils and very questionable glories of the eighth and last Crusade. To him I devote a future chapter, for he was unmistakably the greatest of the Plantagenets. But the name of a great man, whose victories were won with compass, crucible, and lens, not with steed and steel, deserves our notice first.

CHAPTER II.

ROGER BACON.

At college.
Settled at Oxford.
What Bacon knew.
Gunpowder.

The telescope.
Spectacles.
A wise Pope.
Opus Majus.

The charge of magic.
In prison.
Bacon's death.
Dead slander.

IN 1214, the year before John signed Magna Charta, a boy was born near Ilchester in Somersetshire, whose name has come to be associated in a remarkable way with science in the Middle Ages. He grew up, and at a fitting age entered the schools of Oxford, whence he passed to be finished at the University of Paris, then the great centre of European learning. His student life is to us a blank; but we can easily fancy the restless brain of the young Englishman, already teeming with daring and independent thought, chafing and fretting under the swaddling bands of the Aristotelian philosophy, which then absorbed the mental energies of almost all the learned world. Roger Bacon, so the young student was called, being no mean linguist, went deep into Aristotle in the Greek, and saw enough to convince him that the philosopher of

¹ *Evesham*, a borough on the Avon in Worcestershire, fifteen miles from Worcester. Population, 4603. It was originally called *Eovesham*.

Stagira was treated most unjustly by modern translators. "Oh," he writes in a fit of rage, "I would burn every translation if I could."

At the age of twenty-six Bacon, a skilful linguist and keen mathematician, returned to Oxford, when he assumed the grey robe of the Franciscans at the instance, it is thought, of Robert Grosstete (Greathead), 1240
 Bishop of Lincoln, who was esteemed a notable mathematician in an A.D.
 age when most scholars stopped short at the Fifth Proposition of the First Book. Within his quiet cell at Oxford Bacon devoted himself to study and experiment, spending, as he tells us, 2000 livres in twenty years upon books and instruments, the necessary material for his scientific toil. How much Friar Bacon really knew becomes an important question in dealing with the state of science in mediæval England. But it must not be forgotten that he shone like a solitary light in a mass of the thickest darkness. Astrologers and alchemists were not wanting in England, who wrought blindly on, little aware that in their search for gold and immortality they were clearing the way for the foundations of two great departments of natural science. And Bacon, bitten too with the gold-fever, bent many a night over the coloured flames of the glowing crucible in search of that magic stone, which was never found. But Bacon shot far into the future in his scientific knowledge. We do not wonder so much at his acquaintance with the nature and effect of a substance resembling gunpowder, of which he tells us that "with an instrument as large as the human thumb, by the violence of the salt called saltpetre, so horrible a noise is made by the rupture of so slight a thing as a bit of parchment, that it is thought to exceed loud thunder and the flash is stronger than the brightest lightning." For it is undoubted that several of the Asiatic nations, the Arabs for example, knew and wrote of this explosive substance, long before its introduction into Europe. But, when we find the distinct germ of those huge telescopes, which now pierce the deeps of space and turn the white dust of the Milky Way into clusters of blazing suns, developing itself in the little laboratory of this grey-robed monk of Oxford, more than three centuries before Galileo was born, we feel indeed that Roger Bacon was a man far in advance of his age, and hesitate not to class him, as a scientific mind, side by side with his illustrious namesake of the Elizabethan time. Although we know certainly from his writings that he understood the action of glass lenses upon the rays of light, we have no proof that he made a telescope however rude. With the single magnifying lens or simple microscope he was, of course, quite familiar. The words containing his idea of the telescope possess such interest that I need not apologize for quoting them.

"We can so shape transparent substances, and so arrange them with respect to our sight and objects, that rays can be broken and bent as we please, so that objects may be seen far off or near, under whatever angle we please; and thus from an incredible distance we may read the smallest letters, and number the grains of dust and sand, on account of the greatness of the angle under which we see them; and we may manage so as hardly to see bodies when

near to us, on account of the smallness of the angle under which we cause them to be seen; for vision of this sort is not a consequence of distance, except as that affects the magnitude of the angle. And thus a boy may seem a giant, and a man a mountain."

The first application of lenses in aid of defective sight—i.e., the invention of spectacles—seems, from the way in which Bacon speaks of this important subject, to belong to an earlier day.

The fame of Friar Bacon spread far and wide. But with the fame was coupled that penalty, which every man of superior knowledge paid in the Middle Ages for his renown. A belief fell upon men, that the Franciscan had nightly dealings with the Fiend; and stupid monks, who thought the refectory the finest room in the convent, crossed themselves with pious awe when they saw Brother Roger looking through bits of glass, or gazing with rapt face on a glorious rainbow embroidering the dusky sky. So much doubtless did the feelings of these pure good empty-headed men overcome them, when they thought of the black criminal they were harbouring among them, that they were not themselves again until a sympathizing cook had administered a copious dose of venison-pasty and foreign wine.

But there were men in Europe who appreciated Roger Bacon. When in 1265 a French priest, who had once been English Legate, assumed the tiara as Clement IV., he remembered the studious monk of whom he had heard so much, and whose writings Franciscan jealousy and suspicion had prevented from reaching him. At the request of this distinguished and liberal Pontiff Bacon sat down to write his "*Opus Majus*," for which the collected material was ready to his hand. Some tracts, already written, had given practice to his pen. In seven books of Latin, whose clear simplicity, contrasting strongly with the uncouth jargon which filled most monkish books of the day and displaying a fine reflection of the calm and steady light which burned within the brain of this great man, he summed up all he knew of science as it then was, treating, amongst other things, of grammar, mathematics, astronomy, chronology, geography, music, optics, and experimental philosophy in general; the geographical section, which combines the observations of the ancient world with the researches of contemporary travellers, possesses considerable interest. His examination of the calendar supplied arguments to men who investigated its defects two hundred years later. And although in his treatise on optics he does not quite explain the phenomena of the rainbow, he advances a theory on the subject—that it arises from the reflection of the sun's rays by the cloud—which clearly indicates powerful and well-directed thought, working earnestly after truth and aiming not so far amiss after all. Indeed for the time and the circumstances this rainbow theory was a wonderful feat of scientific speculation. When the "*Opus Majus*" was finished—it did not take him long—Bacon sent it by the hand of a favourite pupil and eminent mathematician, John of London, to the Pope, whose desire for knowledge had called it into being. Two other works by Bacon, *Opus*

Minus and *Opus Tertium*, the former an epitome, the latter a sequel of the *Majus*, are said to have been despatched to Rome at the same time.¹

The jealousy and hate, with which the heads of the Franciscan body regarded the daring philosopher, smouldered long but at last burst into flame. Nor was this wonderful. Corruption loves the darkness, and Bacon's honest hand had made great rents in the curtain, through which light began to flow. It was time to arrest this course of science, run mad as they thought. So a charge of magic, founded on the wretched old notion that he had the Devil's help, was trumped up against this glory of his cen- 1278
tury and land. His lecture-room was shut, his books were con- A.D.
demned as unholy things, and at the age of sixty-four, after a life more truly brilliant and useful than if he had shivered infinite lances on all the battle-fields of his time, he was summoned to Paris, that he might hear from the malicious lips of Jerome, General of his Order, a sentence of destruction against his books and imprisonment against his person. It seems a hard ending for such a blameless life. But the very nature of his occupations took the sting from the punishment; for it was not so difficult for a studious man to reconcile himself to the gloom of prison walls. His world lay within; and no change of place could rob him of empire there. So for ten years, while earnest efforts were made to obtain his release, he mused and theorized, probably experimented, and certainly wrote in his jail, very much as he had done in his cell at Oxford. Three times St. Peter's chair changed its sitters, before, at the intercession of some great men, his prison doors were unlocked. He came out to work as he had worked through all his life. Returning to Oxford to resume the pen, he found there a grave in the church of that Order, from whom he had suffered such bitter injustice and despite. His last work was a manual of theology, finished not long before his death, which probably took place in 1292.

Roger Bacon and his great Scottish contemporary and intellectual kinsman, Michael Scott of Balwearie, loved the crucible and the retort and the astro-labe, and dabbled in volumes of magical lore, such as the Arabs of Toledo loved and taught. They could not help taking a colour from the age they lived in, any more than the summer sea can help reflecting the sapphire arch that bends above it. But they were no mere alchemists or astrologers. Amid all the fascinations which the phantom-stone and the phantom-elixir exercised on their heated imaginations, in common with all the world in the Middle Ages, they clung with unswerving love to a goddess whose service brings its own reward. They loved Science for her own pure sake; and although a superstitious and jealous age branded them alive and dead with evil names and evil stories, they shine on the page of history, like great lights in a dark place, while their revilers and beliers lie in forgotten graves.

¹ The *Opus Majus* was edited in 1733 by Dr. Jebb. The seventh book, on Moral Philosophy, has been lost or overlooked. The manuscripts of the *Opus Minus* and the *Opus Tertium* lie in the Cottonian Library.

CHAPTER III.

THE GREATEST OF THE PLANTAGENETS.

Crusading	A French war.	Execution of Wallace.
The return.	Balliol's fall.	Robert Bruce.
A great scheme.	Tallage Act.	Blood on the altar.
Conquest of Wales.	Wallace.	Crowned.
The Scottish throne.	Stirling Bridge.	Hunted.
Balliol.	Falkirk Wood.	A last flicker of life.
Fights by sea.	Siege of Stirling.	Expulsion of the Jews.

A TALL strong long-legged black-haired ill-dressed king, with sharp bright eyes, one of which—the left—was slightly covered with a drooping lid, returned in 1274 from the Holy Land, to win by his soldierly prowess a name foremost among his race. Standing as he does on the royal roll between two weak kings, his father Henry and his namesake son, he forces us in admiration of his courage, which no difficulties could shake, almost to forget that his great springs of action were ambition and revenge.

A few words may dismiss his share in the last of the Crusades. When he reached Tunis, he found that pestilence had carried off St. Louis of France and half the red-cross army. But he resolved nevertheless to enter Palestine. Sailing from Sicily to Acre with about a thousand men, he stormed Nazareth, desecrating the scene of our Saviour's childhood with a brutal massacre of the vanquished Moslems. Then he lay at Acre for fifteen months, powerless for want of money and troops. Two castles and the spoils of a caravan formed the only acquisitions of this time. The story of the poisoned stab gives a spark of interest to the eventless war. As the prince lay one evening on a couch, clad in a loose robe, a young man came in, pretending that he brought letters from the Emir of Joppa. Approaching, he struck suddenly at the lounging prince with a dagger till then hidden in his flowing dress. Edward threw up his arm, received a flesh wound there, flung the assassin to the floor, and, wrenching the dagger away, slew the would-be slayer. As the blackening flesh showed that there was poison on the blade, the edges of the wound were cut away and certain drugs applied to neutralize the venom.¹

Edward, having made a truce for ten years, was on his way home through Italy, when at a village among the Calabrian mountains the sad news reached him that his father was dead. It smote him heavily. After spending some time in Rouen and in Paris he turned back to troubled Guienne. At a tournament, to which he was challenged by the Count of Chalons,² and which

¹ The romantic addition, which a Spanish chronicler, Roderic Santius, makes to this story rests on his authority alone, being found in no English writer of the time. Anxious for the credit of his countrywoman, Eleanor of Castile, he declares that she sucked the poison from the bleeding arm of her husband.

² This *Chalons-sur-Saône*, sixty-nine miles north of Lyons, must be distinguished from *Chalons-sur-Marne*, where Aëtius defeated Attila in 451 A.D.

turned from mimicry to the bloody reality of war, he baffled a fierce attempt of his rival to drag him from the saddle by a firm seat and a skilful touch of the spur. This turned the tables completely. The Count, dragged from *his* saddle, fell with a stunning crash to the ground, and had no resource but to surrender in disgrace or die. He chose the former.

Before crossing the sea to be crowned the English king did a very sensible thing. A quarrel between his father Henry and the Countess of Flanders had interrupted the important trade between the two countries. No wool went to Flemish looms. No dyed cloths came back to English stalls. It had long been the practice of the Flemish counts to let out foot soldiers on hire to the English kings, and some arrears of pay had accumulated about which the difficulty arose. Countess Margaret laid violent hands on all the English wool within her grasp. King Henry followed suit by seizing many bales of Flanders cloth. Flemish weavers starved, and Englishmen wore blanket coats, for they did not know the dyer's art. At last the Countess gave in, all the more readily that Henry was dead. Edward, stopping at Montreuil,¹ talked the matter over with some London mercers, and accepting the offered apology, set the currents of trade flowing once more from Scheldt to Thames and back again.

Landing at Dover in 1274, Edward and his Spanish wife were crowned, a few days later, in Westminster Abbey. As they entered London, banners of coloured silk flapped and rustled overhead, the fountains spouted wine, and the windows rained gold. All England rejoiced in the presence of a king, ripe in bodily strength and military skill, who gave promise of a long and glorious reign. The poor hunted Jews alone trembled and were sad, as indeed well they might.

Casting his eyes west and north, this tall soldier of six-and-thirty saw that the whole island was not his. It became the grand object of his life to push his English frontiers out to the sea on every side, absorbing Wales and Scotland in the greater might of the southern realm. How he proceeded to work out this colossal scheme of conquest, and how far he succeeded in its accomplishment, I have now to tell. A statesman's instinct, resting its conclusions upon the geographical position and structure of Britain, taught this keen-eyed king to foresee that our island, if held by one united national brotherhood, might defy the assaults or direct the destinies of almost all the world.

So, beginning with the nearer and, as it turned out, the easier task, he led an army in 1277 into Wales, where Llewelyn ap Gryffyth wore the ancient crown. All the Norman kings, but one or two, had turned **1277** the edge of their swords upon the rocks of Wales. Edward himself **A.D.** in 1263 had crossed the Severn and pierced a toilsome way to the foot of Snowdon without avail. He now came resolved to conquer. The struggle with Montfort and the storm of Nazareth had not been a barren

¹ *Montreuil* is in *Pas-de-Calais*, twenty-five miles south of Boulogne, and about four from the mouth of the Canche.

training. While he passed from Chester to Flint and Rhuddlan¹ with his soldiers, a fleet from the Cinque Ports blockaded all the havens of the Welsh coast. Shut in his forests, Llewelyn was starved into the acceptance of most humiliating terms. He was to pay 50,000 pounds, to yield all his kingdom as far as the river Conway, to do homage and to give hostages. Anglesea alone was to remain in his hands, but even for it he was to pay a yearly rent of 1000 marks. Of course such a treaty could not last. The flames of war soon broke out. David, the brother of the Welsh king, spurning the gilded bondage of the Plantagenet's court, where he had been almost petted into a traitor, seized Roger Clifford in bed at Hawardine Castle, and carried that cruel official of the English king a captive to the mountains. Welsh armies then laid siege to the castles of Flint and Rhuddlan. Edward, who had foreseen this crisis, cleared a way with the axe to Snowdon, while his fleet pounced upon Anglesea. Pouring round Snowdon bands of Basques from the gorges of the Pyrenees, men trained from boyhood to the warfare of the mountains, he tracked the Cymri to their remotest strongholds, and by a movement from the south compelled Llewelyn to march towards the Wye. There, caught with only one or

two attendants, while engaged in surveying the valley of that stream,
1282 the last king of Wales received a lance in his side, which laid him
 A.D. dead. His head, crowned in mockery with a silver rim and then with an ivy wreath, blackened and rotted on the battlements of the Tower of London. David tried to maintain the war. But vainly. Betrayed into English hands, he was hanged and mutilated with revolting cruelty at Shrewsbury in the following autumn. The conquered land, parcelled into counties and placed under the rule of sheriffs, thus became an appendage of the English crown. The wily King, dividing the central lands among his military chiefs, retained the sea-shore castles in his own hands, a plan which conduced much to the preservation of the peace. It so happened that a son and heir was born to Edward at Caernarvon Castle, just when the conquest of Wales was completed. Skilfully taking advantage of this circumstance, the English king, some time afterwards, erected his newly acquired territory into a principality, and made his little son the first Prince of Wales—greatly to the joy of the mountaineers, who hailed one born in their country as their lawful lord far more easily than they could acknowledge subservience to a king, who had been cradled by the Thames. That red crime, which has been charged on the memory of the Conqueror of Wales—a wholesale butchery of Bards at Conway—must be regarded as either a gross exaggeration or a pure invention of some unscrupulous story-teller, carried away by mistaken patriotism. We can, however, almost pardon an imposture, which supplied the poet Gray with material for his matchless lyric called "The Bard."

Thus Edward accomplished one portion of his scheme. He found the other a harder task. While he was in Guienne, news came that Alexander III. of

¹ *Rhuddlan*, a village of 1473 inhabitants, on the Clwyd in Flintshire, about two miles from the sea.

Scotland was dead, having in a dark night ridden over a precipice near Kinghorn. The news set Edward thinking. A little child of three, whom chroniclers call the Maid of Norway, had thus become by her grandfather's death the Queen of Scotland. Might he not bloodlessly secure the union of the crowns by a marriage between this girl and his son? The proposal was made; a treaty was concluded; and Scottish ships went over the sea to Norway to bring the little bride-elect to her mother's land. She died at Orkney in 1290, shattering every hope that had been built upon her life and reign. Edward then resolved to shape the unhappy strife, which rose around the vacant throne, to his own ambitious ends. Of thirteen, who claimed the royal seat, only two seemed to possess any solid reason in their claim. They were John Baliol of Galloway, and Robert Bruce of Annandale, both descended from David of Huntingdon, the brother of William the Lion. Bruce was the son of Isabella, David's second daughter. Baliol was the grandson of Margaret, his eldest daughter. Bruce was nearer to the royal stock; Baliol more in the direct line. Edward, being invited to act as umpire in this momentous dispute, asked the Scottish nobles to meet and hear his decision. They assembled in 1291 in the parish church of Norham,¹ where Edward struck them into stone by asserting his feudal superiority over Scotland and demanding that it should be at once recognized. The homage done by William the Lion to his captor Henry II. formed the only ground on which this startling claim could be defended. Edward chose to shut his eyes on the fact, that any feudal superiority, thus acquired by an English king over Scotland, had been cancelled by Richard I. in return for a round sum of money. Insolent as was this novel claim, the chief claimants of the Scottish crown agreed to bow to Edward's judgment as their liege lord and superior. He accordingly, after hearing both sides, gave the crown to Baliol. Four years 1292 passed before the crowded church-yard of Strathkathro near Mon- A.D. trose witnessed that crown plucked from the head of the shivering and degraded monarch.

While *Toom Tabard*, as poor Baliol was nicknamed, ran several times a year into England at the beck and summons of his supposed superior, a storm was brewing between the courts of England and France. The jealousy of rival sailors struck the first sparks. While some English galleys, bound for Bordeaux, were sailing in 1293 by the Norman coast, out came a Norman fleet, to seize the prizes and hang many men of their crews. The English Admiral, blazing up when he heard of this outrage, dashed into the mouth of the Seine, cut out six ships at anchor there, and, while he lay not far from the scene of this exploit, made a much greater haul upon a crowd of Norman wine ships, that were returning from the south. Every river and haven of Normandy poured forth its fiery tars, resolved to sweep the Channel clear of the insolent islanders. The Cinque Ports, nothing loath, mustered all their

¹ *Norham*, a castle on the English side of the Tweed, about half way between Berwick and the mouth of the Tyne.

strength for a final and crushing blow upon the arrogance of the French mariners. Round an empty ship, which was anchored somewhere between the hostile shores, the noise and ruin of the great naval duel raged, until whatever was left of the French hulls spread wing and fled, wounded and beaten, to their creeks and bays. This transaction embroiled Edward in a war with France, a complication of his scheme, which he had probably not foreseen. A few words may dismiss this French war, which produced no important results. The French king, Philip le Bel, seized Guienne and in 1297 poured sixty thousand men into the territories of Guy count of Flanders, who had formed a close alliance with the Plantagenet. Edward's expenditure of blood and gold in the double scene of war resulted only in defeat and humiliation. But a heavy blow received in 1302 at Courtrai, where the burghers of the Flemish towns defeated the steel-clad chivalry of France, cleared the way for the Treaty of Montreuil (1303), by which Edward got back Guienne. His soul had never been in this French war, for Scotland absorbed all his thoughts and energies.

That Edward had predetermined the invasion of Scotland is pretty clear; and it is more than likely that the repeated calls upon Baliol for acts of homage and journeys to England formed part of a deep scheme to goad that poor irresolute man into a weak rebellion which should permit Edward to draw the sword with some show of reason. Soon after the French war had begun to simmer, Baliol and his parliament, instead of sending military aid to Edward, as required, signed at Stirling a treaty, offensive and defensive, with the court of France. A raid into Cumberland, another into Northumberland, soon followed. Edward rode northward on his steed Bayard with a

March, great army, assaulted Berwick-on-Tweed and butchered all within
1296 its walls. A letter he got from Baliol a few days later, renouncing

A.D. all homage and fealty, did not tend to cool his fury. "Has this felon fool done such a folly?" said he in the Anglo-Norman speech of his court; and a few weeks saw Dunbar, Roxburgh, Dumbarton, Jedburgh, Edinburgh and Stirling all in his fierce grasp. Yet a few weeks, and pluckless Baliol, disrobed, discrowned, with the white rod of penance in his shivering hand, knelt on the sod at Strathkathro to confess his folly and his shame. Having penetrated to Elgin in order to complete his conquest and receive the oaths of the conquered nobles, the Plantagenet proceeded to organize a government, which might keep in subjection the territory he had won. John de Warenne, Earl of Surrey—Hugh de Cressingham—and William Ormesby remained to represent his royal self, holding respectively the great offices of Governor, Treasurer, and Justiciary. And various fierce officers of his host stayed behind to defend the numerous castles and peels he had taken in the basins of Tweed and Clyde. In this darkest hour of Scottish history a star shone suddenly out, bright with hope and courage. William Wallace appeared upon the scene. But before I trace the story of mingled light and shadow, which has lifted this great Scotsman so high among the patriots of

earth, I must turn for a little to a less romantic, but not less important subject,—a certain Act of Parliament passed at this eventful crisis of affairs.

It was a statute entitled "*De Tallagio non concedendo*," enacted in the September of 1297 by a parliament which Prince Edward held. Preceded by various symptoms, which bore unmistakable evidence 1297 of a deep and far-reaching discontent festering in the hearts of the A.D. people, this great law may be viewed as a later outgrowth of the seeds, which had produced Magna Charta and the representation of Burgesses in the Commons. But with this difference. The extortions, which had roused a crushed and impoverished nation to assert her rights at Runnymede and at Westminster, went to fatten France and French favourites. The money, snatched by Edward from his subjects, was principally devoted to wars, many of which served to gild the national name with a light it had never worn before. The seizure of all the wool and hides, which lay in the warehouses by the Thames and other outlets to the sea, raised a storm, which troubled all classes of the nation. Two of the greatest nobles in the land, the Earl of Hereford, who was Constable, and the Earl of Norfolk, who was Marshal of England, refused to leave the shore with the forces mustered for the Continental war. "You shall either go or hang," said the furious King. "I will neither go nor hang," said the undaunted Earl. This unpleasant incident displayed the spirit, whose leaven was spreading high and low. And before autumn had shed its last leaf, news went over the sea to the English king, whose campaign in Flanders had been wasted in serious frays with his allies there, telling him of two great defeats he had sustained at home—the loss of Scotland wrested from his soldiers by the victor Wallace, and the iron cramp of this great law, which a justly enraged people had fixed upon his grasping hand. The Tallage Act declared "that henceforth no tallage or aid should be levied without consent of the peers spiritual and temporal, the knights, burgesses, and other freemen of the realm." A gloomy winter indeed must King Edward have spent in Ghent, waiting for the spring of 1298, under the threefold shadow of Stirling Bridge, the Tallage Act, and his humiliations by the Scheldt!

William Wallace was the second son of Sir Malcolm, the knight of Ellerslie in Renfrewshire. Having killed an Englishman at Lanark, he became a leader in that guerilla warfare, with which the Scots contrived to annoy the scattered garrisons of English soldiers in the land. When he had acquired sufficient strength, he made a successful dash on Scone during the absence of Warrene. Many of the first nobles then flocked round this champion of Scottish freedom; among them was young Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, grandson of the man, whom Edward's choice had left without the doubtful glory of a vassal-crown. But clouds came over the Scottish cause in the south. Wallace moved northward, and after a series of brilliant sieges, which left him master of Brechin, Forfar, Montrose, and many other castles, he was lying before the beleaguered castle of Dundee, when secret news reached his camp, that an

English army of more than fifty thousand men under the old Earl of Surrey was in full march towards Stirling. He met them by the Forth with little more than forty thousand soldiers. And when Surrey, swayed by the impatient clamour of his hot-headed troops and not less by the gibes of pompous

Cressingham, permitted his battalions, breaking into slight threads
Sept. 11, of men, to cross the narrow bridge of wood, which spanned the
1297 stream, the Scottish leader poured from the broken hills down on the disordered half that had made the passage, and so threw the

A.D. entire army into miserable rout. The Forth was thick with bodies.

Cressingham's skin, flayed from his stiffened limbs, adorned the persons of the victors—a thing, which gives us a glimpse of warfare somewhat akin to that waged by Sioux or Delawares. Surrey rode to Berwick. Every keep disgorged its English garrison. And Wallace,—William the Conqueror as his heralds proudly styled him,—assumed the title of *Custos Regni Scotiæ*.

Edward, who hurried from Flanders in the spring of 1298 and joined a huge army already mustered on the plains near York, soon had his revenge for Stirling. But things looked black enough at first. For, contrary winds detaining his ships laden with stores, famine fell upon the host marching through a desolated land. A mutiny of his Welsh soldiers added to his troubles. Just at the worst there came to his camp two Scottish traitors, who told him that Wallace lay not far off in the woods at Falkirk.¹ Edward gladly seized the chance. The whole force slept that night in armour on Linlithgow Moor; and although a kick from his horse broke two of the king's ribs, he climbed into the saddle and rode with the morning light on to Falkirk where the Scottish army lay.

In the battle of that July day Wallace was thoroughly beaten. Four solid circles of pikemen, protected in front by a peat morass, divided by the archers of Ettrick Forest, and guarded by a line of ropes and stakes,

July 23, formed the Scottish array. The English attacked in three divisions.
1298 But it was not till huge stones and unceasing arrows had broken

A.D. the serried rim of the Scottish circles that the cavalry of Edward could produce any effect. Then the gapped and wavering circles soon dissolved in flight. An ungrateful aristocracy, swayed a good deal by jealousy, laid heavier blame on Wallace than this defeat deserved. He returned to his wild freebooting life; while the Guardians of Scotland, Bruce among them, kept up an irritating war with England.

When Edward had concluded the peace of Montreuil, he felt himself free to fling his full weight upon unhappy Scotland. For ninety days (April 22 to July 20, 1303) an English army lay round Stirling rock, which was defended by the gallant William Oliphant and a small garrison. King Edward moved about coolly amid the rain of darts and stones which came from the castle wall. At last, when food had failed, the defenders came out to throw

¹ Falkirk in Stirlingshire lies a little south of the Forth, about twenty-four miles from Edinburgh. It is now noted for its trysts, or cattle-fairs.

themselves on the victor's mercy. He scattered the chiefs among various English prisons; and marching right through the land from end to end reduced it once more to submission.

Soon after the fall of Stirling Wallace fell into the hands of his relentless foe. Hunted like a wild beast through the woods, this friendless man, being caught asleep, was borne to Dumbarton Castle, then commanded by Sir John Menteith, who forwarded the great prize of a fallen patriot to London. There, impeached of treason and condemned, he suffered a cruel death (August 23, 1305), his head being placed on the spikes of old London Bridge, and his hacked limbs sent to strike terror through the north.

Another man, not greater, only more successful, rose to fill the place of Scotland's champion. Bruce, educated in the household of King Edward, was placed in command of the great castle of Kildrummie in Aberdeenshire. He cherished a secret design upon the Scottish crown, to wear which he had some claim. The Red Comyn of Badenoch, Baliol's nephew, advanced a rival claim, and, it is said, disclosed the ambitious schemes of Bruce to the English monarch. Riding in flight from the English court, Bruce summoned Comyn to a meeting at Dumfries, and in the Church of the Grey Friars, stung by an insulting denial, so far forgot the place he stood in as to stab his betrayer by the altar steps. His friend Kirkpatrick, running in as Bruce ran out in dismay, completed the dreadful crime (Feb. 10, 1306).

It rocked the cause of Bruce to the lowest stone, for blood shed in a church was regarded as an everlasting stain. Yet Bruce must now go on. Borrowing robes, chair, and probably a rim of gold from some saintly statue, he received the Scottish crown at Scone, within two months of the bloody meeting at Dumfries. When the news of this daring move, for which Scottish affairs were hardly ripe enough, reached Winchester, where Edward lay old and sick, his wrath flamed violently up. But as he rested his long thin limbs upon an uneasy bed, he had a consolation, dear to a father's heart. His son Edward, tall strong and handsome, had reached an age which permitted him to receive the golden spurs. In this fresh-cheeked knight the old Plantagenet, looking with the partial eye of love, saw one who, he fondly hoped, would complete the great plan of conquest he had himself marked out. Bannockburn, only eight years later, showed on what a broken reed the dying warrior leant. After a splendid gathering of candidate knights in the gardens of the Temple and the court-yards of Westminster, after the Prince of Wales had received his spurs, and old Edward had sworn vengeance upon Scotland over two swans, sitting among gilded reeds and encircled with golden nets, the great armament, which had been mustering its strength against Bruce, moved towards the north.

To follow minutely the romantic adventures of the Scottish king during the year that elapsed before Edward's death, would carry me too far from my theme. Let it suffice to say, that this hope of Scotland, suffering a severe defeat in the wood of Methven near Perth, betook himself with his scanty

train to the mountains, suffered there many perils and distresses, and was at last forced to hide his head in the isle of Rathlin on the Irish coast.¹ A winter there gave him abundant time to think. Landing in Arran when spring returned, he crossed to the Carrick shore, deceived by a light which shone on a rock by Turnberry. The mistake was turned by valour into a success, for he wrested the castle of Turnberry from an English lord. Gathering strength by degrees, he defeated Pembroke and Gloucester, whom he drove into the castle of Ayr, and there besieged.

While Bruce was hiding in Rathlin, the king of England lay groaning with mortal pain at Lanercost. The spring air breathed a deceitful strength into his limbs. He thought himself fit once more for the saddle, and, offering up his litter in Carlisle cathedral, he feebly rode forward to the Solway shore, making six miles in four days. He never rode again. At Burgh-on-the-Sands on the 7th of July 1307 he died, aged then sixty-eight years. Scotland never saw a brighter day, than that on which the old warrior closed his eyes in death.

A striking event of this reign was the expulsion of the Jews from England. They had come to the island under the patronage of the Conqueror, and had lived, as many of them still do, chiefly by lending money at high rates of interest. The Conqueror had protected them. Henry II. permitted them, instead of carrying all their dead to be buried in London, to buy a cemetery near the walls of the city in which they lived. Richard I. gave them a dubious protection: but villanous John drew their teeth and emptied their purses. Henry III. taxed them, yet not with undue severity. But through all a feeling had been growing in the English breast against them, which their own usurious dealings and foolish zeal for making proselytes aggravated into rage. Various symptoms evidenced the existence and growth of this latent violence. One law forbade them to build new synagogues. Another decreed that two broad woollen bands of different colours should be sewed on the breast of their garments as a badge of their nationality. Many were executed in 1279 for clipping the coin; and, eleven years later, in 1290, they were driven almost penniless to the Continent, where in certain lands, more superstitious perhaps and ignorant but less filled with pitiless bigotry, they found a safe shelter for their wearied homeless heads. Their expulsion from the English province of Guienne had taken place in the previous year.

¹ This small island lies a few miles from the Antrim coast, within sight of the Mull of Cantire.

CHAPTER IV.

BANNOCKBURN.

Gaveston.
The Ordainers.
The northward march.

Bannockburn.
Siege of Berwick.
The Despensers.

Berkeley Castle.
The Templars.

THE seven years, which elapsed between the death of the first Edward and the defeat of his miserable son at Bannockburn, were to England years of shame and suffering. I pass the wretched period in a few words. Nearly all of the shameful story may be summed in a single name—Piers de Gaveston. Two solemn injunctions uttered by his dying father's lips young Edward disobeyed wilfully and at once. He did *not* carry the bones of the old warrior at the head of the English army into Scotland; and he *did* recall to his presence and close friendship that witty handsome vicious and overbearing Gascon youth, who bore this hated name. Dressed in the richest robes and kissed in public by the King, this favourite ran his course of brilliant folly, unhorsing the barons in the tilt-yard and gibing at them in the council-chamber, until the spirit of stern men could bear the stinging fly no more. Forcing him to surrender the castle of Scarborough, the enraged nobles struck off his silly head at Blacklow Hill.¹ The King shed tears, and tried to shed a little blood. But the barons were too strong, and a treaty patched up the quarrel.

Before the death of Gaveston, which took place in 1312, the Parliament had tried to curb the headlong vice and riot of the King's life. Appearing at Westminster in arms, as their fathers had done when John and Henry reigned, they forced Edward, who was a coward after all, to submit his affairs, domestic and public, to the control of a committee of peers, consisting of seven bishops, eight earls, and thirteen barons, who sat in London under the name of *Ordainers*. The Parliament of the following year (1311) extorted the royal signature to several ordinances, which made various gaps in the royal prerogative. Amongst these acts were the following:—1. All grants, made thereafter to favourites without the consent of Parliament, should be invalid. 2. The King should not leave the kingdom or make war without the consent of the barons. 3. The barons, in Parliament assembled, should appoint a guardian or regent during the royal absence. 4. The King should hold a Parliament once a year, or twice if need be. Edward, a true descendant of John, signed of course, but then ran away and tried with all his feeble might to break his written promises.

During all this time Bruce, aided by his gallant brother Edward, Randolph, and Douglas, had been taking and levelling the castles which the English held within his realm. At length only Stirling remained of all the keeps that

¹This hill rises above the Avon between Coventry and Warwick.

the great Plantagenet had won, and even that stood in immediate peril, for the troops of Edward Bruce lay round its lofty battlements, and Mowbray, the governor, had consented to surrender unless relieved before a certain day. The English blood of even the second Edward boiled, but it was in his case with a feeble heat. Equipping a fleet and mustering such an army as had never crossed the Border, he moved towards the spot where the key to northern Scotland lay in danger of passing for ever from his hands. Forty thousand cavalry shook the land with the thunder of hoofs, sixty thousand pikemen and archers marched besides under the glittering English flag. Against this mighty wave of war, rolling northward with flash and roar, the king of Scotland could muster scarcely forty thousand men. But the battle is not to the strong. Had Bruce been beaten, his military glory would have suffered no soil, so great were the odds against him, and so brilliant was the generalship he displayed in placing and marshalling his little force. When the bright sun of June flashed on the English lines moving from Edinburgh in ceaseless flow towards that spot south of Stirling, known as the New Park, where he had chosen his position, his brave heart must have beat faster at thoughts of the weighty stake which hung upon the coming fight. But thoughts like these could neither flurry nor unnerve De Bruce. He saw the clouds of cavalry sweep past on the Sunday, when the armies came in sight, and knew that, if they broke in unimpeded storm upon his lines, every hope for Scotland would be trampled in the dust. Seeing this he shaped a plan, which night saw carried out. The battle did not begin on this memorable Sunday. But a skirmish and a duel foreshadowed the event of the tremendous morrow. Randolph baffled an attempt made by eight hundred English horse to reach the endangered castle. And King Robert, riding on a pony and armed only with an axe, cleft the skull of a big English knight, who unfairly strove to ride him down in the space between the lines. Night fell. Engineers, stealing in silence from the Scottish camp, dug along the weakest part of the front—the left wing to the north-east—numerous pits, three feet deep, till the soil was like a piece of honey-comb. In the bottom of these sharp stakes stood, point upward, and over each hole a sod-covered hurdle lay, capable of bearing the weight of a man but not the heavy foot-fall of a horse. This was Bruce's plan for the ruin of the English cavalry. He had probably heard of the muddy ditch into which a host of French knights floundered at Courtrai. While spade and pick struck stealthy blows along the Scottish wing, sounds of revelry rose from the English fires. Confident in their great strength and desirous of duly celebrating the Eve of St. John, they drank deep of wine and ale during the short darkness of that midsummer night.

Day broke upon the rival armies. The three divisions of the Scottish army, which lay facing the south-east, protected in front by a piece of marshy ground and resting their right wing upon the edge of a wooded cleft, through which the Bannock ran, presented an unbroken line of spears, for there was not

a horseman in the host. A whirlwind of English knights, led by the Earl of Gloucester, went, blazing in the morning sun, upon the steely hedge, but broke into fragments by the force of their own charge and the steady inertia of the ranks they dashed on. Edward in person led the main body to the attack. But the ground, broken with quagmires and clumps of wood, prevented his unwieldy array from advancing with a full firm front. They came on in a straggling column, whose point could do little to pierce the serried line of spears. Hemmed in by uncertain and broken ground, galled in the back with the random arrows of their own rear-ranks, and at last entangled in a mass of indescribable confusion, the giant column was cleft by a vigorous dash of Randolph and his men, round whom the battle closed like a sea. Every Scottish blade along the whole line then drank English blood; but there were thousands in the huge English army who never struck a blow at all, prevented by the nature of the ground and the obstruction of the huddled van from coming into action with extended front. Edward's most effective force, the archers, who from a neighbouring hillock rained deadly shafts upon the Scots, fled before five hundred horsemen, sent by King Robert **June 24**, to take them in flank. Still the English, packed into a narrow space, **1314** held their ground with national tenacity until the Scottish reserve, **A.D.** brought up fresh and poured upon the exhausted mass, made a visible impression. But it was not until the slopes of a hill behind the Scottish lines displayed the seeming banners of a new host rushing down to the battle-field that the flight of the English troops began. Appalled at this sight, which was merely a sham army of camp-followers with sheets and rugs flapping on tent-poles, knights flung away their armour, and pikemen their spears, and leaving baggage and character behind, took the road pell-mell towards the safe south. But Scottish axe and spear stopped many a racing foot. King Edward, who in the hour of despair had displayed more fighting power than history generally gives him credit for, spurred fast to Dunbar,—a ride of sixty miles,—and there took ship for Berwick. Thus did Scotland strike from her limbs the chains of the Plantagenets.

King Edward foolishly measured his strength again with Scotland,—need I say with the same result. Leaving behind him a people plague-stricken hungry and wretched beyond modern conception, he moved in 1319 to attempt the recovery of Berwick, taken in the previous year by King Robert. All the engines of the English siege-train, all the forlorn hopes of their army, all the galleys, whose masts bristled like a forest of gigantic reeds in the river-mouth, could not conquer the spirit of the garrison, or force a passage through the low walls. And even while Edward was dashing his head vainly against Berwick bounds, a Scottish army slipped into England by the West Marches, ravaged Yorkshire, nearly caught the wicked English queen at York, and strewed the field of Mitton by the Swale with the cloven tonsures and bloody surplices of three hundred warlike monks, who had led a peasant army to stay their desolating advance.

Hugh Despenser played the perilous part of royal favourite in Edward's later years. His father, an Englishman of old family, shared in the profits of the post. Together they acted Gaveston's *role*, sucking dry the royal purse and heaping disdain upon the barons. Goaded into rebellion, the Earl of Lancaster organized a great conspiracy against the King, who could not but yield for a time to the bursting storm. The Despensers were banished. Returning however in a couple of months, they had the cruel joy of beholding Lancaster made captive at Boroughbridge,¹ and beheaded at Pontefract² (1322). The rage of an injured and reckless woman sealed the doom of Edward and his favourites. Queen Isabella, sister of the French king, fled to France; was there joined by Roger Mortimer, one of Edward's bitterest foes and soon her own guilty lover; raised a force in Hainault and Germany, and landed at Orwell on the Suffolk coast. Before this daring woman and her son the wretched father cowered away to Wales, but could not let go his darling Hugh, who accompanied his flight. Old Despenser, caught at Bristol, swung there on a gibbet. Nor was his son long behind him. For the mountains afforded no sanctuary to the fugitives, who had no resource left but an unconditional surrender. Edward was sent on to Kenilworth, while Hugh was hung on a gallows only one-third lower than that on which villainous Haman died.

The great hall of Kenilworth then witnessed a sorry sight. In the face of the wretched King, who was clad in a mean black robe, the Speaker of the Parliament, in the name of the insulted English nation, pronounced a sentence of dethronement, and the Royal Steward, snapping the white stick he bore as if the King was dead, discharged all persons from the service of the degraded monarch. Nine days later his son Edward, a boy of fourteen, received the crown at Westminster from the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury. But some rugged rooms in Berkeley³ Castle saw in the following September (1327) a worse sight, whose horror is mercifully shrouded in mystery. Wild shrieks of agony broke from the dying King, caused, his keepers said next day to those who thronged to look at the corpse, by some sudden internal disease, but rather believed by those who had been frozen in their beds by the unearthly sounds to have been the cries of a tortured man. The story went abroad that the fatal deed was perpetrated by thrusting a red-hot iron into his bowels through a horn or pipe of tin. And the story still blots with its most awful stain this dark page of English history.

The order of Knights Templars, originating at Jerusalem early in the era of the Crusades, received its death-blow about this time. Philip le Bel, their bitterest foe, burnt them as heretics all over France. Pope Clement V.,

¹ *Boroughbridge*, a borough in the West Riding of Yorkshire, on the Ure, seventeen miles from York. Population, 1095.

² *Pontefract*, also a borough in the West Riding of Yorkshire, twenty-four miles from York, near the meeting of the Aire and the Calder. It was called *Kirtby* by the Saxons. Population, 8106.

³ *Berkeley*, a borough in Gloucestershire, on a little stream, the Avon, which runs into the Severn a mile and a half from the town. It is sixteen miles from Gloucester. Population, 948. The castle, on a hill close by, remains in good preservation.

a creature of the French monarch, shot fatal bulls at them from St. Peter's chair. And Edward II. of England followed suit, although against his personal feelings, by suddenly seizing all the English property of the order and flinging about two hundred and fifty of the knights into prison. Apostasy, idolatry, profligacy, and heresy were the crimes laid to their charge. They were obliged, it was said, upon entering the order, to deny Christ and spit upon the Cross. This is doubtful. But their luxury and vice made them undoubtedly social pests; and their swollen money-bags probably excited the storm, which swept them away in its fury.

Eight months passed between the crowning of young Edward and the murder of his unhappy father. Having placed the sceptre in a boyish hand—the new king was only fourteen—Queen Isabella and the partner of her crimes, Roger Mortimer, directed the affairs of the kingdom as they pleased. There was indeed a Council of Regency, consisting of twelve great lords, but it possessed only nominal power.

The tumults of Bannockburn had not yet nearly subsided. A host of Scots, mounted on swift Galloway ponies and carrying a little bag of meal apiece, dashed into northern England, and passed the Tyne. The boy-king led an English force to meet them. But the metallad knights might as well have chased a shadow as these Scottish riders. Once they saw the smoke of the Scottish fires, but found the birds flown on reaching the temporary camp. And twice they looked across the current of the Wear at the Scottish force, at one time so close to them that they could see the pictures on the shields. On the second occasion, Douglas, with a sudden night attack, nearly succeeded in capturing the youthful Edward. When the English banners turned southward without a blow having been struck, deep murmurs arose against Lord Mortimer, who was supposed to have been bribed into a treaty with the Scots. For by this time in England a strong national spirit had grown up, fast tending towards that delicate sensibility of honour which “feels a stain like a wound.”

Mortimer, especially after receiving the Earldom of March or the Lordship of the Marches of Wales, broke into many extravagances of chivalrous display. One of these was the institution of a Round Table of knights in imitation of the heroic Arthur. Edward, newly married to Philippa of Hainault, daughter of a knightly race, and herself with a spark of martial fire in her breast, caught fire too, and held tournaments of great splendour. But Mortimer's sun was setting fast. The odium excited by the Scottish peace blackened into deadly popular hatred, when the Earl of Kent, an uncle of the King, deluded into a treasonable plot by the odd belief that the second Edward was still alive in Corfe Castle, laid his head upon the block. Edward resolved to shake off the Mortimer yoke, for was not Edward a man (of eighteen), a king, a husband, and a father? Entering Nottingham Castle by an under-ground passage, whose mouth, hidden with briars and rubbish, opened at the foot of the hill, some armed men joined the King one night on the dark stair, and, breaking into

Mortimer's chamber, dragged the wretched nobleman, in spite of Isabella's shrieks and tears, away from the fortress. Convicted by his peers of murder, usurpation, and embezzlement, he suffered the just penalty of his guilty life, being hanged at the elms of Tyburn (1330.) The Castle of Rising¹ shut its gates upon the degraded queen-mother, who, though visited at times by her son, never regained her liberty more.

The death of the great victor of Bannockburn, which took place in 1329 at Cardross on the Clyde, left Scotland open to a heavy blow. For poor David Bruce had not the fire of his father's soul nor the vigour of his father's arm. Young Edward of England, smarting under memories of Bannockburn and wounded in his boyish vanity by the escape of the Scots on the Wear, assisted Edward Baliol, son of John, to seize the Scottish throne. At Dupplin Moor by the Earn he won a victory, which secured this prize, and, in return for aid received, he did homage as a vassal of the English crown. In the following year, Baliol having been driven from the throne of the Bruces, an English army laid siege to Berwick. The Regent Douglas advanced to attempt the

1333 relief of this important place; but rashly attacking the English forces, which occupied the slopes of Halidon Hill, about a mile to the north-
A.D. west of the town, he met defeat and death in the gallant but imprudent strife. David, who had thus been dethroned by his brother-in-law, for he had married Edward's sister Joanna, found safety in France, even at this period the secret abettor of Scottish hostility towards England. Baliol in the flush of gratitude made over to King Edward so many of the fairest counties between Forth and Tweed, that for a while the border line between the rival kingdoms ran from about Grangemouth to the estuary of the Nith.

Thus with Scottish wars, secretly fostered by the court of France and maintained not unwillingly by the English people, did the reign of another great Plantagenet begin. But his Scottish wars formed merely the overture to the grand drama of his reign. France drew him like a magnet to her shores; and there he, and yet more brilliantly his celebrated son, spent blood and toil and time in the happily vain endeavour to found a branch of the English realm on the banks of Seine. The story of this endeavour and of the more successful efforts in the same direction which followed soon I reserve to be the subject of some future chapters of this book.

¹ *Rising* or *Castle Rising* is five miles north-west of Lynn, on the left bank of the Rising or Hablingly river. Population, 392. The keep of the Norman castle still stands.

CHAPTER V.

THE CINQUE PORTS

Origin of the Cinque Ports.	Hastings.	Dover.
Their names.	Romney.	Sandwich.
A changed coast.	Hythe.	Cinque Port privileges.
Duels in the Channel.		

THAT part of the Kent and Sussex shore, which lies between the North Foreland and Beachy Head, looks right across the narrowest waters of the Channel at the fair fields of France, lying only some twenty or thirty miles away. From the one coast to the other, ever since Cæsar weighed anchor at *Portus Itius* or long before that distant time, streams of men have been passing and repassing with unbroken flow, bent upon various errands, of war, of commerce, of pleasure, or of state. It was natural that the Norman Conqueror of England should regard those havens, which lay next his Continental dominions, as of more importance than other harbours of the coast. And, when the tie between England and Normandy snapped at last, and that hateful spirit of warfare, which it took so many centuries to lay, began to gnash its bloody fangs across the strait from either shore, it was still more natural that the ports along this strip of coast should be deemed vital spots in the rock-bound margin, and should be cherished and defended accordingly. So it came that five harbours, gapping this edge of sea, received from the Conqueror a guardian, who was styled, as his successor is still styled, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

Hastings—Romney—Hythe—Dover—Sandwich are names deserving a special notice at this period of English history, since they formed in the Middle Ages a cradle out of which grew our naval glory and supremacy by sea. To them we owe our memories of Effingham, of Blake, of Nelson; to them our golden commerce, flowing in from every shore and bearing on its returning tide the civilizing forces of our land.

The entire piece of coast, just marked out, has undergone great changes of outline even during the historic period. Rivers have been blocked up or turned aside; flat stretches of meadow and corn-field have been overswept and submerged. To point out the spot where Cæsar landed or the Conqueror embarked is simply impossible, for we are by no means certain that the spot exists above water. Especially on one occasion, probably in 1099, there happened a storm of remarkable fury, which left the mark of old Neptune's teeth on all the flatter and softer shores of the Northern Sea. Flanders and Scotland suffered heavily from the sweeping waves. But a whole alic of eastern Kent, once a portion of Earl Godwin's wide domains, was covered not merely with green water but with grey sand, was cut completely and finally

from its connection with the fairest shire in England, and was sunk below the sea to become, what an old writer quaintly calls it, a great ship-swallower. This is the origin, we are told, of the dangerous Goodwin Sands. Where cattle perhaps once grazed and orchards bloomed, floating light-ships now ride at anchor to warn passing ships away from the treacherous banks.

Originally instituted in 1078 by William the Conqueror, the Cinque Ports derived their greatest prominence from his unworthy descendant, King John. Each port seems to have had its Warden from the first; and over all the Lord Warden exercised a higher sway. When John got into difficulties with the King of France, and let Normandy be torn from his clutch, he lavished on these five ports all sorts of promises and better still, of solid privileges, on condition that they should supply him at his need with a fleet of sufficient size to carry terror across the chopping sea. The bargain was that in return for many advantages and privileges, some of which I shall afterwards notice, these towns should furnish eighty ships and keep them at sea for forty-days, whenever need might come. For seamanship and warlike knowledge there could be no better school than the narrow end of the English Channel proved to be. Out of the grinning mouths of war which gapped the rival coasts would often pour huge three-masted *dromons* or *busses*, rowed with a double tier of heavy oars, whose force was aided by three swelling sails, and a swarm of lighter craft, consisting chiefly of low light *galleys*, whose iron-shod beak or spur pierced a rival's side, and of *carikes* which served the purpose of our heavy transports. There in summer dawns with a glassy surface shining round them, or in pitchy winter nights with the white surf thundering on the lee-shore not far away; they barked and bit in deadly warfare, staving the splintering bends, hurling unquenchable Greek fire upon the thronged decks, and dealing across bulwarks, grappled firmly side to side, crushing blows of axe and mace or swift and deadly spear-stabs. The duels between the ships of the Cinque Ports and their foes of Calais, Boulogne, Fecamp, and Dieppe were very unlike the naval combats of our own century, except when the vessels may have grappled in a hand-to-hand conflict. But iron-plated steam-rams are beginning again to revive the old trick of ripping up the enemy's side and sinking him. In this respect the Cinque Port galley somewhat resembled the old classic trireme and the modern Merrimac. Some fierce encounters between the French and English ships have been noticed in preceding chapters. At Damme and out on the Channel waves, round that anchored ship, which marked the centre of the watery lists, the infant navies of these two great neighbours tried their growing strength, strewing the sea with splintered boards and gashed bodies of the dead. When cannon came upon the scene and commerce opened every sea, this little naval tilt-yard swelled its bounds, and the thunder of French and English guns, hurling iron death from their fiery lips, has echoed from a thousand shores in every region of the world. This *has* been. Let us trust the day shall never come, when that ancient grudge with its infinite catalogue of woes may again revive. If French

and English powder *must* blaze once more, let it blaze together on the right side of some righteous war.

The traveller, who visits the Cinque Ports in succession, may begin with that which now holds the second rank, Hastings on the Sussex shore. Lying in a semicircular amphitheatre of hills, which shelter it from biting northern blasts, this beautiful historic town slopes down to a noble terrace, which in summer and autumn blooms like a gay parterre with the bright and delicate colouring of dress. For Hastings—the scene of Danish bloodshed and of the Conqueror's dash on English soil—the stirring Cinque Port, nursery of gallant seamen for the Channel wars—now takes rank among British towns chiefly as a pretty fashionable bathing-lounge. To accommodate the summer-tenants the handsome suburb of St. Leonards—about a mile to the west but united to the old town by strings of new houses—has grown up. Of the old port, from which *dromons* sailed out to fight the Normans, few traces can now be found. The churches of All Saints and St. Clements still show their crumbled walls; and the ruins of a castle are scattered over a neighbouring cliff. These fragments remain almost alone to speak of that strong old place, which in the Middle Age of English history was able to send out one-and-twenty ships, each manned with one-and-twenty gallant tars, and which clustered round it no fewer than nine satellite towns.¹

New Romney, lying a mile and a half from the sea in southern Kent, represents in our day the Cinque Port of that name. Some old houses and a church, sacred to St. Clement, about two miles westward, mark the site and bear the name of Old Romney. The sea once washed the foundations of these buildings; but time and tide have done their work, and the green succulent sward of Romney Marsh has spread itself, like a carpet of brilliant velvet embroidered with snowy sheep, over the heaped-up sand and chalky mud, which centuries have added to the earlier shore. So greatly has this part of the coast been altered that a river, once flowing out between Romney and Hythe, flows out there no longer. A fierce storm in 1287, which completely drowned Winchelsea on the other side of Dunge Ness, blocked up the mouth of the Rother and compelled it to seek an outlet in another place. Romney harbour is now quite choked up, and where sailors used to dwell, herdsmen and graziers, whose thoughts go little beyond the marshy sea of grass around their cottages, live the laziest and least wearing of lives.²

Hythe, meaning in Anglo-Saxon a harbour, a town of about three thousand inhabitants, lies half way between Romney and Dover at the foot of a wooded range of hills. The shore bears evident marks of change. Bathers frequent it in summer; and in all weathers the sharp crack of rifles, sounding from the shingly sands, reminds all who hear that there is a Government School of Musketry in the place. The keen and earnest volunteer now goes

¹ Attached to the Cinque Port *Hastings* were Seaford, Pevensey, Hedney, Winchelsea, Rye, Hamble, Wakebourn, Creneth, Forthelipe.

² *Romney* furnished the king with *six* ships, each bearing four-and-twenty men. Bromhal, Deagenares, Lyde, Romenhal, Owarstone were attached to this port.

through his distance drill, where once the seven ships of Hythe sailed into harbour, rejoicing over the beaten Normans. Each of these ships bore one-and-twenty men.¹

Chief of the Cinque Ports is the stirring town of Dover. The others stand like ghosts of what they were, or have entirely changed their ancient garb for a dress of modern fashion. Dover is as really a port in the nineteenth century, as it was in the fourth or the fourteenth. Where Roman Watling Street struck the sea, *Portus Dubris* stood with its *Pharos* or light-house of thin uneven brick, towering up to light galleys on their nightly way. So clear is the physical importance of the site, as a key of England, that a town can be traced here in the very earliest historic times. Lying snugly in a cleft of the Kentish sea-range, and guarded by a great cliff three hundred feet in height, it presents a safe and speedy point of communication with the shore of France, which breaks the line of its seaward horizon. A huge Norman keep of three stories, crowning the lofty cliff, kept eagle watch over the narrow strait; and, enlarged in every century and every style of military architecture, has played no unimportant part in the warlike part of British history. The same inwashing of sand and shingle, which has reduced some of the other Cinque Ports to a name, is fighting hard to destroy Dover harbour too. But its position has preserved it from decay. There is no easier way of reaching our island from the Continent. Emperors and kings have landed at Dover, and set sail from its pier. Intending invaders have cast a wishful eye upon its roofs, but have always taken that second thought, which proverbs say is best, and so have never come. Linked to London by rail, to Calais and Ostend by paddle and by screw, this prince among the Cinque Ports is now doing a great and peaceful work, which *Portus Dubris* of the Romans or embattled Dover of the Norman kings could never do. To find Cinque Ports, which once bristled with spears and flamed with vengeful war, turned into packet-stations, bathing-places, and grazing-villages, speaks, more than a volume could do, of that mighty change, so full of hope and happiness for man, which the rolling centuries of time are working out on earth.²

Sandwich, lying south of that loop which the Stour forms before it enters the sea, rose out of the decay of Richborough (the Roman *Rutupiae*). None of the Cinque Ports suffered more in infancy than this town. Six times, at least, it was burnt by the Danes. Yet it flourished and grew, defended itself with walls of mud and masonry, became the favourite port of embarkation for France during several reigns of the Plantagenets, and yielded at last only to an enemy, whose gentle touch was worse than the Danish torch—that light and shifting sand whence its name was originally taken. Sandwich preserves the aspect of an ancient town better than any of the Five Ports.³

¹ *Westmeath* was attached to *Hythe*.

² *Dover* supplied the same number of ships and men as *Hastings*. *Folkstone*, *Feverham*, and *Margate* belonged to its port.

³ *Sandwich*, like *Hythe*, equipped seven ships, each having a crew of one-and-twenty men. *Fordwich*, *Reculver*, *Serre*, and *Deal* lay within the limits of this port.

In closing this sketch of the Cinque Ports, I may state a few of those privileges which formed their naval pay, and gave them precedence of most other English towns :—

1. Each port sent two barons to represent it in Parliament.
2. Their deputies enjoyed the honour of holding the canopy over the King's head on the day of coronation.
3. Their deputies also dined at the highest table in the great hall, seated on the right hand of the King.
4. They were exempt from paying subsidies or other aids.
5. The heirs of property within their bounds were free from wardship, notwithstanding any tenure.
6. Their inhabitants could not be impleaded anywhere but in their own towns.
7. They were liable to no tolls.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE TABARD INN.

The muster.
The destination.
Chivalry.

The Church.
Professional.
Agricultural.

Operative.
Purpose of the chapter.

FLY back on the wings of thought five hundred years, and, with our first great poet as a guide, enter the court-yard of the Tabard Inn in Southwark, hard by the Bell. As we pass in, the merry welcome of the big bluff host rings rich and mellow on the ear. Every nook of the hostelry, although its chambers and its stables are noted for their size, is filled to overflowing with eight-and-twenty travellers and their eight-and-twenty nags. For April has come, with its sweet and fruitful showers; the tender green of the young corn begins to embroider the bare brown fields; the air rings with the song of birds; and thoughts of pilgrimage, undertaken often for piety but oftener for amusement, begin to stir in the minds of English folk. The devoted servants of the Church often managed by a trip in the bright and balmy spring-time to unite piety with pleasure. In fact these pilgrims of Chaucer, whom we are going to watch as they ride out of the inn-yard, were certainly the prototypes of that eminent pilgrim who boiled his penitential pease before putting them in his shoes. The destination of the pilgrims, met in the Tabard, is the shrine of murdered Becket at Canterbury; and with early dawn, roused by the active host, they ride upon their way towards Rochester over the pleasant daisied turf of Kent. The host rides with them, for last night at supper they agreed upon a plan of beguiling the time by telling tales in turn, and consented to submit themselves to the direction and judgment of the jolly innkeeper, at whose suggestion this agreeable pastime had been chosen.

Mark the motley group, as the hoofs ring soft upon the moist and chalky soil. First, on a fine charger rides a Knight in undress, wearing a frock of fustian, all stained with the rubbing of the armour, which he has lately doffed. Gentle and meek as he now looks, the blood of many foes, slain on fifteen deadly battle-fields in Prussia, Spain, Africa, and the East, has smoked upon his steel. His son, a dainty curly-headed Squire of twenty years rides with him in a short flowered gown of brilliant colours, made in the tip of the fashion with long wide sleeves. The joy of a fresh loving heart pours out in a constant stream of music and song. A fine flute-player, a capital rider, a graceful dancer, a poet, a penman, an artist, this gallant youth presents a graphic and enchanting likeness of a young English gentleman in the time of Edward III. Carving at his father's table stands prominently out among the many duties of his squirehood. A third figure, that of the Yeoman or Forester, completes the group of chivalrous portraits limned by Geoffrey Chaucer. This brown-faced gamekeeper, with hood and coat of green, under his belt a sheaf of arrows trimly dressed by himself with peacock feathers, a strong bow in his hand, a sword and buckler on his left side, and on the other a keen ornamented dagger, a silver jewel shining on his breast, and a horn slung from a green baldric, supplies us with a vivid photograph of the manly stuff, which won the day for England at Crecy and Poitiers.

So much for Chivalry. Now for the Church. No fewer than seven various figures connect themselves more or less nearly with this great power of the Middle Ages. We mark in the variegated crowd a Prioress, a Monk, a Mendicant Friar or Limitour, a Summoner, a Pardoner, a poor Parson, and by-and-by a Canon. Giving due precedence to the lady, let us sketch the outlines of the Prioress, Madame Eglantine. Her long well-shaped nose, her small red mouth, her eyes grey as glass, and her broad white forehead entitle her to the appellation of a beauty. Her well-made dress—her pretty bracelet of coral, green, and gold, with its motto, "*Amor vincit omnia*"—but especially the delicacy of her demeanour at table, where she never lets anything drip upon her breast, and does not dip her fingers *too far* into the sauce—betoken one used to good society, as things went then. Her gentle smile, her sweet singing through the nose, and her knowledge of French, learned at Stratford and very different from the Parisian tongue, afford additional proof that she belongs unmistakably to the high-bred ladies of the land. Like others delicately nurtured, her tears spring at the merest trifle. A dead mouse or a beaten lapdog sets them flowing in a trice. Equally fine is the Benedictine Monk, from whose bridle sweet bells jingle as he rides. His bright rolling eyes, fat red face, and portly form, developed by indulgence in roast swan and kept in good case by riding after his grey-hounds, well befit the grandeur of his dress. His sleeves are edged with the rarest fur, a curious gold pin fastens his hood, and pliant boots press the sleek sides of his berry-brown horse. The Friar, called Limitour because he begs within a certain district, has a wide acquaintance among the farmers and innkeepers within his beat,

being an especial pet with their wives and daughters, for whom he carries about a tippet full of knives and pins. His merry talk, his easy penances, his capital songs make his presence welcome everywhere. Strong, white-necked, with eyes like stars in frost, and a lisp upon his musical tongue, he goes his rounds in a short round cloak of double worsted, enjoying the reputation of being the best beggar in all his house. The Summoner, whose business is to cite delinquents before an archdeacon's court, is one of the most repulsive portraits in the group. His fiery pimpled face and scabby black brows result from over-doses of wine, and his coarse feeding on onions, garlick, and such things. When drunk, he can speak only Latin, of which he has got a smattering from the decrees of his court. Between him and the Friar a fierce grudge burns, which displays itself in their pungent tales. The Pardoner typifies that canting cheating class, whose doings stirred the honest wrath of John Wycliffe. Straight yellow hair, a thin bleating voice, and eyes starting like a hare's distinguish this manikin from the burly forms around him. Displaying in his cap a miniature picture of the Saviour, in token of his late visit to Rome, he bears a wallet full of pardons, "from Rome al hote," as Chaucer slyly says, a glass-case of pigs' bones, and other things, which he intends to palm off on simple country folk as holy relics. He will thus often in a day make more money than two months' stipend of the Parson. The trick of talking well being a necessary appendage to this humbug, he is described as a good reader and a fluent preacher. Our love clings especially to the poor Parson, who spares no labour or pains in ministering to the spiritual wants of his parishioners. Far asunder as are the dwellings of his flock, no stress of weather, no rain or thunder can keep him from trudging round, staff in hand, to pay his pastoral visits. Living a simple godly life, doing his work himself, wasting no time in ambitious runs to London, he can afford, though meek and lowly in the main, to speak boldly and sharply out to those who may prove obstinate in opposition to the truth.

Professional and business life has its worthy representatives in the Sergeant of Law; the Doctor of Physic; the Clerk of Oxford; the Merchant; the Maniple; and last, though assuredly not least, that fair specimen of the English *bourgeoisie*, the jolly Wife of Bath.

With head choke-full of law, knowing by heart every statute and every judgment pronounced since the time of King Will, the Sergeant trots on in a coat of common mixed cloth, girt with a belt of striped silk. So great his renown that he has often been deputed to act as Justice of Assize; so great his legal skill that no flaw can be detected in a document prepared by his busy brain. The Doctor is dressed in a garment of blood-red and sky-blue, lined with taffeta and the thin silk called sendal. Dabbling in astrology and fortune-telling as well as medicine, he savours strongly of what moderns call a quack,—a suspicion which his learned talk about Hippocrates, Galen, Avicenna, and other old lights of the healing art, tends greatly to confirm. The Black Death gave him a golden harvest, which he still garners with care. What he

knows of digestion leads him to measure out his food and to eat nothing except the most nutritive things. The Clerk is a lean laconic threadbare bookworm, as yet without a living in the Church, but content in the meantime to devote himself to Aristotle and the other worthies clothed in black or red, that lie always at his pillow. Grave and pithy in his talk, he reminds us of men whom Oxford has not yet ceased to send out from her halls. The Merchant, whose forked beard falls over a coat of motley, wears a Flanders beaver and well-clasped boots. Sharp and hard as steel in his bargains, he allows none to know the secrets of his trade, and talks loudly of his profits on every occasion. The Manciple, whose business it is to buy victuals for an Inn of Court, can deal so cunningly with his learned employers, as to fill his pocket with the profits of his purchasing.

There upon an ambling palfrey sits the stout and comely Wife of Bath, who has been to the church door with five husbands. Her round red face is surmounted with a broad-leafed hat like a buckler; her kerchiefs are of fine heavy cloth; her tight scarlet stockings and new shoes with sharp spurs show off her feet and ankles to full advantage. Noted for the making of English cloth, which beats that of Ypres or Ghent, she upholds her civic dignity by taking precedence at mass of all wives in the parish, scarcely one of whom dares go before her to the offering. She has travelled much on pilgrimage, has visited Jerusalem thrice, seeing on the way Rome, Bologna, Compostella, and Cologne; and she is certainly not overburdened with bashfulness in her talk. Before beginning her story she will treat her audience to the full details of her matrimonial experience, making the prologue twice as long as the tale. There is a *ely* and pungent spice of satire here.

The Franklin, the Reeve, and the Ploughman give us an idea of those who farmed the soil of merry England long ago. Nowhere have we a finer picture than that of the jolly Vavasour or country gentleman of the time, whose rosy face and beard of daisy whiteness claim at once our veneration and our love. The overflowing table that he keeps, where all the delicacies of the season jostle each other in succession, thick as flakes of falling snow, would tempt an anchorite to eat. Justly famous for his bread and ale, he delights too in fat partridges and stewed bream or pike, served up with sharp tasty sauces. And no man can better enjoy in the early morning a piece of bread well soaked in wine. In his own shire he is a man of no small note, having acted as sheriff and having been often returned to serve in parliament. From his milk-white girdle hang a silken purse and that kind of dagger called an *anelace*. The close-shaven crop-haired spindle-shanked man, with the surcoat of sky-blue and the rusty blade by his side, whose grey hack Scot keeps ever at the tail of the crowd, lives in a cosy house embowered in green trees upon a Norfolk heath near Baldeswell. Once a carpenter, he has risen by shrewdness and push to be the Reeve or Steward of a landed proprietor in that shire, and overlooks the working of the entire estate, keeping a sharp eye upon crops, cattle, pigs, horses, fowl, letting nothing escape his searching ken, keeping the herds

and bailiffs in wholesome fear and his master in the best of temper. The honest Ploughman, as keen and scrupulous a labourer in field and barn as his brother the Parson by hearth or sickbed, rides in a sleeveless frock upon a mare.

The Miller, the Skipper, the Cook, the Haberdasher, the Weaver, the Dyer, and the Tapestrer show us fine specimens of the trading and working classes, who form the bulk of the nation, and in one sense its greatest strength.

Robin the Miller, hardly able to keep his seat for the quantity of strong Southwark ale he has drunk, is a brawny big-mouthed man with a foxy beard, equally famous for stealing corn and winning the ram at wrestling-bouts. He wears a white coat, on which flour dust will not show, and has donned his blue hood for the trip. As if his drunken tongue could not make noise enough, he blows a screaming bagpipe all the way through the Southwark street. All tanned with sea, wind, and sun, the Skipper rides awkwardly on a hack, with his coarse cloth gown hanging to his knee and a knife slung from his neck by a cord. In port he revels in Bordeaux wine; but at sea, on board his good barque *Magdelaine*, none can surpass him in knowledge of currents, harbours, and the changes of the moon. Every haven from Gothland to Finisterre, every creek in Bretagne and Spain he knows rock by rock. The Cook, who possesses a highly cultured taste for the strong ale of London, has joined the ranks professionally, for even pilgrims must eat. The boiling of chickens and marrow-bones, the manufacture of pies, blanc-manger,¹ mortrewes, poudre marchant, and other unknown dishes for the hungry riders, will occupy a good portion of his time during the trip. The five remaining tradesmen, dressed in the livery of their guild and wearing knives, girdles, and pouches wrought with silver, look forward to a time when possibly they may sit as aldermen on the dais of the Guildhall, and hear their fat rosy wives saluted as "My Lady," sailing to feasts with long trains borne behind them like the Queen.

Nowhere but in the Prologue of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* have we pictures like those of the men and women over whom the later Plantagenets reigned. In the four and twenty Tales, which were all that the gifted author lived to complete, we get further glimpses or rather views of English life in the Middle Ages, the tone of thought which coloured social intercourse, and especially the kind of stories which then did the work of the modern novel. To be sure, this special set of Pilgrims, containing so many varied and strongly-lined characters, never in all probability trotted along the Canterbury road; but in every fresh detachment from the Southwark inns specimens of the Knights, Millers, Wives of Bath, and other devotees, whose acquaintance we have just made, appeared sprinkling the motley crowds, that wended on to the favourite shrine of the murdered St. Thomas. And old Geoffrey, having worn all the gilding off his courtier-life and seen the dark hollow shell below, sat down in his quiet room at Woodstock, to survey the pilgrim scenes, in which himself had played a part, and to select with an artist's skill those materials of character

¹ The blanc-manger here mentioned differed entirely from our modern confection. It was some preparation of "capon's brawn tised small."

and costume, which best suited the plan he had sketched out for a great national picture of Englishmen, painted in English words.

I have selected this many-tinted Prologue as the ground-work of a chapter on English society during the period of which I write, instead of giving a didactic chapter of details methodically parcelled out into sections, relating to the several parts of such a subject; because my purpose is to present as vividly as possible images of the Englishmen who were living in the flesh, when the Black Prince won his spurs and Wat Tyler rode with his rabble into Smithfield. Those who wish the scene in all its full illusion must turn from the bare and borrowed outline I have just given to the page of old Chaucer himself, whose pen dropt living colours as he wrote. No student of English history can pretend to any real acquaintance with this period, who has failed to study the *Canterbury Tales*.

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SECOND PERIOD.—THE STRUGGLE FOR EMPIRE IN FRANCE.

FROM THE ATTACK ON CADSAINT IN 1337 A.D. TO THE
DEATH OF TALBOT IN 1453 A.D.

CHAPTER I.

THE BLACK PRINCE.

The English nation.
Edward's mother.
Cadsant.
Invasion of France.
Sluya.
In Bretagne.

Landing at La Hogue.
The Black Prince.
Creçy.
Calais.
The Black Death.
The Armada rehearsed.

The Commons.
Treason.
Poitiers.
Treaty of Bretigny.
Navaretta.
Du Guesclin.

A STRUGGLE now began, which lasted for upwards of a hundred years, and, though marked with many fluctuations of success, ended in the all but total extinction of English power in France. From that struggle we derive some of the proudest names in our martial history. In that struggle we behold the most powerful of all the engines employed to weld and batter the English nation into a compact solid and enduring whole. For previous to Creçy and Azincourt the Saxon and the Norman elements appear in the nation, united, it is true, but still distinguishable; after the ferment of the Hundred Years' War every sign of rivalry has gone. The Englishman stands where once the hostile races fought. When Calais shall alone remain, the last fragment of that Continental dominion held by the Norman kings of England, let a briak domestic war come to sweep the island clear of the cobwebs and rotten timber, belonging to that now crazy platform of Chivalry on which our actors have been strutting for many years; and then England, taking Protestantism to her heart and grasping the sceptre of the ocean, shall stand out to do her mighty work among the nations of the earth.

Edward III. of England was the son of Isabella, daughter of Philip the Handsome, who ascended the throne of France in 1285. Charles IV., the last surviving of her three brothers, died in 1328, leaving no living child: a daughter, born after his death, was set aside by the Salic Law. Edward gladly saw the chance, but could not seize it yet. Yielding to the pressure of the hour, he bent his haughty soul so far as to do homage for Aquitaine to the chosen candidate, Philip of Valois. But when the time seemed ripe, he

cast aside the mask of meekness, and boldly claimed in his mother's name the crown her father had worn.¹ Acknowledging the Salic Law in part, he ingeniously maintained that though it prevented a female from filling the throne, it did not destroy the rights of her male descendants. Lawyers argued on both sides of the strait; but lance and sword and arrow soon took the place of words. Success in Scotland, such as it was, set the blood of the young English King in a flame for war. So, abandoning the mimic splendour of the tilt-yard for graver pursuits, he prepared for the invasion of France.

As an important preliminary he formed with Louis of Bavaria, then Emperor of Germany, a treaty which enabled him to secure with other aid that of the Duke of Brabant and the Count of Hainault. His marriage with Philippa formed a close bond of union between him and the latter, who was the brother of that princess. And, although the Earl of Flanders adhered to the cause of the French King, he won over to his side as a counterpoise that powerful brewer of Ghent, Jacob von Artaveldt, who had established a centre of democratic independence in the very heart of the Flemish dominions.

The first blow of this huge war was struck at Cadsant, an island lying between the havens of Sluys and Flushing. Thither Sir Walter Manny, a famous English knight, led an armament over the sea from the Thames. The shore

where the battle raged has been long ago eaten away by the waves, 1337 for Cadsant, now a fertile islet, was then of considerable size. Gal-

A.D. lantly the French and Flemings, who garrisoned the post, faced the blaring trumpets and deadly arrow-rain of the advancing English ships. But the English archers shot so thick and true that the defenders of the dykes gave way at last. Mark the might of the English cloth-yard shaft, as evidenced in this opening of the strife. The grey-geese wing shall soar to higher victories than that of Cadsant before its flight is done. It was the greatest weapon of its day.

The war, thus kindled, sputtered on in detached enterprises for a time. French ships harried the southern coast of England, burning Portsmouth, Southampton, Plymouth, and destroying all the vessels they could seize. A noble episode in this naval pirating was the affair of the *Edward* and the *Christopher*, two English wool-ships coming home from Flanders, which, being beset by a squadron of thirteen hostile vessels, fought undauntedly for nine hours against these fearful odds, striking only when "labour, wounds, and slaughter" had utterly exhausted the gallant crews they bore. We discern the barbarism

¹ The following outline will set his claim and that of his rival clearly out. The last six Capet Kings of France were,

Philip III. who became king in 1270.	
Philip IV. (son),	1284. = Charles de Valois also a son of Philip III.
Louis X. (son),	1314.
John, (posthumous son, lived only a few days),	1316. Philip de Valois his son.
Philip V. (son of Philip IV.),	1316.
Charles IV. do.	1322.
died heirless,	1328.

A daughter of Louis X. was alive in 1328.

of the times in a little touch which tells us that the wounded Englishmen were flung overboard by the victors. A dash of the Cinque-port mariners in a fleet of boats from Dover over to Boulogne in the fogs of mid-January took a swift and effective revenge for the many injuries inflicted on the English shore and shipping.

The year 1338 passed inactively by. In the September of the following year Edward, passing from Valenciennes¹ into France, laid siege to Cambray.² Sir Walter Manny had already ridden with forty lances over the frontier, and taken several castles from the French. The siege of Cambray, at which John Chandos, as yet only an esquire, performed great deeds of valour, having been raised for the purpose of meeting Philip in the field, Edward marched into Picardy. At Vironfosse the rival armies looked each other in the face; but doubts troubling the King of France, there was no battle at that place. The starting of a hare, which ran in among the French army, raising a tumult that caused many to lace their helmets and prepare for war, was the great event of that day. History, in the person of Jean Froissart, does not stoop to narrate the probably tragic end of poor puss.

After much rushing of rival counts and dukes across that open north-eastern frontier, where Nature has not fenced France, as she has kindly done with sea and mountain on all her other borders, a great sea-fight took place, in which a brilliant victory crowned the English arms. The dazzling military glory of this war has almost blinded us to the lustre of its naval achievements. Let us, in marking the bright spots of early English story, assign to the great triumph at Sluys³ a place of honour not inferior to that enjoyed by Crécy and Azincourt. Anxious to bring aid to his brother-in-law and ally of Hainault, Edward collected a fleet of two hundred and sixty ships, and sailed over from the Thames towards the coast of Flanders. Many ladies, who intended to join the Queen at Ghent, were on board the accompanying transports. When on the following day that creek on the Flemish shore, known as the Zwijn or Swine, was reached, a thick pine-wood seemed to have grown out of the sea at its upper end. Gladly King Edward heard from the skipper of his barge that this wood consisted of French masts. About four hundred vessels lay there, led by two French admirals and the great Genoese sailor Black-beard, and bearing on their decks forty thousand fighting men. Towering among the ships, the eyes of the English seamen recognized the fine *Christopher*, lately captured by the French. On the following morning Edward drew out his line of battle with great skill, although this was his first great nautical exploit. Placing the strongest ships in front, those with archers on the wings, and a vessel with men-at-arms between every pair of the latter, he

¹ Valenciennes is a fortified city in the department of Nord, at the confluence of the Rhoselle with the Escaut. Population, 22,625.

² Cambray, also in Nord on the Escaut, lies one hundred miles north-east of Paris. Population, about 20,000. It was the Roman *Conaracum*.

³ Sluys or *L'Ecluse* is a well-fortified place, situated on a bay of the North Sea, at the mouth of the Scheldt, and on a canal to Bruges. Population, 1200. The inlet of the Swine is now choked with sand.

kept in reserve a squadron to protect the rear, and stationed a strong guard round the transports, in which the ladies sailed. The hostile fleet, chiefly manned with Normans, Picards, and Genoese, moved out in three squadrons early in the morning. When these saw the English vessels tacking away, they thought it was a flight; but when the seeming fugitives, having turned so that sun and wind burned and blew behind them, bore down with trumpet blasts and stirring shouts, they found their mistake. The battle began before ten in the morning; and all that midsummer day huge engines hurled crushing stones; English archers replied with clouds of arrows to the whistling quarrels of the French cross-bows; men-at-arms hewed and stabbed across the bulwarks, which grapples and hooked chains had bound together. It is worthy of notice that the older method of naval war, in accordance with which galleys dashed their beaks into the side of the enemy, was not employed in this action. The huge *Christopher*, taken by the English and filled with archers, galled the Genoese severely. At last the French, stung to madness by the buzzing shafts, began to leap into the sea. Blackbeard made off. All was then soon over, and Edward sent a letter to the bishops and clergy in England, announcing his victory at Sluys—a document, it may be added, which is regarded as the first despatch among the English records proclaiming a naval victory. Philip heard the bad news from the lips of a fool in motley who veiled it in a joke of almost equal badness.

Then followed in the same year a siege of Tournay,¹ lasting eleven weeks all but three days, and ending in a truce between the armies of England and France. Had the siege gone on for a few days more, the garrison would have eaten their last crust; so the town had a narrow escape.

The next campaign saw the English embroiled in a dispute about the right of succession to the coronet of Bretagne. John de Montfort and Charles de Blois were the rival claimants; Edward supported the cause of the former, Philip that of the latter. The story of the struggle cannot be given here in detail. Sir Walter Manny led an English fleet to the aid of the heroic Countess de Montfort, who, standing like another Joan within the besieged castle of Hennebon,² was sore distressed by the presence of the foe who had taken her husband captive. Manny and his captains saved the endangered stronghold, then regarded from its position on the edge of the sea as the strongest in the dukedom. In the war which followed, Don Luis of Spain, as the French chroniclers call him from his Castilian descent, although he was probably born in Flanders, distinguished himself greatly as a naval commander in opposition to the English Manny. A truce for three years brought this period of the war to a close in 1343.

The murder of Von Artaveldt at Ghent changed the plan of operations laid

¹ Tournay is now a city of Hainault in Belgium, forty-seven miles south of Ghent. It is divided by the Scheldt. Population, about 40,000.

² Hennebon, on the river Blavet in Bretagne, is thirty-seven leagues from Nantes.

down by the English King. No longer able to depend entirely upon Flanders, he resolved to strike at France in other directions. Sending therefore the Earl of Derby with a force to Gascony, he embarked in person at Southampton with a great army bound for the same southern province of the invaded land. A storm drove him to anchor on the Cornish coast for six days, during which at the persuasion of Sir Godfrey de Harcourt he changed his mind as to the destination of his fleet. Normandy was now to be the direction of their course. Landing at La Hogue, where he cunningly interpreted a bloody nose, got in leaping from his ship, as an omen of good, he prepared for an advance upon Caen. Here first we find the hero of the present chapter come into prominence on the historic page. The Prince of Wales, known better as the Black Prince, received knighthood on the sands at La Hogue, and was associated with his royal father in the command of the central battalion of three, into which the army was divided. Born at Woodstock in 1330, he had now reached the age of sixteen. The English army, passing from Caen to Evreux, spread its ravages almost to the suburbs of Paris, but then turned sharply off to Beauvais and to Poix—bent, it is said, on getting safely out of France. But guards held the bridges of the Somme. Philip had caught the English army in a trap from which there seemed to be no loop-hole of escape. Almost in despair, Edward surveyed the Somme, but could find no ford and no unguarded bridge. At this crisis he heard from a prisoner of a spot below Abbeville, where the river could be passed at the ebb of the tide. Dashing in at the proper time, he led his forces over in the face of a great body of the enemy, who in vain tried to prevent the passage of the stream. Philip in hot chase found the water too high to follow. He had to go round by Abbeville, while the English King made his way to the forest of Crecy, where a battle must certainly be fought.

Leaving Abbeville at sunrise on Saturday, August 26th 1346, Philip toiled with his soldiers on to Crecy, where the army of Edward, refreshed with food and sleep, sat with helmets and bows grounded before them, waiting his approach. The falling back of his vanguard, when it came within near view of the English, disordered his array exceedingly. Rain and thunder then came on; the sky grew dark for a time; and flocks of carrion crows, scenting the dead that were to be, wheeled screaming overhead. When the sun shone again at five o'clock in the afternoon, the Genoese, armed with crossbows, advanced to the attack in a huge mass of fifteen thousand men. They were tired to death with eighteen miles of a heavy march. In vain they strove with shouts to appal the sturdy islanders. The sun dazzled their eyes, and destroyed their aim. All at once it began to snow arrows on them with a force which neither shield nor armour could withstand. They fled. Vainly the superb cavalry of D'Alençon strove to stem the flight. They too got a share of the deadly shower, and many bit the dust. But the Earls of Alençon and Flanders managed to pass the archers, who stood arrayed in the form of a portcullis or harrow, and fell with

Aug. 26,

1346

A.D.

fury upon the foremost battalion, led by the Prince of Wales. Chandos, Harcourt, and many brave captains fought by the side of the youthful knight, whose brilliant spurs were won in the mellow of this great day. The second battalion of the English army came up. The French King could not pass a hedge of archers, that bristled along its front. A hasty glance however would have deemed his help unneeded, for it seemed as if D'Alençon could easily smash the lines of the English battalions. An Englishman indeed, who fought by the Prince, thought so too, and sent for aid to the King, who stayed with the reserve by a windmill on a hill. "Is my son dead, unhorsed, or badly wounded?" asked Edward. "No, thank God," said the knight, "but he is so hotly engaged that he has great need of your help." "Return to them that sent you," replied the King, "and tell them, not to send again to me to-day, or expect that I shall come, as long as my son has life; and say that I command them to let the boy win his spurs; for I am determined that all the glory and honour of the day shall be given to him and to those into whose care I have intrusted him." This reply stirred new fire in the English ranks. The French lines gave way; and the beaten King, whose gallant charges and many perils were unavailing, rode away at vespers to the Castle of La Broye, where he got a cup of wine, and, taking horse again at midnight, entered Amiens in the grey dawn. The English never left their ground. There was no pursuit.

In the tumult of this great battle a few stunning explosions may have pealed above the din with a sound of thunder, to which warriors' ears were then unused. The strange startling noise proceeded from hollow cylinders, formed of metal bars bound fast with hoops, into which some handfuls of a dark shining grain and a rough stone ball were roughly rammed. In a word, some cannon were probably fired at Crecy; but it was not the first occasion, on which these engines appeared in battle. The arrow won the day. But every cannon-shot drove archery farther from the field of war, until it sank into a pretty pastime merely, in which condition the once noble art now lies.

The siege of Calais was a natural sequel to the victory of Crecy. Edward had not long invested that celebrated port, when cheering news crossed the sea from England, telling of a great victory, won over the invading Scots by his good Queen Philippa, who had met them at Nevil's Cross,¹ beaten them in a three-hours' fight, and taken their King David prisoner (October 17, 1346). By building a wooden town between Calais and the bridge, which crossed the encircling marshes, Edward secured the comfort of his troops, while starving Vienne and the garrison into a surrender. The completeness of this barrack-town may be judged from its market-place, where meat, bread, cloth, and other necessities were regularly sold. The whole story of this long siege, which lasted almost a year (August 31, 1346, to August 4, 1347), speaks well for the chivalry of both sides. Edward not only allowed seventeen hun-

¹ *Nevil's Cross.* The scene of this battle is marked by a stone cross set up about a mile west of Darham.

ded of the poorer inhabitants, who were starving, to leave the town, but he gave them their dinner and some money as they passed through his camp. By guarding the bridge over the marshes and the way along the shore, the only two means of approaching Calais with relief, he prevented the French King from doing anything to save the place. At last hunger did its work. Six citizens, nobly devoting themselves to save the rest, came out with ropes round their necks, bearing the keys in their hands. The executioner was preparing to lop the heads off these brave men, when the entreaties of Queen Philippa gained their lives from the melted heart of her husband. A truce for two years being then agreed to, Edward and his wife went home.

No pestilence that ever smote Europe has surpassed in horror and destructiveness the Black Plague, which swept from the filthy lanes of Asia in 1348 and fell in the following year upon Paris and London. Two hundred a day were buried in the single churchyard of the Charterhouse; and there is little exaggeration in the statement of the chronicler, that one-third of the human race perished in the awful days of malady. Even the Law Courts of London shut their doors, and no Parliament sat for two years. The brutal superstition of these dark days, fastening upon the Jews as a cause of the Plague, lit the fires of persecution against that unhappy homeless race. Nowhere but at Arignon¹ did they find a refuge from the flames.

Pestilence had scarcely laid aside her darts of death, when War, awe-stricken for a while in the presence of a mightier hand, began to uprear his bloody crest. Spain and England had come into collision on the high seas, for sailors then were all pirates, and much plundering went on. Don Carlos, son of that Don Luis who had measured swords with Manny off the Breton coast, being known to lie in the harbour of Sluys, whither he had gone to lade with linen and other goods, Edward determined to teach him how perilous it was to pillage English ships on their way from Gascony or elsewhere. Taking the Black Prince and many lords on board his fleet of fifty vessels, he weighed anchor from Sandwich, and cruised in the Strait of Dover for three days. As King Edward, dressed in black velvet, sat enjoying music on the fore-castle of his ship, the watchman, stationed in the castle on the mast, called out, "Ho! I spy a sail." It was then the hour of vespers. The trumpets sounded, and the ships drew up in line of battle. After a good draught of wine the English knights put on their helmets. More than forty huge Spanish *carracks*, towering high above the English ships, came bearing insolently down, with great castles filled with flints upon Aug. 29, the masts, and coloured streamers floating in the wind. Edward 1350 struck a big one. The Spaniard's mast, snapd by the shock, fell A.D. with its castle into the sea. The English vessel sprung a leak. He then grappled with another, from whose lofty deck stones and bars of iron, raining down, did terrible damage. But the English archers picked off all

¹ Arignon is in the department of Vaucluse in France, near the junction of the Durance with the Rhone.

who showed a head on deck, and brought many, like wounded crows, tumbling from their aerial perch on the Spanish castles. Dashing across the bulwarks of their own sinking craft, the royal crew flung themselves on board the enemy, swept her decks by the summary process of tumbling every Spaniard over the side, and made the prize their own with little loss. This combat will serve to depict the rest. When speedily the darkness came, seventeen of the Spanish ships had fallen into English hands. Robert de Namur, captain of the *Salle du Roi*, which held the household of the English King, had a narrow escape. A monster Spaniard, having wound her chains and hooks round this comparatively tiny barque, was coolly sailing off with her prize in spite of gallant struggling, when a daring English sailor, climbing from the *Salle* on to the Spanish deck, cut the main ropes with his sword and brought the heavy sails, with thunderous flapping and tangling of cordage, down to the deck. When the morning dawned, not a Spanish sail broke the offing; all that remained of the tall and stately fleet had taken wing in the dark. Anxious spectators, lining the hills on the English shore above Winchelsea and Rye, had watched the progress of the battle in the clear light of an August evening, and had brought word of the affair to the Queen, then living in a monastery near the Sussex shore. This triumph without much loss of English blood, only one knight of eminence having fallen, taught Spanish sailors how dangerous it was to meddle with the wine-ships of King Edward.

It is with something like relief that one turns from these red pictures to the steady advance of the power of the English Commons. Inch by inch they encroached on the sacred ground of royal prerogative. Right after right they wrested from the unwilling King, whose good sense however forbade him to kindle a spirit which might cost trouble to soothe into peace, and whose constant need of money obliged him to be very civil to those sturdy merchants and landowners, who had the tightest hold of the national purse-strings. The seventy parliaments, which he summoned during the fifty years of his reign, contributed to mould the assembly into a definite shape and fixed usages. A Speaker of the Commons dates from 1340. Two years later, the knights of the shire and the representative burgesses began to hold their meetings in a separate chamber, and to take distinctly the outline of our House of Commons. They received pay during session-time from their constituents, the knight getting four shillings a day, the burgess two. This was one point in which the mediæval and modern usages differ; another, no less striking, was the remarkably sensible hour at which the Houses met—*eight o'clock in the morning*. One of the most important checks of abuse accomplished during this reign was the reduction of the *Purveyance* system within reasonable bounds. The King on his travels had the right—and transferred it to every one of his motley suite—of seizing horses, carriages, and food at his own sweet will, paying what he liked, if he chose, but oftener choosing not to pay at all. A law was now passed to abate the evil and secure small payments on the spot, larger sums within four months.

But the *Statute of Treasons* claims the highest rank among the enactments of the reign. Five great offences were by this statute to be regarded as treason. 1. Compassing or imagining the death of the King, the Queen, or their eldest son. 2. Levying war within the realm. 3. Taking part with the King's enemies. 4. Uttering counterfeit coin. 5. Murdering the Chancellor, Treasurer, and any of the Judges, when engaged in the discharge of their duties. These crimes constituted *high treason*. Petty treason lay in the murder of a master by a servant, a husband by a wife, and so forth.

The truce which followed the siege of Calais was soon broken. A vain attempt on the part of the French to recover the lost key of their kingdom formed one of the earliest operations of the renewed war. When in 1350 died Philip, inventor of the *Gabelle* or salt-tax and extractor thereby from grim Edward of a pun touching the Salic Law, John the Good succeeded to the doubtful inheritance of an impoverished kingdom and a ruinous war. Having during the summer of 1355 filled the basin of the Garonne with blood and flames from Bordeaux to Toulouse, and passed over the water-shed to Carcassonne and Narbonne, the Black Prince, whose base of operations was the province of Guienne, ravaged Limousin and Auvergne, and penetrated Berri, spreading ruin round his march almost up to the southern bank of the Loire. The French King, moving from Blois, made for Poitiers to cut him off, and reached that town just before the expected prey. A battle followed within a league or so of Poitiers. It would serve no good purpose here to trace the various movements of the fight. Great as was the disproportion of the armies—the French numbering over sixty thousand, the English hardly ten thousand—the Black Prince by the exercise of that military wisdom, which has made his name famous, won a decided victory. By choosing broken ground, crossed by hedges and vine-palings, he impeded the movements of the magnificent cavalry led by John; and his green-coated yeomen, drawn up in the usual harrow form, twanged their white bows and sent their hurtling shafts into the thick of the press so hotly and so true, that confusion soon became rout. At the proposal of Chandos, ever panting to be where blows rang thickest, the guard of King John was singled out as the aim of a special charge; and that gallant monarch, with bleeding face and armour soiled with heavy falls, surrendered at last with his youngest son to a knight of St. Omer. The Black Prince, who took his name from the dark armour with which he heightened the effect of his fair complexion, received his illustrious captive with knightly courtesy, waited on him at the supper-table that night, and, when in the following spring (1357) they made their entry together into London, rode as a page on a little black pony beside the cream-coloured charger that carried John to his snug prison in the Savoy.

Edward in 1359–60 failed in the siege of Rheims, where he had intended to assume the crown of France, and went through the farce of sitting down at

the gates of Paris with a pack of weak and hungry soldiers, whom he was soon obliged by want of food to lead away towards Bretagne. A storm bursting over the march near Chartres¹ frightened him into thoughts of peace. The little village of Bretagne not far from Chartres gave its name to the important treaty, which closed the first act of this long and bloody drama.

I give here a summary of the principal articles of the Treaty of Bretagne:—

1. That Guienne and Gascony, Poitou, Saintonge, Limousin and many other districts, studded with castles and towns, should belong to the English crown, to be possessed without homage, as the neighbour and not the vassal of France.

2. That Ponthieu, Calais, Guines, and all islands, either adjoining these places or previously owned, should also belong to the English crown.

3. That the English King should renounce all claim to the crown of France, or the districts of Normandy, Touraine, Anjou, Maine, and some other places.

4. That three millions of golden crowns should be paid in six years as John's ransom.

5. That eighty-three hostages (sixteen prisoners taken at Poitiers, twenty-five French barons, and forty-two rich French burgesses) should be pledged for the fulfilment of the treaty.

Concluded in May 1360, this treaty was read at Calais in the following October in presence of the two Kings, and then solemnly sworn to. John, who had been brought over in state-bondage, was released next day; but, failing to raise his ransom or tired of a turbulent people or attracted by the magnetism of an English love-affair, he soon found his way back to the Savoy, where he died in 1364.

The Black Prince, not long wedded to Joan of Kent, a pretty widow, held his court at Bordeaux, when Pedro of Castile—branded by some chroniclers as the Cruel, called by others the Great Justiciar,—appeared in the character of a suppliant, bewailing the loss of an hereditary throne, wrested from him by his half-brother Enrique, to whom the French hero Du Guesclin had lent the edge of a sword that seldom failed. Edward forgot the crimes, and saw only the sorrows of the Spaniard, in whose aid he buckled on his armour, and passed into the kingdom of Navarre through the famous Briar Valley² of the Pyrenees deep with winter snow. Want of food pressing hard upon the English army, it became the great object of Du Guesclin to avoid a battle and let hunger slay instead of steel. But the Black Prince forced him to a battle, which was fought between Najarra and Navarretta, two villages a little south of the Ebro.³ Many knights, unhorsed in the mellay, could not rise again,

¹ Chartres lies on the Eure in Eure-et-Loir, fifty-five miles south-west of Paris. Population, 16,680. It was the Roman *Astricum*.

² *Roncesvalles* or *Roncevaux* is a pass in Pyrenees Basses, near St. Jean-Pied-de-Port.

³ *Navarretta* or *Navarrete* was a village about six miles from Logrono, which lies on the Ebro, where it now divides Navarre from Old Castile.

for the heavy plates of metal, which alone could turn a cloth-yard shaft, weighed down the fallen warriors. In vain the Spanish slings, famous for cracking helmets like nuts, hurled stones upon the English lines. The arrow, drawn by English sinews, did its customary work, and won the day again. Sir John Chandos, made a Knight Banneret before the battle,¹ swept all before him on the field. Du Guesclin fought bravely, but was made prisoner. Pedro, placed on the throne by the victory of Navarretta, refused to pay the troops, who had won for him that royal seat. This ingratitude plunged the Black Prince into a sea of troubles. Men will not fight for nothing; and his soldiers clamoured for their pay. There was nothing for it but to resort to the perilous expedient of taxing his French dominions; a hearth-tax was accordingly imposed to the intense disgust of the Gascons and their neighbours and to the great joy of the French King, who saw in this odious thing an ominous crack in the fabric of the English rule. Misery of many sorts grew out of that silly Spanish war, into which mere love of fighting led the Prince. Not only did it tie a weight of debt round his neck, but it sowed the seeds of mortal disease in his frame. He re-crossed the Pyrenees to bathe his cruel sword in blood at Limoges,² and then to linger out the remnant of his glorious life in a sick-chamber.

Du Guesclin, at last permitted to buy his freedom, received the distinguished office of Constable of France, and set himself with new vigour to the task of sweeping the English intruders from French soil. Two swords were gone that had always flashed in the English van, till blood had dimmed their sheen. Sir John Chandos, Seneschal of Poitou, a knight without fear and without reproach, had died near the bridge of Lussac,³ smitten to the brain through his open vizor by the point of a French lance. The frost upon the ground made him slip; his long sarcenet robes got entangled with his legs; so, when the point struck him under the eye, he stumbled forward and pressed it further in. And the Black Prince pined under deadly sickness. England's right hand was palsied; her left was shattered at her side. Little wonder then that, one by one, her French dominions fell away, severed from her throne by the sword of Bertrand du Guesclin. Poitou, Saintonge, the strong sea-port of La Rochelle yielded to the victor. Brest alone in all Bretagne remained true to the English cause. And Aquitains heaved convulsively with symptoms of change, restless under English sway. At last Bordeaux, Bayonne, a few towns on the Dordogne, and the little spot of which Calais formed the centre, alone remained of all the broad fields, over which the victor at Crécy had stretched his mighty sword. Words cannot tell how deeply these disasters must have rankled in the failing heart of the

* The ceremony of creating a Knight Banneret, i.e., a knight entitled to lead other knights to war, consisted partly in cutting off the ends of the swallow-tailed pennon, so that it became a square.

² Limoges, on the Vienne, in the department of Haute-Vienne, was the capital of Limousin.

³ Lussac, a village of Poitou, in the diocese of Poitiers.

Prince, all whose glories were twined with the English empire in France. When at Eltham on Trinity Sunday, June the 8th 1376, death came to release his vexed soul from a wasted frame, he had drained the intoxicating cup of human glory to its bitterest dregs. More pitiful still is the spectacle of the grey-headed father, who had so proudly watched his boy from the windmill at Crécy. Bearded by his Parliament and entangled in the wiles of Alice Perrers, he went down to the grave a year later than his illustrious son, full of years, but alas! not full of honours! The widows and orphans of Scotland and of France were both well avenged for the misery his wars had left in their cheerless homes.¹

CHAPTER II.

WAT TYLER, A MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Accession of Richard II.	Rotherhithe.	Character of Richard.
The poll-tax.	London flooded.	A great stain.
Wat Tyler's blow.	Mile End.	Dethroned.
John Ball.	The four demands.	Præmunire.
On Blackheath.	Walworth's scimitar.	

RICHARD, the son of the Black Prince, ascended the English throne in 1377 upon the death of his grandfather. After the splendours of the coronation had passed, twelve permanent counsellors, among whom not one of the King's uncles appeared, were nominated by the prelates and barons to aid the Chancellor and the Treasurer in the government of the kingdom, until Richard came of age. The French war smouldered on, bursting often into fierce and sudden attacks upon the southern coast of England. It was out of this very war, already forty years old, that the most momentous and suggestive transaction of a comparatively barren reign grew. At first glance it is hard to connect the coal-black cuirass of a prince with the leather jerkin of a common labourer; but close links of historic sequence bind Wat Tyler to the victor of Poitiers and Navarretta. For the money squandered on French battle-fields emptied the treasury of England; when the crown jewels were all pawned, and no wool or hides lay ready for a royal robber's hand, there remained no way of filling that treasury but the taxation of the people; and out of that taxation came discontent and Wat Tyler.

In order to maintain Calais, Brest, Bordeaux, and other maritime towns of

¹ The institution of the Order of the Garter dates from the reign of Edward III. Having given his garter as a signal in some battle, which became a victory (probably Crécy), he fixed on this as a fit badge of the knightly Order, which was established in 1350 to commemorate his great exploits in France. Among the first knights enrolled the Black Prince and Chaudes shine conspicuous. This little band of blue velvet, bordered with gold and inscribed with the old French motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," is one of the highest distinctions our Sovereign can confer. Cabinets have shaken and split upon the momentous question, "Who shall have the vacant Garter?"

France, which most aptly received from the tax-imposers the name of "the barbicans of England,"¹ a poll-tax was laid upon the nation, which in the second year rose to three groats or twelve pence on every one over fifteen. The small amount of the collection led to a rigorous inspection everywhere as to those who had refused or neglected to pay. The land became a mass of smothered flame. Many things combined to render the explosion no ordinary popular riot. All over western Europe it was a time of reaction on the part of down-trodden people against heartless and oppressive nobles. A love for and appreciation of freedom had been steadily for many years striking deep root in the hearts of the English Commons. The voice of Wycliffe had been heard in the land; and although the good man deplored and blamed excesses like those of which I am writing, his teaching had contributed to throw new light upon the relations which linked into one common whole the various strata of society. Now came taxation for a seemingly endless war. And the conduct of a rude collector towards the daughter of Wat Tyler at Dartford² resembled that last straw which broke the suffering camel's back. The father, roused to fury by the cries of his wife and daughter, leapt from the roof where he had been working, and with his lathing-staff knocked out the insolent collector's brains.

In four counties—Kent, Essex, Sussex, and Bedford—the very four in which, from their nearness to the capital and the Continent, the civilization of the people must have advanced farthest, the ferment against the oppression of the nobles and the imposition of the hateful tax had been working with most violence. A priest of Kent, named John Ball, who had more than once seen the inside of Canterbury jail for preaching doctrines not in accordance with the dogmas of the Church, used every Sunday after mass to gather a crowd round him in the market-place, and inveigh bitterly against the greed of the rich. "They," said he, "are clothed in velvets and rich stuffs, ornamented with ermine and other furs, while we are forced to wear poor cloth. They have wines, spices, and fine bread, when we have only rye and the refuse of the straw; and if we drink, it must be water. They have handsome seats and manors, when we must brave the wind and rain in our labours in the field; but it is from our labours they have wherewith to support their pomp. We are called slaves; and if we do not perform our services, we are beaten." So his inflaming speech ran on week by week, until there was needed only some decisive blow to stir fire into flame. The staff of Tyler gave that blow.

Then from all the counties I have named and others adjoining a vast mob began to pour in scattered streams towards London, clamouring for speech with the King, but the greater part of them seeking they hardly knew what. Some vague notions of universal equality fermented in their heated minds. But the hope of plunder and revenge formed their strongest present springs of

¹ The aptness of this name lies in the fact that the barbican was an outwork, which stood on the outer edge of the moat, guarding the approach to the drawbridge. If England was the castle and the Channel its moat, these ports were undoubtedly barbicans.

² *Dartford*, a market town of Kent, on the Darent, fifteen miles from London. Population, 5763.

action. By the time the sticks, rusty swords, axes, and worn-out bows of this sudden army had clustered on Blackheath, its numbers had swelled to nearly one hundred thousand. Although Wat Tyler's homicide had raised him to the position of their captain, two other men—the John Ball just mentioned, and one Jack Straw from Essex—took a prominent place among them. Already they had done considerable mischief as they passed along the ways,—a special object of their wrath being the house of any attorney or King's proctor who might unfortunately live within sight of the road.

Different feelings agitated London when the news came in that these hordes lay clamorous and hungry upon Blackheath. A party of more than thirty thousand citizens favoured the rebel movement. But the loyalists, under William Walworth the Mayor, promptly shut the gates, and placed there a strong guard. In order to make known their demands to the King, then living within the strong walls of the Tower, the rebels sent thither Sir John de Newtoun, Constable of Rochester, whom they had pressed into their ranks under menaces of death as they passed through that town. By this knight Richard returned for answer, that if they would come down to the Thames next day he would hear what they had to say.

Next morning accordingly the royal barge brought the King and his suite down to Rotherhithe, a manor of the crown, where ten thousand yells from rough throats greeted his approach. Poor De Newtoun, who would speedily have become mince-meat if the King had not appeared, stood anxious in the noisy crowd. Richard, whose barons would not let him land, rowing out on the stream, asked them what they had to say. They cried out that he should come ashore. "No!" said Salisbury; "you are not properly dressed, *gentlemen*." Infuriated with this treatment, the huge mob then began to move towards the gates of London, destroying the beautiful suburban villas which studded the banks of the Thames at Southwark and Lambeth, and in particular breaking open the Marshalsea, whose prisoners swelled their ranks. Howls of rage broke from the furious flood when brought to a sudden check by the closed gates of London Bridge. They swore that unless these flew open they would burn every house in the city. This threat and the angry expostulations of their friends inside undid the bolts. The hungry files streamed in, spread right and left in search of food and drink, and, when their hunger was appeased, set fire to the splendid palace of the Savoy, occupied by the unpopular Duke of Lancaster. Heated with choice wines from these princely cellars, they swept through the streets, burning houses, killing every Fleming they could find, and bursting into the houses of the Lombard money-changers in search of coin. Wat Tyler did not forget his private grudges. Having come to the house of a rich citizen, as whose servant he had once received a beating, he killed the unfortunate man, and stuck the bloody head upon a pike.

By sunset the drunken mobs had gathered in a huge concourse within St. Catherine's Square before the Tower, in which the King could hear their hoarse and menacing yells. Some courageous baron, contemptuous of the rabble,

proposed that a sally should be made that night on them as they lay in their drunken sleep, when they might all easily be "killed like flies." But calmer counsels prevailed, and a conference at Mile End, "a handsome meadow, where in the summer time people went to amuse themselves," was ultimately arranged. When the King rode out of the Tower, a rush of the most daring ruffians in the mob entered the building, ran from room to room, and slew four unfortunate persons whom they found there—the Archbishop of Canterbury (Ball's bitter foe), the Prior of St. John's, a Franciscan friar who was physician to Lancaster, and a sergeant-at-arms who collected the tax. Having made huge poppies of their pikes by sticking on them the ghastly heads, as was the barbarous custom of the time, they carried these bloody ensigns of their revenge through the streets.

The well meaning part of the crowd met Richard at Mile End with a cry of "No slaves!" and dispersed quietly upon receiving royal letters of pardon and redress, drawn up in hot haste by thirty clerks. Some thirty thousand, who had tasted blood and wanted more, remained in London with Tyler, Straw, and Ball. In this mass lay the chief danger. London stood armed and wakeful. The King passed an anxious night at the Wardrobe, a royal house in Carter Lane.

The assembly at Mile End had made four principal demands. 1. That villenage should be abolished for ever. 2. That good land should be reduced to fourpence an acre. 3. That they should have the full liberty of buying and selling, like other men, in all fairs and markets. 4. That all past offences should be pardoned. And a promise of redress had stilled their clamours and sent them home. But Tyler rejected these mild reforms with disdain. Three times amended charters came from the long-suffering King; and three times the cry was "More." Among other trifles the rebel leader asked that all the lawyers should be beheaded, for he had an ambition to remake or remodel the English law with his own lips.

Smithfield, where every Friday the horse market was held, saw the closing scene in this mingled tragedy and farce. About twenty thousand gathered there, hot with Rhenish and Malmsey wine, for they had been breakfasting at the expense of rich Lombards and other wealthy citizens. Richard, riding by with sixty horse, stopped at the Abbey of St. Bartholomew, and Tyler galloped insolently up till his horse's head almost touched the King. Some words passed, Tyler speaking first. Seeing in the royal train a squire whom he hated, the rebel fiercely demanded the dagger of this man. It was given for peace' sake. He would then have the sword. This was too much. Manfully chiding the insolent upstart, Sir William Walworth, the Mayor of London, struck him on the head with a scimitar, and felled him to the ground, where a sword pierced his belly. It was a perilous crisis. Every bow bent in the yelling ranks of the rebels, drawing thousands of arrows to the head against the little band of horse. The gallantry of the royal boy, then aged fifteen, saved his kingdom and his life. Dashing up to them alone he cried,

"Gentlemen, what are you about; you shall have no other captain but me; I am your King; keep the peace." Bowstrings slackened and brows unknit. The rebellion was at an end. Most of the rebels took to their heels, when they saw knights and aldermen leading in fresh bands of retainers to the aid of the endangered King. Betrayed by their own men, Jack Straw and John Ball were found hidden in an old ruin; and in no long time their severed heads were blackening on the spikes of London Bridge. A bloody assize followed under Justice Tresilian, who traversed the country in spite of the letters of pardon granted at Mile End, inflicting the severest penalties upon all who were accused of taking a share in the movement.

The spirit, which flashed in this instance from the youthful Richard, seems in great part to have deserted him in maturer years. He sank into a leader of fashion, a splendid spendthrift, delighting in such things as gowns of scarlet twelve yards wide, whose sleeves edged with the rarest fur swept the ground; and in later life he stained the robe he wore with an uncle's blood. Yet there are strong lights too in the portrait of this unhappy King. His literary tastes led him to patronize Chaucer and Gower; and he took pleasure in reading the work of Froissart, who presented him with a copy richly bound in crimson velvet.

Quarrels with his uncles, quarrels with the Commons, quarrels with his Parliaments, quarrels on behalf of worthless favourites with whom he surrounded his throne, filled up the years of Richard's reign. To discuss these would be useless. The noted John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, tried to bend their royal nephew to their own purposes; perhaps they had a covetous eye to the throne he filled. He resisted them successfully; but the murder of Gloucester, who was arrested at Pleshy near London and slain at Calais, forms an indelible stain upon his memory. In his contest with the Parliament he lost ground so much at first, that a commission, appointing fourteen lords to conduct the government, was extorted from him by the Wonderful Parliament of 1386, of which Gloucester was the leading spirit. But before his reign closed, he had obtained from nearly the same men a subsidy *for life* on wool, which, had his reign been longer, would have proved a deadly engine against the liberties of the nation.

The son of Lancaster, Henry of Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, dethroned his cousin Richard in 1399. Returning from exile, while Richard was fighting in Ireland, he landed at Ravenspur in Yorkshire, reached London with sixty thousand men, and in a few weeks met the kingdomless monarch at the castle of Flint. On the 30th of the following September Richard's deposition was solemnly pronounced in full Parliament at Westminster Hall. At Pontefract Castle on St. Valentine's Day in the following year he died, most probably by foul means.

One law of this reign deserves special notice—that called the statute of *Præmunire*.¹ John had humbled the English crown to the dust before St.

¹ This statute derived its name from "*Præmunire* (or *præmonere*) facias," words used in the writ issued for the execution of this and similar preceding laws.

Peter's chair by promising a yearly tribute, as we have seen. The Popes held England down with this chain as long as they could, binding on her struggling limbs other cords of power too, such as the custom of *Provisors* and the tax of *Firstfruits*. The former was a claim advanced by Rome to make provision for all vacant bishoprics, and a further and more sweeping claim, grounded on this, to have a potent voice in the filling of minor offices in the Church. The latter was a custom, by which men so promoted paid over to the Pope the first year's income of the benefice received. Corruptions of all kinds grew out of these usages; and not least among such was that practice called *Commendam* (in modern parlance "the use of the warming-pan"), by which men were put in temporary charge of cures, until the persons meant to hold them permanently grew up or were ready to take the charge. Insolent demands and ecclesiastical funguses like these excited the disgust of all. Every generation saw fierce struggles of the English people to shake off the ignoble bondage. Edward I. and Edward III. manfully resisted the Bulls of Rome. But it was reserved for the reign of Richard II. to complete the triumph of a nation struggling against foreign interference by the passing of the famous law of *Praemunire*, which decreed that "any person purchasing in the court of Rome or elsewhere, any provisions, ex-communications, bulls, or other instruments whatsoever, and any **1392** person bringing such instruments within the realm, or receiving **A.D.** them, or making notification of them, should be put out of the King's protection; that their lands and goods should be forfeited; and that they themselves, if they could be found, should be attacked and brought before the King and council, there to answer for their offence." No heavier blow had yet been dealt at the never well-founded fabric of the Papal power in England.

CHAPTER III.

WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

Justice for Wykeham.
Rise in the Church.

Architectural genius.
Political fame.

A dark cloud.
Later life.

THE name of Wykeham, who wore the mitre of Winchester from 1366 to 1404 and who was mixed up with all the leading public transactions of his time, has not received in minor histories of England the prominence due to his genius and his tact. Whether we regard him as the architect of Windsor Castle and other noble piles of building—as the munificent and enlightened founder of a great school at Winchester, and a New College at Oxford—or as a politician who won and wore the respect even of his most violent opponents, we are justified in claiming for him a place in history close to, if not beside,

such brightest stars of the time as Chaucer, Wycliffe, and Edward the Black Prince.

The village of Wykeham or Wickham in Hampshire was the place of his birth. He went to school at Winchester, but studied, it seems, at no university. Never in any sense did he claim to be a learned man. His mind was of that sturdy kind, resembling certain great engineering intellects near our own day, which may be bent by a college training, but can grow strongly up from its native roots without much external aid, and can do a noble sort of practical work in the world without a deep knowledge of Aristotle or of Plato. Entering the Church, he received from King Edward in 1356 a presentation to the rectory of Pulham in Norfolk; and in ten years he climbed by many steps of preferment to the see of Winchester, being then forty-two years of age.

He probably owed his first introduction to the King's favour to that architectural genius, which enabled him to design and direct the new buildings at Windsor. The fourteenth century was rich in exquisite works of architecture in that gorgeous style called the Decorated English; and the clergy took no inconsiderable share in this outgrowth and evidence of the national taste. The nave of York, the south aisle of Gloucester with its splendid foliage, the magnificent choir of Lincoln, the lantern of Ely, and the spire of Salisbury, graceful as a lily-stalk, all belonged to his opening boyhood; and some of them may have had a powerful influence in developing his youthful genius. We find the architect continually peeping from under the priest's cassock; and his day's work, as prebend of Flexton and surveyor of Windsor Castle, must have presented a mixture of details very unlike what the English clergy now experience.

Grants and pensions aided him to uphold his rising state. In every character he filled—architect, clergyman, politician—Prosperity marked him as one of her pets. When he received the mitre of Winchester, he had already been for some time royal Secretary and Keeper of the privy seal. And scarcely had the bloom worn off the episcopal dignity he reached in 1366, when the distinguished position of Lord High Chancellor of England awaited his acceptance. This great office he held for four years (1367–1371), during which he made many friends and but few enemies. The presentation of a petition from Parliament, begging that the Great Seal should not be in the hands of churchmen, caused him to resign. He carried with him the favour of the King and the present good-will of Lancaster, to whose influence was chiefly owing the state of things which brought round his resignation.

But from Lancaster, whose ambitious path he crossed in 1376, arose the great and almost only cloud in Wykeham's life. Accused of embezzlement, oppression, and other abuses of his exalted station as Keeper and Chancellor, the bishop was brought to trial, convicted upon a trifling point, and banished from the court. At the same time the revenues of his see were sequestered. Next year did little or nothing for him. Poor old Edward, bound hand and

foot by beautiful Alice Perrers, forgot in his dotage, or could not aid in his feebleness, the genius that had created the noble turrets of Windsor. Winchester's name was specially excepted among the pardons granted in 1377, the year of Edward's jubilee. In this dark hour his brother-clergy, met in convocation, lifted so bold a voice in his behalf, that his revenues were restored to him, and all penalties remitted. But the case had cost him ten thousand marks, a heavy punishment in itself.

During the reign of Richard II. he took a leading part in politics, and brought to a successful end his great educational projects. New College at Oxford was finished in 1386; Winchester School, in 1393. Although his name stood among the council of fourteen, appointed in 1386 by the Wonderful Parliament to control the government of Richard, Wykeham seems never to have entirely lost the respect and confidence of his sovereign, who a little later forced on him the acceptance of the Great Seal. His second tenure of the Chancellorship ended in 1391, when he seems to have retired from the stir of public life to the quiet of his episcopal palace, where he varied the routine of duty with the inspection of the masons and sculptors, who were busied in rebuilding his own cathedral. He sat near the cloth of gold which covered an empty throne on that September day in Westminster, when Richard was dethroned. But his life wore quietly away in the performance of his sacred duties alone. He died in 1404 at South Waltham, having reached the age of eighty years and having seen four Kings upon the English throne.

Wykeham, outliving both Chaucer and Wycliffe, whom no doubt he often met, forms a link between the reigns of the last Plantagenets of the unbroken line and the first reign of the House of Lancaster. Besides this he represents, to a certain extent, the Fine Arts in England during the fourteenth century. The time had not yet quite passed, when the monastery centred within its sombre walls nearly all that was worth the name of science and learning in the land; and many various occupations, now divided from one another, filled the ample leisure of priests and bishops. In the latter respect Wykeham's career illustrates the life of his age. How complete a change five hundred years have wrought! Men might design castles of Windsor by the dozen now, without ever having the faintest chance of finding their toils rewarded by a mitre or a seat on the woolsack. Yet we must not be unjust to Wykeham here. His architecture certainly *founded* his fortunes; but his rectitude, his knowledge of humanity, his talents for public work, and his steady industry contributed to build upon that foundation a fame, which entitles him to an honourable place among illustrious Englishmen.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PERCYS AND GLENDOWER.

Henry IV.
Border wars.
Owen Glendower.

The Percys
Battle of Shrewsbury.
Old Percy.

Prince Hal.
Death of Owen.

THE brave grandson of Edward III., who had already won a soldier's laurels on many fields in Prussia and elsewhere and who had visited the far East in search of adventure, now sat on the throne lately filled by the voluptuous Richard. It was a most uncomfortable seat, and not a year of the thirteen, for which his reign continued, passed without many perils and anxieties.

Passing by the intrigues and plots which at once began to spring in a poisoned crop round the very steps of the throne, we find Henry IV. plunged into a Scottish war. To this indeed his own soldier-spirit prompted him, and he desired eagerly to show the nation, which had chosen him to be their King, that he was not made of soft and worthless metal like dead King Richard. But his Scottish campaign proved a failure. Famine drove him back across the Border. The slopes of the Cheviots and the basins of Annan, Tweed, and Tyne were indeed at this time always running blood. Only a dozen years before (in 1388), Sir Henry Percy, better known as Hotspur, having lost his pennon in a skirmish with Douglas at Newcastle, flung his men with a sudden surprise upon the Scots encamped at Otterburn.¹ The battle of Chevy Chase raged under the harvest moon. The Douglas fell, pierced with three spears; but his victorious countrymen carried off the English leader a captive to Scotland. Such raids and such fights occurred continually. And now, when Henry withdrew from the fruitless war, the Percys kept up the hereditary feud, aided by an injured Scottish nobleman, the Earl of March. The latter overthrew his countrymen at Nesbit Moor. A little later (September 14, 1402), a still more decisive battle was won by the allied forces of March and the Percys at Homildon Hill in Northumberland.² Foolishly the Scots stood, like deer in a park, on the sides of the hill, while the English archers, standing below, discharged flights of arrows up at the living targets. A terrific slaughter proved the deadly eye and strong sinews of the bowmen, to whom alone the victory was due.

While war thus desolated the Border counties, its flames had also burst out in Wales with a violence which nothing could abate. Like one of those American wells of mineral oil, which some spark has turned into fire, it cannot be quenched or trampled out; it must be left to burn itself away. Owen

¹ *Otterburn Ward* lies in Northumberland, on the Reed, twenty miles west by north of Hexham.

² *Homildon or Humbleton Hill* is about a mile from the market-town of Wooler in Northumberland. *Nesbit Moor* lies about four miles north of the same town.

Glendower kindled the war, and maintained it with little interruption until his death. Let us see who this Welshman was.

Born in Merionethshire about 1349 and descended through his mother from Llewelyn, the last native Prince of Wales, Owen Glendower received a good education, studied for the London bar, and ultimately became shield-bearer to Richard II. When that monarch lost a throne, he retired to his little estates in Wales; but not to rest. For he had a powerful neighbour, an Anglo-Norman noble, Lord Grey de Ruthyn, who cast covetous eyes upon a part of his inheritance. Grey seized the land when Henry seized the throne. In vain Owen appealed to the Parliament for redress. His suit being dismissed, he grew red-hot with rage; and we all know that the presence of a red-hot object in the middle of a powder-magazine suggests a probable explosion. The malicious conduct of Grey in keeping back the writ which summoned Owen, always ready for a fray, to follow the banner of King Henry into Scotland, laid the fire to the train. The explosion ensued. Grey's land and the town of Ruthyn¹ were naturally the first points of attack. The Welsh harps, whose strings had not been all cut by the first Edward, rang boldly out in praise of Owen, a lineal descendant of their native Kings, and a worthy candidate for the empty throne of Wales, so long chained to the London chair. Nor did the harp-strings sound the praises of his sword alone. Claiming for him magical gifts and direct intercourse with the world of spirits, they added awe to admiration in the regard with which the simple minds of the Welsh peasantry had invested their hero. His learning caused the unsophisticated mountaineers to be all the more easily gulled in this matter. With this double grasp upon the love and fear of the Welsh people he rapidly became invincible. In vain Henry invaded Wales three times. Glendower and the mountains proved too strong for the levies of the midland meadows. The English King himself believed the extraordinary rains and storms of wind, which drenched and buffeted his troops in Wales, to be the work of demons, fighting for their friend and master, Owen Glendower. Choosing, now Plinlimmon, now Snowdon, for his base of operations, the Welsh chieftain spread the ravages of war all round these giant cones of rock, in whose clefts and caverns he could laugh at English bows and spears. The English universities were emptied of their Welsh students; the English farms of their Welsh servants; for a tide had set in, which bore the mountaineers back from every quarter to the blue hills they loved. English interests in Wales began in earnest to totter, as before a fall.

A prisoner, whom Owen took at Pilleth Hill,² caused his sphere of operations to widen. This was Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle of that young Earl of March, who, being descended from Lionel of Clarence, came in before Henry as the lineal heir to the English throne. Mortimer's friends wanted to ran-

¹ *Ruthyn or Ruthin*, a borough in Denbighshire, stands on a hill above the Clwyd, eight miles south-east of Denbigh. Population, 3878.

² *Pilleth Hill* is near Knyghton in Radnorshire, which lies upon the Teme.

som him from Glendower. The King, mindful of his relationship to a rival, refused to permit this—a refusal which sorely galled the proud spirit of young Harry Percy, whose wife was Mortimer's sister. Thus snapped the tie which bound the Percys to the throne; and they drew the sword against the King, whose battles they had just been fighting. The four English leaders of the great plot then formed—Hotspur, his father the Earl of Northumberland, his uncle the Earl of Worcester, and his friend Scroop Archbishop of York—added to their number the valiant Welshman Owen Glendower, won over by his captive Mortimer, and the Earl of Douglas, bribed by a release without ransom.

Douglas marched his vassals across the Border; Worcester brought archers from Cheshire; and with the aid of these Hotspur, his father being sick, led an army towards North Wales in the hope of meeting the levies of Glendower. But Henry with great military skill and promptitude intercepted the march at Shrewsbury,¹ placing himself between the Northerners and their Welsh allies. A battle ensued, each army amounting to about fourteen thousand men. In spite of a fiery document, branding him with perjury and falsehood, which reached him the night before the battle, Henry next morning sent the Abbot of Shrewsbury to try and patch up the quarrel. But the Earls would hear of no terms; and with a shout of "Esperance, Percy," replied to on the royal side with "St. George for us," Hotspur and Douglas led a glittering wave of steel in full charge upon the army of the King. The line yielded to the flood, but closing instantly behind, pent it up as with a parapet of stone. Arrows rained upon the huddled mass, thus cut off from their friends; and in three hours the shaft had beaten the lance. An arrow pierced Hotspur's brain; Worcester, taken prisoner, had his head chopped off without delay; and Douglas remained in close but kindly custody.

I may sum the short career of the other leading conspirators in a few words. Scroop, having joined old Percy in a renewal of the civil war, two years after the battle of Shrewsbury, fell into the hands of the King, and, in spite of the mitre that he wore, lost his head upon the block. England had never before seen a prelate die by the axe of the public headsmen; and popular superstition ascribed the so-called leprosy, which settled in the King's face below the nose, to the wrath of Heaven, smiting him for the sacrilegious crime. The Earl of Northumberland, crossing the Border, appealed to his ancient enemies for aid against his ancient friend. But a big cannon, which Henry fired with destructive effect at a tower of Berwick Castle, frightened the Scots into quiet for a time. The grey-haired outlaw, ever nursing a hope of looking once more from strong castle ramparts over the fair pastures of Northumberland, wandered to Wales, to France, to Flanders, but found none to aid him in his schemes. At last a few Border Scotsmen lent their swords,

¹ *Shrewsbury*, the county town of Shropshire, lies on the Severn, not far from the middle of the shire. Population, 19,681. The battle was fought about three miles from the town.

and followed the old Earl to his last field near Tadcaster¹ in Yorkshire. There he laid down his broken life amid the din of battle (February 23, 1406).

Meanwhile Owen Glendower maintained his hostile attitude among the mountains of Wales. A treaty, which he formed with the King of France, showed the importance attached by Continental powers to the movement he headed. All the elements of heroism cluster round his name; misfortune and mystery are not lacking in the story of his life. Clouds began to lower on his enterprise, when young Henry the Prince of Wales assumed the command of the English soldiers in Wales. We are too much inclined to regard this illustrious warrior in the light of a good-for-nothing madcap during his father's life. The rollicking nights he spent in drinking with fat old Falstaff and the rest at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, and the well-known incident of his assault on Chief-Justice Gascoigne, fill the imagination, to the exclusion of his really sterling qualities, and the bright promise of his early military life. It was he who, at the age of seventeen, inflicted so severe a blow on Glendower at Gromont Castle in Monmouthshire, that the Welsh chieftain, enfeebled by another defeat within the same month, donned a shepherd's dress, and went hiding in the caves of the hills, a beaten man. Glendower's drooping hopes revived when the Admiral of France landed with twelve thousand men at Milford Haven. The allied forces marched to the neighbourhood of Worcester, where many skirmishes took place, but no battle. Harassed and hungry, the French troops fell back, and sailed away in borrowed ships. Owen, left to himself, sank to the position of a guerilla chieftain, swooping from the hills only when lack of beef or bread compelled him; the war sputtered on in straggling and petty explosions; and when in 1415 Glendower followed Henry to the grave, his glory had been shorn by time and disaster of more than half its beams.

CHAPTER V.

WYCLIFFE AND LOLLARDIE.

John de Wycliffe.
His doctrine.
Persecution.
The Remonstrance.

The Fiery Statute
Sawtre.
Constitutions of 1408.
Badby burned.

Sir John Oldcastle.
A stain.
Reflection.
Lull in the agony.

A RAW country lad from Yorkshire, then aged sixteen, enrolled himself at Oxford in the year 1340 as a student of Queen's. Forty-one years later, he turned his back upon the city of colleges, driven by the violence of foes to spend, but not to waste, his splendid talents among the hovels of an obscure

¹ Tadcaster, a market-town in the West Riding of Yorkshire, lies on the Wharfe, nine miles south-west of York. Population, 2327.

parish in Leicestershire. Yet a few years, and paralysis struck him down in the chancel of his own church. This man, whose life extended from 1324 to 1384, was the illustrious John de Wycliffe, earliest champion of English Protestantism and earliest translator of the *whole* Bible into English. The Mendicant Friars, who infested every shire with their wallets full of spurious relics, excited the hearty anger of this good Englishman; and he did not spare them with his pen. The tribute, promised by craven John and demanded by successive Popes, was another subject on which he expressed his mind with honest freedom. Things like these could not pass without drawing from the Tiber the thunder of many Bulls. Wycliffe through all his life-time walked on the slopes of a fierce volcano, whose side might any day have opened andwhelmed him in a flood of fire. But God, decreeing otherwise, gave him the favour of a powerful prince, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, who stood by his side at St. Paul's in 1377, and bearded the ferocious Bishop Courtney in his behalf. The Synod of Lambeth, held in the following year, was another peril, through which Wycliffe passed unscathed. His "poor priests"—saintly men, who stood in violent contrast to the sensual brawlers who degraded the name of Mendicant Friars—spread his doctrines far and wide through the land, while he in his cell and class-room at Oxford, where he lectured as Professor of Divinity, wrought at high pressure with voice and pen. His lectures against transubstantiation brought matters to a crisis between him and the university. In 1381 the Chancellor condemned his teaching and shut his class. But short-sighted men were only thus giving him an opportunity of crowning his heroic life with its chief glory. For by the Swift amid his little peasant-flock at Lutterworth he devoted the calm sunset of his life to the translation of the Bible from the Latin Vulgate into English. This work done with the aid of pupil-pens, Death came and found him ready.

Before proceeding to trace the chief points in the history of the Lollards,¹ as the disciples of this remarkable man came to be called in contempt, I shall state a few of the doctrines which formed his creed. He held the crown to be supreme in authority over all persons and possessions in the realm of England—churchmen and laymen being alike amenable to the civil courts, and their property being equally subject to the action of the law. This doctrine aimed at paralyzing all secular power of the Pope in England. But Wycliffe would gladly have paralyzed also the spiritual power of Rome: he considered the Pope to have no claim whatever upon the headship of the English Church. Baptism and the Lord's Supper he retained as sacraments, regarding the former however as not necessary in all cases to salvation, and stripping the latter of the mysterious errors involved in the doctrines of transubstantiation and consubstantiation. Confirmation, Penance, Holy Orders, Extreme Unction,

¹ Walter Lolhard, burnt at Cologne in 1322, is thought to have originated the name of this sect. He held opinions not unlike those of Wycliffe. Other suggested sources of the name are *Lolium*, Latin for a "tare," and *Lollen*, old German for "to sing." The former would represent them as weeds in the wheat-field of the Church; while the latter refers to their practice of singing hymns.

he rejected as priestly inventions. But he believed in a Purgatory, and in the use of praying for souls in that intermediate state. The prayer of a layman found the ear of God as readily, according to his creed, as the prayer of a priest, if only it rose from a heart filled with faith and charity. So masses for the dead in his view were quite needless, except for the purposes of priestly gain.

Under Richard II. the persecution of the Lollards began. Wrongly the outbreak under Tyler has been ascribed chiefly to the influence of Wycliffe's preaching; John Ball has been placed side by side with the great English Reformer. The peasant rebellion sprang from quite another root. Ploughmen and mechanics awoke to the consciousness that they were men, suffering the treatment and eating the food of beasts, and that they possessed not merely English manhood but the birthright of English nationality. Still blinded with the alumber they were just shaking off, they staggered convulsively up to London under the banners of worthless leaders, whom accident had flung in their way. But it suited the persecutors of the Lollards to connect their preachings with the crimes of the country rebels. The crusade began, and raged fiercest in four counties, three of which lay round Lutterworth, out of whose humble parsonage the English Bible had come. Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, Nottinghamshire, and Herefordshire, felt the heaviest blows of the opening war.

It was not long before the Lollard voice spoke boldly out. Wycliffe had been sleeping eleven years, when an address to the people and parliament of England, known as the Lollard *Remonstrance*, was presented to the House of Commons. This outspoken document—the cry of an awaking people against the corruptions of a Church, which gave them stones for bread—found an echo in the hearts of many men, who sat on the benches of the Lower House. In vain King Richard and Pope Boniface frowned and censured. The English people applauded not noisily but with deep heartiness. Crowds might be often seen round the doors of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, listening eagerly to the papers which some Lollard hand had posted in the dark of the previous night. This was a common way of acquainting the public with facts and opinions, in days when the Newspaper was a thing unknown, and the Book took years to write and paint.

1395
A.D.

The accession of Henry IV., although the son of Wycliffe's protector, only made matters worse for the Lollards. His shaky throne needed priestly propping. So he tried to buy the aid of the Church by taking vengeance on her foes. Heat became flame—actual and positive flame. The fires of Smithfield began to cast their red glare upwards on the London sky. A powerful prelate, who had been instrumental in bringing Henry, or Hereford as he then was, over to England, bent all the force of a mind, steeped in aristocratic pride and skilled in the learning of the time, to the task of uprooting the heresy, whose fibres had penetrated through all the lower and part of the

middle strata of English society. It seemed to the prescribers for this national ulcer, as it appeared to their clouded eyes, that fire alone could remedy the evil. It must be burned away. A fearful statute joined the roll of English laws, enacting that persons preaching without license, possessing heretical books, convening unlawful assemblies, or in any other way spreading these pestilent doctrines, should be thrown for three months into the bishop's prison, and then, if still obstinate, should be burned by order of the magistrates in the sight of all the people.

Within a month or two after the passing of this terrible statute William Sawtre was publicly burned in Smithfield as a relapsed heretic. While Rector of Lynn in Norfolk, his loose opinions had attracted the jealous eye of the Church, and in 1399 he lost his living on a charge of heresy. This frightened him, or friendly persuaders bent him, into a recantation of his errors; and he was again received into the bosom of the Church as priest of St. Osith's in London. But his conscience stung him sore. The truth would not be repressed. He preached heresy, as it was called, again, declaring that he would not pay to the image of the Cross the worship due alone to the Saviour, and that those who partook of the Lord's Supper ate bread and not the flesh of Christ, no matter how holy the blessing spoken or the priest who spoke it.

The one spot on his robe of martyrdom, due to an irresolute will, was an attempt he made to explain away his abjuration. **1401** Fright-
A.D. fully solemn and prolonged was the ceremony of unfrocking, which preceded the horrors of the stake. Arundel and his satellites, robed in silk and jewels, met under the spire of St. Paul's. Chalice and scarlet robe, tippet and surplice, candlestick and lectionary, church-key and priestly cap were taken from the victim one by one; his tonsure fell before a knife or razor; and with a layman's cap on his head he was handed over to the High Constable and Marshal of England to be burnt at the stake. All the pomp and circumstance of this long ceremony wound up with an empty formula, in which Arundel recommended to the mercy of the civil law the poor man, whose death-cries he was longing to hear. From the midst of a vast crowd, struck with no common awe but penetrated with a deeper sympathy, the soul of the first English martyr of the Protestant cause, loosed by fire from its writhing prison-house of blackened clay, passed away to God.

The English clergy, in full convocation assembled, agreed in 1408 to a set of Constitutions, in the composition of which the hand of Arundel displays itself very visibly. These must be regarded as a sign that the Fiery Statute of seven years ago, with all its horrors, needed a stern and positive supplement to enforce obedience to the Papacy upon the English mind. The Books of John Wycliffe, "the heresies known under the new and damnable name of Lollardie," and the University of Oxford, "once so famous for its orthodoxy, but of late so poisoned with false doctrines," receive in these strongly worded Constitutions a notice anything but complimentary or tender. In the face of this resolute opposition Lollardie took stronger root and flourished. In London,

in Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Herefordshire, Shrewsbury, and in *Calais* the disciples of Wycliffe multiplied daily.

The death of a brave plebeian, one Badby a smith, accused of denying the doctrine of transubstantiation, was also the work of Arundel the Primate. When fire was laid to the dry wood, which rose around the huge tun in which the martyr stood, the Prince of Wales (afterwards Henry V.), melting at the cries of the sufferer, offered him a pension of threepence a day if he would recant; but he chose rather his present pain and speedy death than life and money bought with denial of his faith. This martyrdom stained the year 1410.

But the most illustrious Englishman of the Lollard sect was Sir John Oldcastle, who obtained by marriage the higher title of Lord Cobham. Thoughtful beyond all the steeled soldiers and dressy courtiers who surrounded the throne, this man, though a gallant swordsman in the field and earlier in life gayest among the revellers, who drank sack with Prince Henry, found his deepest and truest pleasure in books, and clung with especial love to the books of John de Wycliffe. He became a Lollard—the central spirit of the sect: Arundel marked him as a noble quarry and began to hunt him down. Henry, assuming the crown in 1413, had soon the unpleasant task of choosing between an old comrade whose nobleness of mind he could partly value, and an ever blazing torch of persecution like Primate Arundel. Touched, like our British Solomon of later days, with a weakness for theological argument, the royal amateur, once a student of Oxford, tried to shake the noble Wycliffe in his faith. He tried in vain; and, when the Fieri Statute became the royal stand-point of controversy, Oldcastle went down to Cowling, his place in Kent. Then Arundel entered the lists in person, summoning the heretic to appear before his court. Stout refusal. Soldiers only could drag the illustrious Lollard to the Tower. The sentence of fire was pronounced, and, had not the King, allowing respite for fifty days, opened a loophole of escape, would have been carried promptly into execution. Politics had probably already begun to leaven this religious movement. Round their escaped leader crowds of Lollards drew eagerly and fondly, mingling a design on the freedom of the King with their original schemes for the reform of the Church. A projected midnight muster in the meadow of St. Giles, then lying some distance outside London gates, came to the ears of the watchful and resolute King, who, marching in the dead of a winter night to the place of rendezvous, took the precaution of shutting the city gates behind him. A few score Lollards were caught lurking in the fields, or gathering at certain points on the roads; the barred gates held those within the city fast in a trap; a probable revolution was nipped in the bud (1414). But Oldcastle, who cannot have been far away, got safely off to Wales. Three years later, when a movement of the Scottish nobles, Albany and Douglas, towards the strongholds of the Border, seemed to favour the Lollard cause, Oldcastle in the hope of reviving his scattered and frightened party hovered round London and was seen. The

retreat of the Scottish army forced him to take wing for Wales, which he had almost gained, when the hawks brought him fighting to the ground.

1417 Doomed by the Lords to death, he suffered in St. Giles's Fields, being
 A.D. hanged in chains upon the gallows as a rebel, while the fire denounced against heretics roasted him from below. Even Horace Walpole, who believed in very little, scarcely in himself, speaks of him as one, "whose virtue made him a reformer, and whose courage made him a martyr." The literary talent of Oldcastle marks him out specially among the men of his day. He edited the works of Wycliffe, and wrote, besides several religious tracts and sermons, a pamphlet called *Twelve Conclusions addressed to the Parliament of England*.

Arundel had died long before the execution of Cobham, and his successor Chicheley, formerly Bishop of St. David's, burned with even fiercer zeal against the Reformers. The Lollard Tower of Lambeth Palace, built by Chicheley, still overlooks the Thames, with cruel rings of iron and wainscot scratched with noble names. The fires of persecution continued to burn as thickly as before, blurring with their horrid smoke the clear London sky. The natural result followed. With the faith of the Lollards, which struck deeper and stronger roots after every fresh attack, there mingled a bitter vindictive feeling, a growth of human weakness which has often stained the best of causes. One man in a fury declared, as he led some reforming rioters at Abingdon, that he would make priests' heads as common as sheeps' heads. Take this as a specimen of the unhappy *animus* engendered on the Lollard side.

Oxford was among the first to show symptoms of reaction. In 1441 twelve members of the University, which Wycliffe had once adorned, examined by appointment the works of that Evangelical Doctor, as he had been called, and pronounced the bulk of them to be only worthy of the flames. The backward tide then set strongly in. Luxury and vice ate into the vitals of the Church. The monasteries and nunneries became putrid sepulchres of sin, not even whitened outside to please the eye of public decorum. Matters were in this frightful state, when the storm of civil war burst upon England to cleanse or to destroy. The immediate effect of that great national convulsion—the struggle between the rival Roses—was to cause a lull in the persecution of the Lollards, who sink out of sight during the whirl of battle-fields that come thick in the annals of the fifteenth century. But none must think that Lollardie ever perished in Britain. It could not die, for its roots were fixed in undying Truth. From its sapling stem, scathed in green and tender youth with flame but never injured at the heart, sprang, a little later, the great branching tree of our island Protestantism.

CHAPTER VI.

AËINCOURT.

Henry IV. and France.
An old claim.
Southampton.
Siege of Harfleur.
March by the shore.

Looking for a ford.
St. Crispin's Day.
Homeward.
Visit of Sigismund.

Siege of Rouen.
Burgundy murdered.
Treaty of Troyes.
Death of Henry V.

WHEN Charles the Well-beloved of France went mad, a furious and murderous struggle for supremacy broke out between the Princes of Orleans and Burgundy. Both sides courted the aid of our Henry IV., who at first sent a force to assist the Bourguignons in the capture of Paris, but afterwards, tempted by the promised restoration of Aquitaine, Poitou, and Angouleme, flung the weight of his aid on the Armagnac side. He gained little solid benefit from his interference in this civil strife.

But his son, Henry of Monmouth, saw in the shattered and disorganized state of France a most tempting spectacle. The conqueror of Owen Glendower laid claim to the crown of the Capets, reviving (for one must have *some* cause for war) the old and shaky arguments of Edward III. The clergy and the nobles of England favoured his ambitious design, but, if we may judge from his having recourse to the pawning of jewels and such expedients for raising money, the Commons of England did not at first think well of this foreign move.

A muster of men and ships at Southampton displayed the serious intention of the King to invade the land he claimed. The discovery of a plot to raise the son of the Earl of March to the English throne stopped him on the eve of embarkation. He wept when he found that his dear friend and bed-fellow Lord Scroop had joined the Earl of Cambridge and Sir Thomas Gray in this conspiracy, but he chopped that dear friend's head off all Aug. 11, the same. This plot may have sprung from a Lollard root. At last 1415 his great fleet of sixteen hundred vessels spread their wings amid A.D. an escort of white-plumed swans (sea-gulls probably), and passing the lovely shores of Wight, made for the mouth of the Seine, where stood the great fortress of Harfleur,¹ selected as the first point of attack.

Had his approach been less sudden, a few Frenchmen might have successfully disputed his landing on that difficult shore, for the rocks and marshes which naturally ramparted the beach had been strengthened by great ditches and earthworks of enormous thickness.² Passing these unhindered, he found

¹ *Harfleur*, now a village of Seine-Inférieure, lies on the right bank of the Seine, within a short distance of Havre. A mile of marsh separates it from the river, and its former harbour is dry. The little stream *Lésarde*, when the tide is in, admits boats to the town. Population, 1700.

² One authority calls the place where Henry landed *Kydcause*, about three miles from Harfleur. Another says it was the harbour between Harfleur and Honfleur.

himself before the key of Normandy. His army amounted to six thousand helmets, and twenty-three thousand archers, besides cannoniers. For thirty-eight days the English army plied the siege of Harfleur with all the resources at their command. One barbican, standing in front of the principal gate, bore the hottest brunt of the attack. Stone balls flew thick from cannon and balistæ; mines and trenches honeycombed the earth outside the walls; fagots to fill the moat and ladders to scale the walls were made in vast numbers by the carpenters of the English camp. Nor was the defence, conducted by De Gaucourt, unworthy of a gallant nation of cavaliers. Every night witnessed swarms of the besieged working to repair the breaches made during the day by the English engines. Baskets filled with earth and sand, and huge layers of soft mud, in which the balls of the enemy sunk harmlessly, filled every gap, while pots of sulphur, quicklime, and burning fat stood ready to be cast upon the heads of the attacking force. The apple trees too, which grew plentifully in the neighbourhood, did a deadly work among the English troops, who gorged themselves with the ruddy fruit. Henry, having summoned the garrison in vain to yield, resolved to delay the assault no longer, especially as food ran low and disease was thinning his ranks by scores. The very night before the projected attack a proposal came from the town, which was followed by a speedy surrender (September 22d).

The captor of Harfleur, instead of taking at once to the decks of his ships, formed the heroic resolve of going home by way of Calais. To understand the spirit of this determination, we must note the fact that, after leaving a garrison within his prize and weeding his broken ranks of the sick and cowardly, there were left beneath his banner scarcely nine thousand men. And already the din of the French myriads, mustering for war, shook the whole northern land. Starting on the 8th of October with his little force arrayed in three divisions, he advanced along the sea-shore, calculating on accomplishing his march of one hundred miles in eight days, and supplied with food only for that period. Past Fécamp, past Dieppe, past Ru, he pressed towards the estuary of the Somme, intending to cross at Blanchetaque, where his great-grandfather had forced the passage of the stream. He reached Abbeville on Sunday the 13th, and found to his dismay that a vast array of French soldiers made the passage of this difficult ford utterly impossible. Three courses then presented themselves—either to fall back on Harfleur, to seek a higher ford, or, failing that, to march round by the sources of the river. Adopting the second, he turned suddenly inland, hurrying up stream, and trying all the fords and bridges vainly as he passed. A prisoner gave him a valuable hint, to the effect that the French leaders had prepared great clouds of cavalry, on which they rested all their hopes of piercing the line of the English bowmen. To defeat the attack of such formidable assailants, he desired every archer to prepare a thick stake, six feet long and sharpened at both ends, which, being stuck—slanting—point outward—might pierce the chests of the charging horses. To this precaution, slight as it may look, he

chiefly owed his victory at Azincourt. At last, when almost in despair, the spirits of the starving English were suddenly raised by the news that an unguarded ford lay close by.¹ A villager gave the welcome information. The passage was safely accomplished, and the little army, filled with joy at their escape, marched swiftly on towards Calais. Meanwhile the Constable of France, galled to the quick that the prey he made sure of had escaped, concentrated all his forces in Artois, resolved to crush the daring little band of invaders at one tremendous blow. Henry from the top of a hill saw the foe marching in huge masses upon Azincourt,² spreading over the country like a mighty forest. There were at least one hundred thousand soldiers in that great army of France. The English King established his head-quarters in the hamlet of Maisonnelles, about three bow-shots from the village whose name the battle bears. Through a long October night the English watched in silence the tall figures of their foes moving black across the red glare of camp-fires. Rain fell heavily; and, only now and then, broken gleams of moonlight pierced the darkness. These occasional glimpses of the enemy allowed King Henry, whose very existence trembled on the issue of the fight, to arrange his plan of action for the morrow.

At last that morrow dawned—the eventful 25th of October, which has made St. Crispin's Day a bright spot in the English calendar. All of chivalry that France could muster trampled the wet soil with innumerable hoofs, arrayed, according to the invariable tactics of the day, in three great bodies. Henry rode before his little army, gallantly dressed, with a jewelled crown upon his shining helmet, and a tunic blazing with the golden lilies of France and the golden leopards of England. The English were on foot in one great mass, fringed with lines of archers protected by their stakes. The village behind; hedges on each flank; so they stood waiting *to be crushed*. Two little bits of strategy Henry quietly performed: he sent two hundred archers to hide themselves in a field, which would lie on the flank of the attacking French; and he ordered the barns of Hesdin in front to be set on fire.

Through all the morning hours the monster army never moved; but the advance of the daring little band of Britons towards noon stung the vanity of France so sorely, that the giant files made a terrible spasmodic plunge forward, to be impaled on the stakes, which bristled along the line of the bowmen, if the yard-shafts of these bowmen had not already done their deadly work on brain and breastplate. The position, skilfully chosen by Henry, obliged the French to attack with a narrow front, so that they soon became locked in a solid struggling mass, unable to couch their lances or to charge, while pitiless flights of arrows emptied their saddles by hundreds. Attempting to retrieve

¹ This ford, which the people of St. Quentin had neglected to stake, lay, according to Montrelet, between Bethencourt and Voyenne. The 19th of October saw the English crossing from noon to dark.

² The battle-field of Azincourt lies near the pretty town of Hesdin, which is situated in the valley of the Canche, in the department of Pas-de-Calais, fifteen miles south-east of Montreuil.

this miserable mistake by a backward movement, the French cavalry, in which the strength of the grand army lay, stuck leg-deep in some ploughed
Oct. 25, fields, soaked with recent rain. Then came a scene which clearly
1415 showed that the days of steel-clad knighthood were nearly numbered.

A.D. Rushing from behind their stakes, and slinging their bows on their backs, the light infantry of England, leathern-jerkined and bare-headed, ran in among the bogged and sprawling horsemen, whom they cut to pieces with bill-hook and with axe. Thus ignominiously fell the Constable of France and some of the brightest flowers of French chivalry. The main body of the French army then came up, but only to meet a speedy doom. Struck down by the weapons of the English, the leading files lay on the wet and bloody ground; wave succeeded wave in quick flow, pressed from behind; and as each came on, it tripped on the fallen van, until a wall of dead and living flesh rose up, a human barricade, which the English had to climb, before they could shoot or strike at the waves of men beyond, still pressing on with suicidal eagerness. Henry fought nobly amid the thickest of the fray. A mace-blow brought him to his knees, and the battle-axe of D'Alençon shivered his crown. But he received no wound. One piece of needless slaughter sullied the English laurels on this great day; but it arose out of a mistake. A great noise among the baggage-carts behind caused the frightened English to kill the prisoners, whom they had taken in thousands. They thought that a body of French had fallen on their rear. The truth was, that some marauding peasants had made a rush upon the stores. The English *regalia* fell into the hands of these spoilers.

The battle of Azincourt lasted only three hours, during which ten thousand Frenchmen fell, including some of the noblest names in the land. Of this vast number only sixteen hundred were common soldiers; all the rest were gentlemen. The Constable, the Admiral, the Dukes of Brabant, Berri, and Alençon, were lost to France on that bloody day. The English loss, headed by the corpse of York, amounted only to sixteen hundred men of every grade. Rejoicing in his wonderful victory, Henry went right on to Calais, leaving behind his scarcely broken files a field white with the stripped dead, and horribly alive in all its skirts with wounded soldiers crawling towards the villages around.

An historian has wondered why he did not follow up this tremendous blow at once. The answer is a simple one. He had too much sense and too much military skill to expect that he could achieve the conquest of France with a few thousand sick and hungry men. He did a wiser thing by going home. The citizens of Dover rushed into the surf to meet his ship. Twenty thousand citizens of London, flaming in scarlet dresses like a gigantic tulip-bed, met him at Blackheath to escort him within their gates. The whole city kept holiday, and spoke its joy with the voice of trumpets. Huge figures of the victorious King and the patron saint of England towered by the way, sparkling with tinsel and clad in brilliant military garbs; while the figures of

angels in white and gold seemed to sing the loud *Te Deum*, which arose as the King approached.

Next year there came to England a remarkable visitor, whose professed mission was, if possible, to act as mediator between England and France. It was Sigismund, King of the Romans, on whose name rests eternally the foul stain of having betrayed John Huss to the Council of Constance, luring the martyr to a fiery doom by a safe-conduct written with his own hand. Sigismund and Henry had many points of likeness. Both were soldiers. Henry had fought at Azincourt, Sigismund at Nicopolis. Both desired to crush out Lollardie. Henry roasted Cobham; Sigismund grilled Huss and Jerome. So the Emperor elect crossed the sea to visit his royal brother, glittered for three months about Westminster and Windsor, and received the Order of the Garter in St. George's Chapel. During his visit he signed a treaty at Canterbury, in which he pledged himself to aid the King of England and France in maintaining his rights. Thus the mediation ended. Some jewelled vases of gold and silver, presented by Henry to his departing guest, went before that imperial beggarman and cheat, to be pawned at Bruges among the Lubeck merchants in that rich city.

The very day on which the Treaty of Canterbury was signed (August 15, 1416), witnessed a brilliant naval victory won by the Duke of Bedford, brother of the King, over a fleet of French, Genoese, and Spanish ships, off the port of Harfleur. For weeks the bodies of the slain came floating up round the English vessels, polluting the green waters of the estuary of the Seine. This formed the only notable event of the war during the year that followed Azincourt.

In 1417 Henry again penetrated Normandy with an army of thirty-five thousand men. Wintering in the invaded territory, he made himself master of Caen, Bayeux, and other strongholds, which formed the very vitals of the province. In less than a year all Lower Normandy crouched at his feet. Then, crossing the Seine, he invested the noble city of Rouen,¹ surrounding it on the land side with batteries, trenches, and wooden towers, and cutting off all hope of a river supply by thick chains of iron, which stretched across the stream above and below the town. The siege lasted nearly six months; hunger alone could unlock the massive gates. On the 16th 1419 of January 1419 the triumphant King of England, who had thus by A.D. conquering Normandy reversed the achievement of his ancestor Duke William, rode proudly into a city whose garrison now resembled only skeletons clad in livid skin. The desolation of the surrounding country, wrought by the knives of some half-naked Irish soldiers, whom he led under his banner, matched right well the misery within the battered walls.

When Rouen fell, Paris trembled to its lowest stone. Negotiations began.

¹ *Rouen*, the capital of Seine-Inférieure, lies on the right bank of the Seine, eighty-five miles from Paris. Population of the commune, 91,512. *Rotomagus*, the seat of a Celtic tribe, became a leading Roman town, and afterwards the capital of Rollo.

In a splendid tent at Meulan by the Seine Henry met the Queen of France, the Duke of Burgundy, and that lovely girl, the Princess Catherine, who afterwards became his wife, and whose charms might now, her mother thought, soften the rigour of the conqueror's demands. While the conference was going on, secret messages were passing between those bitter foes, the Dauphin and Burgundy, who in a short time kissed and made friends—for a common danger frightened them into a hollow patching of their ancient quarrel. Henry in a rage at this turn of affairs took Pontoise¹ and threatened Paris; but a fearful crime saved him from the need of further warfare. Meeting the Dauphin on the bridge of Montereau with nothing but a velvet cap upon his head, John Sanspeur, Duke of Burgundy, received a mortal blow from a battle-axe as he bent before the royal boy. A dozen years before, in a silent moonlit street of Paris that nerveless stiffening hand had touched the bleeding body of the Duke of Orleans to make sure that the assassin's work had been fully done. Retribution had now come not unswiftly. Bad as France then was, this murder drew from her heart a cry of horror. Better own as King the Englishman with the strong hand, reddened only with battle-blood, than the treacherous slayer of an unsuspecting man. So, within the town of Troyes,² which gave its name to a famous treaty then concluded, there was a great gathering of the eagles, that had been tearing unhappy France to pieces.

By the Treaty of Troyes Henry obtained the hand of Catherine, the Regency of France, and the reversion of the crown he sought. In modification of these great prizes he agreed to settle an income of twenty thousand nobles on his wife; to govern as Regent by the advice of a council of Frenchmen;

1420 to drop the title of King of France so long as Charles lived; to

A.D. attach Normandy again to the French throne upon his accession;

and to violate in no way the liberties, laws, and customs of the French people. In addition to these conditions he undertook to make war against the Dauphin, until that prince abandoned the territory he had seized.

In accordance with the last clause in the Treaty of Troyes, Henry, after visiting England with his bride, continued the war with the Dauphin. He brought with him to France the Poet-king of Scotland, who no doubt gladly exchanged a lonely tower of Windsor for active service in the basin of the Seine. And then the world beheld a strange sight—a Scottish King fighting in France against Scotsmen. For the Earl of Buchan, second son of the Scottish Regent, had led five thousand of his countrymen to the aid of the Dauphin, and had received from that unfortunate prince a baton as Constable of France. Dreux³ and Meaux⁴ yielded to the valour and skill of the Britons;

¹ *Pontoise*, in the department of Seine-et-Oise, lies eighteen miles from Paris on the right bank of the Oise. Population of commune, 5370.

² *Troyes*, capital of Aube, is situated in a plain, on the left bank of the Seine, one hundred and twelve miles south-east of Paris. Population, 25,654.

³ *Dreux* stands on the Blaise, a tributary of the Eure, forty-one miles west of Paris.

⁴ *Meaux* is in the department of Seine-et-Marne, on the Marne, twenty-five miles from Paris.

and the advance of Henry to relieve Cosne,¹ hardly pressed by Buchan, obliged the Dauphin to take refuge for the second time in the fortress of Bourges.²

But Henry was dying. His military glory, his regal splendour, his fatherly joy over the baby son lately born at Windsor, shrank into vapours of the earth before the icy touch of a conqueror greater than himself. At Vincennes on the last day of August 1422 he died, worn out by some illness without name. Knights in black armour, with lances reversed, followed the coffin on its solemn journey to Calais. It rested for a night by the field of Azincourt, then thick with fallen leaves, and passed by the same route as the living victor of seven years ago had taken, to its place of rest in Westminster Abbey, close to the shrine of Edward the Confessor. He was only thirty-four.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BURSTING OF THE FRENCH BUBBLE.

The Duke of Bedford.
Crevant and Verneuil.
Jacqueline of Holland.
Gloucester versus Beaufort.
Gloucester's literary tastes.
Siege of Orléans.
Battle of Herringa.

La Pucelle.
The siege raised.
Charles crowned.
The cell and the stake.
Congress of Arras.
Magic.
Margaret of Anjou.

The last sword.
Two rivals die.
A headsman at sea.
Loss of Normandy.
Loss of Guienne.
Death of John Talbot.
Consolation.

A *FLUING* infant, not a twelvemonth old, now represented the majesty of English kingship. But the destinies of England lay chiefly in the hands of three men, all Princes of the blood,—John, Duke of Bedford, and Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, brothers of the late King, and Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, the uncle of the lot.

Bedford, a valorous and skilful soldier, dazzled by the false lights which played over France, flung his whole soul into the extension of the English empire there, leaving to Gloucester as Protector and an assistant council of sixteen the management of home affairs. There was indeed much to dazzle and allure in this French mirage. The heralds of the land, breaking their staves over the coffin of Charles the Well-beloved not two months after Henry had died at Vincennes, proclaimed the infant son of the victor at Azincourt King of France and England. Nor was the title an empty boast, for "the Isle of France with Paris, a part of Maine and Anjou, nearly all Champagne, the whole of Picardy and Normandy with few exceptions, and Guienne in the south, including Gascony, owned the English sway. Their alliance with

¹ *Cosne* (the old *Condé*), in Nièvre, on the right bank of the Loire.

² *Bourges*, lying where three tributaries of the Cher mingle their streams, is in the department of Cher, seventy miles south by east from Orléans.

Philip, the Duke of Burgundy, gave them the feudal honours and military use of Upper and Lower Burgundy, Flanders and Artois; and the temporary attachment of the Duke of Bretagne added the forces of that province to the English power." The kingdom of Charles VII., who seems to have been a Merry Monarch under every change, had shrunk into a few central provinces between the Loire and the Garonne.

Salisbury and Bedford maintained the glory of the English arms; the former in the battle of Crevant,¹ fought in July 1423; the latter in the greater fight of Verneuil,² which took place on the 16th of August 1424. The strength of Charles lay chiefly in his Scottish allies; but so terrible were the English archers, who shot from behind their bristling rows of wooden stakes, that neither French nor Scots could make head against the fatal shafts. Shut up in Bourges by this great defeat, the would-be King amused himself with his flower-beds and garden tools.

Then occurred the first in a long series of disasters, which dissolved the phantom empire of the English France within the short period of thirty years. Humphrey of Gloucester claimed the wide inheritance of Jacqueline, sovereign of Holland, Zealand, Friesland, and Hainault, because he had married this lady during a visit she paid to England. Now her real husband, the Duke of Brabant, from whom she had eloped, was still living; and although he could gladly spare herself to an Englishman, he did not like to see so many coronets and broad acres slip between his fingers. So Brabant sought aid from his powerful cousin of Burgundy, who took up arms on his side against the English invaders of Hainault. This quarrel complicated French affairs, and ultimately weakened the English cause, for Burgundy's help was the strongest backing the English Regent had in France. A Papal Bull afterwards dissolved the English marriage; but the mischief between Burgundy and Bedford had been already done.

The struggles of Gloucester and his uncle Beaufort at home also hampered the Regent very much, calling him over to decide between the rivals, when he ought to have been hunting Charles from fort to fort. Let us see of what stuff these men were made, who, sitting at the same council-board, measured the strength of their genius and their craft in a struggle which filled five-and-twenty years of English history.

Henry Beaufort was the son of John of Gaunt by Catherine Swinford, at first a mistress, afterwards a wife. The mitre of Winchester descended on his head in 1404 upon the death of the architectural prelate, William of Wykeham. This see—one of the richest in England—afforded the prudent bishop splendid opportunities of accumulating such riches as no Englishman of his day possessed. His money added greatly to his influence. Kings and Regents, plunged in most expensive and lengthened wars, cannot afford to

¹ *Crevant* is on the Yonne, not far from Auxerre.

² *Verneuil*, in the department of Eure near the left bank of the Avre; now noted for woollen, hardware, and pottery manufactures.

slight a millionaire, whose purse-strings loosen at their call. Henry V. petted this wealthy uncle, and borrowed largely from him too. Four times in his life he held the dignified office of Chancellor. In the struggle between his nephew and himself he enlisted on his side the sympathies of the English nobility, leaving Gloucester to cajole the citizens of London and the populace of the land by his frank and pleasant manner. In our day Beaufort would have led the Conservatives in the House of Lords.

When Henry IV., as yet merely Earl of Derby, was spending a winter at Danzig during his Prussian campaigning, the skipper of an English vessel brought him word, that a fourth son, baptized Humphrey, had been born to him in England. The boy became a man—fought and bled at Azincourt, where his royal brother with a lion's courage bestrode his senseless body and saved his life—met Sigismund on the Dover Strand to clip his imperial wings by demanding that in England he should attempt no act of sovereign power—and shone conspicuous in various ways as a courtier and politician. Upon the death of Henry V. his ambition began to sprout vigorously. His marriage with Jacqueline, already noticed, formed a part in his plan of aggrandizement. It proved a mistake. So bitter did the strife between the rival Princes grow, that on one occasion, Beaufort having seized the Tower, the streets of London bristled with a threatening show of lances and bows, ready for death-work at a word. Bedford, recalled from France, found all his influence needed to patch up a hollow truce.

In contrasting these two men we find a certain phase in the character of Gloucester, which touches his memory with a tenderer light than the glitter of gold and grandeur which surrounds the pompous name of Beaufort. Gloucester had the blood of old Gaunt in his veins. And, as Gaunt had been the friend of Chaucer and the shield of Wycliffe, so Gloucester entertained in his princely mansion of Baynard's Castle,¹ on the Thames below St. Paul's, the few literary and scientific men of whom England could boast in the barrenest age of her story. Thither came meagre bright-eyed alchemists, who passed nights of eager toil amid crucibles, alembics, and poisonous fumes of molten metals. John of Whethamstead and William Botoner, chroniclers and collectors of scrap-knowledge from every source, feasted with the Prince; and fluent John Lydgate, the poetical monk of Bury, wrote verses in his praise, translated Boccaccio at his request, and no doubt profited largely by his generosity. Under his fostering care a poor wanderer from Forlì in Italy wrote, under the borrowed name of Titus Livius, a Life of King Henry V. Learned Italians sent him their books with flattering dedications, and received in return those solid rewards, which even authors and scholars cannot always afford to despise. Nor was Gloucester merely a vain ignorant patron of learning. He was himself a keen student of those classical treasures,

¹ *Baynard's Castle*, which perished in the Great Fire after having been the residence of Kings and nobles, had its north front in Thames Street, its south upon the river. It was built by Baldwin, a follower of the Conqueror. Shakspeare in *Richard III.* has laid two scenes of Act III. in the court-yard of this fortress. See Timbs's "Curiosities of London."

whose value the European world was then only beginning to discover ; and he collected books with great earnestness, displaying however a generous desire that others should taste the sweets that cost him time and gold. In 1443 he presented the University of Oxford with more than one hundred valuable manuscripts. I have dwelt a little on this side of Gloucester's character, because it is generally lost sight of in the blaze of the political contention between him and Beaufort, a contention in which he had so decidedly the worse.

When the English were foiled in the siege of Orleans,¹ the tide, which at last swept away every rag of their French empire, except one solitary shred, began to set strongly against them. In the autumn of 1428 nothing would please some hot-headed captains in the English army but a move upon the Loire, preparatory to the seizure of the French dominions south of that great physical boundary. In vain Bedford, whose clear eye saw danger in the attempt, uplifted a warning voice. On the 12th of October the Earl of Salisbury, the bravest leader on the English side, appeared under the walls of Orleans with a small force of eight or nine thousand men. Having occupied the southern suburb, he directed all his energies against a couple of towers, called the Tourelles, which rose from the bridge across the Loire. He took this important position in eleven days ; but the French, by breaking the arches which joined the Tourelles to the northern bank, neutralized the advantage thus gained. It must not be forgotten that the principal part of the city lay on the northern bank of the river. Through gaps left by the insufficient English lines some of the first officers in France—La Hire, Saintrailles, and Dunois—led fresh forces into the beleaguered town. A stone shot having carried away half of Salisbury's head, the Duke of Suffolk took his place as commander of the attacking force. Brave John Talbot too lent the weight and sharpness of a sword, which had been used vigorously against the turbulent princes of Ireland. The cannon roared by night and day ; the great bell roused the weary citizens from rest every night to guard some fresh breach in the walls. Only one night of music, at Christmas time, stole, like a pleading angel's voice, between the demoniac thunders of the cannonade. Yet through all the winter the English seemed to gain nothing. The besiegers assaulted ; the besieged sallied with varying and indecisive fortune. At last a decided success gilded the English arms. An English knight, Sir John Fastolfe, was approaching Orleans from Paris, escorting a string of provision-carts with a small body of sixteen hundred men, when he was suddenly attacked at the village of Rouvrai near his destination by a great force of French and Scots, amounting to four thousand men. Ranging the carts in the form of a hollow square with two openings, he defended this *impromptu* fortress by placing his archers, supported by the men-at-arms, in the gaps, and thus succeeded in beating off the formidable band. Since herrings formed a large part of the stores, the

¹ Orleans, the capital city of Loiret, on the right bank of the Loire, seventy-six miles from Paris. Population, 44,406. It stands on the site of the ancient *Aurelianis*.

engagement was afterwards called the Battle of Herrings.¹ This reverse plunged the garrison of Orleans into despair. Aid came to them as if direct from Heaven.

The news of their distress, vibrating through all France, had reached at last a peaceful valley of Lorraine, girdled with oak-crowned hills, out of which sprang the rills of the infant Meuse. There in a peasant's hut a girl of seventeen—slender, dark-haired, sweet-eyed, silver-voiced—had listened to the news with panting breast, for many years ago, while strolling in her father's garden, she had heard gentle Voices in the air, urging her to liberate France from its peril; and these Voices, never since quite forsaking her, had lately come oftener and spoken more earnestly. She left her native hamlet of Domremy for Vaucouleurs,² where she so importuned the governor Baudricourt, that he sent her on to Charles at Chinon.³ After some hesitation the Dauphin accepted the assistance of this maiden, who was none other than the famous Joan of Arc, otherwise called La Pucelle. Her picture as she appeared in the camp at Blois before setting out to accomplish the first part of her mission—the relief of Orleans—may thus be sketched. Lance in hand and head unhelmed; with deep-set eyes and black hair tied behind with a riband; a small axe and a consecrated sword by her side; a banner of white satin, sprinkled with lilies of gold, and adorned with a picture of the Saviour and the words, “Jhesus Maria,” borne by a page; she rode in gleaming white armour on a coal-black horse. Thus she journeyed to Orleans with soldiers, victuals, and artillery, and, passing the carelessly guarded April 29 English lines by night in a thunderstorm, appeared among the 1429 glad and weeping people, like the spirit of Hope in woman's guise. A.D.

The English then fought as if a blight had fallen on their arms; the besieged, as they had never fought before. But she did more than rekindle courage in drooping hearts; her very presence spread a purifying influence among the rough and often brutal soldiers in the town. Yet even the saint herself gave way, we are told, to sudden gusts of passion, and her pretty lips sometimes rapped out a little oath, “Par mon Martin,” Martin being, not a sweetheart but a baton of command. In *nine days* she drove the English from the walls, which they had been battering for nearly seven months. On the 7th of May a vigorous dash of the besieged, headed by Joan and her banner, assaulted the Tourelles. An arrow hit her between the shoulder and the neck. She fell, but was carried off, and soon revived. When the English soldiers, with scarcely an arrow or a grain of powder left, saw the Witch, as they used to call her, rising in this way from the dead and dashing towards the wall, they dropped their points, and fled. Over the mended bridge Joan, mistress of the Tourelles, reëntered the city, whose steeples rocked with rejoicing bells. When the red glare of the bonfires,

¹ I may note in passing that salted fish formed the principal item in the rations of the English soldier at this period.

² Vaucouleurs, a town on the Meuse in the department of Meuse.

³ Chinon. See p. 101.

which blazed all night in the streets, gave place to the grey dawn, the smoke of burning batteries was seen rising from the English lines ; and the May sun rose upon long lines of spears and banners receding sullenly from the scene of their discomfiture.

Brief but very brilliant was the path of this girl, who shines in history like an inexplicable comet, not like a steady star, the law of whose being astronomy has traced. She took the castle of Jargeau ;¹ she defeated and captured Lord Talbot at Patay.² She frightened Troyes into capitulation. And then she accomplished her patriotic mission by beholding Charles invested at Rheims with the crown and sceptre of the Capets. This event took place on the 17th of July 1429, little more than two months after the siege of Orleans was raised. Old Jacques D'Arc came from his simple home that day to sit with a King and princes and to witness the honours paid to his little Jeannette. But from that day fortune forsook Joan. She soon broke her sacred sword in beating a profligate woman with its flat ; and with the snapped blade her power in the field seemed to break and vanish. She failed in an attack on Paris. The winter went by. Spring saw her in the field of Lagny,³ victorious for the last time. A fatal disaster then came. Defending the city of Compiègne against the Burgundians, she made a sortie which failed, and in her retreat, before she had time to cross the drawbridge, an archer caught her skirt and pulled her—a captive—from her horse (May 23, 1430).

Her after treatment lies a lasting stain upon the English name. Sold by her captors to the creatures of the English government, she attempted to escape their horrid vengeance by leaping from the top of a tower in Beauvoir Castle. But the fall only stunned and shook her for a time. After some changes she found herself chained in an iron cage within the great tower of Rouen, and watched with sleepless care by brutal English guards, who treated the poor girl most shamefully. It was needful for her jailers to force themselves into the belief that they had caged a real witch. Resolved at any rate that she should feed the flames, they acted towards her as a doomed heretic and sorceress long before she was even brought to trial. That trial was a farce. All attempts to make her sign a paper, abjuring what her tormentors called her crimes, met with signal failure. The fire soon roared for its prey in the old market-place of Rouen, where her statue now stands ; and with
May 30, shrieks and groans, yet with no word implying distrust in the truth
1431 of the Voices that had called her from her father's hut, but uttering
A.D. with her last sigh the name of Jesus, this true heroine perished at the stake. Living, she had smitten the English armies with a consecrated sword ; dead, she wielded a yet greater power, for her smouldering ashes, before they dissolved in the waters of the Seine, kindled a flame in the heart of France, which shrivelled up the English conquests like a burned scroll.

¹ *Jargeau* is on the Loire, eleven miles east of Orleans.

² *Patay* is a small town, fifteen miles north-west of Orleans.

³ *Lagny* lies on the Marne, ten miles south-west of Meaux.

In vain young Henry received the crown of France at Notre Dame. The days of that beautiful French bubble, blown by Edward III. and distended by the victory of Azincourt, were numbered. Bedford, having buried his wife, a sister of the Duke of Burgundy, consoled himself a few months afterwards by marrying Jacquetta of Luxembourg. This gave mortal offence to Burgundy, who made friendly advances to the Dauphin Charles. A magnificent Congress assembled at Arras¹ to arrange the affairs of France, containing representatives from all the great States in Europe. Beaufort, now a **1435** Cardinal, was the leading English statesman present. After much A.D. tilting and some sermons the Congress proceeded to business, which soon took so un-English a colouring that Beaufort retired in disgust. It made little matter. Burgundy and Charles were reconciled; mutual forgiveness was exchanged; and a treaty, consecrated with many religious ceremonies, cemented the union, on which hung so entirely the fate of France. Before the assembly dispersed, Bedford had died at Rouen; and in his grave lay buried every hope of rebuilding or repairing the tottering fabric of English power in France.

Before watching the final collapse of this pretty painted bubble, whose gleaming sides shone so red with English blood, let us turn to the rival Princes, of whom I spoke before. Gloucester was decidedly worsted in the strife. It was a hard hit—a home-thrust, when in 1429 the new-made Cardinal, by causing the coronation of the young King—never better than a puppet—took from his nephew the office and prestige of the Protectorship. Gloucester and his party resented this deeply, and strove hard to deprive Beaufort of his mitre and its golden appendages, to convict him of having violated the statute of *Praemunire*, and to make him out guilty of embezzlement and usurpation. Beaufort, rooted as if on a rock, bore every charge unshaken, yet thought it wise to get two little cuirasses forged, in the shape of Acts of Parliament, which might serve him at a future need. So the strife went on. There was now no Bedford to stand between the foes, whose enmity burned until it scorched the weaker one to death.

It seems to have been Gloucester's destiny to find troubles in wedlock. We have heard of Jacqueline. Eleanor Cobham, a worthless attendant of the Countess, having caught his fancy, became his second wife. Her name would not deserve to fill a line, but that the story of her downfall gives us a glimpse of times and people very unlike our own. Gloucester, as I have said, loved to crowd his chambers with philosophers and scholars. Among these astrologers and magicians mustered strong; and of course Gloucester, like every other man of scientific leanings in the Middle Ages, believed and dabbled in magic. His wife Dame Eleanor went farther. Having ensnared her husband by means of philtres or love-drugs, prepared under the direction of a woman, known as the Witch of Eye, she proceeded, it was said, to take a more dangerous step in the exercise of magical arts intended to cause King Henry's death. Henry's weakness of body and mind lent a strong colour of probability

¹ Arras, the old capital of Artois on the Scarpe, forty-two miles north-east of Amiens.

to the charges brought against the Lady of Gloucester. Implicated in the black suspicions, which rested on a priest named Roger Bolingbroke, she fled to the sanctuary of Westminster. Bolingbroke gave evidence that, dazzled with the prospect of a crown for her husband, she had urged him to read the stars and practise magical arts in order to peer into the future that awaited her. The heaviest article of her accusation charged her with compassing the King's death by melting a waxen image of him before a slow fire. Her accomplices died by rope and fire. She did penance for three days in the London streets and churches, wrapped in a white sheet and carrying a lighted torch in her hand; and then sank into obscure custody, ending her strange career in the Isle of Man. Historians have traced in this strange proceeding the stealthy hand of Beaufort cutting at his rival's heart.

The marriage of King Henry with Margaret of Anjou, which took place in 1445, won for England certainly a spirited and gallant Queen, but gave the last blow to the English empire beyond Dover Straits. The father of this princess, René, titular King of Sicily and Jerusalem, demanded Maine and Anjou back from the English as a price for his daughter's hand. Suffolk gave them, and old Beaufort let them go. They were the keys of Normandy, soon to be used with decisive effect. Before narrating the consequences of this gift, which excited deep indignation in England, I must glance back at the events which followed the Congress of Arras.

In 1436 Paris opened its gates and gave up to Charles its feeble English garrison. But one sword—that of stout old Talbot, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury—gleamed with the true English fire. What could one sword, however sharp, do to save a fallen ruin? Even the blunder of Duke Philip, who led a Burgundian force to attack Calais, and fell back in dismay on seeing English sails gleam white upon the sea, availed little to stem the strong rush of events, which were bearing the English out of France. Nor did the recapture of Harfleur in 1439 by Talbot prove more than a momentary check.

The bride-queen and the nobleman, who had chiefly made the match, united in overthrowing Gloucester, who had always possessed in a remarkable degree the affections of the English people. Good Duke Humphrey, as he was popularly called, disliked the French marriage, and took no pains to conceal his dislike. In the very midst of his intriguing (1447) sudden death seized him in his bed at Bury St. Edmunds, whither he had gone from Devizes to attend a parliament summoned by the King. It was commonly believed among his partisans that he died a death of violence; but a more probable solution of the mystery may lie in the influence of that dark accusation hanging over his head, which convulsed a vice-corrupted body so violently as to cause death. Eleven years before, a skilful physician had declared him a heap of diseased vitals and shattered nerves. Beaufort, who had retired to Winchester to dream at the age of eighty of the tiara which had been his guiding star in later life, died in his palace at Walvesey exactly six weeks later than his distinguished rival, leaving most of his money for charitable purposes.

York, Suffolk, and Shrewsbury or Talbot then lived to play the leading parts in the English drama. Of York we shall hear again. That he succeeded Bedford as Regent of France, and was afterwards Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, are the only facts about him which need be stated now. Suffolk maintained the policy of the Queen amid the execrations of the English people, until vengeance overtook him. He was impeached in 1450 on charges which accused him of betraying the interests of his country to the French; and by the weak King was banished from the empire for five years. But some men in England vowed that the "Queen's darling" should not get off with life. He sailed from Ipswich, and had reached the Strait of Dover, when a huge war-ship, "Nicholas of the Tower," stopped his little craft and took him on board. The Nicholas then cruised about, until on the third day a little boat came off with a headsman and his axe. Suffolk never got to France.

Of all the English soldiers nurtured by this hundred years' struggle in France—men of the same stamp as Edward the Black Prince and gallant John Chandos—the last, and one of the gallantest, was the John Talbot whose name I have already written more than once. In parting with a race of heroes, who fought for a bubble, to be sure, but whose valour and renown cannot easily die in English memories, let us linger a very little on the deeds John Talbot did.

The English Regent, Somerset, who succeeded York in the command in France, helplessly saw a huge muster of French troops in Maine, bent upon the conquest of Normandy. Upon a slight pretext they crossed the frontier and swept on victoriously to Rouen, within whose walls they had many friends. The spot, where Joan burned to death, cried with eloquent silence for vengeance on her destroyers. The walls were betrayed by their sentinels. One flash of heroism on the part of Talbot displayed the brilliant valour of an Englishman, but could not save the place. Rushing with lightning speed to the place between two towers of the wall, where already the French soldiery were swarming thick, and shouting his war-cry as he went, to gather men to his aid, he pitched the whole mass of climbing foes and traitor watchmen in a mingled mass of dead and living headlong into the ditch. But the citizens opened the gates; the garrison fled to the citadel, which gave in on the 4th of November 1449. Sir Thomas Kyriel, leading a reinforcement of three thousand men to the rescue of Normandy from the French invaders, was attacked at Fourmigni¹ by two armies, and beaten by greatly superior numbers. This battle took place in the spring of 1450; in the August of that year the fall of Cherbourg left England without a castle in Normandy.

Guienne saw the last of Talbot. Writhing with discontent under the government of Charles, the people of that southern province sighed for the English rule once more. They recalled the islanders, who had held their valleys so long. Talbot came, and took Bordeaux. The French, soon muster-

¹ *Fourmigni*, or *Formigny*, lies a few miles north-west of Bayeux, in the department of Calvados. A monument marks the place of battle.

ing strong, laid siege to Châtillon.¹ There it was that stout old Shrewsbury laid down his heroic sword, dying, as such a soldier must ever wish to die, amid the din of war. His eighty years had not quenched the martial fire of his heart. Riding on a little pony to the relief of the town, he had almost driven the French from the trenches, when a culverin bullet struck his hackney down, and some dastard stabbed the fallen and encumbered veteran. This death-blow fell in July 1453. Hunger forced the defenders of Bordeaux to capitulate in October; and that famous city of the grape, whose vineyards had long been dropping only blood, stood for many a year afterwards, silent, poor, and nearly empty, suffering, as all France did bitterly from the Scheldt to Maladetta, from the frightful convulsions which had been rending the land for more than a century. There was now a period of rest; but it was the torpor of exhaustion and desolation. The golden leopards of England floated only from a solitary foothold among the marshes of the northern shore.

There is little need of impressing upon any thoughtful student of our history the fact that Crecy and Azincourt were in themselves national misfortunes, and that better luck could not have befallen the English armies than the being well drubbed and driven within the watery girdle of their own small land. To be sure, we can trace in the evil a considerable residue of good, for these great victories played no unimportant part in consolidating the newly formed English nation and cementing its varied mosaic-work of races with the strong binding of a common glory and a common loss. Yet it was well for England that Bedford died and Rouen fell and Talbot's horse was shot. Safe in her island outpost, she has heard the shock of revolutions, which might have broken the pillars of her throne, if Dover Strait had cut her realm in two, instead of dividing that realm from the troubled regions of the Continent by a wall of brine, stronger for defence than granite ramparts or towers of steel. A simple law of physical geography, which moulds the history of men more surely and continuously than many think, forbade an English empire in France—and there was none.

CHAPTER VIII.

LONDON WHEN WHITTINGTON WAS MAYOR.

Whittington made Mayor.
His princely gifts.
The city Wall and Gates.
The River and the Bridge.
The chief streets.
The Tower

Old St. Paul's.
Guildhall.
The Friars.
Westminster.
Smithfield and St. Giles's.
The markets.

A street scene.
House on fire.
Amusements.
The taverns.
The Tun.

EVERY child is familiar with the name of Richard Whittington. How he sat on a stone at Highgate listening to the prophetic music of Bow Bells; and

¹ *Châtillon*, or *Castillon*, lies in the department of Gironde on the right bank of the Dordogne, twenty-five miles east of Bordeaux. Population, 3000.

how a cat,¹ which he had nurtured from kittenhood, laid the foundation of a magnificent fortune, and enabled him to realize the dreams of an unhappy youth, I need not here describe. For these things belong to the realm of fiction: I have to do with truth. But it may be well to bring prominently out in these sketches the memory of the man, as history paints him, ranking among the most illustrious in the land, writing his name in letters of gold on the ever-gaping poor-box of the Kings, and in letters of stone in the busy streets of the city which he loved and ruled so well.

Richard Whittington, the son of Sir William Whittington, Knight, was elected Lord Mayor of London² for the first time in 1397. How old he then was we do not know, but he probably remembered the Black Prince returning, sick and spirit-broken, to die at home. A great honour indeed it was to fill the highest civic chair in England at that time; and gladly must Sheriff Whittington have heard his name buzzed about on 'Change as the fittest man in London to receive this prize. For London even then vibrated with life, and brimmed over with commercial wealth. So on the usual day—the feast of St. Simon and St. Jude (October 28th)—having been already selected by the Aldermen out of two chosen by the deputed Commons, he went to Guildhall about ten “by the bell,” where, amid a crowd of Aldermen in violet, he took the seat, vacated by Adam Bamme the outgoing Mayor, and made oath upon a sacred book to fulfil the duties of his new office. Hand in hand the Mayors proceeded to the house of Whittington, from which the sword of state escorted Bamme to his own home. All the brilliance of the Mayoralty then rested on Richard for a year. Next day a gay procession rode at nine o'clock through Chepe, out by Newgate, and so along Fleet Street and the Strand to Westminster, where an oath, similar to that of the previous day, was taken before the Barons of the Exchequer. Dinner over (no slight matter in a Lord Mayor's life), there was a grand gathering in the church of St. Thomas de Acon,³ preparatory to a religious service in St. Paul's. Returning through the market of Chepe by torchlight, the Mayor and his satellites dropped a *penney* each into the coffers of St. Thomas.

Richard Whittington belonged to the Mercers' Company. A massive house of oak and chestnut frames, having stone chimneys on the ground floor, and an outside stair of considerable jut, stood until 1805 in Sweedon's Passage,

¹ The cat, which plays so prominent a part in the nursery tale, is explained by a reference to the coal-carrying cat of Newcastle. In a print by Elstrucke of Whittington as Mayor, a cat stands beside the figure. In some impressions a skull fills the place of the cat.—See Timbs's *Curiosities of London*, a work to which I have been indebted for many antiquarian facts about the capital.

² Henry Fitz-Etwyne was the first Mayor of London. He held the office for twenty-five years (1189-1213). The civic representative of the King was called, immediately after the Norman Conquest, the *Portgrave* or *Portgrève*, a name borrowed from the Saxon *Port-perefta*. The charter of Henry I. calls the same official *Justiciar*. The second charter of Henry III. first uses the French name, *Mayor*. In 1285 a difficulty having arisen, the Mayor resigned, and the King appointed a knight to be *Warden* of the city.

³ Thomas Becket, to whose influence the taking of Acre or Accho was popularly ascribed.

Grub Street.¹ In this the eminent mercer is thought to have lived.² Three times he held the office of Lord Mayor—in 1397, in 1406, and in 1419. During his second Mayoralty he advanced £1000 to the King upon the security of subsidies on wool, hides, and woolfels (*i. e.*, sheepskins with the wool on). This proved his wealth, but not his generosity. Seldom however has a King been so magnificently dealt with as was Henry the Fifth by this merchant-prince, then grown old in the enjoyment of civic honour and influence. In 1419, inviting the King and Queen to a splendid banquet at Guildhall, he rose in the height of the revelry, and flung the royal bonds for £60,000 into the flames of some burning spice-wood. Men like this won Azincourt and took Rouen, as truly as any archer that ever drew a string.

I have said that Whittington wrote his name in stone. The rebuilding of Newgate, and St. Michael's, Paternoster Royal; some additions to Guildhall and St. Bartholomew's; the Library of Christ's Hospital; and especially an Almshouse, now represented by a building near Highgate Archway, were among his architectural gifts to the city that he loved to honour. Under a marble tomb with banners in the church of St. Michael, which has just been named, his remains were laid. Twice afterwards they were disturbed—once by the sacrilegious order of a clergyman, who thought the tomb contained money, and afterwards by reverential parishioners, who sought once more to wrap the body in its leaden casing, stripped off by this clerical body-snatcher. Church and tomb both perished in the Great Fire of 1666.

The London, over which Whittington presided thrice, deserves our special study, if we would enter thoroughly into the spirit of our mediæval history. Some of the great landmarks, which then guided men through the devious city-ways, are still recalled by massive structures rising under the same name on the same spot, or enshrining in modern masonry some precious fragment of the old place, whose stone and lime still cling fondly together, as if unwilling to drop and die out of history for ever. And the principal city and suburban streets, which intersected the ground-plan of old London, still remain, though with changed architecture in their houses, and costumes of unknown stuffs and other fashions hanging in their brilliant shops.

A wall, twenty-two feet high, built chiefly of green sandstone and flints, and studded with various towers of nearly double that height, ran from the Tower in an irregular semicircle of more than two miles to the mouth of the Fleet Ditch. Another turreted rampart, broken however by many wharfs, lined the north bank of the Thames between these points, completing the fortification of the City. Eight gates pierced this wall. A postern gate at the

¹ *Grub Street, Cripple-gate*, is now called Milton Street, in honour, not of the poet, but of a decent builder, who took the street on lease. It was at first a street filled with archery business; but afterwards, especially after the publication of the *Dunciad*, came to be associated with the dress of the literary profession, who thronged the cellars and garrets of it and its numerous branching alleys.

² Another building, in a court off Hart Street, Mark Lane, used to be styled "Whittington's Palace."

Tower, and *Aldgate*, some distance north, opened towards the East. *Bishopsgate*, guarded by the merchants of the Hanseatic Guild—*Moorgate*, where the city moat, often dry and bramble-grown, spread into a swamp—*Cripplegate*, where lameters flocked to touch the relics of St. Edmund—and *Aldersgate*, whence ran the great road to St. Albans,—formed the four outlets of the North Wall : while *Newgate*, leading to the grassy banks of the Old Burn (Holborn) and the terrible trees of Tyburn, and *Ludgate*, which opened into Fleet Street, faced the West. These gates were arched over and had rooms above, used often for the custody of prisoners. *Newgate*, a work dating from the twelfth century, served as a jail in King John's time. Two men watched each gate by day, and a sergeant, who resided in the building, saw that it was properly fastened at night.

The Thames in Whittington's time, though certainly not stainless, was tolerably pure and clean. The authorities allowed no refuse to be thrown into the stream, and forbade all bathing near the Tower. Citizens of sporting tendencies used often to go down of an afternoon to fish at Queenhythe, an act which the dwellers in Upper Thames Street would now regard as an undoubted proof of lunacy. Vessels of different kinds—the high-ship with bulwarks—the boat with bails or hoops nailed over to support an awning—the skiff with oarlocks—passing under or through the drawbridge, which formed the central part of Old London Bridge, came up to pay their customs and discharge their cargoes at the Hythe. Nothing strikes us more, in looking at the life of this time, than the enormous quantity of fish, salted and fresh, consumed in Old England. At Queenhythe and at Billingsgate, a landing-place below the bridge, fishing-boats swarmed thick ; and their dabs, mackerel, melwels (codling), herrings, conger, chopped porpoise, salmon from Scotland, lampreys from Nantes, oysters, whelks, mussels, and barrelled sturgeon from the Baltic Sea, leapt in countless shoals down the hungry throats of the dwellers in Chepe or Dowgate. The solitary bridge, which led from the City to Southwark, formed in those times a key to the possession of both. Wat Tyler and Jack Cade both knew its value in this respect. Begun in 1176, near the older framework of elm-planks, which stood in constant peril of flood or fire, and completed in 1209, Old London Bridge, the first stone structure on its site, lingered through a famous existence of more than six centuries, perishing in 1832 of old age and new-fangled architectural ideas. Its nineteen pointed arches—its drawbridge in the middle—its gatehouses at each end, where the heads of convicts rotted in the sun—its pretty Gothic shrine, sacred to St. Thomas of Canterbury, near the middle—its rows of houses on each side, on whose roofs flowers grew in summer time, and whose sleepers awoke in winter nights to hear the dark water swirling with sullen roar through the narrow arches below—its broad central space, on which knights once jousted in glittering lists—and the natural fringe of wild London Rocket, whose yellow blossoms and pointed leaves strove tenderly to conceal the ravages of ages in its stately stonework—all combined to make Old London Bridge

one of the most romantic places associated with London life in former days. A history of the venerable building would embrace many of the most remarkable struggles and pageants which the capital of England has seen. No market was permitted on this great thoroughfare.

A stranger, entering the city by Aldgate and passing along Leadenhall Street, would come upon the din and bustle of *Cheapside*, which then formed the principal business street of London. Lombard Street, in which the money-changers have firmly rooted themselves ever since the expulsion of the Jews, branches from its eastern end. Tower Street and Eastcheap, noted for its taverns, formed a lower and parallel line, the latter being crossed by Gracechurch Street, which extended on the north to Bishopsgate, on the south to London Bridge. Dowgate and Wallbrook cut Eastcheap on the west. The plan of the City, based on the nature of its slopes between the two hills on which stood St. Paul's and the Tower, was thus extremely simple—its main streets, running parallel to the Thames, being crossed and connected by minor streets at right angles to the river. Beyond the walls, to the west, Fleet Street and the Strand, dotted with pleasant villas whose gardens fringed the stream, formed a continuous line of connection between London and Westminster. Ely Place and Holborn stretched from the Newgate away past the meadows of St. Giles.

A mile or so below the Bridge stands the famous Tower of London, which has gradually been growing for eight centuries round that white-washed keep, which a Bishop of Rochester built in 1078 on the northern bank of the river. The Romans had probably erected a fortress on this commanding site. Almost every Norman ruler added to its defences. Longchamp built a wall of embattled stonework, and poured a moat round it in feudal fashion. Henry III. erected the Lion Tower, in which were housed three leopards, an emblematic present from the Emperor Frederic II. Sad memories of death and captivity hang round almost every room of the ancient building. But in Whittington's day many of the darkest tragedies of the Tower lay yet unfulfilled in the future. It had then however stood sieges, seen the barbaric splendour of mediæval court-life, and sheltered within its massive walls monarchs who had roused stern barons or long-suffering commons into the fury of revolt. We do not wonder to find the weakest Plantagenets loving the grim protection of the Tower; for whoever held this Fortress and the Bridge above, had London beneath his heel.

Across the gentle hollow, through which the Wallbrook ran down to the Thames and in which most of the City lay, rose the lofty steeple of Old St. Paul's with its glittering eagle of gilded copper. Within this splendid structure of Caen stone, begun in the reign of Rufus by Bishop Maurice, all that taste could invent, skill could make, or gold could buy, was lavished upon aisle and altar. Two rows of clustered columns formed shadowy side-walks, where missals might be read or treason hatched in still security. A great painted oriel rained its prismatic splendours on the echoing pavement. And

when the solemn music of the *De Profundis* rolled up through rich blue clouds of incense to the arches of the roof, and the high altar flashed with its precious load of gold and silver plate, studded with the changeful light of emerald and ruby, England could scarcely then produce any show so striking and so gorgeous. Close by the Church stood a tall Cross of sculptured granite, which had already no doubt become a noted rallying-place for the citizens, although, like many other landmarks of Old London, its most interesting associations were yet to come.

When Whittington first wore the robes of Mayor, the civic courts were held in an "old little cottage in Aldermanberie Street"; but in 1410 a worthy grocer, who had climbed to the civic chair, began the building of "a faire and goodly house, more neare unto Saint Laurence Church in the Jurie." After Richard was dead, some of his money went to pave the Great Hall with Purbeck stone, and to glaze some of the windows. Of this building the walls still stand firm and strong. When the Great Fire wrapped its red folds round the structure, everything perished but these solid walls, which stood glowing in the blaze "like a colossal palace of gold."

Religious institutions occupied a very important position in mediæval London. Troops of Friars, Black, White, and Grey, settled in the pleasantest spots they could secure, and many names in the modern map of London remind us of the districts in which they told their beads and grew fat. Within the south-western angle of the city wall, close to the Thames, the Dominicans or Black Friars had their monastery and their church. One of the play-houses, in which Shakspeare made his money, standing at a later date within the circle of the sanctuary, invested the place with a striking literary interest. An interest of a very different sort attaches to the name of White Friars, where the Carmelites settled between Fleet Street and the Thames, for this region under the name of Alsatia became, especially in the seventeenth century, a nest of thieves, gamblers, and desperadoes, who mocked at arrest in this asylum of crime. The Grey Friars dwelt near Newgate. The magnificent buildings by the Thames, once occupied by the rich and dissolute Templars, had, by the time I write of, become the abode of studious lawyers, who found the position of the Temple, midway between the City and the Courts at Westminster, both pleasant and convenient. The Charterhouse School, where Steele and Addison met and Thackeray learned his first lessons in that social life he paints so truly and forcibly, reminds us of the site where stood the house of the Carthusians. But no Order possessed a more delightful dwelling than the Knights of St. John, whose Priory, nestling in rich woodland and surrounded with the bright embroidery of gardens, lay at Clerkenwell, a mile beyond the north-western angle of the wall.

The founding of a Saxon church to St. Peter on a thorny island in the Thames began the town of Westminster, which took its name from the position of its nucleus with regard to St. Paul's. The famous Abbey and no less famous Hall lift their carved wood and sculptured stone about two miles west

of the City, from which luxuriant gardens and orchards once divided them. Before the day of Whittington William Wallace had heard his doom within the Hall; and while the worthy mercer lived, the noblest of the Lollards, Sir John Oldcastle, was there condemned to fire. But its part in the tragedies of English history had scarcely yet begun. The splendour and grandeur of the Abbey Church, with its clustering host of satellites,—bell-towers, chapels, and almonries,—exceeded all our modern notions of ecclesiastical pomp. St. Peter having been a fisherman, the high altar often groaned with heaps of salmon, presented in offering by his brethren of the net, who plied their calling in the estuary of the Thames. But gifts of salmon were mere drops in the ocean of creature-comforts, which flowed in on every side to sustain the plump and portly monks of Westminster under the burden of their apostolic toils. Ninety-seven towns and villages and more than twice as many fat manors belonged to the Abbey. Little wonder then that a sleek butler in the reign of Edward III. had grown so wealthy, that he built, out of his private purse, a handsome gate-house and a portion of the Abbey wall.

Smithfield, (Smooth Field), situated just outside the north-west corner of the city wall, afforded a pleasant green walk for summer evenings, and a level sward for horse-races, tournaments, and duels. There too was the great live market for oxen, sheep, and pigs. Two unpleasant memories of this old time attach themselves to the name of St. Giles's, a country village to the west. A hospital for lepers, whom stringent civic laws kept beyond the gates, stood there; and in 1413 the public gallows, transplanted from the Elms in Smithfield, reared its ghastly framework by the hospital wall. The gallows travelled farther west to Tyburn; but dirt, disease, and sin have ever since been settling down with darker blight upon this ill-fated spot, once bright with daisies and crystal springs. Scattered all round the City by the Thames were villages of various names, the huts of many clustered round a well. Such were Clerkenwell and Camberwell.

Let me try to picture a day's life in that old London, whose landmarks, as seen by Whittington, I have thus described. When the bell of St. Paul's began at six o'clock to ring the hour of Prime, the markets woke into the active bustle of business. At Queenhythe and at Billingsgate boats with fresh fish and vessels with foreign merchandise paid their customs, and landed what they bore. The wharfs groaned under quarters of sea-coal, coombs of corn, trussels of leather, karks of nuts, codas of sulphur, karres of lead, ciphes of salt, stockfish from Pruz (Prussia), and a thousand other things whose names sound strange to modern ears. First to the markets, before Prime rang, came the stewards and cooks of the people of quality, who by civic law had the pick of the poultry, fish, fruit, and other delicacies exposed for sale. And no poor hawker or monger—then called Regrators—durst fill his little basket until the great substantial men had provided their dinners for the day. The hour of Tierce—eight in the morning—saw the markets pretty well cleared of all their perishable stuff. The tide of traffic was then flowing, full-stream, in Chepe

and Cornhill. There the booths stood with their wares displayed in full view of every lounge. Velvets and silks for courtly dress—long-cloth dyed deep blue with woad—homespun goods and yarns—lay piled in rows to tempt the gallant, as he swaggered by with his cropped head and monster sleeves, or the simple country wench, who had jolted that morning in her father's cart from Celtic Islington, in company with a pile of the cheeses for which that hamlet was famed. Even then the distinction, drawn by advancing civilization between Ladies and Women, existed in full force. There, horned to the tip of the fashion, minced along a dainty dame, on whose richly-furred robe the pelterer (furrier) had exhausted all his skill and used many skins of red polayne. Here trudged an ale-wife, shrill of tongue, whose homespun hood could boast no better lining than common budge, or unshorn sheep-skin. Passing along the narrow straggling streets, the upper stories of whose timbered houses jutted over the path below, one might see through the openings in the booths and stalls workmen of various kinds and obsolete names, busily plying their craft. The Barber-surgeon relieved some poor fellow, who had caught a cold, of a bowlful of blood, which law compelled him to carry quietly away to the Thames. The Tapiser wrought away with ready needle at some coloured pictures to hang a palace wall. The Spurrier and the Bladesmith filed and forged in hot haste for the coming tournament. Here was a yeoman cheapening a six-foot bow; there a dauber, brown with mud and straw, bargaining for one of those rough shaggy caps, then called "hares." Venders of "hot peascods," "strawberry ripe," "cherries in the rise," mackerel, oysters, and other perishable delicacies, which the hot midsummer sun had already rendered far from fragrant, stood out on the street between the kennels, deafening the ear with their mingled clamours. Through the steam and the din of these unwholesome scenes trudged the ballad-singer, who described the loves, happy or the reverse, of some Jenkin and Julian, then known to lyric fame. Suddenly a crowd appears round the corner of the street. A poor wretch, condemned for selling a stinking partridge or gambling with false dice or cutting a purse or telling a lie about the Mayor, comes past on a hurdle bound for the pillory. Every booth and stall sends out its little group of starers, although the thing often happens many times a day. The Heaumer leaves his half-made helmet; the Fripperer his dangling old clothes; the Tawyer his skins of snowy leather; the Malemaker his saddle-bags; the Fletcher his arrows; the Cordwainer his shoes; every man his work in fact, to cast a look and a jeer after the miserable creature, whose tight-fixed face will stream, an hour hence, with black mud and the yolk of rotten eggs. Every eye has followed the crowd, until it can be seen no more, and one tongue has uttered a fervent wish that a certain cheating baker, not far off, may soon be seen on a similar conveyance with one of his bad loaves hanging round his neck,—when a startling cry strikes with electric speed through the row of loungers. From the projecting *solar* or upper-room of an armourer's house comes the frightful cry of "Fire!" frightful always and everywhere, but trebly so in a city

built of wood and chiefly roofed with stubble, dry as tinder. In defiance of express law a fire has been lighted in a grate, standing close to a lath partition; which of course has soon burst into a blaze. The Bedel sounds long roaring blasts upon his horn. The neighbours rush bare-armed to the scene; for one house fairly on fire in mediæval London means a whole street or many streets laid in ashes. Thanks to the ever-ready barrel of water, which stands in summer before every door, and the ladder, which leans beside it, the fire is got under before it has done much damage. Had the walls of the house—a newly-built one—not been of stone raised sixteen feet above the ground, and had its roof not been of tiles, hundreds would have slept that night without a roof or stick of household gear. In poor neighbourhoods, among old houses five minutes of unchecked flame would set all efforts to quench it at defiance.

The Londoner in these times took care to amuse himself. He worked himself neither to death nor to lunacy. School-boys on Shrove Tuesday turned the class-room into a cock-pit. When there was ice on the city moat or the swamp of Moorditch, skates of bone carried rejoicing crowds in swift curves over the steely surface. There were city tiltings, and boat-jousts upon the summer stream. And on many a fine afternoon archery practice was laid aside, and a gay stream went flowing southward over London Bridge to witness the bear and bull-baiting in the Southwark Rings. These afternoons often wound up in the taverns of Eastcheap, or wherever the projecting ale-stake with its dangling bunch of green leaves flung out the tempting sign. In times when a gallon of wine cost threepence, and a gallon of ale one penny, men got cheaply drunk; and the goblets of turned wood, which did duty in the drinking-houses for our modern glasses, stood seldom empty and seldom still. Drunkenness indeed was at this time a national vice; and grey tipplers, like old Falstaff, rolled heavily home every evening from the Red Lion or the Boar's Head. The ringing of the Curfew at twilight from some tall steeple was the signal for closing every tavern door. After that time no one had leave to be abroad in the streets, except a great lord or some of his household with a pass. The watchmen of the ward then came out with flaring pots of burning tar, hung at the end of long poles; and if in any dark nook they chanced upon lurkers or brawlers, away these went to that round prison in Cornhill, known as the Tun. Motley indeed was the gathering raked up every night from the streets of the sleeping city, to be locked in that dark and fetid place. Thieves and prostitutes were there; but of the working-men, who found their way to the Tun, the great majority belonged to three classes,—sailors, waggoners, and city apprentices.

THIRD PERIOD.—THE CIVIL WAR OF THE ROSES.

FROM THE DEATH OF TALBOT IN 1453 A.D. TO THE EXECUTION OF
PERKIN WARBECK IN 1499 A.D.

CHAPTER I.

THE KINGMAKER.

A war of nobles.
Cade's rebellion.
The Protectorship.
St. Albans.
The Kingmaker.
Four years' pause.

Northampton.
Wakefield.
Mortimer's Cross.
Edward King.
Towton.
The private marriage.

The great quarrel.
Warwick in exile.
Edward's turn.
Barnet Heath.
Pecquigny.
Edward's death.

WE must now shut our thoughts up almost entirely in England, hardly glancing across the Strait for half a century. The country, just freed from the exhaustion of a great and protracted French war, is about to plunge into another ordeal—fiercer, more fiery, and mercifully shorter than the last,—that great national blood-letting and stormy clearing away of a knighthood, honey-combed with rust and age, which we know in history under the prettiest name that the red roll of battle-fields can boast. Already, before Talbot fell at Châtillon, the War of the Roses had begun.

The peculiarity of this great civil war lies in the fact that it was essentially a war of nobles, in which the great bulk of the English people had little interest and took little part. Except where the desolating blight of actual battle fell, the peasantry gathered their harvests and the citizens kept their shops in comparative peace. With slight interference they let the nobles of the land cut one another's throats and hack to pieces with furious blade the rotten timbers of Feudalism. Why should they spill their blood for York or Lancaster? Among their humbler dwellings a great work was silently going on, of deeper national and human moment than the fate of a crown or the ascendancy of a certain line. *Villenage*—in other words, *slavery*—was perishing on English soil. Let us not forget this in gazing on the slaughter-heaps of Towton and Barnet.

The short-lived rebellion of Jack Cade (1450) formed a little prelude to the bloody drama, whose first act began five years later. This Irish soldier, assuming the princely name of Mortimer and coming out of Kent at the head of a clamorous mob, was a second edition of Wat Tyler. He entered London, lost the bridge in conflict with the citizens, saw his motley following melt into

fugitive groups, and, being closely pursued into Sussex, was slain there in an orchard by an esquire named Iden. His head blackened on the gateway of London Bridge.

Henry relapsing into a dull insanity, it became necessary to give the reins of power to some strong hand, fit to guide the destinies of England. Two men sprang out at once to contend for the splendid prize of the Protectorship. These were the Duke of Somerset and Richard Duke of York; the former backed by the influence of Queen Margaret, the latter supported by some of the most powerful nobles in the land. Henry, wrapt in lethargy, either could or would give no sign of his will in the affair. Somerset went to the Tower, and York received from Parliament the great position which he sought. A lucid interval enabled Henry once more to take the sceptre in his feeble hand. York went out of office, and Somerset out of prison. This began the war.

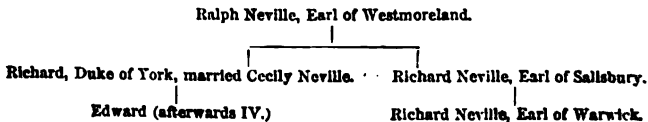
Ludlow Castle¹ was the nest of the Yorkist rising. Norfolk, Salisbury, and, a greater than either, the Earl of Warwick, whose figure stands out most prominently in this great battle-piece, flocked thither with their men-at-arms, ready to strike for the cause of the late Protector. St. Albans² saw the first blood drawn. Surrounding this little town one summer day, a band **May 23,** of three thousand Yorkists, chiefly from Wales or the adjoining **1455** marches, came clamouring for the possession of Somerset, who lay **A.D.** within the walls with the poor King. Refusal brought the enemy into the streets, which they swept with a rain of arrows. Henry, wounded in the neck, cowered in a tanner's house, until York discovered him and made him captive. To Warwick chiefly the victory was due, for his military eye detected a weak point and his dashing valour forced a way into the town.

Richard Neville, known in our history as the Kingmaker, was probably then a little more than thirty years of age, in the full prime of life and vigour. His father wore the coronet of Salisbury; his wife was a Beauchamp; and through her he had obtained in 1449 the estates of the illustrious family of Warwick, a piece of good luck which caused his elevation to that great earldom. He was a first cousin of Edward, afterwards fourth King of that name.³ While yet known as the Lord Richard Neville he had fought in Scotland. His brilliant valour and profuse generosity of character dazzled the eyes and won the hearts of all. Of the former I shall have more to say. The latter may be judged

¹ *Ludlow Castle* in Shropshire, where the Corve and Teme join, twenty-five miles south by east of Shrewsbury.

² *St. Albans*, a market-town of Hertfordshire by the Ver or Muse. It is close to the site of the Roman *Verulamium*.

³ The following branch will help to show the family connection between Warwick and the Yorks:—



from the testimony of old Stowe, who tells us that in his London mansion during the most splendid portion of his career *six beeves* were eaten at breakfast; and any one who knew a retainer might stick his long dagger through roast or boiled and carry off as much as the blade would bear. This boundless hospitality, added to his great family connections, so strengthened his hands that he became the foremost noble of his time in England. Fitting and well it was that the last of the great feudal barons should live and die in such a blaze of splendour, for Feudalism in its young strength had done incalculable service to mediæval England.

The immediate results of the first battle of St. Albans were the elevation of York again to the Protectorship, the appointment of Salisbury as Chancellor, and of Warwick as governor of Calais, the most honourable military command at the disposal of England. Four years passed without actual bloodshed on the leaves of the rival Roses. Intriguing of course went on incessantly. Warwick, raised by Henry, who did not long allow York to enjoy a second holding of the Protectorate, to the command of the Channel Fleet, won a great naval victory over some Lübeck ships in the year 1458. This kept his sword from rusting. The time soon came when English blood again blushed on its cold blue blade.

The war really broke out in 1459, when at Bloreheath¹ the victorious Salisbury, wearing a white rose in his helmet, left a field strewn with dead Lancastrians. The rivals fronted each other at Ludlow a little later in the autumn of the same year; but one of Warwick's pet officers, Sir Andrew Trollop, having deserted with most of the Calais men, there was nothing left for York but flight. He went to Ireland, where his former genial rule had made his cause very dear to the impulsive people. It was a serious check, but not a lasting one. Warwick, the darling of both soldiers and seamen, landed in Kent on the 5th of June 1460; and, thirty-five days later, fought the great battle of Northampton. Under a rain so heavy that the royal cannon could not be fired, the strong earth-banks of the Lancastrian camp were scaled by the White Roses, who drove the routed foe into the swollen Nen. Many nobles perished. Somerset got away. So did Margaret and her little boy, who found shelter first in Wales and then in Scotland. Poor Henry, left to his fate, sat lonely in his tent, until his new owners came, and conducted him on horseback to London.

So far the Protectorship had been the apple of discord. York now stretched out his hand towards the crown, did actually in the House of Lords at Westminster go forward to the throne and place his hand upon its cushions amid the plaudits of the assembled peers. His claim rested on his descent from Lionel, an older son of Edward III. than was John of Gaunt. After discussion and argument the Lords decreed that Henry should wear the crown for life, but that it should then go to York or his heir. An Act of Settlement to this effect was passed. But Margaret, who with many faults had the

¹ Bloreheath, in Staffordshire, near the Dove, three and a half miles north-west of Ashborne.

heart of a lioness, roused her northern friends in behalf of her disinherited son. Swords leaped from their scabbards at her call. York, who was keeping Christmas in his castle at Sendal, rashly courted a battle with her partisans, was defeated at Wakefield¹ in half an hour, and put to death with many indignities (December 30, 1460). Salisbury was beheaded next day; and the heads of both the Dukes, encircled with paper crowns, were stuck upon the gateway of York.

The father, who fell at Wakefield, left a gallant son to wear the crown whose rim had never pressed his brow. So bland and handsome was this young Edward, formerly Earl of March but now Duke of York and almost King of England, that no one could resist his charms of face and manner. Though only nineteen, he wielded a weighty sword, which smote his opponents so heavily in the battle of Mortimer's Cross,² that it placed the crown of England in his grasp (February 2, 1461). Even the defeat of Warwick at St. Albans, a fortnight later, failed to raise the fallen stem of the Red Rose. Henry indeed exchanged imprisonment for freedom, and felt his dull aching brow the lighter of a crown, which never fitted well. But Margaret and the boy, for whom she plotted so hard and perilled so much, only to feel the bitter ending of her hopes, had no resource but to fall back upon the friendly North. Edward, going triumphantly to London, took up the sceptre and put on the crown amid the huzzas of citizens and nobles.

Within the same month was fought the bloodiest battle of all the twelve, which redden the story of the war. Bent upon recovering, if possible, by one convulsive effort the kingdom, which had just slipped from her husband's fingers, Margaret caused her captains to face the foe at Towton,³ eight miles from York. Sixty thousand soldiers followed her banner

March 29, under the command of Somerset and Northumberland. To these **1461** were opposed almost fifty thousand adherents of the White Rose, A.D. the main body under Warwick. The first arrows left the string

about four o'clock in the afternoon. It was then snowing in the face of the Lancastrians, who, blinded by the flakes, shot short of the opposing lines. Darkness fell upon the armies locked in deadly fight; dawn broke upon their gapped and ghastly ranks still slaughtering and sinking in the deepening snow. How the terrible struggle might otherwise have closed none can say; but a fresh body of Yorkists, coming up at noon under the Duke of Norfolk, decided the day in favour of Edward. Such a slaughter had never piled an English battle-field before, for more than thirty thousand dead found there no winding-sheet but the silent crystals of the snow. Margaret, bent but not broken by this cruel blow, carried her unhappy husband away to seek hospitality in Scotland. She found it there.

¹ *Wakefield* (anciently *Wachefield*), a town on the Calder in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The battle was fought at Sendal Castle, two miles to the south.

² *Mortimer's Cross*, in Herefordshire on the Lugg, five and a half miles north-west of Leominster.

³ *Towton*. The battle was fought on a heath between the villages of Towton and Saxton, three miles south of Tadcaster. See page 191.

Three years passed without a battle. The ever-active Margaret left no resource untried to restore the fallen fortunes of her son—of her husband she made small account. When she thought herself sufficiently strong with money from Burgundy and troops from Scotland, she measured her new levies with Edward's men once more. Ill luck still pursued her. Lord Montague, Warwick's brother, scattered a large division of her army on Hegeley Moor¹ (April 25, 1464) and then, falling upon the main body at Hexham,² broke it with a sudden charge (May 8). King Henry, if King he can be called at this date, lurked about the borders of the Lake country, until nearly a year after the fight of Hexham he was seized, while sitting at dinner in Waddington Hall in Yorkshire, and was carried to the Tower of London. Warwick, meeting the royal lunatic at Islington, caused his feet to be bound with thongs to his stirrups. It was an act of needless brutality.

Edward meanwhile scattered his favours with an unsparing hand, drinking and jousting with the nobles of his side, and winning the hearts of the citizens by his frank and off-hand manner. All seemed fair and bright in his prospects, when a speck began to rise, which speedily overshadowed the throne with a dark portentous cloud. Out hunting one day near Stony Stratford, he saw at the Duchess of Bedford's, where he stopped to lunch, a beautiful young widow, whose charms he could not resist. It was the Lady Elizabeth Grey, whose husband, a Lancastrian knight, had fallen in the second battle of St. Albans. She was a daughter of the hostess, who had taken Sir Richard Woodville as her second husband. Edward fell hopelessly in love, and a secret marriage (1464) soon followed. This was the fatal speck; harmless enough one would think at first sight. But out of this marriage grew a rupture with the greatest soldier in the land. The upstart Greys and Woodvilles, rushing round their relative, whom the passion of a fickle king had raised to the sudden splendour of a throne, began to poach on manors long preserved by the great and far-branching family of the Nevilles. The favourite game was a rich wife; and it soon happened that a young lady of considerable fortune was aimed at simultaneously by Warwick and the Queen. Warwick sought her for his nephew; Elizabeth for her son. The Queen bore off the prize. Red rosebuds began to grow on the Ragged Staff, which had borne white blossoms for twenty years. We have often seen mischief grow from marriages, but never so thickly as in this chequered reign. See another matrimonial hitch. The Duke of Clarence, Edward's brother and then (for the ill-fated pair of princes were not yet born) heir-apparent to the throne, took the liberty of marrying Isabella, the daughter of Warwick. This bound Clarence and Warwick together very closely: and they plotted against the King.

In 1469 a cloud of insurgents swarmed out of Yorkshire towards the south, bent upon crushing the relations of the Queen. There is little doubt that Warwick's hand was quietly pulling the strings in this movement; at any rate

¹ *Hegeley Moor*, in Northumberland, eight miles west-north-west of Alnwick.

² *Hexham*, a market-town upon the Tyne, twenty miles west of Newcastle.

the destruction of the Grey and Woodville brood formed the dearest wish of his heart. A royal army fled before the rebels at Edgecote;¹ Earl Rivers and John Woodville, the father and the brother of the Queen, lost their heads at Northampton; and Warwick found himself the jailer of King Edward, made captive near Coventry. A hollow reconciliation followed. Edward regained his freedom and crushed a Lincolnshire rising on the field of Erpingham.² But these rents and patches only foreshadowed the later and more serious breach, which tore asunder for ever the King and the King-maker.

Embarking at Dartmouth with Clarence and others, Warwick sailed to Calais, but found the seaward cannon pointed towards his ships. Then steering for Harfleur, he received a hearty welcome from the Admiral of France. Louis XI., a crafty intriguer, set himself, through fear of an English invasion, to the difficult task of binding Margaret of Anjou to the powerful Earl, who had dethroned her husband, and exiled herself and her son. The trickery of Louis brought about a rather startling marriage between Margaret's son, Prince Edward, and Warwick's daughter Anne, and also managed to bend the haughty soul of Margaret to a compact with one formerly her bitter foe. Edward had a sterling friend in the Duke of Burgundy, who sent him instant news of every move that Warwick made; but so wrapped was the English King in the delights of feasts and flirting, and so secure did he think himself in the possession of the throne his sword had won, that he neglected to take the common precaution of watching the seas, over which the expected invasion was to come. "Let them land," he thought; "I can beat them easily." They *did* land near Plymouth (September 13, 1470); and, in less than a month, Edward, having sailed from Lynn with no money and only the clothes on his back, was obliged in order to escape capture by Flemish privateers to run in on the Friesland sands near Alkmaar.

This sudden turn in the fortunes of the English crown raised Henry from a cell in the Tower once more to an uneasy and perilous mockery of kingship. From October until March we may, if we like, call him monarch; but what did he do as King? Margaret and Warwick busied themselves, as did Edward over the water, in preparing for the bloody struggle, which was sure to stain the opening flowers of some battle-field, as yet unknown. The red rain of this winter-cloud fell on Barnet Heath.³ Landing at Ravenspur, Edward met an army under Warwick and Clarence near Coventry; and a battle seemed imminent. But Clarence and his men, suddenly changing the colour of the rose they wore, carried their pennons into the ranks of the invader,—an unexpected blow which made Warwick shrink away from an encounter in that place. There was then nothing to keep Edward from seizing London, which he did amid great civic rejoicings. The decisive fight,

¹ *Edgecote*, in Northamptonshire, six miles from Banbury, near the source of the Cherwell.

² *Erpingham*, the scene of this battle was in Rutlandshire.

³ *Chipping Barnet*, in Herts, eleven miles from London.

postponed merely, not abandoned, came off at Barnet, eleven miles from London. The offered mediation of Clarence met from angry Warwick the treatment it deserved—stern and contemptuous rejection. Beginning before dawn on Easter Sunday morning, the battle raged till ten, a thick mist wrapping the common during all the time. The Kingmaker, fighting on foot, struck his last blows on this field, where also fell his brave brother Montague. The dead soldiers lay naked in old St. Paul's, where a crowd of citizens gathered to look their last on the man with whom Feudalism died, whose sharp sword had quelled so many valiant foes, whose fat roast-beef and brimming ale-cups had secured him troops of hungry friends. He was buried at Bisham Priory in Berkshire.

Margaret and Prince Edward landed at Plymouth on the very day of Barnet; and, twenty days later, her army of Frenchmen was scattered at Tewkesbury¹ by the Yorkist King and his brothers. Then indeed brave Margaret found her occupation gone, for the son she loved so well and fought so desperately for died in the victor's tent, first smitten on the mouth by the gauntleted fist of Edward, and then pierced with swords, probably those of Clarence and Gloucester. The White Rose of English story has many an ugly smear of crimson on its snowy leaves. The wretched royal cipher, round whose quiet cell the echoes of war had so long been ringing, died, or rather *was found dead* in the Tower a few hours after the slayer of his son entered London in radiant triumph. His wife, whose devotion to her child has blinded many to her glaring faults, lingered for five years in English prisons, living on five marks a week, and then, through the bounty of Louis XI., passed to her native land, where she died eleven years after the murder of her son.

Thus King Edward cleared the briars from around his throne, but many thorns bristled yet in the royal robes and crown. His people flourished in spite of his debauched life, for the voluptuary was certainly not a weakling. A sham war with France, ending in the gold-bought Treaty of Pecquigny (1475),² and the murder of his brother Clarence formed the most notable features in the last eleven years of his reign. Clarence, whose alliance with Warwick had never ceased to rankle in his royal brother's mind, so far forgot prudence as to blame the King in public for killing one of his friends, whom a tortured priest had named as a worker of magic. Found guilty by the Lords of necromancy and treason, the Duke passed into the Tower, whence he never came alive. The common story of his drowning in a barrel of wine may possibly be true.

The bloated debauchee who wore the English crown, once the handsomest gentleman of his time, died after a short illness in 1483. His remains rest

¹ *Tewkesbury*, in Gloucestershire, on the Upper Avon, ten miles from Gloucester. The battle was fought in Bloody Meadow, half a mile to the south.

² *Pecquigny*, or *Picquigny*, a village on the Somme, nine miles from Amiens.

under a gorgeous tomb in Windsor. Had he lived a couple of centuries later, he would have been a Charles II. or a George IV.; as it was, the brilliance of his military talent lent a certain glitter to his name, which blinded men to his thorough depravity of heart and life.

CHAPTER II.

WILLIAM CAXTON.

The year 1474.
Caxton's earlier life.

Rise of printing.
The History of Troy.

The Almonry.
Caxton's successors.

THE same year, which saw Warwick bleeding to death on the field of Barnet, saw a greater than Warwick toiling at Cologne in the production of the first book printed in the English tongue. History has dubbed the stern soldier "Kingmaker," because his sword was chiefly instrumental in the crownings and discrownings of a lunatic and a libertine, neither of whom did any credit to the diadem he wore. History has passed by the mercer with a cold neglect or dignified contempt for anything that savoured of the workshop or the hand. Yet Caxton was a King of men, busied in the red year 1471 in founding an empire, which ages have served only to consolidate and widen. And the name of William Caxton is associated with an event, the greatest not merely in the reign of Edward IV., but in the whole mediæval history of England—an event, which, standing midway between the days of Wycliffe and the days of Tyndale, displays, more clearly than any other landmark of our story, the sure yet silent approach of the Reformation dawn. Travellers tell us that a delicate rose-colour, warming the snowy summit of Blanc, proclaims to the darkened valleys that the sun is climbing to the eastern horizon. Such a lovely tint, precursor of a warmer glow and a brighter day, lingers round that towering landmark of chronology, the year 1474, for then—WILLIAM CAXTON SET UP A PRINTING-PRESS IN THE ALMONY AT WESTMINSTER.

He was then probably sixty-two years of age: God spared him to print for seventeen years more. From a childhood spent in the Weald of Kent, he passed while yet a boy to learn a trade in London. There he lived many busy years, learning in the gossip of a mercer's shop, which was often thronged with buyers and sellers from abroad, how La Pucelle fought at Orleans and burned at Rouen, and how it fared with good Duke Humphrey and his foreign wife. But, happily for England, Flanders attracted him strongly and he crossed the sea.

At different places in the basin of the Rhine—especially in a forest at Haarlem and in the vault of a deserted monastery at Strasbourg—a new art was beginning to be practised, which excited but little attention for a few years, except in the way of rousing superstitious fears that the workmen had sold

themselves to Satan. This we know to have been the common way of accounting, in the Middle Ages, for the possession of superior knowledge or the power of inventing new machines. A man called Faust went to Paris with Bibles for sale, in which certain letters were red. He asked only a fraction of the usual price, and had at command in a little while new copies to replace those he sold. The legend of the Devil and Dr. Faustus and the writing in blood grew as a matter of course from these things.

There were however a few men in Europe, who penetrated the secret of these magical books. Caxton was one. He had begun authorship before, so far as we know, he knew anything of printing. Joining the household of the English bride, who came over to Bruges in 1468 to share the coronet or Burgundy with Duke Charles, he resumed at the request of this lady a translation of a French "History of Troy," which a touch of *ennui* had led him to begin. At Cologne he probably learned to print; and then in 1471 he brought out the book, which added a purer lustre to the year of Barnet Heath. It was the book he had written at Bruges—a translation into English of *Recueil des Histoires de Troye*, the work of Raoul le Fevre, Duke Philip's chaplain.

Within the next three years he removed to Westminster, where he lived in a three-storied house called the Reed Pale, on the north side of the Almonry. There was published *The Game and Playe of the Chesse, translated out of the French*, notable as being the first-fruits of the transplanted Press. Customers and sight-seers, no doubt, soon flocked to the workshop of the first English printer. Indeed a placard in his largest type, inviting buyers to the Reed Pale, is still preserved in Brasenose College, Oxford. There his press clanked and his sheets blackened or reddened with the impress of the types for seventeen years. Edward died. Jane Shore did penance in the crowded streets. The Princes perished in the Tower, and Crookback fell on Bosworth Field. Yet still the hoary tradesman plied his useful task, little dreaming that the day would come when his name should shine in golden letters among the most illustrious of the land. Six years of the Tudor dynasty passed by, and then he died. His pen had seldom ceased to write for three-and-twenty years; his press had seldom ceased to print for seventeen. Sixty-eight works, translated and original, evidenced the ripening power of his setting sun.

After Caxton's death in 1491 Wynkyn de Worde and Richard Pynson, both foreigners and both assistants of our countryman in the Almonry, conducted the printing business in the English metropolis. Books became commoner, and the English people learned to read. With knowledge came light, and light led to freedom. Two things, of which Britain is justly proud, can be traced in the main at least to the old Scriptorium where Caxton erected his clumsy press; and these are British Literature and British Protestantism. If then we measure Englishmen by the good they have done their land, what meed of praise shall be deemed enough for the mercer of the Kentish Weald? Soldiers, statesmen, mariners, engineers, philosophers, authors, and scholars adorn our

annals in a glittering crowd, have their statues in our public walks, their names inscribed where all who run may read. Has English sculpture no chisel to commemorate the fame of William Caxton ?¹

CHAPTER III.

BOSWORTH FIELD.

Gloucester's early life.
When Edward died.
Earl Rivers.
Stony Stratford.
Perils.

Hastings killed.
A sermon and a speech.
The great charge.
Buckingham's revolt.
Dressed alike.

The Benevolence.
Milford Haven.
Redmore Field.
Not so very black.

RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, whom his enemies surnamed Crookback, because, owing to a withered arm, one of his shoulders happened to rise a little higher than the other, was twenty-nine years of age when his brother Edward died. Born in 1452 at Fotheringay Castle in Northamptonshire, he had gone after his father's death at Wakefield over to Utrecht, where he had received his education under the eye of the Duke of Burgundy. He shared in the honours and profits of his brother's elevation to the throne, and took part also in the reverses of that brother, when the Kingmaker drove him in sudden flight to Flanders. At Barnet he led a division of the White Roses. At Tewkesbury he aided his brother Clarence, according to the popular story, in stabbing to death the young son of the beaten Henry; and, a year later, he married the Lady Anne Neville, whom his ruffian steel had made a widow there.

This man, upon whose memory unmeasured vials of abuse and wrath have been poured out by dramatist and historian, seems after all to have been no worse than his neighbours. He lies under the sore disadvantage of having had his portrait drawn by those who hated his line and triumphed in his fall. It may be better to soften a little the dark shades, which represent him as the worst scoundrel that England ever bore.

For two years and a half he shone in the full blaze of "that fierce light which beats upon a throne," and then he perished bravely in the field of war. When King Edward died, Gloucester was guarding the Scottish border, sword in hand. He certainly cannot then have been attracted by the glitter of the crown; for his earliest act, after hearing the sad news, was to perform at York a funeral service for the dead King, exacting at the same time from all the nobility of the North an oath of allegiance to the boy-successor. This oath he was himself the first to take. The Duke of Buckingham, a nobleman of the

¹ I believe that a tablet by Westmacott has been erected by the Roxburgh Club in St. Margaret's, Westminster, to mark the burial-place of Caxton. But surely the gratitude of a nation should honour this benefactor of his land with some more conspicuous memorial.

first rank and influence in England, then began to act the part of tempter, by plying Richard with secret messages and promises of aid.

Young Edward, a boy of thirteen years, was living at Ludlow Castle under the guardianship of his illustrious uncle, Earl Rivers, and other relatives of his mother. Rivers deserved the royal trust committed to his care. To the graces of a courtier and the renown of a gallant knight he added a love for literature, which flourished like a sweet flower amid the sterner growths of politics and war. Sailing in 1473 to the shrine of St. James in Spain, he had beguiled the tedium of the voyage with a French book, "*The Dictes or Sayenges of Philosophers*," which took his fancy so strongly that he lost no time in translating it into English. Caxton printed the work four years later at the Almonry; and in accordance with the custom of the time, the noble author presented a copy to the King.

Unhappily Rivers had fixed his heart upon that which really was the right of Gloucester—the direction of affairs while the King remained a minor. This ambitious desire led the Earl to send Edward off towards London before his uncle could arrive at Northampton. Such a move alarmed Gloucester, who penetrated its purpose, and locked the plotting Earl into the inn at Northampton, where they all—Gloucester, Buckingham, and Rivers—had supped and lodged a night. Then advancing to Stony Stratford,¹ the two Dukes arrested Lord Richard Grey and old Sir Thomas Vaughan, both adherents of the captive Earl, and officials in the household of the youthful King. The royal boy himself cried bitterly when he saw the strange faces round his table and his bed; but tears had no power to melt the resolve of his captors. This occurred on the last day of April; on the 4th of May a crowd of citizens in official red and violet velvet welcomed him to the capital.

Gloucester then received the Protectorship, not the higher step for which he had ventured and hoped—the Regency of England. Mark his position then. He stood in a most difficult and perilous tangle of affairs. The Lord Hastings, who had gladly seen Rivers, against whom he bore many grudges, seized and imprisoned, stood up to confront Gloucester as the champion of the boyish King. For Hastings had many memories of kindness done by the dead father to bind him to the living son. Gradually a gulf grew between the Protector and Hastings, whom a common dislike of Rivers had drawn together at the first. A storm was evidently brewing; and self-defence probably urged Gloucester on to the desperate measures he took. For the coronation of the King, which would in all likelihood strip the Protector of power, was arranged for a certain day. And Gloucester knew the history of his own name too well to forget how perilous it had proved in two cases to be a Duke of Gloucester and uncle of a King.² So he resolved not to await the attack, but to strike the first blow.

Having attached to him, by grants and promises and hopes, four great

¹ *Stony Stratford* on the Ouse in Bucks, seven miles north-east of Buckingham.

² See pp. 184 and 210.

noblemen,—the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Northumberland, Lord Howard, and Lord Lovel,—he proceeded to decided action. The death of Hastings was the first stroke. When Gloucester went to the council-chamber in the Tower on the morning of the 13th of June, he seemed in the

1483 best of temper, and asked the Bishop of Ely to send him some strawberries from that prelate's garden at Holborn. But an hour later,

A.D. between ten and eleven, he came in with a changed face, frowning and biting his lips fiercely. Baring his withered arm, he charged the Queen and Jane Shore with having wasted his body by means of witchcraft. "If they have done so," said Hastings, "they be worthy of punishment." The if stung the Protector to fury. As he smote the table with his hand, a cry of treason arose outside the door, and men in armour poured violently in. Hastings, arrested on the spot, was carried out to the green in front of St. Peter's Chapel,¹ and there beheaded on a plank of wood lying by chance on the spot. There was then no drawing back. More crimes must follow. The little Duke of York, taken from his mother, joined his brother in the Tower. And about the 24th of June Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan perished by the axe at Pontefract Castle, a place already stained with historic blood. Some verses written by Rivers under sentence of death breathe a spirit of gentle resignation.

A sermon at St. Paul's Cross by an Augustine friar, Dr. Shaw, who was brother to the Lord Mayor, and a speech by Buckingham, delivered a day or two later, prepared the minds of the citizens for hearing that the Protector had seized his nephew's crown. A rabble of five thousand men from Wales and Yorkshire, who assembled in rusty armour in Finsbury Field, gave a military sanction to the usurpation of the Duke, who became King on the 26th of June. He grounded his claim upon the flimsy allegations, that his brother Edward had stood contracted in marriage to Dame Eleanor Butteler, a daughter of old Shrewsbury, long before he married Elizabeth Grey; that therefore the second marriage was null, and its issue illegitimate; and that Clarence having been attainted, he, Richard, was therefore the heir to the crown.

Richard III. began his reign by a royal progress through the centre and north of England. Like many little men he delighted in finery, and lost no opportunity of blazing in velvet and gold before the eyes of his new subjects. While the usurper was engaged in this progress, a horrid whisper began to circulate through the land. It was said that the young sons of Edward IV.—little Edward and his brother York—were dead. A groan of execration burst from the people at the news: the noise of weeping went up from every market-place where men assembled. A few clung to the hope that the tragic story was untrue; and with such cunning had the plans of the murderers been laid, if murderers there were, that no decisive contradiction could be given to this broken reed of hope. All the continent of Europe and almost all the

¹ *St. Peter's ad Vincula*, lying north-west of the White Tower and dating as far back as Edward I., contains the dust of some of the most celebrated men and women beheaded in England. All must remember Macaulay's noble eloquence in describing Monmouth's interment there.

island of Britain believed Richard to be the murderer. Sir Thomas More's account of the murder, accepted by Shakspeare as the basis of his great historic play, is so well known that I need not give it here. Floating rumours spoke of a ship at the Tower wharf which bore the children to some foreign port; and upon such slight foundations great conspiracies built themselves in the following reign.¹

Before this dark story began to colour the English mind, Richard had received word of a spreading plot, in which Buckingham took a leading share. The rumour proved true. No very satisfactory account can be given of the causes which led to this sudden change. Some delay in granting him the lands of Hereford and some wretched little slights, which the "ducal fop" thought he had received on the coronation day, seem to account partly for the rupture. At all events Buckingham, who had long been wearing what he called "a painted countenance," left Richard at Gloucester, and went into Wales to collect material for a war. In fact we may probably find the true source of Buckingham's revolt in the feeling that he, linked also to the royal family, had as good a right to seize the crown as had Richard himself. But Richard was no sluggard or procrastinator in any crisis of affairs. As soon as he knew that Buckingham had begun warlike preparations, he filled all the passes leading from Wales to England with armed men and drew a bristling line of steel along the whole extent of the border marches. Meanwhile the rebel Duke had sent over to Bretagne, where the exiled Earl of Richmond lay, urging him to make a descent upon southern England, in support of the rising in Wales. Outbreaks at Exeter, Salisbury, Rochester, and other places were also arranged. Buckingham forgot nothing except the uncertainty of autumn weather among the hills. A rain of ten days melted his plot to nothing, flooding the Severn so high that he could not cross. His Welshmen left him. He fled to Ralph Banaster at Shrewsbury, on whose friendship he thought he could rely. But Banaster could also wear a painted face. Betrayed to the Sheriff of Shropshire, and caught lurking in a clump of wood with a coarse black cloak wrapped about him, he was brought to Salisbury and there beheaded on a new scaffold in the market-place (November 2, 1483). Richmond, who had sailed across from Bretagne and lay at anchor in Plymouth Sound, shook out his sails when he heard this bloody news, and went back to Vannes, to bide his time.

The troubles of King Richard now grew rapidly to a head. His son Edward, in whom his heart had centred all its hopes, died after a short illness in 1484. At the Christmas revels of that year two ladies appeared in modish dresses of similar shape and colour. They were Queen Anne and the Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward the Fourth. The gossips of the court and city took note of this little circumstance and gave it a meaning, which the

¹ In the reign of Charles II. (1674) men, digging below an old stair in the Tower, found the bones of two small human bodies, which were thought to be the remains of the Princes. King Charles had them buried in the chapel of Henry VII.

sudden death of Anne, a little later, seemed to verify. We have no proof that Richard caused her to die; although there is little doubt that he would probably have married his niece, in order to piece the stem of the broken White Rose, had not Ratcliffe and Catesby spoken boldly out and forced him to make a public declaration that he cherished no such immoral project. He had nothing for it now but to prepare and wait for the battle, which the coming summer was sure to bring.

Richard cast from him the last rag of his popularity, when he revived the *Benevolence* or forced loan, which his brother had invented, and which he had himself abolished in the palmier days of his usurpation. The nobles did not then care how soon Richmond came to release them from the screw. Deep and wide the plot spread among the leaders of the English aristocracy; but the secret defection of Lord Stanley, a rich landowner in Cheshire, did more to weaken Richard's cause than any other loss.

Sailing from Harfleur to Dalle on Milford Haven with a force of a few thousand men, Richmond landed on the Welsh soil, to which his
Aug. 1, ancestry and his name endeared him. He was then thirty years of
1485 age—of a quick grey eye and flowing yellow hair, full of life and
A.D. bent, if possible, on wearing the English crown. Moving with rapid and stealthy steps towards Shrewsbury, he gladly saw the banner of a noted Welsh soldier, Rice ap Thomas, whom he specially dreaded, advancing to join his ranks. From Shrewsbury to Stafford, from Stafford to Lichfield, from Lichfield to Tamworth, from Tamworth to the decisive field the army of Richmond proceeded. Richard, who had taken his first stand at the central position of Nottingham, partly surprised by his rival's secret swiftness of approach, and partly wrapped in contempt of a man who had never yet smelt powder and possessed no warlike training, delayed until it was too late the necessary preparations for the impending struggle. The army therefore, on whose valour or fidelity his hopes of victory rested, was huge indeed in size, but certainly not sound in heart towards this blood-stained wearer of the White Rose. The battle took place on Redmore Field.¹ Rising with shattered nerves from a bed, round whose unrest black figures had seemed all
Aug. 22, night to crowd, he arrayed his forces, placing his archers in the
1485 central van, with a solid square of infantry behind, and cavalry
A.D. spreading out in wings. A crown glittered on his helmet, as he rode along the lines of his three-and-twenty thousand men. Richmond did his best to spread out his little force of five thousand in an imposing front. A large morass lay between the armies; of this the Earl took advantage to defend his flank. After some opening archery-practice and cannonade, Stanley charged the royal lines; and Northumberland, with one-third of Richard's force, drew out from the battle and stood still. The remainder of the fight resolves itself into a desperate and gallant dash of Richard upon the

¹ *Market-Bosworth* is in Leicestershire, thirteen miles west of the county town. Redmore Plain, the scene of the battle, lies a mile to the south.

knot of men that encircled Richmond. Spitting the Earl's standard-bearer on his couched lance, and unhorsing a second knight of twice his weight with a furious stroke, he strove, sword in hand, to hew his way through the living rampart that defended Henry Tudor. It was vain. New waves of warriors flowed in round the gallant dwarf; the flash of his sword, as it rose and fell, played like lightning in the centre of the press; but at last he sank under many wounds.

Thus with a flicker of uncommon brilliance went out a soldier's life. The victor, crowned with the battered diadem, which had rolled from Richard's head, went to spend the night in Leicester. A little later, there came in from the sodden field a naked corpse, flung over a horse's back, and all covered with gore and clay. This was Richard's entry; a humble grave in the Grey Friars' Church received his insulted body. The battle of Redmore, like all the battles of the Roses, was chiefly an aristocratic fight. The nobility did not like Richard, for his hand fell heavily on some of their feudal customs—especially that of dressing their retainers in a distinctive livery. His regal vanity too stung their self-esteem. So there grew up against him a coalition, of which the five great pillars were the two Stanleys, Shrewsbury, Northumberland, and the Welshman Rice. No man has ever been so bedaubed with black. Even little accidental peculiarities—such as his trick of biting his under lip in a thoughtful mood—were aggravated into signs of an intensely ferocious disposition. The tradition that he was born with teeth supplied material for a similar belief. In fact Richard III. was a true Plantagenet; better, if anything, than the average specimens of his race. He had the characteristic virtues and failings of the princely line, whose royalty died with him. Bloody, to be sure, and faithless, if you will, he had, to counterbalance these qualities, a decision in purpose and a promptitude in action, which neither of his brothers and few of his ancestors possessed. I would class him with the Edwards First and Third. The great crime—charged on his memory—*has never been distinctly proved*. Let us charitably give him the benefit of a doubt. Dying, as he did, in a blaze of valour, which contrasted strongly with the safe inaction of his rival Henry Tudor, standing inglorious within a manifold line of steel, he worthily represents the fiery feudal Chivalry, who rode with the Conqueror at Hastings, followed the Lion-heart to Palestine, charged with the Black Prince at Crecy and Poitiers, and finally hewed each other to pieces with suicidal blades upon the reddened snow of Towton and the opening blossoms of Barnet Heath.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PASTON LETTERS.

Old letters.
The Pastons.
Their correspondents.
The Good Judge.

Memo. of a mamma.
An Eton Boy.
The poor Copyer.
Sir John the Knight.

A courtship.
Death of Sir John.
List of a library.

A NUMBER of letters, written to or by the Pastons, who ranked among the highest county families in Norfolk during many centuries, have come down to modern days, escaping that final blaze which often seals the fate of such documents. In these we have an historical treasure beyond price, for they afford us glimpses of the inner English life, at a time when the sword was too busy in the land to permit the labours of the pen. The foreign¹ paper with its various and often whimsical water-marks—the age-yellowed ink—the writing, whose strange contortions remind us more of tangling brambles than anything else—the wild unsettled spelling²—the strings, passed through a hole cut in the folded sheets and then secured with wax—and the old-fashioned ways of beginning, from the “Right trusty and well-beloved friend” of a condescending superior to the “Please it your Worshipful Master to Weet” of a supplicating dependent—all speak to us—who use penny-stamps and cream-laid envelopes—of a time long departed and to us somewhat grotesque in its daily dress, as the outer garments of the life we now are living may seem to the generations that shall build and plough upon our forgotten dust. Yet, in spite of accidental changes, the human heart beats on with changeless pulse. In the rude and antiquated Paston Letters men seek to borrow money, mothers scold their idle or scampish sons, gay bachelors joke each other about their flirtations and chat of hawk and horse, lovers write their soft nothings, and wife and husband discuss their household cares and exchange the gossip of town and country with complete unreserve. Mixing, as the Pastons did, with the leading nobles and courtiers of the day and associated often with royalty itself, their letters derive a special historic value from the uncoloured accounts they give of the great national events, in the midst of which they lived.

In the year 1378 was born Sir William Paston, Knight, who became in course of time a Judge of the Common Pleas, and fulfilled the duties of his lofty position so well that he obtained the honourable *sobriquet* of the “Good Judge.” He purchased the estate of Gresham in Norfolk, on which arose an

¹ No paper was made in England until the reign of Henry VII., when John Tate the younger set up a mill at Hartford. His mark was an eight-pointed star, radiating from a double circle.

² We find a curious example of this in a letter of Sir John Paston's. “What hyght the arche is to the *grounde* off ye lide (aisle) and how hys the *grounde* off the Qwyr (choir) is hyer then the *grounde* of ye lide.” Here we have *ground* spelled in three different ways in a couple of lines.

embattled mansion-house, long the residence of the family. Agnes Berry of Hertfordshire was his wife, and bore him six children. John Paston of the Inner Temple, and Clement, who figures in the correspondence as an idle schoolboy of fifteen, were first and fifth of these. The eldest branch blossomed and bore fruit, and in this generation the principal interest of the letters centres. We learn to know most intimately the shrewd and active mother, Mistress Margaret Paston *née* Mauteby—the brave frank knight Sir John, who fights and frolics in France—his witty sporting brother John, also a soldier, who ultimately succeeds to the estate, becomes High Sheriff of the shire, and receives the highest rank of knighthood on the field of Stoke—and we hear incidentally of the Eton boy William and the Oxford graduate Walter, the latter of whom died young. The family supplied England with some of her first soldiers and lawyers. A Clement Paston was a great sea-captain in the days of Drake and Raleigh. And a Robert Paston received the earldom of Yarmouth from graceless King Charles the Second. The title did not live long, for his son—the second Earl,—who secured favour at court by marrying one of the Merry Monarch's somewhat numerous illegitimate offspring, saw his sons dropping, one by one, into the grave before him, and knew, as he lay on his deathbed, that the broad ancestral acres of the Pastons must go to pay the debts of a reckless wasted life.

Some of the leading names in English history meet us as we glance over these letters. The Kingmaker, sealing his red wax with the Bear and Ragged Staff, writes to a friend for a loan of ten or twenty pounds, to be repaid before New Year's Day—then the 25th of March. The Duke of York thanks John Paston for service done to the famous House of Our Lady at Walsingham. My Lord Scales regrets that many learned men cannot be assembled on a certain occasion, *owing to the hurry of the harvest, then in its height*. And Lord Hastings, one of the victims of Richard III., also thanks a Paston for service done at Guisnes.

But a better idea of these Letters or *Bills*, as we find their writers call them, may be gathered from a few specimens than from pages of description. The men write chiefly of war, money, politics, or field-sports. It is from the ladies of the Paston households that we get nearly all those delicious glimpses into home-life, which the historian now wisely judges to be of at least equal value with the records of battles or court-intrigues.

Agnes Paston, writing about 1440 to her husband Sir William the Judge, is naturally anxious that the *gentlewoman*, going to marry her son John, should be treated well. "The Parson of Stockton told me, if you would buy her a Gown, her mother would give thereto a goodly Fur; the Gown needeth for to be had; and of colour it would be a goodly blew or else a bright sanguine. I pray you buy me two pipes of gold (*rolls of thread for embroidery*). Your stews (*fish ponds*) do well. The Holy Trinity have you in governance." This gentlewoman, who, we may suppose, got the *blew or sanguine* gown, writes to her husband for some jewel to wear round her neck, since, during a

visit of the Queen, she had been forced to borrow her cousin Elizabeth's *device*, her own *beads* being behind the fashion.

A set of memoranda, drawn out in 1457 by Agnes Paston in prospect of a trip to London, must be quoted whole. A sharp old lady Mistress Agnes must have been, and very watchful of her youngest son, who figures somewhat unfavourably in the jottings. The Tutor or Master does not seem to have stood then on a very high level.

"To pray Greenfield to send me faithfully word by writing how Clement Paston hath done his endeavour in Learning.

And if he hath not done well, nor will not amend, pray him that he will truly *belash* him, till he will amend; and so did the last Master, and the best ever he had at Cambridge.

And tell Greenfield, that if he will take upon him to bring him into good Rule and Learning, that I may verily know he doth his endeavour, I will give him 10 marks (£6, 13s. 4d.) for his labour, for I had lever (*rather*) he were fairly buried than lost for default.

Item (here comes out the careful mother), to see how many Gowns Clement hath; and they that be bare (*too short*) let them be raised (*lengthened*). He hath a short Green Gown.

And a short musterdevelers Gown, which were never raised.

And a short blew Gown, that was raised, and made of a side Gown, when I was last in London.

And a side Russet Gown furred with beaver was made this time two years.

And a side Murrey Gown was made this time twelvemonth.

Item, to do make me (*get made*) six Spoons of eight ounces of troy weight, well fashioned and double gilt.

And tell Elizabeth Paston (*a daughter*) that she must use herself to work readily, as other gentlewomen do, and somewhat to help herself therewith.

Item, to pay the Lady Pole 26s. and 8d. for her board.

(Then, returning to the subject of which her heart was evidently full—scapegrace Clement's education),—

And if Greenfield have done well his endeavour to Clement, or will do his endeavour, give him the noble (6s. 8d.)

AGNES PASTON."

We have a William Worcester going to school to a Lombard called Karoll Giles, to read Poetry and French, in which he got lessons two or three times a day.

In 1467 young William Paston, a lad of about twenty, writes to his brother from Eton, where, according to his own account, he had mastered everything but *versifying*. And indeed, if the verses which he gives, boasting that they are of his own making, be a fair specimen, he *does* need a little more of the Eton polish. He thanks John for the 8d. enclosed to buy a pair of slippers; he tells that the 13s. 4d., sent by a gentleman's man for his board, had come safe to his hostess and a creditor; and he says that the Figs and Raisins (to be eaten during Lent) had not yet arrived, but would likely come by the next

Barge. The greater part of the letter however is filled with a description of a girl with whom he has fallen in love.

Gay and kindly John Paston, writing from Bruges to his mother, who lived then at Caister—a mansion left to the family by their relative Sir John Fastolf—gives a glowing account of the splendours which attended the marriage of Margaret Plantagenet to the Duke of Burgundy. "She was married on Sunday last past at a Town that is called The Damme, three miles out of Bruges, at five of the clock in the morning; and she was brought the same day to Bruges to her Dinner." A splendid tournament, in which the brightest stars were the Bastard of Burgundy and the English Lord Scales (afterwards Earl Rivers), and some magnificent pageants delighted the glittering crowds that took share in the marriage festivities. This letter winds up with an affectionate remembrance of some "lytyll man" called Jack, about whose progress at school the writer appears heartily anxious. Jack may have been his son.

And then comes an urgent letter from William Ebesham, a poor Copyer of Books, who had written many things for Sir John, but had not been paid the whole of his bill. Debt seems to have driven the unfortunate man into sanctuary, where it cost him much to satisfy the greedy people round him. He begs for an old Gown, and after a touching reference to his acquaintance with adversity, signs himself "your very man"—one of the nearest approaches we find to the modern formula "very truly yours."

Sir John Paston spent a considerable time at Calais, and when he came to London, often sent presents over to his friends in France. He sends his brother on one occasion some black cloth for making hose, and requests him to give a "little pretty box," containing an ornamented ribbon, to some lady whom they knew. The same letter gives special directions that his Bill (*a weapon*) which was gilt should either be given to a workman who could polish or be kept well oiled until his return. In London Sir John lodged at the George by Paul's Wharf. His brother John seems to have asked his services in a love affair, begging him to endeavour to know the stomach (*i.e.*, mind) of a Lady Walgrave. She will not have John Paston's offered Ring, and the Knight playfully takes her Muskball—some perfumed article then carried by ladies of fashion—to send away as a pretended present to his brother. There is a little bitterness in the good bachelor's reflection, "I am not happy to woo neither for myself nor none other." In fulfilment of a more sorrowful task he writes home from Framlingham for the Cloth of Gold, which had been his father's pall, that it may be used to cover the body and hearse of the dead Duke of Norfolk. A letter, dated ten days later from London, gives orders about two gowns—a "puke (probably *puce*) furred with white Lamb, and a long gown of French russet"—which would seem to indicate the half-mourning which a gentleman then wore.

The courtship of John Paston and Margery Brews forms a very interesting episode in the story, which the Letters tell. John, whose sporting tendencies

display themselves very strongly in a letter to his knightly brother about a mewed Goss-Hawk, which he wants very much to reduce his growing fat and to keep his lonely hours company, receives a letter from his sweetheart's mother asking him to spend St. Valentine's day at Topcroft. Margery lets the good-hearted lady rest neither by night nor day, teasing her to make papa give his consent to the marriage: hence the invitation, which ends with this encouraging couplet,—

"It is but a simple oak
That's cut down at the first stroke."

A love-letter follows from the girl herself; but this it would be quite unfair to quote, since she beseeches him "that this Bill be not seen of none earthly creature save only himself." Poor Margery! how many eyes have read the fond and artless Valentine, which you indited at Topcroft with a full heavy heart! In another devoted letter she fears her fortune may not satisfy him, but bids him, if he wanted more, to cease all visits to the house. A third person steps in, to urge the conclusion of the affair. Margery will bring 200 marks as her portion (£133, 6s. 8d.), and her outfit may be worth 100 more: besides which the writer "heard my Lady say, that, and the case required, both ye and she should have your board with my Lady for three years after." Upon this the matter goes on swimmingly. The mothers, Dames Elizabeth Brews and Margaret Paston, meet by John's request at Norwich in most perilous March weather, when the floods are out over all the flat land, and the full rivers are swirling madly to the sea. John affectionately desires his mother to beware that she take no cold by the way. Sir Thomas Brews, the lady's papa, a cool old hand, writes off to Sir John Paston the Knight, before the marriage is finally concluded, stating that he had stretched a point in giving his daughter so much money, and praying that Sir John would "put thereto his good will and some of *his* cost." The Knight looks very kindly on the happiness of the young couple, praises the girl and all her family, and permits his mother to make over to them the Manor of Sparham, although it is entailed on himself and his issue. The marriage comes off in 1477; and the fair Margery writes no longer to her "right well beloved Valentine," but to her "right reverend and right worshipful husband." Eighteen years later she lies down in the White Friars' Church at Norwich, where her husband joins her by-and-bye.

Sir John continues to write from Calais "of a Vision seen about the Walls of Bologne, as it had been a woman with a marvellous light; men deeming that our Lady there will show herself a lover to that town;" and letters pass between him and his mother about the sale of some cloth of gold, that his father's tomb, long talked of, should be at last completed. Sir John little knew that the shadow of his own tomb was falling on his life already. His last letter to his mother, telling of the dreadful sickness that ravaged London, and complaining both of a low purse and broken health, bears date Friday, 29th of October 1479. Next month his brother John writes to

express surprise that the Knight is buried in the White Friars' at London, instead of being laid in the family tomb at Bromholm.

John Paston, succeeding on his brother's death to the estates, lived a long and honoured life. The Duke of Norfolk summoned him with a company of tall men to join the muster at Bury, when the country was arming for Bosworth Field. He fought at Stoke, receiving there the honours of a Knight Banneret. In 1503 he died.

We find among the Letters a curious list of his books. Among thirty-three distinct works there is only *one* in print. The various manuscripts, which appear to have been bound into ten volumes, afford us a good idea of what gentlemen cared to read in those days.

1. A Book had of my Hostess at the George,
of the *Death of Arthur* beginning at Cassibelan
Guy Earl of Warwick
King Richard Coeur de Lyon
a *Chronicle to Edward the III*
2. Item, a book of *Troilus* which William Br . . .
hath had near ten years, and lent it to Dame . . .
Wyngfeld, and there I saw it.
3. Item, a black Book, with the Legend of
Lady Sans Mercy.
The Parliament of Birds.
The Temple of Glass.
Palatysse and Scitacus.
The Meditations of
The Green Knight
4. Item a Book in *print* of the Play of the . . .
5. Item a Book lent Midelton, and therein is
Belle Dame Sans Mercy.
The Parliament of Birds.
Ballad of Guy and Colbronde,
. . . . of the Goose the
The Disputing between Hope and Despair
. Merchants
The Life of Saint Cry.
6. A red Book that Percival Robsart gave me ;
of the *Meeds of the Mass.*
The Lamentation of Childe Ipotis
A Prayer to the Vernicle,
called the *Abbey of the Holy Ghost*
7. Item in quires *Tully de Senectute* in . . .
whereof there is no more clear writing
8. Item, in quires *Tully or Cypio de Amicitia*,
left with William Worcester . . .

9. Item, in quires a *Book of the Policy of Iv* . .
10. Item, in quires a *Book de Sapientia*,
wherein the Second person is likened to Sapience.
11. Item a book *de Othea* (on Wisdom) text and gloss,
worth in quires
12. M^d: mine old Book of Blazoning of Arms.
Item, the new Book portrayed and blazoned.
Item, a Copy of Blazonings of Arms, and the
names to be found by letter.
Item, a Book with arms portrayed in paper.
M^d my Book of Knighthood; and the manner of making
Knights; of Justs; of Tournaments; fighting in lists;
paces holden by Soldiers; Challenges; Statutes of War;
and *de Regimine Principum*.
Item, a book of new Statutes from Edward the IV.

CHAPTER V.

THORNS ON A WITHERED ROSE.

Pageants.	The great trio of voyages.	Lands in Cornwall.
Propping a throne.	Perkin Warbeck.	A true wife.
The first shake.	A dash on Deal.	The race to Beaulieu.
Lambert Simnel.	In Scotland.	Prison and death.
Battle of Stoke.	Over the Border.	

Cold, cautious, in fact cowardly Henry Tudor¹ drove in a shut coach up to the entrance of St. Paul's, a few days after the battle of Redmore. He came to lay on the high altar his three standards, emblazoned with an odd trio of figures—St. George, a red dragon, and a dun cow. There were shows and feastings, but a new and frightful plague, called the Sweating Sickness, put a sudden stop to these. Seized with a scalding perspiration and a pain like fire in head and stomach, its wretched victims flung off their clothes, and died within twenty-four hours. In eight days London lost two Mayors and six of the very Aldermen, who, but a little while before, had ridden out, sprucely dressed in civic violet, to meet the new King at Hornsey Wood.

That new King, who had been a fugitive or a prisoner ever since he was five years old, found no rest now for many years. For the great bulk of the English people still wore the White Rose in their hearts, and the Anglo-Irish loved the flower with a yet deeper love. Many thorns bristled yet upon the faded stem. The son of wine-soaked Clarence, Edward, Earl of Warwick,

¹ The name Tudor, written *Tydder* by contemporary chroniclers, became connected with the royal line by the marriage of Margaret Beaufort, descended from John of Gaunt, with Edmund Earl of Richmond, son of Owen Tudor and French Catherine, the widow of Henry V.

moped in the solitude of a Yorkshire manor-house; Henry thought the Tower walls a safer place for the young Plantagenet. So the Tower gates clanked behind the prisoner of fifteen. None knew better than the grandson of Owen Tudor, how lightly the props of his sudden throne were formed. A severe shake any day might bring it tumbling to the ground. His first care naturally was to plant it upon firmer foundations. He obtained an Act of Parliament, which declared that the inheritance of the crown rested in his most royal person and in the heirs of his body. He procured a Bull from the Pope, filled with curses against all who might rise against his rule. He made several new peers, and packed the privy council with his closest friends. He followed a royal fashion of France by appointing fifty archers to protect his person, under the old name of Yeomen of the Guard. And, by his marriage with Elizabeth of York, the daughter of Edward IV., he engrafted one of the chief surviving branches of the White Rose-tree upon the rooted stem of the Red Flower. These five acts of policy hedged his shaky throne, if not with divinity, at least with the semblance of security.

He then did what his predecessor had done; he went upon a progress through the land, prepared to conciliate and cajole. His first peril met him between Lincoln and York. Lord Lovel, one of dead Richard's chief advisers, attempted to seize him near Ripon, and would probably have succeeded in the move, but for the timely arrival of the Earl of Northumberland with a formidable force. Lovel, foiled by this happy chance and stripped of his soldiers by an offer of royal pardon, escaped to Flanders. At Stafford one of his accomplices suffered death. York, Worcester, Gloucester, Hereford clanged with rejoicings and glittered with the allegorical figure-groups, with which a city then loved to greet a sovereign. At Bristol however, the second seaport in the country and the city of William Canyng, a merchant whose opulence and generosity rival those of Whittington, the civic rejoicings and the royal bounty reached their height. While bakers' wives rained wheat from upper windows, and "olifauntes" bore upon their backs towers filled with puppets smiting bells, the King, pitying the silence which had fallen upon the once busy quays, encouraged the citizens to build new ships and promised them all the aid he could give. The one drawback to the people's joy was the notable absence of Queen Elizabeth from these brilliant scenes. A petty jealousy, or rather a petty fear, made Henry keep his Yorkist wife in the background. Even the birth of a Prince, to whom was given, in allusion to his father's Welsh lineage, the name of that mystical King Arthur, over whom historians have squabbled and poets rejoiced, could avail little to dissolve the barrier, which severed Henry and Elizabeth. He knew that, though its petals had fallen, the White Rose had not yet lost its thorns; and he dreaded them.

The Simnel imposture was the second peril that menaced the Tudor throne. This and the greater trick that followed might never have reached historical prominence, if there had not been on the Continent a most watchful cager and untiring foe of the Red Rose—the Juno of this English *Æneas*.

The lady, who smiled upon Caxton's first literary work, was an English princess of the Plantagenet line,—Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy by marriage and by birth the sister of our Fourth Edward. Her court became a hot-bed for forcing English treason, and was all blossomed over with transplanted traitors. A priest of Oxford, named William Symonds, having conceived the not very bright idea that young Warwick might be personated, chose a joiner's son of fifteen years to act the part. The boy Lambert Simnel therefore appeared in Ireland, well schooled in the talk and demeanour necessary to give a colouring of truth to this silly claim. Ireland burst into flames at once in his cause. The Duchess of Burgundy had already declared her resolve to give him aid, and was preparing to do so. Henry did the simplest and most natural thing in the world, when he led the *real* Warwick through the streets of London in view of all the citizens. This in our day would have broken the bubble at once. But a procession through Cheapside, four hundred years ago, would not have been heard of in Lancashire or Ireland for many weeks; nor could the story, even when it reached these remote places, be relied on with any safety. Besides, many, who knew that Simnel was a cheat, would join his ranks for love of the White Rose, or, what came to the same thing, for hatred of the Red.

We have heard of Lovel's flight. John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln, to whom, as a sister's son, Richard had bequeathed the crown, though apparently on good terms with the Tudor, secretly left the English court for that of Burgundy. The two nobles, backed by the Dowager of Burgundy, soon anchored in Dublin Bay with a force of two thousand German soldiers, led by Martin Swart a captain of renown. Simnel joining these allies with a host of Irishmen, armed with knives, the entire army crossed the sea, and landed at Furness¹ on the coast of Lancashire. It was indeed a time of trouble to Henry, who hated war above all things else; but now there must be war, or his crown would drop for ever from his head. Taking Kenilworth as a central stand, he watched the approach of the rebel force. It moved at first toward York; but the leaders, finding their hopes of a rising on their side grow very faint, faced round and hastened toward the Trent. The decisive battle took place at Stoke.² Henry did not place his royal person in the van, but left the Earl of Oxford to contest the three hours' strife. The Germans and the Irish vied with each other in valorous deeds—in vain. Swart and

June 16, Lincoln fell; Lovel disappeared. Symonds went to a prison, out of **1487** which he never came; and Simnel, puppet and tool of an ambitious

A.D. and intriguing faction, found a peace in turning royal spits and feeding royal hawks, that the crown of a divided people could never have given.

During the interval which elapsed before the appearance of a greater and

¹ *Furness*, a promontory and lordship in Lancashire, between the Duddon Estuary and Morecambe Bay; noted for its splendid abbey.

² *Stoke*, or *East Stoke*, is a village on a hill above the Trent, four miles south-west of Newark in Nottinghamshire.

more interesting claimant of the crown, Henry went through the farce of a French war, undertaken in defence of an injured princess of Bretagne. The English King, remembering how kindly the western horn had sheltered him in exile, could not for shame's sake refuse to aid Anne in her struggle with the grasping King of France. But the collecting of money for the war was the only part of the affair into which Henry went heart and soul. He certainly invested Boulogne; but a better investment soon appeared in the shape of a Treaty, paid for in hard cash by the cunning King of France, who well knew the soft spot in the heart of his English cousin.

But these events fade and dwindle into absolute insignificance, before the greatness of three achievements, towering like obelisks among the petty incidents that mark the last decade of the fifteenth century. While Henry was marching to Boulogne, Columbus knelt on the shore of Guanahani. Five years later, Sebastian Cabot, a young Bristoler of twenty, sighted the coast of Labrador from the deck of the weather-beaten *Matthew*. And in the same year (1497), a Portuguese sailor unlocked the gates of the Indian seas by rounding the pointed promontory of Southern Africa. Let these achievements stand in naked grandeur, undraped by circumstances or decorative detail, for they widened the theatre and multiplied the means of human action so incalculably, that thought loses itself in trying to fathom their results.

A gallant and handsome adventurer landed at the Cove of Cork about the time that Henry was acting out his sham French war. Dressed in fashionable silk and telling a romantic story of his childish escape, he easily got many to believe that he was the Duke of York, son of Edward IV. and heir to the English crown. But the Simnel business had taught the Irish people caution. The mob hurrahed, and some nobles bent the knee, but there was no White Rose frenzy in the land. A message from France drew princely Perkin Warbeck to Paris, but the treaty of Estaples intervening, the French King flung him over at once. He found his way to the court of Burgundy, whose Duchess still hated the Tudor usurper. There the "White Rose of England," guarded by thirty halberds, struck root for a time, till restless fortune sent it over sea again. From Flanders bales of cloth passed in a constant stream to England, and heaps of wool came back. It was easy therefore to establish a correspondence with the scattered relics of the Yorkshire faction in England. A plot was formed; but cunning Henry countermined it. He shut up the English market in Antwerp, and opened one in Calais. And, bribing the leading agent of the White Roses, Sir Robert Clifford, he so prepared his plans that he pounced swiftly and surely upon the nest of plotters. Three of them suffered death. And, upon the same charge, conspiracy in favour of Warbeck, died Sir William Stanley, who had fronted furious Richard on the field of Redmore, and had helped his noble brother in placing Henry on the throne. In the suggestive fact that Sir William bled to the extent of 40,000 marks and a rental of £3000 a year, some historians find the main reason of his execution.

Seeing the new-sprung buds of his party-flower thus cut down, Perkin made a sudden swoop on Deal. He sent some hundreds to the shore, **1495** but the Kentish men drove them fiercely back, taking a great string **A.D.** of prisoners, whose gibbeted corpses soon swung poisoning all the south-eastern sea-board. After a stay in Flanders he tried Ireland a second time, to little purpose. He then passed over to Scotland, where he found a hearty welcome and a pretty wife.

Much had happened lately to irritate the old sores which rankled between the neighbour nations. Stout Sir Andrew Wood, a sea-captain of Largo, had drubbed the English sailors twice within the opening of the Forth, and had hauled his battered prizes at the stern of the *Flower* and the *Yellow Carvel* into the roadsteads of Leith and Dundee (1489). And frank manly James IV. knew that his English cousin was grabbing like a mole in dark and dirty plots against his person and his throne, haggling with traitorous Scotmen to betray their King. So Warbeck received a hearty welcome, and sat, with the honours of a rightful prince, at tournaments and banquets. James permitted him to marry Lady Catherine Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntly and no distant kinswoman of his own. And when from the untiring Duchess of Burgundy there came some money, arms, and men to wield them, the Scottish King crossed the Border with his guest. Perkin sent his story on before him, but it failed to kindle a rising in his favour. His motley troops did nothing but squabble and rob, wherever some incautious yeoman had left his cattle in field or byre. Without firing a shot or striking a blow, except at one another, the gang of bonneted moss-troopers and their foreign aids—army of drilled soldiers we cannot call them—shrank back behind the Cheviots and the Tweed. Henry, who was greatest in taxation, had gone to his people, already squeezed pretty dry, for money to meet this peril. Cornwall kicked savagely out against the impost, and showed itself on Blackheath, bristling with rusty spears and flaming with the fiery speeches of a blacksmith from Bodmin. Henry, who won all his victories by deputy, sent Oxford and Daubeney to attack the rebel mass; and an easy victory indeed the royal officers gained. But Celtic valour showed itself in the hopeless struggle, which strewed the ground with two thousand Cornish dead. Meanwhile King James had entered England a second time, merely to rehearse the solemn farce of an invasion. The approach of Surrey, whom, if he could have pierced the future, he might well have esteemed his evil genius, to be met again at Flodden, caused him to retreat. Feeling then that Perkin's cause was hopeless, and dazzled by the glittering bait, flung out by knowing Henry, of a marriage with the English princess Margaret, James resolved to send the Yorkist adventurer off to seek his misfortunes elsewhere.

Poor Perkin, bandied from court to court and baffled in all his ambitious snatches at the crown, had found a jewel in his wife worth many crowns, if he had known how to prize its value. She left her country and her home to follow him; through perils by water and land she clung to him, all the more fondly no doubt, when he tossed a wreck upon the sea of life. The hardships and

escapes of his third attempt to rouse the Irish people did not daunt her heroic heart. She crossed with him to Cornwall, where he made his final and fatal move, and waited, panting with eager love, at Mount St. Michael, to hear that her Richard had won his crown at last, for, gentle soul, she must have been the truest believer in his royal blood. Impostor or no impostor, she loved him well. Marching from Bodmin, where he had assumed the kingly style of Richard IV., he found the gates and guns of Exeter too strong for the unarmed undisciplined rabble that he led. He hurried on to Taunton, where a royal army lay camping in the Dean, and there he blotted his memory indelibly by a sudden flight. From the wife that clung to his broken fortunes, and the men that had risked their lives in his cause, he stole, thief-like, in the dark, and raced away at the top speed of a gallant horse to the sanctuary of Beaulieu in the New Forest. In the morning the rebels found themselves without a leader, and the captive wife found herself compelled to think of her husband more harshly than she had ever had to do before.

I need not dwell upon the rest of Perkin's story. Riding behind Henry through London streets, he passed to the Tower and back again to Westminster, where he lived a while in honourable custody, watched by sleepless eyes. An attempted escape, which carried him as far as the Priory of Sheen,¹ created an excuse for rougher treatment. Shut into the stocks at Westminster and Cheapside on two successive days, he there read a confession, embodying that view of his early life which suited Henry best. The Tudor's mole-like policy, which led him to work out his schemes darkly and alone, has added greatly to the mystery hanging round the story of this young man. There seems little doubt that the printed copy of this confession in the stocks was cooked by somebody before it reached the public. It is said to have contradicted itself in part. Its purport ran much as follows :—He declared himself to be the son of John Osbeck and Catherine de Faro, people engaged in trade at Tournay in Flanders ; that he learnt Flemish at Antwerp and English at Middleburgh ; that he became a servant to Sir Edward Brompton's wife, with whom he went to Portugal, and that thence he passed to Ireland, where his silk doublet and striking mien made people mistake him for a prince, thus originating the notion of an imposture. Committed after this degrading exposure to the Tower, he found there poor young Warwick, whom life-long imprisonment had made almost imbecile. "He could not tell a goose from a capon," says an old chronicler. The last attempt at imposture caused the death of the caged criminals. It happened that a shoemaker's son and an Augustine monk hatched a plot together in Kent, by which the former personated Warwick, and the latter in a sermon announced the escape of the prisoned heir. Henry's hand fell quickly on the crude imposture ; but the discovery of a plot among the keepers of the Tower to set Warwick and Warbeck free, led him to meditate a surer way of breaking for ever these last thorns on the White Rose. He took no great time to make up his mind. Indeed some think he had been

¹ Priory of Sheen, a Carthusian monastery in the parish of Richmond in Surrey.

digging pitfalls to entangle his prisoners in such attempts at escape as might give him a reasonable excuse for putting them to death. Perkin was hanged at Tyburn on the 23d of November, 1499; and on the following day poor Warwick's crazed head, still bright with youth, for he was only twenty-nine, rolled from the block on Tower Hill.¹

Thus ended the struggle of the rival Roses. There is a flower in our gardens streaked with white and red, which bears the name of York and Lancaster, symbolizing in its double hue the blended claims of the two princely houses. First rosebud on the grafted stem was Prince Arthur, smitten with canker ere he reigned; second was King Henry VIII., who became a very full-blown rose indeed, and very blood-red at the core.

¹ The faithful wife of Perkin Warbeck remained in the court of the Queen, wearing a name, "The White Rose of England," which fitted her better than it fitted her husband, to whom it had been formerly given by the Duchess of Burgundy. When time cured her grief, she married Sir Matthew Cradock of North Wales, and after a quiet life was buried in the old church of Swansea.

FOURTH PERIOD.—THE AGE OF THE ENGLISH REFORMATION.

FROM THE EXECUTION OF PERKIN WARBECK IN 1499 A.D. TO THE
UNION OF THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH CROWNS IN 1603 A.D.

CHAPTER I.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

At Oxford.
Lymington and Calais.
Thistle and Rose.
A lucky trip.
Putting on the screw.
Revels.
A French war.

Flodden.
Cardinal and Chancellor.
Silver and red.
The plain of Ardrea.
Execution of Buckingham.
Fidei defensor.
Playing for a tiara.

Scene in the Commons.
Wolsey at home.
Dark hints.
The Divorce broached.
Blackfriars.
Miserere.
Leicester Abbey.

WHILE Perkin Warbeck was playing out the last scenes of his ambitious *role*, Thomas Wolsey, a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, was engaged in whipping a love for the classics into the sons of the English nobility. He then held the honourable post of Master in the preparatory school attached to his College. Born at Ipswich in 1471, this son of "an honest poor man," whom common rumour called a butcher, had attained the degree of Bachelor so early as his fifteenth year—a feat which won for him the distinctive title of the Boy Bachelor. As the friend of Erasmus, he lent his aid to that distinguished Dutchman in promoting the new study of Greek. To his fellowship and his mastership was soon added the Bursary of Magdalen, and in this capacity a little cloud gathered round his name. For, with that love of architecture which distinguished all the celebrated priests of the Middle Ages, he added a tower of chaste and delicate beauty to the college chapel; and, it is alleged, made free with the college funds to pay the masons who raised this memorial of his splendid tastes.

The Christmas of 1499 led him to the household of the Marquis of Dorset, whose three sons studied at Magdalen School. So charming was his talk, and so grateful did the Marquis feel to the careful tutor of his sons, that the rectory of Lymington in Somersetshire soon rewarded him for the toils of the school-room and the brilliant merriment of the dining-table. His two years in this country parish passed without much to mark them, except one incident which serves to illustrate the license of clerical life in those ante-Reformation days. The parson went one day to a fair close by, as parsons often do; but he there got drunk, and made so great a row that Justice Paulet sent him to

the stocks, where he sat locked in by the feet, to enjoy, if he could, the abuse and dirt which every passing clodpole had the right of flinging at his head. This in our day would turn a clergyman into a disgraced emigrant, fallen from his old society for ever. It seems to have had no lasting effect whatever upon Wolsey's career. The next step of his promotion shows this clearly, for from the hovels of Lymington he passed to the household of the Archbishop of Canterbury, where he acted as domestic chaplain, though still drawing the revenue of his deserted cure. The prelate's death brought a change. Sir John Nanfan, who had known him in Somersetshire, and who found the duties of the treasurership of Calais pressing too heavily on an aged frame, invited him to be his chaplain and assistant. Accepting the offer, Wolsey made this post a stepping-stone to fortune and royal favour; for Nanfan was so pleased with his deputy's tact and energy that he recommended the young priest to the notice of Henry VII., letting drop a hint, no doubt, that the monarch might find the Oxford man a useful instrument in fabricating those webs of policy which overspread all this tangled reign.

This brings us back to Henry Tudor, whom we left rejoicing in his dry and stealthy way over the stripped and broken thorns of the Yorkist Rose. Pretty certain now of his throne, the King began to frame plots and make bargains for tying that royal seat to all the strong or dangerous neighbours he could reach. Marriage was the bond he chose. To Spain, then a leading state in Europe, his eyes turned naturally first. In 1501 Arthur, Prince of Wales, was married in St. Paul's to Catherine of Arragon, the fourth daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. The death, some months later, of the bridegroom, a mere boy in years, did not snap the tie, for the girlish widow was at once betrothed to the heir-apparent Henry. Another marriage, fraught with deeper and more lasting results, took place in 1503 when the English Princess Margaret rode over the Border into Scotland, to meet a royal husband. Little did the fair girl dream on that bright day at Lamberton, where Surrey gave her to the courteous keeping of the Scottish Lords, that, a very few miles off in space and not a dozen years in time, there lay a tract of crimsoning heather, called Flodden Field, where Surrey and King James should meet in fight, and one of them should die. And quite as little did she dream that a completed century should see another James—great-grandson of herself—sitting on the throne of the double kingdom, *two* no more. With these marriages Wolsey had no personal connection; but they formed great centres of courtly gossip, in which he always bore a ready part. He was busy all this time in making friends. He saw through men and talked them over; this was the secret of his rise. Fox, Bishop of Winchester, who held the privy seal, and Sir Thomas Lovell, Master of the Wardrobe, attracted him especially, as being the men who were deepest in the royal confidence. The court he paid to them bore speedy fruit. A delicate business, then in hand—no less a matter than a negotiation of marriage between the King, (whose Yorkist wife had died in 1502,) and Margaret of Savoy, the only daughter of the Emperor Maximilian—required a man of quick brain

and ready tongue. Both Fox and Lovell at once named Wolsey to the King, who, taking no man's word when he could judge for himself, had the chaplain in to talk. The upshot of the interview was that Wolsey received instructions to go to Bruges. Leaving Richmond, where the King was staying, at four o'clock one Sunday, he boated down to Gravesend that evening, rode across Kent to Dover through the darkness, caught the passage-boat in the nick of time, was at Calais by noon on Monday and at Bruges the next morning. His audience with the Emperor was short and pleasant. The same evening saw him in the saddle; when the gates of Calais were unbolted on Wednesday morning he rode in, and found the boat in which he had crossed just loosing her cables to return. By ten he was at Dover, and snatched a few hours' rest at Richmond on the very same night. On Thursday morning when the King saw his chaplain enter the presence-chamber and kneel, he angrily asked what the delay could mean. Letters from Bruges in reply to his message silenced the coming storm; to his amazement he found that Wolsey had been there and back. Although the treaty of marriage ended in nothing, this speedy trip laid the foundation of the priestly envoy's fortune. None could better appreciate the value of combined quickness, wit, and energy than the first of our royal Tudors. This service, which formed the principal public matter in which Wolsey took a share during the reign of **1508** Henry VII., procured for him the wealthy Deanery of Lincoln, a **A.D.** post next in emolument to the mitres of the Church. Rich prebends followed. The shower of gold grew thicker, when an event occurred which turned the shower into a perfect torrent of honour, wealth, and influence. Henry the Seventh died.

The laws of the first Tudor King have received unmerited praise. Of these the principal was the *Statute of Fines*, passed in the fourth year of his reign, which has been looked upon by many as a deep move towards breaking the power of the extravagant nobles. But this law was a copy from one of Richard the Third's, and, instead of permitting owners to break the entail of their estates, enacted only "that a fine levied with proclamations in a public court of justice shall after five years, except in particular circumstances, be a bar to all claims upon lands."¹ The principal troubles of the reign, apart from those connected with the White Rose faction, arose from excessive taxation. The people bled Benevolences continually. Archbishop Morton's fork—a dilemma, which caught the splendid as well as the parsimonious man by asserting that the former must be rich to support so great an establishment, and the latter must be rich by continual saving—shut the mouths of the merchants, and extracted the unwilling coins from their purse. Two lawyers,—Dudley, a man of good family; and Empson, the son of a sieve-maker,—raked up all the forgotten and obsolete charges on an old feudal estate, and hunted out offences of the most shadowy sort, that they might have a pretext for drawing the golden teeth of a rich man, after the fashion of King John with the

¹ Hallam's "Constitutional History."

Jew of Bristol. It is therefore not wonderful that the strong-boxes of dead Henry VII. should have groaned with the weight of nearly two million pounds. But every coin in the vast heap was a glittering curse.

It would be idle to speculate what Wolsey might have been under the prolonged reign of this cautious miser. Much more to the purpose is it to see what he really was under the spendthrift son.

Young Henry VIII., only eighteen when his father died, afforded bright promise of a ripened age that never came. The years came, to be sure; but the fruit they bore was rotten. His handsome figure caught the eye at once; his gallant bearing in the tilt-yard and the hunting-field kindled admiration. He played and sang delightfully; spoke three languages besides his own; had more than dabbled in medicine, ship-building, and gunnery; and had already fastened with a tenacious grasp upon theology, a hobby which he rode to the death of many a poor man and woman in his fair realm. Such a Prince,—gay, green, and bitten with a love for the subtleties of Thomas Aquinas,—became easily a puppet in the hands of pliant Dean Wolsey, who at last had found his chance. Surrey indeed, the Lord High Treasurer, stood at first in the way; but his influence speedily melted before the arts of Wolsey, who displayed every hue of his chameleon character, according to the present colour of the King's mood. Now romping with the hoidens of the court; now shouting a drinking catch; now hallooing after the baying hounds; again reading, with composed face and grave voice, a treatise on the supreme efficacy of Divine grace or the doctrine of original sin; he suited himself to the humours of young Henry, and slyly, in the pauses of the chase, the revel, or the theological discussion, dropped into the yet unripened mind of his royal companion certain seeds of policy, meant to germinate in after days. To the influential post of Almoner, which Dean Wolsey received upon the accession of the King, were soon added by the same lavish hand the house and gardens of the doomed Empson beside the palace of Bridewell in Fleet Street, the rectory of Turrington in Exeter, the chancellorship of the Garter, the clerkship of the Star-chamber,¹ with ecclesiastical honours and emoluments too numerous for mention.

While Wolsey was mounting the ladder of fame with rapid steps, Henry, bewitched with the present of a golden rose perfumed with musk, had become embroiled in a war with France, undertaken in behalf of Pope Julius II., whose pontifical robes could hardly hide the more natural cuirass of the soldier below. An English contingent went to Spain, but Ferdinand tried to use the troops furnished by his English son-in-law in forwarding his own schemes upon Navarre: they therefore came home in disgust. Next year dyed land

¹ The Council of the King, usurping, under the shadow of a parliamentary sanction, an arbitrary and tyrannical jurisdiction in criminal matters, used to meet in a room at Westminster, called the Star-Chamber, either from the gilded decorations of its roof, or from the Jewish *starrā* (corrupted from the Hebrew *chetar* a covenant) which were piled on its shelves. Hence the name of a very odious instrument of despotism, of which the Stuarts made terrible use. Though the origin of the Court is commonly ascribed to the Act passed in the third year of Henry VII., we must rather view it as an adaptation of political machinery in use long before that date; in fact, as the old *Concilium Regie* in a new disguise.

and sea with gallant blood. On St. Mark's Day (April 25th, 1513) brave young Edward Howard, Surrey's son, sailed into Brest harbour with some slender galleys, and tried in the teeth of a most furious fire to cut out the anchored vessels of the French. A wonderful act of daring, which however was not destined to succeed. Leaping with a few kindred spirits on the deck of the French admiral, he died fighting like a lion, flinging overboard with the last exertion of his failing strength the gold whistle and chain, which were then the badge of an English admiral. The incessant roar of English guns on the batteries of Calais announced on the last day of June, that King Henry had landed in France. Jolly pliable Wolsey, to whose care the commissariat had been not unwisely intrusted, showed his pleasant face among the crowd of courtiers round the youthful invader. The little town of Terouenne first occupied the attention of a splendid English army. During the siege of many weeks the Emperor Maximilian arrived, without an army, to serve under Henry's banner as a volunteer. It was another phase of the musk-rose appeal to a youngster's vanity. A visitor of another sort—the Lyon-King-at-Arms of Scotland—then came to announce that James of the Iron Belt was about to invade the English realm, prompted by the hope of saving France from a peril, which then seemed deadly. A collision between the French and English armies took place at Guingette, beginning and ending in a charge and a retreat of the French cavalry. When Henry bantered some of his prisoners, they laughingly replied that it was only a Battle of Spurs; and ever since, this name has stuck to the skirmish. After Terouenne yielded, Tournay undrew its gate-bolts—a circumstance in which Almoner Wolsey had some little interest, for Maximilian made him bishop of the vacant see. Thus ended Henry's utterly useless and very costly campaign.

Meanwhile a great disaster had fallen upon Scotland. Crossing the Border with an army of more than thirty thousand men, King James, after taking Norham and other keeps, encountered an English army, led by old Surrey, in the hollow below Flodden Hill, a spur of the Cheviot range. Descending from their strong position on the lofty alope, the Scots rushed under cover of a great smoke from their blazing huts, to seize another hill at Branxton, towards which the English were pushing on, and which lay **Sept. 9,** between the Scots and Scotland. So near did the armies come in the **1513** race, that a battle was inevitable. At four o'clock on that bloody **A.D.** Friday afternoon the cannonade began. The armies, like two colossal eagles, met with a deadly shock, and each recoiled with reddened plumes and a broken wing. The long pikes, led by Huntly and Home, had pierced the ranks of the Cheshire men, who fought on the right of the English line; and the Macleans and the Macleods of the Scottish right had with reckless blundering bravery dashed their own array to pieces on the serried lines in front. But the great and decisive shock was the meeting of the centres. The reader of "Marmion" does not need to be told of "the dark impenetrable wood" of Scottish spears, which resisted, though with ever decreasing ring, the whirl-

wind charges of the English knights and the arrows thick as snow, and which dissolved in flight only when the September night flung its pall over the pierced body and gashed skull of a fallen King. The saddest and bloodiest field that Scotland ever saw! King James, his illegitimate son, twelve earls, fifteen lords and heads of clans, and eight or nine thousand common soldiers, the pick of Tweeddale and the Lothians, lay stark and ghastly by the Till. In very truth, as that sweet moan of Scottish melody beautifully puts it, "The flouirs o' the forest were a' wede away!" No spoil of the battle-field was more prized by the victorious English than the Scottish cannon, which appear—especially a set called the Seven Sisters—to have far surpassed any artillery that the English could then boast of.

The crafty King of France, Louis XII., having undermined the league against him, broke it up. Henry ceased from war, and gave his pretty sister Mary to be the bride of the elderly monarch—sweet sixteen being wedded to gouty fifty-three. The interest of English history then began to centre more completely in the person of Thomas Wolsey. His influence over Henry deepened. He became Archbishop of York in 1514, and in the following year polite and politic Leo X. made him a Cardinal. How many fat livings, abbacies, bishoprics he managed to tack to the skirts of his scarlet robes, I cannot find space to tell. Nor was it only in the Church he acquired power. The Lord Cardinal of York climbed to the woolsack too, receiving from the King the great office of Lord High Chancellor of England. Little wonder that these splendours somewhat turned his brain, when he found sovereigns, like Francis I. of France and Charles King of Spain and afterwards Emperor of Germany, showering compliments, and the more solid *bon-bons* called livres and ducats, upon his head. These men needed Henry's aid. They knew that Wolsey could mould the royal wax-work to any shape he pleased. Hence they petted him, courted him, and paid him unceasingly.

A view of Wolsey in the meridian of his splendour, after Leo in 1516 had made him Legate, may serve to fix the picture of the man more distinctly in the mind. Clad in the blazing robes of a cardinal, crimson satin or fine scarlet cloth, with a tippet of fine sables round his neck, and a round pillion lined with black velvet on his head, he went, smelling at an orange filled with aromatic vinegar, through the crowd of humble suitors who thronged the ante-chambers of York Place.¹ First in the procession before him went the Great Seal; then, borne by a bare-headed gentleman, followed his Cardinal's hat, which had been escorted from the Continent with extraordinary pomp, and was worshipped like an idol by his servile train. Two great crosses of silver, two pillars of the same metal, and a great mace of silver gilt ushered him to the portal, where his mule, adorned with gilt stirrups and trappings of red

¹ York Place, afterwards known as Whitehall (probably from the colour of the stone used in some additions made) was the residence of the Archbishops of York from 1248 to the fall of Wolsey. It continued to be a royal palace until destroyed by fire in 1691.

velvet, waited to receive its gorgeous load. Thus in state he passed, daily during term-time, from his palace to Westminster Hall, pacing in the centre of a quartette of footmen, with gilt pole-axes upraised—provoking from the lips of the many foes, whom his glittering arrogance had made, words akin to those which Shakspeare gives to angry Surrey, "Thou scarlet sin."

When the legatine authority had made Wolsey supreme over the Church in England, his eye fixed itself steadily upon the tiara as something now almost in his grasp. All his future actions revolved round this dazzling centre of attraction. His principal hope rested in Charles, who became Emperor in 1519; and with consummate skill he twisted Henry to agreement with his views. Francis of France, the gallant rival of the Emperor, was bidding with all his might for England's favour, and Wolsey, giving him some outward countenance at first, induced Henry to meet him, on what has since in history borne a gorgeous name, "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." At this splendid pageantry of a fortnight's duration, which lighted up the plain of Ardres¹ with the united blazonry of two great courts, nothing struck the French so much as the royalty of the Cardinal of York, with his silver emblems

of authority and his immense retinue in showy scarlet. The haw- **1520**
thorn and the raspberry, emblematic of the two neighbour nations, A.D.
intertwined their leaves and branches on a mound for fourteen days, while tiltings, mummings, banquets, junketings of every sort went on round their thorny stems. But scarcely had the leaves of the plucked-up boughs shrivelled into brown, when every trace of the friendliness, which the meeting was intended to foster, passed from Henry's mind. From Ardres he went straight to Gravelines to visit the Emperor Charles, in return for a flying visit which the Emperor had paid a little while before. Wolsey managed this.

The seizure and execution of the Duke of Buckingham blotted the year succeeding the brilliant pageant I have named. He was a frank and gallant nobleman, whose chief crime seems to have been that the bluest blood of the Plantagenets ran in his veins. On one occasion he held the basin for the King to wash, and when Wolsey impudently dipped in *his* hand, he spilt the water on the Churchman's shoes. Slighter causes have slain a man. Inveigled up to London and charged on the evidence of some household spies, he was condemned to die, and so, on Tower Hill, "the long divorce of steel" fell upon the neck of brave meek Edward Stafford, who once was Duke of Buckingham.

All Germany had now for four years been ringing with the note of the opening Reformation. The Theses on the gate of Wittenberg Church—the disputation in the hall at Leipsic—the blazing bull at the Elster Gate of Wittenberg—had done their work, and brave Martin Luther stood confessed in the gaze of Europe as the champion of a pure faith and an open Bible. It was not to be expected that the royal theologian of London and his priestly governor—the Cardinal of York—could see these things unmoved. The cunning Chancellor

¹ *Ardres*, in Pas-de-Calais, is now a station on the railway from Calais to St. Omer.

devised a plan, by which he thought to bind Henry to the Papal throne securely. It took little management to work on the vanity of the amateur bookman. A volume soon appeared, entitled "*Assertio Septem Sacramentorum adversus Martyn Luther, &c.*" which Henry owned to be from his pen. A splendidly bound copy of the work was handed to the Pope in full conclave of cardinals by Dr. Clark, the English ambassador at Rome. Delighted with aid from a quarter so influential, Leo deposited the treasure with ceremonious care in the library of the Vatican, and rewarded the royal author with the title of *Fidei Defensor*, a title which Henry ranked above all the other jewelled handles, which had bristled out from the plain Harry Tudor of his birth-name.

I have said that Wolsey sought the Popedom, and that he rested his hopes chiefly upon the aid of the Emperor Charles. A chance came, when Leo died in December 1521. But another got the step, for Charles proved false, and his tutor Adrian was elevated to St. Peter's chair. The Emperor indeed did something for Wolsey, but not enough. He wrote a Latin letter to his ambassador at Rome, desiring him to use his utmost efforts for the English candidate. This was done, in all probability, only to save appearances. Wolsey got twenty votes, but he needed twenty-six. There is a way, known to diplomatists and politicians, of going a certain distance in seeming to aid a man, and yet leaving him helpless within view of the goal he has been straining every nerve to reach. Such treatment Charles seems to have inflicted on the Cardinal of York, who swallowed his chagrin as he best could. Within two years the dream revived, and again Wolsey thought of Nicholas Breakspear and an English Pope. But again the game was lost, the imperial faction lifting one of the Medici to the coveted throne under the title of Clement VII. We can scarcely wonder at this second foil turning the heart of the duped Cardinal against the Emperor's interest. The treaties between Henry and Charles snapped; and new ties bound the former to Francis, who had for years been engaged in struggle, tooth and nail, with his imperial neighbour.

In 1523 the English House of Commons presented an unwonted scene. Wolsey and Sir Thomas More, the Speaker of the House, came thus into direct collision. Henry's purse running low, he had recourse to the nation for money, exacting huge sums under the delicate name of "loans." Wolsey, having browbeaten the Convocation of Clergy into compliance with a sweeping demand, entered the Commons in the full blaze of his scarlet and silver pomp. In a long speech he demanded the enormous sum of £800,000, to be raised in four years by a tax of one-fifth on all the lands and goods of the realm. No one spoke. "How say you, Master Marney?" he asked, turning to a leading commoner. Marney was dumb; and so were all. Never was the might of silence better shown. As a last resource, the Lord Cardinal appealed to More, officially the mouthpiece of the House; and he, sinking on his knees, *did* speak, but only to support the steady stillness of the benches, and to declare, with a sparkle of his golden humour, that "Except every one of the silent statues

around could put into his own head their several wits, he alone was unfit to make answer to his Grace." His Grace left the chamber with suppressed rage darkening the lines of his face, still a handsome one, though scarred with the marks of a vicious life. The debate went on for days. Again the scarlet pageant entered the House; but the members held firmly to their resolve of holding no debate in presence of the Cardinal. Ultimately the tax was greatly reduced; but even that could scarcely be wrung from the poor reluctant people.

I have already noticed the pomp of Wolsey's daily procession to the Court of Chancery. His household surpassed the magnificence of any earlier English subject. Five hundred servants waited on his nod, many of them being of noble blood. A gentleman in damask satin, with a gold chain round his neck, presided over the spits and stewpans of His Grace's kitchen; was in fact the master-cook. Another directed the arrangements of the stables. The barges, gardens, larder, wafery, bakehouse, cellar, wardrobe of beds, and other apartments had separate sets of officials, who ate and drank of the best and were no strangers to garments of silk and gold. York Place was his London residence; but he built and furnished a yet more splendid mansion at Hampton.

He never forgot the cradle, in which his greatness had been nursed. The University of Oxford received many tokens of his affection. One remains. Beginning, in his zeal to purify the Church, that dissolution of the monasteries, which another afterwards completed, he applied the funds of the richest among the houses he suppressed to the establishment of Christ Church College, one of the most distinguished foundations of the brilliant cluster by the Isis. He also founded a Latin school in his native town, and in a remarkable letter to the masters, published in the form of a preface to Lilly's Latin Grammar, he sketched out a curriculum, which clearly shows by its methodic sense and minuteness of detail that the Lord Cardinal of York had not forgotten his days of drill and grinding in the school-house of Magdalen.

Meanwhile the great European drama, in which the King of France and the Emperor played leading parts, was unfolding its scenes of blood and battle. Francis lost all but honour (himself being witness) at the battle of Pavia (1525); and the Emperor, two years later, caused the sack of Rome and the imprisonment of the Pope. The latter formed a good ground for Wolsey to wreak his smothered vengeance on the prince who had cheated him in the matter of the Popedom. Accordingly the Spanish alliance was broken; a league, cemented by the Cardinal's efforts, united the Kings of France and England; and warlike operations were begun.

But now arose on the horizon a speck, which soon darkened all the sky of Wolsey's life and burst in storm on his devoted head. The Bishop of Tarbes, engaged in negotiating a proposed marriage between the Princess Mary, Henry's daughter, and a son of the French King, suggested **1527** some doubts as to the legality of the marriage from which the girl **A.D.** had sprung. Eighteen years had come and gone, since Henry and Catherine had first lived in wedlock. No whisper of the sort seems ever to

have stirred the air before. The King certainly had seen three dead sons, and had long despaired of a living one. And a cold dislike had taken the place of the kindly feeling, which had once united the English husband to his Spanish wife. At this conjuncture the evil hint was dropped, which sprouted into so many branching woes. It so happened that there was among the attendants of the Queen a pretty maid of honour, who had spent many years in France, and now, at the age of twenty, was not unknown in the coqueties and flirtations, that went on beneath the palace roof. This was Anne Bullen, daughter of Sir Thomas Bullen and Elizabeth Howard, a lady of the ducal house of Norfolk. The King met and fell in love with her; and this passion concentrated and hardened all his floating discontents and dislikes into a firm resolve to obtain a divorce from his cold delicate elderly Spanish wife.

Wolsey heard of this resolve—a seed of his own sowing—shortly before he went upon that splendid embassy to France, which resulted in the treaty already named. With an eye still fixed on the tempting tiara, he promised the French King that *his* sister-in-law Renée should fill the place of the divorced Queen. But he was reckoning without his host. When Henry heard, upon the Cardinal's return, of the new matrimonial alliance cut out for him by that scheming priest, he declared that no French princess was needed, since Anne Bullen, and no other, should be his second wife. Wolsey had probably contemplated the seduction of Anne; her marriage never. It brought him to his knees like a lightning-stroke. But no entreaties or arguments could move the stubborn King. All the splendid dreams of heresy trampled out, monasteries purged, the Papacy restored, and the Crescent shorn of its light, in which Wolsey had been revelling in the prospect of the coming change of Queens, melted into thin air, and behind the veil of glittering shadows which his sanguine brain had woven, he saw the black yawn of a gulf towards which the irresistible whirl of events impelled him, helpless as a drifting log, soon to be swallowed up in utter ruin.

Everything then turned against the unhappy Cardinal, who strove in vain to stem the tide. Pope Clement, placed "between the hammer and the forge," dreaded the rage of the Emperor whose aunt Queen Catherine was, and dreaded also the loss of Henry's favour. Seeking the refuge of a weak or hopeless man, he "waited for something to turn up." Delay seemed his only safety. But the blame of this delay fell heavily upon Wolsey, although that poor priest burned with a fever of desire to have the matter settled. Henry stormed at him. Anne grew to hate him. And Catherine knew that in his brain the fatal divorce-idea was first hatched. Thus, pierced with his own dart, Wolsey lingered through many torturing days. To add to his misery, news soon came from Italy of a great French army wasted away before Naples by hunger and disease; and the consequent ruin of all ambitious hopes, which he had built upon the French alliance.

After long delay Cardinal Campeggio, appointed by the Pope to try the divorce case in conjunction with Wolsey, arrived in England. The popular

mind was all in a ferment against Wolsey, for a danger which menaced the comfort—nay, the safety of a thousand English homes—the danger of an interruption of the Flemish trade, loomed in the immediate future. Campeggio came to hear but not to decide the case. Within the great hall of the Black Friars' Monastery the two Cardinals sat enthroned, supported on the right hand by the King, on the left hand by the Queen he wanted to fling off. Henry answered to the calling of his name. But Catherine, who had already appealed from the judgment of the Pope, instead of answering when her name was pronounced, knelt at the feet of her husband and drew a most touching picture of her meek submission to his will and her pure fidelity to the marriage-vows spoken between them. Then rising, she bent before the King and walked right out of the room, resolved never, in person or by proxy, to face the Court again. Nor was the resolve unkept. The prejudged trial went on without her; and all was ready for the Legate's decision, when, in spite of Wolsey's urging and Henry's peremptory demands, the old Italian refused to pronounce a judgment and adjourned the cause until the beginning of October. The secret of his intrepid speech lay in the fact that, a month earlier, Clement had concluded a treaty with the Emperor, which enabled him to act independently of Henry's rage.

This sealed Wolsey's doom. He fell for faults not his. The wind veered completely round. A Parliament was summoned. At Grafton in Northamptonshire, where Henry and Anne Bullen were staying for a time, the Cardinal saw for the last time the King, whose splendour he had almost outshone. On his return to London the Duke of Norfolk and the Duke of Suffolk, armed with a royal order, took the Great Seal from his keeping, turned him out of York Place, and gave him the strongest possible hints that his country seat of Esher near Hampton Court was the fittest covert for his fallen greatness. From Esher the trembling letters of the old man, who signed himself most truly *Miserrimus*, pierced the hearts of some friends like Gardiner and Cromwell, whose fortunes he had built up in his days of pride and power. Henry did not all at once sever the ties that bound him to his old companion and minister of so many years. When the King's Bench, founding the conviction on the Statute of Provisors, convicted Wolsey on the ground that he had got Bulls from Rome while assuming authority as a Papal legate in England, the King granted him a pardon, and sent some physicians of the court to cure him of a low fever that was wasting him away. Another effort of his numerous enemies started an impeachment of forty-four articles against him in the newly assembled Parliament. One charge related to the use of *Ego et rex meus* in his despatches, as if assuming an equality with the master whom he served. The eloquence of Thomas Cromwell, formerly secretary to the fallen Cardinal, and one who loved him dearly to the last, gave this cruel and ridiculous Bill a mortal stab. It passed the Lords, but perished in the Commons. Yet hounds were on his track, who never ceased

to wind their stricken prey. Dreading his nearness to the court, they got him ordered off to York, where a hearty welcome flung a parting gleam of light upon his broken life. He had never yet been installed in the cathedral of the northern capital. It had been neglected in the whirl and glare of courtly life. And now a day was fixed for the ceremony, and preparations were made for the needful pageantry and revels. The final shock came before the appointed day. While he was sitting at dinner in the house of Cawood near York, the Earl of Northumberland came to arrest him for high treason. Northumberland, who had been a page in the Cardinal's household, felt that he had stabbed the fallen statesman to the heart, when he touched him and spoke the terrible words of the arrest. The York-

1530 shire peasants wet the road with tears, as the sick old man, scarcely
A.D. able to sit his mule, went slowly amid his guards towards the south.

An attack of dysentery delayed him at Sheffield Park for eighteen days. Entering Leicester Abbey one evening late, the light of torches lending a false flush to his white worn face, he said to the Abbot, "Father, I am come to lay my bones among you." It was true. A relapse of the same disease, acting on a frame broken with anxiety and grief, wore his life away. He died at eight on Monday evening, the 28th of November 1530, being then in his sixtieth year. With his failing breath he lamented his neglect of God's service, and charged the King to depress in time "the new pernicious sect of Lutherans."

Sir Thomas More had already received the Chancellorship, and already a new ministry had settled into place; the Duke of Norfolk being President of the Council, the Duke of Suffolk Vice-President, and above them both *Mistress Anne*. A jocular touch the last, from a French pen, but unmistakably a truth!

CHAPTER II.

THE FOUNDING OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

The Christian Brethren.
 Craumer, Cromwell, Latimer.
 Fisher and More.
 Tyndale's pen.
 Ruin of the Monasteries.
 Pilgrimage of Grace.
 Trial of Lambert.
 Iconoclasm.
 The Six Articles.

Solway Moss.
 Henry's Books.
 Anne Ascue.
 Earl of Surrey.
 The Protectorate.
 Pinkle Cleugh.
 Seymour of Sudleye.
 Popular discontents.
 Fall of Somerset.

The English Liturgy
 Jane Grey.
 The Spanish match.
 Arrival of the Legate.
 The Lighting of the Fires.
 Latimer and Ridley.
 Craumer.
 Loss of Calais.
 The Puritans.

BETWEEN the beginning of the Divorce Case, which ruined Wolsey, and the death of Mary Tudor, our first Queen regnant, a period of one and thirty years elapsed. So long did it take the Protestant Church of England to struggle into infant life.

Lollardie had never been quite forgotten in England, although its first

fresh enthusiasm had waned away, and the mass of the people had settled down into a passive acceptance of the Roman dogmas. But there was always a handful that hungered after truth, and that manfully and faithfully flung aside the painted falsehoods, palmed off on them for food. Even before those political events, which snapped the bonds linking England to St. Peter's chair, had begun to evolve, a little band of tradesmen and students, known as the Association of Christian Brethren, spoke words and read books of deadliest heresy (so-called) in London and the university towns. Such a man was Thomas Bilney, "little Bilney" of Cambridge, who first led Hugh Latimer, the greatest of the English Reformers, to seek the truth. Such men were John Frith and William Tyndale. Such men, though of weaker mould, were Garrett, Dalaber, and Clarke, who kept the New Testament hidden, at the risk of stake and fagot, beneath the flooring of their rooms. Every one of these died a martyr's death.

That severance of England from Rome, which, speaking politically of course, the Divorce Case may be said to have begun, was completed by the Acts of that memorable Parliament, which, meeting first in 1529, continued to sit for fully seven years. The most prominent enactments of this momentous period were the abolition of *Annates* or first-fruits in 1532—the forbidding of appeals to Rome and the appointment of prelates by any but the King (1533)—and the recognition in 1534 of Henry Tudor as "the only Supreme Head in earth of the Church of England," this title being an echo of what was professedly the voice of the convoked clergy.

Thomas Cranmer now appeared upon the historic stage, to take up the part which ruined Wolsey had ceased to play. Three years sufficed to raise this man from a tutorship at Cambridge to the see of Canterbury. A lucky sentence, spoken at a supper table in Essex within hearing of Secretary Gardiner and Almoner Fox, won for him the notice of the King. The universities of Europe were, at his suggestion, appealed to on the point; "Whether or no a man may marry his brother's wife?" The result proving favourable to the wishes of the royal asker, Cranmer began to rise by rapid steps. When Warham died, he leapt at one bound to the Primate's chair, to the sacred duties of which he was consecrated in March 1533. Anne Bullen, whom Henry married that very year, looked kindly on one to whom she partly owed her crown. And in return the prelate, who owed his mitre chiefly to her, pronounced her to be the lawful wife of his royal patron, and with public pomp placed the crown upon her head. Divorced Catherine, lying sick and sad at Ampthill near Dunstable, could only raise a feeble ineffective protest. "Nan Bullen," as the people called her rival, soon made the mother of a little girl christened Elizabeth, glittered and sinned away the short fleeting months of her queenly splendour.

A poor nun of Aldington in Kent used, during the recurrence of severe fits of epilepsy or some similar disease, to scream out broken words relating to the topics of the day. Some monks, who saw with dread the Protestant tendencies

of the divorce (Catherine being a Catholic and Anne a Lutheran), got hold of this wretched girl, and turned her frothing madness into pretended
1534 prophecy. The King had better take care. If he put away Catherine,
A.D. death horrible and mysterious would seize him in seven months, and his daughter should reign in his stead. Among those entangled in the pitiful affair, or said to be entangled, were Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More, ex-chancellor of England. The nun, Elizabeth Barton, being arrested with six of her associates, suffered death at Tyburn. Three men took a special share in the unravelling of the imposture. Of Cranmer I have just spoken. Cromwell and Latimer were the other two.

Thomas Cromwell, a native of Putney and traditionally a blacksmith's son, picked up much of his sharpness and all of his knowledge during some rambling years of mercantile life on the Continent. From his desk in a factory at Antwerp he travelled into Italy, where he saw life and studied men. Wolsey, who never lost a chance of adding men of capacity to the little army around him, made Cromwell his solicitor, and kept the young man in constant employment. If Cromwell, as has been stated by Foxe, saw the sack of Rome in 1527, it must have been during some temporary visit to Italy, of which we have lost the record. He was Wolsey's servant at that date. When the Cardinal fell, Cromwell clung to the hand whose kindness he had felt; but this feeling did not prevent him from entering the service of the King. His lucky advice, compact as Cranmer's, was that the King should shake off all Roman trammels, and declare himself the sole and supreme Head of the English Church. Upon this the fabric of his fortunes rose—only to fall with a sudden deadly crash.

Yet more remarkable was the last of the trio, that son of a Leicestershire farmer, whose language never ceased to smack of fireside wit and the broad English humour of russet-clad horny-handed men familiar with the mattock and the plough. Hugh Latimer, born about 1472, studied at Cambridge, where some sparks of a great light, beginning to burn in Germany, fell upon his young heart, and never were extinguished there. From his Wiltshire pulpit he spoke bravely out, and there were many who hated and would slay the intrepid seeker after truth. But Cromwell shielded him, introduced him to the notice of Queen Anne, and ultimately put him in the way of receiving the mitre of Worcester, which he began to wear in 1535.

The question of the Headship killed Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More. For both refused to take the oath of supremacy devised by the Parliament in the end of 1534. They stand out high and bright among the crowd of Catholic martyrs, who sealed with their blood their mistaken but conscientious adherence to a shaking system. After many months of sore imprisonment in the Tower poor old Fisher lost his head, which went to the ghastly spikes of London Bridge. Fourteen days later, on the same deep-dyed spot on Tower Hill, Sir Thomas More ended a life, whose lustre of gentle wit and deep learning is somewhat dimmed with the shadow of that persecuting spirit which blackened all the struggle of

the time (July 6, 1535). Margaret Roper, his darling and favourite daughter, rescued his head from the usual place of exhibition, and kept it to be buried in her grave. Henry had done nothing yet so shocking to the mind of Europe, and the Italians, especially, vied in heaping angry words upon his name. There was then in Italy a young Englishman of brilliant talents, Reginald Pole, the grandson of wine-soaked Clarence, whose timely flight from England had saved his head, for he too had opposed Henry's anti-papal movements. This eloquent priest, of whom we shall hear again, added the music of his voice to the letters of the scholarly Erasmus in mourning the fate of a man so gentle wise and witty as the author of *Utopia*.

About this time two outlying and very restless portions of the realm pushed themselves into prominence. Ireland, desolated by the feuds of the Butlers and Fitzgeralds, broke into a rebellious condition, the flame being fanned by Roman Catholic influences from abroad. Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, a son of that old Earl of Kildare who had favoured the White Rose impostures of the previous reign, headed the insurgents. With difficulty the rising was crushed, Silken Thomas and his five uncles suffering death on Tower Hill (1537). A lighter hand fell on the principality of Wales. Its numerous petty lordships, once independent and unruly, were bound tightly together and closely to the English throne. English laws henceforth governed all the mountain-land, and members went up from every Welsh shire, and one borough in every shire, to sit among the English Commons (1536).

It is now time to notice that without which the Reformation would have been an incomplete event. The translation of the Bible into English had been going on through all these many changes. John Wycliffe's version had grown too antiquated for popular use. So William Tyndale took up the noble work, and nobly did he accomplish his task. With the memories of his Cambridge friendships and the worries of his tutorship in Gloucestershire yet fresh about his glowing heart, he set out for Germany to see and talk with Luther, and, supported by the kindness of a good London merchant, Humphrey Monmouth, he was able to complete at Antwerp a translation of the *New Testament*. It appeared in 1525 or 1526. And in spite of fine, imprisonment, disgrace, and fire, the book made its way into English homes. The *Pentateuch* and *Jonah* followed from the same laborious pen, before that terrible day at Vilvoord, when the merciful cord cut short a precious life, ere fire shrivelled up the martyr's flesh (1536). His great associate in this glorious work, whom stake and fagot spared to see the Anglican Church fixed firmly on its blood-cemented base, was Miles Coverdale, an Augustine monk of Cambridge: he, having first given valuable aid to Tyndale, issued, the year before that martyr's death, a folio volume, dedicated to King Henry, which contained the entire Bible, printed in the English tongue.

Rapidly the time sped on. The same year (1536) which saw Tyndale strangled at the stake, witnessed on English soil the death of divorced Catherine on her lonely bed at Kimbolton, and a more terrible scene on Tower

Green opposite St. Peter's Chapel, when Anne Bullen, convicted of adultery and worse, perished miserably by the headsman's axe. Henry had made a great mistake in the choice of his second wife, who left him, like his first, a daughter, but, unlike that spotless Spanish Queen, a sullied memory and fame. Anne's little neck was lopped on the 19th of May: next morning Henry took Jane Seymour to be the partner of his throne. She too favoured Protestantism; but the short duration of her married life prevented her influence in that way from being very deeply felt. Giving birth to a son, Prince Edward, on the 12th of October 1537, she died of a chill some twelve days later. Henry had at last an heir, but his wife's place was a third time vacant.

A full year before this mingled calamity and good, the English King had fired his heaviest shot at the ramparts of the Papacy in England. Following out the policy of Wolsey, from whose thoughts nothing was farther than the wish to be classed among the abettors of the English Reformation, Henry, with the strong and willing aid of Cromwell, began to harry those monastic nests of wickedness and sloth, which studded and vitiated all the land. We must not however give Henry too much credit for this much-needed move.

Anger and avarice were probably the main-springs of the dissolution of the monasteries. The work proceeded by degrees. In 1536, after

1536 A.D. a visitation under the auspices of Cromwell, who played the part of King's Vicar, three hundred and eighty of the smaller establishments, whose revenues did not pass £200 a year, were put down; a move which at one swoop poured into the collapsed purse of the King monies to the extent of £100,000, with the prospect in addition of £32,000 a year. The Commons naturally demurred at this wholesale dealing, notoriously bad as the suppressed houses were; but a hint from royal lips to some of the leading members touching the safety of their heads silenced all opposition to the Bill. It was almost the last Act of this memorable Parliament, which had begun its sittings in 1529. The Tudor, who could hardly brook any thwarting, dissolved it very soon; and the members went down to the country to find scarcely a parish that could not show its troop of idle young men who had been monks, and starving nuns without a home.

So great a ruin shook every corner of the land. For the monastic system, the steady growth of nearly a thousand years, had struck its roots deep into English soil, and had woven its tendrils close round the heart of English life. Little wonder then that there should be much sorrow and suffering over all the country, when the axe began to lop away the ancient tree. Rebellion was in that age the necessary consequence of great discontent; the people had only one way of speaking to the throne. Not satisfied with the destruction of the minor monasteries, the King and his leading advisers compiled a "minglemangle or hotch-potch," as Latimer called it, which the nation were to accept as the condensed doctrine of the newly founded Church. The Scriptures were to be the great rule of faith: the three creeds, Apostolic, Athanasian, and Nicene, ranking equal to them in authority. No images were to be worshipped.

Many saints' days, especially such as fell in harvest-time, were to be kept no longer. Instead of seven sacraments, only three—Baptism, the Supper, and Penance—were to hold their ground. But Auricular Confession and the Real Presence were guarded, as sacred strongholds of faith, with the most terrible penalties. With Purgatory Henry did not know what to do. This mingled creed, embodied in the Bishops' Book (1537) and pressed with all the force of a Tudor will upon the nation, acted upon the smouldering anger of the people, like oil on dying flames. Lincolnshire began to frown. The entire north took fire. Forty thousand angry farmers and ploughmen, under the leadership of Robert Askew, swept the basin of the Ouse, with banners displaying the dying Christ and sleeves marked with the emblems of His wounds. Calling their advance *The Pilgrimage of Grace*, they occupied York, Hull, and Pontefract, resolved to root out the heresies lately planted in the land, to restore the abolished monasteries, and to place the Catholic Church upon its old basis in England. The stormy November and a flood in the Trent swept their plans away. Martial law being proclaimed from Tweed to Trent, hatchet and rope began their deadly work. Most notable of the men who fell for their share in this misguided movement were Lord Darcy, executed on Tower Hill, and Robert Askew, slain at York.

The trial of John Nicolson or Lambert, a priest, who kept a school in London, exhibits dramatically Henry's idea of how the Head of the Church should act. This brave man, who could not believe in that doctrine of most crimson dye—the real presence of Christ's body and blood in the sacramental elements—confronted the King and bishops at Westminster Hall one dull November day in 1538. Cased in white silk, Henry, no longer the slim athlete of the Cloth of Gold days, sat under a canopy to pronounce judgment on the case. The sun sank and torch-light reddened the oaken rafters of the Hall, before the useless talking of the prelates ceased. Lambert would not bend from his belief. "Fellow, wilt thou live or die?" roared Henry. "My soul I commit to God," said the schoolmaster, "and my body to your Grace's clemency." "Then must thou die." And die he did in the red flame at Smithfield. The reek of men like Lambert, as was said of Patrick Hamilton, did indeed infect all it blew upon.

Meanwhile the storm had been smiting to the dust other monastic houses with the usual results. Not merely were saints' days blotted from the calendar, but saints were themselves unfrocked. Poor Thomas Becket—saint no more by Henry's edict—was so shaken in his tomb by a summons to take his trial for treason at Westminster, that he either forgot or feared to come, and allowed judgment to go by default. To avoid recurrence to the subject, I may finish here the subject of the monastic suppressions. During the sway of the whirlwind, which blew till 1540, the piles of delicate stonework, enriched with the beautiful thoughts of architect and sculptor, which ever since the Conquest had been growing up in beauty over all the land, were levelled, unroofed, or turned into stables and pig-sties. Choice pictures,

in whose tinted forms glowed the spirit of Italian art, shrivelled in the flames. Stained windows became splinters of coloured glass. Sweet bells, that had sprinkled the air at prime and sunset with music, were melted down or sold. And the worm-eaten chests of the libraries gave up their literary treasures to parcel pennyworths of soap and wipe the muddy boots of bumpkins, to whom the traces of the laborious pen upon the torn page were only so many black marks. Iconoclasm reigned supreme. Such mixture of good and evil did these stormy days produce. Of the money, which poured in sackfuls into Henry's pocket from these wholesale forfeitures, there was slight account made. The royal pocket, like the penal tubs of classic legend, could never be filled, so many rents and fissures were there, through which the coin escaped. Poor Cranmer had dreamed of a splendid endowment for the encouragement of purified religion in the land. But six poor bishoprics—Westminster, Oxford, Peterborough, Bristol, Chester, Gloucester—grew out of the ruined heaps of the English monasteries. As schools, hospitals, centres of agricultural progress, lodging-houses for the traveller, these monasteries had been of considerable service to the country. Their fall accordingly left serious gaps, which took a considerable time to fill. Much suffering and consequent discontent fell upon the humbler classes of the people, as the result of the violent, though necessary, change.

One summer day in 1539 there was a sham-battle on the Thames between two painted galleys, one of which bore the arms of Henry, the other the arms of the Pope. The former won the tilt, and the puppet-pontiff was tossed overboard. Thus fimsily did Henry strive to cover his defection from the anti-papal cause. A little before this bit of pageantry he had thrown **1539** himself back into the hands of the Roman Catholic party, had called **A.D.** the Duke of Norfolk to lead the House of Lords, and, under the especial guidance of Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, had issued these Six Articles, whose terrible results have stamped them with an awful name,—The Bloody Statute. They ran as follows.

1. The Eucharist is really the present natural body and blood of Christ, under the forms, but without the substance, of bread and wine, which are transmuted by the act of consecration.
2. Communion under both kinds is not necessary to salvation.
3. Priests cannot, by the law of God, marry.
4. Vows of chastity, whether in man or woman—priest, monk, or nun—must be observed.
5. Private masses must be retained as essential.
6. The use of auricular confession is expedient and necessary.

These edicts, charged with death, slipped easily through the Convocation and the Parliament. Immediate death by flame formed the penalty attached to disbelief of the first. Doubt or breach of the other five or any one of them amounted to felony, but death was not to be inflicted for the first offence. Latimer and Shaxton resigned the mitres of Worcester and Salisbury, in dis-

gust at the passing of the Act. But Cranmer held his crosier tight. That article which referred to marriage touched him nearly, for he had a German wife and many children. He seems to have fought keenly in committee against the passing of the statute, and especially against its third enactment. But when he saw that Henry stood firm, he sent his wife and children to Germany, and kept them there, while the King lived.

Let us turn to Cromwell now. Especially hateful to the Catholic party, owing to his active share in the dissolution of the monasteries, he saw with alarm their growing influence at court. A Protestant wife for his royal master seemed the only way to turn the current that had set in. Henry had meantime been casting about for himself. A witty Duchess Dowager of Milan received the honour of an offer; but, being provided with only one head, which she could hardly spare, she declined with thanks. At last Cromwell suggested as a fitting wife Anne, the sister of the Duke of Cleves. Hans Holbein, to whose pencil we owe the portraits of the Tudor time, and who had some time ago abandoned his native Germany for more profitable England, went over to paint the lady's portrait. Henry liked the picture and agreed to marry the original. But when at Rochester he caught a glimpse of the large white placid Dutchwoman, who came to share his crown, his corpulent sides swelled and shook with rage against all the devisers of the match. He married her (January 5th, 1540), but in less than six months, she exchanged the perilous title of "wife" for the safer complimentary formula, "the King's dearest sister by adoption," being divorced and pensioned off in favour of pretty *piquante* little Kate Howard, a niece of Norfolk, whom His Grace the King met, of course by the merest accident, at the dinner table of the Bishop of Winchester. Before Henry married his fifth wife, Cromwell troubled his counsels no more. That man of varied fortunes, blackened in the King's sight by ceaseless reports from the lips of those enemies, who now surrounded the throne, fell, struck with a weapon he had helped to forge himself. For, when the various charges of heresy and usurpation, raked up against him, took a definite form, he demanded a trial before his peers, and it was denied to him. A Bill of Attainder without any trial—a method of procedure which formed part of the despotic supremacy established by Henry with the aid of Cromwell and the Parliament—slew the Vicar-General at a blow. He knelt **1540** at the block on Tower Hill on the 28th of July 1540. Eleven days **A.D.** later Kate was queen. We may fitly close her short and sullied story by saying that she too perished by the headsman's axe in February 1542. The King's last wife, Catherine Parr, widow of Lord Latimer, survived her royal consort.

During all the later years of Henry's reign the country was entangled in war with Scotland and with France, two lands which were, at this period of history, bound by the very closest ties. For Scotland yet lay under the spiritual dominion of Rome, although the smoke of Patrick Hamilton's martyrdom (burnt at St. Andrews in 1528) was even then doing its memorable

work. The outbreak of war may be ascribed chiefly to the intrigues of Cardinal Beton, whose name overshadows so many dark pages of Scottish story. Puffed up by a little success at Halidon Rigg on the Border, King James V. of Scotland collected ten thousand men in the dark of a November night (1542), pushed them across the Border under the leadership of an unskilled man called Oliver Sinclair, and heard, a few hours later, how his great host had been scattered on Solway Moss¹ by a handful of Cumberland farmers. The news killed him. He died at Falkland in the following month, leaving his French wife, Mary of Guise, to bring up the infant Queen, whose first breath had been drawn only a fortnight before.

France having deep sympathies with Scotland just then, England threw herself on the side of the Emperor, and war, smouldering at first, soon broke into a flame. An English contingent, numbering among them some of the most brilliant ornaments of the court, went over to fight the French in Flanders. In the following year (1544) English soldiers took Boulogne. Just then however the Emperor Charles found it convenient to bring *his* share of the war to a sudden close. The Peace of Cr py² was signed between him and Francis (September 19th, 1544); and Henry stood alone facing France.³

Bent upon reducing her neighbour to submission by one tremendous blow, France prepared a huge armament for the invasion of the doomed island. From the Seine to the Solent came two hundred ships and sixty thousand men. But England was ready. Lord Lisle's flag streamed from the top-mast of the *Great Harry*, round whose giant hull clustered about sixty
1545 sail. At first the light French galleys, carrying a long gun at the
 A.D. bow, crippled the English ships severely. But a landing in the Isle of Wight was repelled with ease. The French fleet dropped aimlessly away to Selsea Bill. An indecisive conflict took place at Shoreham,⁴ and during the darkness of the night that followed, the French ships, which had been turned by a hot month at sea into pest-houses of disease, slipped away home. The English fleet had also suffered from the ravages of sickness.

Meanwhile how did the Reformation proceed? We have heard of the Bishops' Book. Another mongrel volume appeared in 1540 under the name, *The Necessary Doctrine and Erudition of a Christian Man*, in which the seven sacraments were once more enjoined. The third edition of this book, published in 1543, is known as the King's Book from the preface by Henry, with which it opened. A step towards the great literary work of the next reign was taken, when in 1544 the Litany began to be spoken in *English*.

In 1544 Person, Testwood, and Filmer were burned at Windsor in terms of the Six Articles. But the martyrdom of these years which excites deepest

¹ *Solway Moss*, a bog in Dumfriesshire, between Gretna and the Esk.

² *Cr py* (or *Crespy en Valois*), a town thirteen miles south of Compi gne in Oise.

³ It is worth notice that *shells* made their first appearance in warfare during the reign of Henry VIII. They were the invention of a French engineer in that King's service.

⁴ *Shoreham*, a town in Sussex, twenty-four miles east by south of Chichester. The old port lies a mile inland.

interest is that of the heroic Anne Ascue, a lady of Lincolnshire, who, disowned by her husband and her father for clinging to the truth, used to read the Bible aloud to all who chose to hear in the aisles of Lincoln Cathedral. Arrested in London and committed to Newgate, she quailed not a jot. When on trial at the Guildhall she put her views on the Real Presence in a shape so unmistakable, that sentence of death followed at once. "That which you call your God," she said, "is a piece of bread: for proof thereof let it lie in a box three months and it will be mouldy. I am persuaded it cannot be God." She was burned with three others in front of St. Bartholomew's Church on the 16th of July 1546. In Scotland too the fierce fagot blazed. On the previous Mayday George Wishart, whom the faithful Knox used to attend sword in hand, as he preached the Gospel abroad in the free air, was gibbeted and burned before the old Castle of St. Andrews. David Beton's cruel eye watched his death-throes from a window, gloating over the destruction of so great a soldier of the Cross. Before the month was out, a roaring mob of the burghers rushed at the loud clang of the alarm-bell up to the castle wall, and saw there the dead body of the Cardinal hanging "by the tane arm and the tane foot." With Beton perished the Papal cause in Scotland.

A conspiracy, in which the prominent actors were the Duke of Norfolk and his son, the Earl of Surrey of poetic fame, disturbed the last days of Henry's life. Norfolk was the leading Catholic nobleman in England. It was easy therefore to suppose him plotting for the restoration of Papal power there. The acts of Surrey were more open. Entitled as a collateral descendant of the Plantagenets to bear the arms of England in the second quarter of his shield, he suddenly assumed in the *first* quarter those heraldic symbols, which belonged only to the heir-apparent of the throne. Thus he aimed at supporting his father's claim to the Protectorship, when death, now not far off, might strike the King. Convicted of treason, he was executed. Norfolk lay in prison, but the death of Henry saved him from the block.

The Protectorate began. The Earl of Hertford, uncle of the young King, became Duke of Somerset. The other leading names in the Council were Archbishop Cranmer, Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, now made Earl of Southampton, and Lisle, now made Earl of Warwick. The huge and heavy hand, which had broken the Papal chain, only to forge others of its own invention, having now been smitten with the awful paralysis of death, men, who had cowered under the Six Articles and similar enactments, began to look up and bestir themselves. Everything smiled on the Reforming movement. The popular spirit showed itself at once in the removal of pictures, the breaking of images, and the whitening of painted walls. Ridley, the Principal of Pembroke Hall at Cambridge, spoke out bravely against images in churches and the use of holy water. Archbishop Cranmer ate meat in Lent in the public hall of Lambeth Palace. The peasantry of the land however, as is always the case, accepted the change of creed more slowly. They had sorely felt the fall of the monasteries. The purification of the churches seemed to

them at first but a part of the same apparently mischievous movement.¹ But the progress of the Reformation during the few months after Henry's death was remarkably rapid. Long repressed and shackled, it went forward with a sudden and surprising bound, when the cords were cut. Among other necessary innovations a Book of Homilies for the instruction and direction of the more ignorant clergy was compiled under Cranmer's superintendence.

The marriage of young Edward with little Mary of Scotland had been a darling project of the dead King, who with his failing breath desired Hertford to carry it out, if possible. The match had been accepted by the Scottish Assembly of 1543, but France had interposed to prevent a union so hurtful to herself. Somerset now stupidly advanced those claims to the sovereignty of Scotland, which, two centuries ago, had brought infinite woes on both lands,—a piece of policy which made the completion of the marriage treaty impossible but by force. To the sword it came at last. Mustering a force of fourteen thousand foot, four thousand horse, and fifteen cannon at Berwick, the Protector crossed the Tweed, and, advancing within sight of the fleet which moved abreast of his march, saw the Scottish tents whitening the bank of the Esk at Musselburgh. Forgetting differences of creed and race, all Scotland had mustered as one man, to keep unbroken the ancient freedom of the realm. Too confident in their double numbers, the Scottish army crossed the river in hopes of cutting off the retreat of the English by occupying the ridges in their rear. But Somerset was too quick. He took the hills himself.

Sept. 10, Then the battle of Pinkie Cleugh began. The English cavalry, **1547** charging over a wet ploughed field, were broken by the line of Scottish pikes. But the pikemen, rushing in pursuit of the retreating foe,

A.D. were met by a rain of matchlock-balls, and arrows, which stopped, disordered, and turned them in scattered flying groups. Down came the re-formed cavalry with irresistible force to bear them back upon the bodies in reserve. The Regent Arran struck spurs and away. In a few minutes the whole slope on both sides was covered with the flying wreck of the great Scottish army. The dress of white leather or fustian, in which all, high and low, came to battle, made every fugitive a conspicuous mark for the sabres of the pursuing horsemen. The victorious Protector went back to England, crowned with empty honour. The Scots lost Pinkie, but they kept their Queen. Whether by so doing, they saved Scotland from evil, or brought evil on their land, man cannot presume to say. The current of British history ran in the channel cut for it by the great Disposer of Events; and Mary did not marry Edward.

While these events took place in Scotland, the Homilies and Injunctions were working their way among the English clergy. From two prelates, Bonner, Bishop of London, and Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, they met with special opposition. Both men were committed to the Fleet Prison. The meeting of

¹ The words Pagan (from *pagus*, a village), and Heathen (from the wild heaths of Northern ~~England~~) illustrate this slow spread of religious change in country districts.

Parliament in November 1547 was the signal for a great change in the English Statute Book, from which were swept the Bloody Statute, and those equally odious enactments, framed in the reigns of Henry IV. and Henry V. against the Lollards. The sting was broken in such acts as the Act of Words and the Act of Supremacy, offences against which had been raised in the late reign from being simple misdemeanours to be treason or felony.

A great danger menaced the Protectorate in the plotting of the Protector's brother, Lord Seymour of Sudleye, High Admiral of England. This rash and profligate man married Catherine Parr, after she became Queen Dowager, although he had long been looking on the Princess Elizabeth as a fitting wife for an ambitious man. Catherine's sudden death gave him another opportunity of seeking Elizabeth's hand, which he did eagerly and craftily, preparing at the same time for extremities by casting cannon and round shot and intriguing with the master of the Bristol mint for an unlimited supply of coin. The seizure of the King's person was among his schemes, in the formation of which he sought the aid of the pirates, who infested the English Channel in swarms. This could not last. When it was found that remonstrance availed nothing, a swift blow was struck. A Bill of Attainder having passed the Lords, the conspirator was brought to the block in March 1549.

Insurrectionary movements in the country districts troubled this eventful reign. There were many reasons for such risings. The agitation, caused by the fall of the monasteries, still continued to shake the roof-tree of the peasant. But other things helped to fan the discontent. The silver coinage was abominably debased, and "the bad money drove out the good." Rents were raised to more than double their former rate; and where once several active and happy cottar households had been, now a solitary shepherd and his dog could alone be seen. Grazing, with an eye to profits on wool, became the great object of the landowner, who often evaded the law by driving a single furrow through his acres and then swearing that it was still under the plough. Latimer, who came out of prison upon Henry's death, himself a yeoman's son, sympathized deeply with the labouring poor, and uplifted his honest eloquence in their behalf at Paul's Cross. His famous sermon of the Plough struck deep at the very root of the evil. The Commons in two parts of the country took the matter into their own hands and rose in revolt. Away in Cornwall and Devon the grievance assumed its religious phase. The new English Liturgy, prepared by Cranmer and sanctioned by the Parliament, struck the first spark in the west. Read for the first time on the 9th of June 1549 in all churches, it was heard with especial dislike in the little village of Sampford Courtenay among the Devon moors. Next day the villagers forced their priest to say mass in Latin. The movement spread. The rebels demanded a return to the ancient faith and forms of worship, insisting that the Bible and all English Scriptures should be destroyed. A great danger threatened Exeter, when the army of insurgents, gathering round it, cut the water-pipes and opened fire with their small cannons. For many weeks the Mayor held out under the pressure of

famine. But the advance of Lord Russell and Lord Grey from Honiton, and their victory over the stubborn insurgents at the village of St. Mary's Clyst, raised the siege and broke the heart of the rebellion. In the east, at Wymondham in Norfolk, the rising took another shape, agricultural distress being there the leading grievance. Robert Ket, a tanner of Wymondham, headed the eastern rebels, whose central camp was upon Mousehold Hill. There under a giant oak-tree the tanner administered justice, and preachers addressed the crowd, while all round in the turf huts the peasants made merry over roast venison and the delicate spoils of the poultry-yard. Twice Ket stormed and took Norwich. But the most rising and ambitious man in England came down to crush the rebellion, which he did with an unsparing hand. This was John Dudley, who had been Lord Lisle, was now Earl of Warwick, and was fated to die Duke of Northumberland. His father, Empson's colleague in extortion under Henry VII., had perished on the scaffold. In spite of such a parentage the son had struggled up to gain a loftier height, from which his fall would only be the more terrible, when it came. The rebels left their camp for the open field, and thus rushed on certain doom. The *Lanzknechts* of the royal army shot too steadily and true for undrilled masses to withstand. A few were hanged on the oak. Ket and his brother, having been previously examined in London, met a similar fate, the one at Norwich, the other at Wymondham.

Between the Protector and the Council a bad spirit had long been silently growing. His magnificence and haughtiness vexed the men with whom he was in daily association. His palace of Somerset House, rising on the ruins of churches, excited much invidious remark, as its costly stonework grew, while English greatness was crumbling and English wealth was running low. In fact Pinkie seemed to have turned his brain. A party was formed against him in the Council, of which Warwick was the soul. And, when to a seething civil war, hardly repressed at the expense of much civil blood, there was added the danger of losing Boulogne and the miseries of an imminent French war, his extravagant administration broke suddenly down; and he was sent to the Tower, after having held the reins as Protector for almost three years (1549).

A short time afterwards an Act of Parliament stripped him of the Protectorate and obliged him to give up a slice of his accumulated wealth amounting to £2000 a year. He then obtained his freedom, hampered with a condition, which forbade him to come to court without leave.

In the following March the French received Boulogne in return for four hundred thousand crowns; and the danger of a war being over, English statesmen had time for reforms at home.

There was indeed great room for reform in the religious spirit of the time. The inevitable results of violent change showed themselves in the behaviour of the people. Men cannot hammer and daub in churches without losing something of the reverential associations which ought to cling to the walls. Bets were made and duels fought in the aisles of St. Paul's. The clatter of horse-

hoofs echoed to the fretted roofs, and in the churchyard close by the frequent report of hand-guns, then a new invention, told that the sportsmen of the day were contesting their pigeon-matches among the graves. Learning declined in the Universities, which grew nothing now but cabbages. In the country stewards, huntamen, gamekeepers crowded the pulpits, to which they had been promoted by careless or interested patrons. These were great and glaring evils; and it took all the sturdy eloquence of Latimer and men like him to combat their growth.

We now reach the close of Somerset's career. Striving after achievements beyond his strength, he had entangled himself and the nation he ruled in fatal difficulties. It is something in his favour that he won the people's love; but he was certainly not a great man. The struggle became a duel between him and Warwick, who to unbounded ambition added a harder and less scrupulous mind. A conspiracy was formed for the arrest and imprisonment of the ex-Protector's rival. One Palmer disclosed it to the Earl, who began to counter-mine the plotters, and wrought so stealthily upon the boyish mind of Edward, that Somerset was suddenly arrested and sent once more to the Tower, this time to exchange his cell for the scaffold. Brought down by water at five o'clock on a December morning to Westminster Hall, the Duke of Somerset took his place at the bar at nine. The Londoners, who loved him dearly, thronged every avenue, and filled the air with curses against Warwick, who had lately become Duke of Northumberland. Treason and felony were the charges. Twenty-six peers, with Winchester as High Steward, formed the tribunal. The verdict was—guiltless of treason but guilty of felony. The sentence was death. On the 22nd of January he knelt, about eight in the morning, on the scaffold at Tower Hill, and then, raising his handsome face, he addressed the crowd. When his head had fallen, **1552** handkerchiefs were dipped in his blood to be treasured as memorials **A.D.** of one who had aimed at noble ends and fallen short through lack of strength, who in a situation of less responsibility would probably have earned a better fame than that of a well-intentioned and good-natured spendthrift.

During the enactment of this tragedy Cranmer in the quietude of Lambeth Palace had been steadily progressing with the translation of the Liturgy. I may here borrow the words of one who has, with patience beyond praise, cleared away heaps of error and misconstruction from this complicated chapter of English history, and has tastefully sprinkled the blossoms of a delicate fancy along the thorny path he asks us to tread. Froude writes thus of the Liturgy:—

“As the translation of the Bible bears upon it the imprint of the mind of Tyndale, so, while the Church of England remains, the image of Cranmer will be seen reflected on the calm surface of the Liturgy. The most beautiful portions of it are translations from the Breviary; yet the same prayers translated by others would not be those which chime like church-bells in the ears of the English child. The translations and addressees, which are original, have the same silvery melody of language and breathe the same simplicity of spirit. So

long as Cranmer trusted himself, and would not let himself be dragged beyond his convictions, he was the representative of the feelings of the best among his countrymen. With the reverent love for the past, which could appropriate its excellences, he could feel at the same time the necessity for change. While he could no longer regard the sacraments with a superstitious idolatry, he saw in them ordinances divinely appointed, and therefore especially, if inexplicably, sacred. . . .

"From amidst the foul weeds in which its roots were buried, the Liturgy stands up beautiful, the one admirable thing which the unhappy reign produced. Prematurely born, and too violently forced upon the country, it was, nevertheless, the right thing, the thing which essentially answered to the spiritual demands of the nation. They rebelled against it, because it was precipitately thrust upon them; but services which have overlived so many storms speak for their own excellence and speak for the merit of the workman."

This great work of moulding the Anglican service was finished in 1552. It began with the *Primers* of King Henry VIII.; the *Litany* came then; then the *First Communion Book*; the *Prayer-Book* of 1549; and lastly the completed ritual. The creed of the Reformed English Church was at the same time digested into *Forty-two Articles*.

The intrigues of Northumberland occupy the rest of the reign, deriving their chief interest from the gentle girlish figure, that formed at once their centre and their victim. Jane Grey, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, was the great-grand-daughter of Henry VII., and, if the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth remained illegitimate, and the little Queen of Scots were passed over, she came next in order of succession to the crown. Modest and accomplished to a degree even now rare among ladies, this girl of fifteen loved a book and a quiet nook for study better than the noisy glitter of fashionable life. Married to Guildford Dudley, Northumberland's fourth son, she begged that, as she was so young, she might remain in her mother's house a while. With bitter tears she found herself obliged to exchange sweet retirement for the perilous pursuit of a crown she did not want. Like a thunderbolt the news came that Edward, her dear fellow-student, was dead and had bequeathed to her the crown. Worn out with consumption and attacked under the treatment of a nameless woman with inexplicable symptoms, such as the loss of his nails and then of his toe and finger joints, the gentle boy had breathed his last on the 6th of July 1553.

Jane then began her ten days' reign. Proclaimed in London amid ominous silence of the citizens, she lingered on the very steps of the throne awhile, Northumberland striving with the energy of despair to accomplish the object for which he had been scheming so long. But popular feeling ran too strong. It swept him to a prison and Mary to a throne. On the 19th of July the London streets pealed with every sound of gladness, as Mary was proclaimed Queen at the cross of Cheapside.

It was the opening of a short and violent reaction in the history of the Reformation, for Mary had already shown herself a devoted adherent of the Romish Church. The bastardized daughter of a divorced mother can scarcely be blamed for feeling deeply and bitterly towards those changes, which, politically speaking, had partly grown out of her mother's degradation. During the late reign Mary had steadily defied every effort to bend her rigid Romanism. Now, exalted to a throne, she turned that passive energy into an instrument of tremendous power. The granite rock became a furious volcano, labouring to upheave from the very foundation and to overwhelm in fiery torrents the scarcely cemented fabric of the Reformed Church.

She set free Gardiner, Bonner, Tunstall, Day, and Heath, consigning to prison in their stead Ridley, Latimer, Cranmer, and other Reformers. Gardiner became Chancellor. It was a necessary act to sweep the intriguing Northumberland off the stage. Recanting his Protestantism and kissing the cross he had marked in the sawdust, he lost his head on Tower Hill, the sons of his victim Somerset looking on among the crowd. The puppets of his ambitious plans lived a very little longer; but their fate was already sealed.

An Englishman, of whom we have already heard, whose eloquent pen had often stabbed at Mary's father from beyond the Alps, now comes prominently upon the scene. Immediately after Mary's accession Reginald Pole, whom residence had made half Italian, received his commission from the Pope as Legate to England. A secret messenger from Rome had an audience of the Queen, who told him that she could not receive the Legate yet, that she meant to contract such a marriage as would strengthen the Roman interest in her realm, and that her heart was unalterably given to Papacy. Before this emissary left England the mass had been restored, and in the ruder districts of the land had been received with joy.

The match, which was to rebuild Roman Catholicism in England, owed its first proposal to the Emperor Charles. He had a son, Philip, of whom the Netherlands afterwards came to know something; and Philip was only ten years younger than the withered woman on the English throne. Mary had Spanish blood of the bluest kind in her veins. The union of England with Spain and Flanders would quite overtop and overshadow their presumptuous neighbour France. Mary coquetted a little with her consent; but the voice of the whole country rose loud against the marriage.

Discontent, fomented secretly by France, broke into rebellion. Sir Peter Carew, failing to raise the Devonshire men, fled to France. Sir Thomas Wyatt, the son of Surrey's poetic friend, met at first with some success. While he was traversing in Kent almost the same road which had led Tyler and Cade to their bloody graves, the Duke of Suffolk, Jane Grey's father, made a fruitless attempt on Coventry. Finding the passage of London Bridge impossible, the rebel knight led his diminished force to Kingston, crossed the Thames there with little trouble, and entered London, where his straggling files were cut in two and himself was caught as in a trap. This insurrection caused many

deaths. Jane and her husband suffered first. Her father soon followed. And Wyatt did not escape his doom. The Princess Elizabeth too was involved in considerable danger. Had the rising been successful, she would have been made Queen. It was therefore necessary in the eyes of Mary's supporters that she should be arrested and imprisoned. Accordingly that dark-browed portal of the Tower, called Traitor's Gate, which frowned above the brackish Thames, shut behind her with ominous clang. In two months the popular feeling obliged her jailers to remove her from the Tower to the pleasant solitude of Woodstock.

Then the long-looked-for Spanish bridegroom sailed into Southampton Water, his hatchet face as yellow as his hair and beard from the combined effects of sea-sickness and the fear of a French surprise. No cannon

July, boomed on the Solent, lest the hostile cruisers might hear. Landing
1554 in silence, he rode through heavy rain to Winchester, where Mary
A.D. impatiently waited his approach. The betrothal was then completed by the marriage ceremony; and what seemed the strongest link in the new Romish chain was welded with apparent firmness. The husband hung for a year about the English court, disliked and disliking.

During this year Cardinal Pole, the Papal Legate, arrived in England by way of Dover. As he swept in a stately barge, decorated with a silver cross, from Gravesend up to London, his enraptured Italian suite discovered that the river was miraculously flowing backward to bear them to their destination. They were not used in the Tiber to the ebb and flow of the tide. At Whitehall Stairs Pole found himself in the arms of the King and Queen, who started from the dinner-table to embrace one only less sacred in their eyes than Pope Julius himself; and, somewhat later, he took up his quarters in Lambeth Palace, poor Cranmer, whose pall was destined for his sacred shoulders, then
Nov. 30, lying in one of the Tower cells. A week afterwards in the hall of
1554 the Palace amid a crowd of Englishmen and Spaniards, elements
A.D. that never mixed, this Cardinal, whose very face told of his descent from the high-bred Plantagenets, pronounced over the heads of the kneeling sovereigns, while sobs shook the Queen's breast, the awfully presumptuous words of the absolution formula, which took England back into the bosom of the Romish Church.

The free spirit of the laity, growing for nearly thirty years, could not be wholly gagged and bound. The Acts of Henry VIII., which bore against the Papal power, were indeed all swept away at once, chiefly through the endeavours of Gardiner, who wielded the Lords and Commons almost at his will. The clergy clamoured for their old powers and got many of them. But in two things the court party met with decided opposition. They could force the Commons neither to permit the coronation of Philip, nor to cut off Elizabeth from the succession.

All was now ready for the lighting of the fires. The net had been already cast, and the prisons contained many heretics. The hot zeal of this counter-

reformation had melted down the Protestant defences, and the chief champions of the purified faith stood naked in the lurid glow of a furnace roaring for its prey. In every diocese a register was to be kept, in which the names of all complying before Easter with the return to Romanism, were to be entered. Rogers, a Canon of St. Paul's, and Hooper, the charitable Bishop of Gloucester, appearing in a Southwark church before Gardiner, Bonner, and others, refused to recant and received sentence of death. Rogers had been in Newgate and Hooper had been lying on rotten straw in a fetid ward of the Fleet for many months. Rogers was the first to die. Twice he begged to see his wife; twice this sad consolation was denied him. He saw her, with nine little ones clustered at her skirts and a tenth upon her breast, as he went to his baptism of fire in Smithfield, and heard cries of joy come from a heart, which forgot its deadly ache at a husband's death in its noble pride and its exalted faith. Hooper was carried down to Gloucester; and there in an open space opposite the college the fagots were piled round him on a wet and stormy morning in February. The wind howled a requiem in the naked branches of an old elm-tree, under which he had often preached. It was now thick with people come to see him die. The gunpowder, fastened to his limbs, did not stun him with its explosion. The wet wood could scarcely be kindled. The wind blew the flames aside. It was a frightful scene of slow torture. Yet he never flinched, although three-quarters of an hour passed before he died. Surely that death-scene struck conviction, like a barbed arrow that could not fall away, into some hearts that shuddered in the surrounding crowd. Rowland Taylor, rector of Hadleigh in Suffolk, was burned the same day on Aldham Common. Before this awful year—1555—black with the smoking flesh of English martyrs, had reached its middle, several other names were added to the noble list. Ferrars, Bishop of St. David's, suffered in the market-place of Caermarthen; and Cardmaker, Prebendary of Wells, who had weakly yielded to the first gust of the storm, fed the flames in Smithfield. But the crown of martyrdom was not monopolized by the Reformed priesthood. The laity, especially the trading classes, bore noble witness to the truth. William Hunter, a London apprentice, who had been detected reading the Bible in Brentwood Church, and an upholsterer named Warne, who accompanied Cardmaker to the stake, wrote their names imperishably on the roll of English martyrs. While fires like these, fed with noblest fuel, were sending up their horrid smoke to heaven, Mary's cup of misery was rapidly filling to the brim. Her eager hope, nay expectation, of bearing a child melted into disappointment and despair. She was forced to release Elizabeth from custody at Woodstock. And her husband Philip, who presented that compound not uncommon—of frosty stateliness with the most revolting sensuality—left her at the request of his father, in whose breast the thought of abdication had latterly been growing strong.

There yet remained in prison three of the Reformers, all of whom are central

figures in the changeful drama. Pole issued a Commission to try Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, who were forthwith brought to Oxford and there confronted with a tribunal of three Romish bishops. Cranmer, "in a black gown and leaning on a stick," appeared first before the altar of St. Mary's Church, where the Commission sat. Charged with having fallen from the faith by various steps which led at last to heresy and traitory, the Primate resolutely denied the authority of the Bishop of Rome, answering all the taunts of the Queen's proctors with calmness and point. He went back to his cell in Bocardo prison. Ridley and his aged and illustrious companion at the stake were tried in the Divinity School. The ancient blood-rusted weapon of King Henry's reign was levelled at these precious lives. Questioned as to their belief in the Real Presence, both distinctly spoke, what their judges looked upon as deadly heresy. In that plain and striking language, which made Latimer's sermons the most powerful engine in the English Reformation, the apostle, trembling with eighty years, spoke out his mind. "Bread is bread and wine is wine. It is true that there is a change in the sacrament, but the change is not in the nature but in the dignity." Pole thought to convert these men by the arguments of a Spanish friar. The dream of course was vain. On the 16th of October the two men came out of prison to their death; Ridley carefully dressed in a furred black gown, a furred velvet tippet,

and a velvet cap—noble old Latimer, just as he had appeared at the Oct. 16, bar, in threadbare Bristol frieze and head wrapped in handkerchief 1555 and nightcap. Ridley, stripping off his gown and tippet, gave little

A.D. keepsakes to all his friends—a new groat to one, nutmeg and slices of ginger to others, his watch to some special favourite. When Latimer cast aside his worn dress, he had a shroud, white and new, below. Kind hands hung bags of gunpowder round the necks of both. Then was heard the awful snapping of the kindling boughs, from amid which these noble prophetic words of Latimer went sounding through the air: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley. Play the man; we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." The old man perished first, stunned by the shock of the merciful powder. Poor Ridley felt the fire, smothered under a weight of sticks, crawling slowly round his legs, and burst into piteous cries of, "Let the fire come to me; I cannot burn;" upon which one of the guards thrust his bill under the wood and raised it to let in the air. Then at last came the tardy explosion, and the charred trunk hung dead upon its chain.

The mild and timid Cranmer, who, though not the greatest of the English Reformers may be justly called the Father of the Anglican Church, saw from his prison window the smoke of Ridley's martyrdom. This was part of a deep-laid scheme to lure and frighten him into a recantation. Ceaselessly the talking of Soto, a Spanish friar, sounded in his ears; and hopes were excited that the lonely prisoner was giving way. He *did* give way at last. Sentenced by the Pope and degraded in the Cathedral of Christ Church, where

Bonner himself scraped the finger-tips which had been anointed with holy oil, the Archbishop returned to his cell, to read a long and violent letter from Pole, in which hopes of life and freedom were held out to him, if he would turn. With mind and body both unstrung by the harassing proceedings of the day he pondered on the cunning words of the Legate; and within a few days after his trial he signed five papers of submission, in the last of which he denounced Luther and Zuinglius, accepted the Pope as head of the Church, and declared his belief in the Real Presence, the seven Sacraments, and Purgatory. A month went by, and the court made no sign. Then Pole brought him a paper, drawn up in all likelihood by the Legate himself and couched in the most grovelling words. This sixth submission Cranmer also signed. And yet he was to die. It was well for the memory of the weak old man that his enemies stooped to such a ruthless trick. He had now a chance of washing off this sorry stain. On the morning of Saturday, the **March 21,** 21st of March 1556, the rain fell so heavily that the execution **1556** sermon could not be preached in the open air. Cole, the Provost **A.D.** of Eton, mounted the pulpit of St. Mary's, and tried to explain why the Council had decreed that a man should be burned after recantation. The blame of the matter was laid at Cranmer's door, as the chief setter forth of heresy in the Church. Cranmer spoke when Cole had finished; and to the last moment it was expected that in view of death he would cling to his recantation. Imagine the dismay of all, when, like the bursting of a sudden shell, these words fell on their ears: "And now I come to the great thing that troubleth my conscience more than any other thing that ever I said or did in my life, and that is the setting abroad of writings contrary to the truth, which here I now renounce and refuse, as things written with my hand contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart, and written for fear of death to save my life. . . . As for the Pope I utterly refuse him, as Christ's enemy and Antichrist, with all his false doctrines; and as for the Sacraments, I believe as I have taught in my book against the Bishop of Winchester." Rudely stopped and hurried to the stake, a quarter of a mile off, where Latimer and Ridley had died, he there gave further witness of the sincerity of his last words, by holding the hand, which had written the submissions, in the rising flames that it might first be punished. Next day Pole became Archbishop of Canterbury.

Plots like those of Wyatt and Carew continued to convulse the land. Sir Henry Dudley, a cousin of Northumberland, with a few rash young men formed a conspiracy to set Elizabeth on the throne. It was discovered and crushed with the block and the gibbet. A buccaneering descent of Sir Thomas Stafford upon Scarborough came to a similar end. Meanwhile the foreign policy of the English Court was becoming every day more hopelessly entangled. Philip, who spent a few spring weeks of 1557 in England, was pushing his wife into war with France. Nor was an occasion wanting, for an attempt, backed by Protestant refugees from England, had been lately made by the

French upon Calais. The declaration of war with France embroiled England with the Pope, who in defiance of all remonstrance struck Reginald Pole from his high place as Legate, and appointed in his stead Peto the Greenwich Friar. Worse even than the Cardinal's fall was the taunt flung at him from the Vatican, that he—the slayer of heretics—was himself smitten with the plague-spot he professed to cure.

The first great operation of the war was the battle of St. Quentin,¹ in which the soldiers of Philip completely overthrew a fine army led by the Constable of France (August 10, 1557). The English were not present at the battle, but they helped to storm and plunder the town of St. Quentin a few days afterwards.

The time was now come when England was to lose what seemed “the brightest jewel in her crown.” The solitary remnant of English rule in France was now to belong to England no more. When the frosts of January had turned the muddy dykes and marshes, which girdle Calais on the land side, into sheets of black ice, the Duke of Guise, who had for some time been quietly concentrating his forces on the important trio of towns—Calais, Hammes, and Guisnes—which lay in an embattled line of works, three miles long by the Channel shore, made a rapid move on New Year's Day 1558 towards the centre of attack. There were only a few hundred men and very little food within the English lines. In vain the governor, Lord Grey, had been writing home for aid. A fatal torpor seems to have lain upon the English Court. The sluices and dykes had fallen into disrepair; and the governor dared not resort to the expedient of flooding the marshes from

1558 the sea, for the salt water would leak through the frail embankments into the cisterns of the town. Seizing the sandhill called the **A.D.** Rysbank, which commanded the harbour and the town, and planting on it heavy cannon brought from Boulogne, the French opened a heavy fire upon Calais. Meantime all was hurry and blunder at home. Men mustered without arms. Ships could not face the Channel waves. Nothing useful was done, until it was too late. And, when ships and soldiers *were* ready, down came a storm which strewed the sea with wreck-wood. Calais fell on the 6th of January. The little garrison of Guisnes, left to themselves, raised earth-works, when their crazy old walls went down before the heavy shot, and under gallant Grey returned the French fire, till their powder ran short. Guise then offered easy terms, which the garrison accepted. To all the other miseries crowding round Mary's throne, this last and worst was added.

Seldom indeed has an English sovereign died amid thicker clouds. The public treasury had again to be filled by a foreign loan. The summer heat had brought pestilent fever on a people who were sick at heart with the horrors of religious persecution. The fires had never quite gone out in Smithfield, and when Bonner (Gardiner had died before Cranmer) dared not light

¹ *St. Quentin*, a town in the department of Aisne in northern France, lying midway between the Scheldt and the Oise, about eighty miles north-east of Paris.

the pile in open day, he carried off his prey to Brentwood, and there the murderous flame stained the sky of night. The defeat of a French army on the sands at Gravelines, where English ships with their guns covered the charge of Egmont from the land, was but a brief and passing gleam of light. The French flag continued to float from the Rysbank. At last the fever struck wretched Mary, and fatally increased that dropsy which had caused her such bitter pangs of disappointed hope. With her dying breath she expressed a wish that her sister should maintain the Roman Catholic religion (Nov. 17, 1558). Reginald Pole died a few hours later than his Queen, just in time to escape the degradation which must certainly have befallen him under the sceptre of Elizabeth.

Elizabeth then passed from the unsafe obscurity of Hatfield¹ to the throne of England. In religious matters she would gladly have trimmed between Romanism and Protestantism; but the coolest and clearest heads in her Council, seeing the distinct national leaning towards the latter, advised the establishment of a Protestant Church on such footing as might satisfy even the laxer adherents of the ancient faith. She ordered the beautiful English liturgy of Edward to be read in the churches, and forbade the elevation of the Host. But at the same time she put a sudden stop to the breaking of images, and, it is said, retained the crucifix and holy water in her private oratory. Two acts however of her first Parliament (1559) placed the matter of the national religion beyond mistake. Having restored the anti-papal statutes of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., which Mary had repealed, and having also annulled the fiery edicts against heresy, revived by the late Queen, they passed besides the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity. The former of these required every person who held any office, spiritual or temporal, every person graduating at the universities, suing livery or doing homage, to declare on oath that the Queen was the only supreme governor in the realm, both in spiritual and temporal things, and that no foreign prince, person, prelate, state, or potentate, had any jurisdiction or authority within the realm. Heath, Archbishop of York, Bonner, Bishop of London, and Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, were the most notable of the fourteen prelates who resigned their mitres rather than take this oath. The Act of Uniformity insisted that all, under heavy penalties, should use King Edward's Book of Common Prayer. Thus melted the last hopes of Papal dominion in England. The Anglican Church assumed almost its present shape in 1562, when the Forty-two Articles were slightly altered and reduced to Thirty-nine.

But before many years had passed a great schism shook the newly-founded Church. The Puritans separated from the Establishment in 1566. My sketch of the English Reformation would be incomplete without some notice of the way in which this distinguished party sprang to being. Its roots may be traced very far back in the religious history of England. John Wycliffe was

¹ *Bishop's Hatfield* (taking its name from the Bishops of Ely, who had a palace there), is in Hertfordshire, nineteen miles from London.

a Puritan ; and Lollardie was only Puritanism in its infancy. But it was during the reign of Edward VI. that the outlines of the party became distinctly visible. The moulding influence came from the Continent. The publication in Germany of that unsatisfactory jumble of doctrine known as the *Interim* led some Protestant divines to England. Of these Martin Bucer was the chief. Becoming identified with Cambridge, he taught Puritanism there, as Peter Martyr, another foreigner of the same type, had already been doing at Oxford. Hooper, who became Bishop of Gloucester in 1550 by the influence of Somerset, was the first English champion of Puritanism. In the vestment controversy he spoke and acted with peculiar boldness, declaring that he would neither have the Bible laid on the nape of newly-elected bishops, nor have them appear in square hat, tippet, and white surplice. When in the Oath of Supremacy he pointed out the word "saints" to the young King, who favoured all his views, Edward drew a pen angrily through the offending letters. There is no doubt that the sympathies of English Protestantism during Edward's reign leant greatly to the Genevan system, of which John Calvin was the soul.

The Marian persecution deepened the Puritan feeling. For a host of men left England to avoid imprisonment or death : and during their residence on the Continent they acquired, from intercourse with Calvin and his followers, those views of church government and church service which the Puritans have always advocated. Prominent among these exiles, whose headquarters were Geneva, was John Knox, the Reformer of Scotland, whom crafty Northumberland had vainly endeavoured to seduce from his independence by an offer of the mitre of Rochester. Fox of the "Acts and Monuments," Coverdale of the English Bible, Grindal, Sandys, Bale, Jewel, and many other of the ablest men in Britain went also to this school of exile. The accession of Elizabeth brought them back ; but they had broken into two bands. Frankfort, the stronghold of the Moderates, had been pitted against Geneva, the stronghold of the Ultras. The Book of Common Prayer formed the battle-ground, and the Genevans published a Service-book for themselves. On their return to England the leaders of the Frankfort party received the sees vacated by the Marian prelates ; and the Genevans, who first assumed the name of Puritans, remained nominally a portion of the Anglican Church, until the enforcement of the Act of Uniformity under the direction of Archbishop Parker obliged them to secede.

CHAPTER III.

ELIZABETH TUDOR AND HER STATESMEN.

Character of Bess.
Cecil, Lord Burleigh.
Francis Walsingham.
Nicholas Bacon.

Anti-papal policy.
Norfolk's fatal love.
War in the Netherlands.
End of Mary Stuart.

Elizabeth's suitors.
Dudley, Earl of Leicester.
Devereux, Earl of Essex.
Death of Elizabeth.

THE wise and masculine woman, whose name stands second on the short list of our Queens Regnant, owed much of the splendour that invests her reign to the temper and the talents of those eminent men who encircled and upheld her throne. She, uniting in herself two extremes of character, the one almost heroic in its daring valour, the other often ludicrous in its silly vanity, might frequently have embroiled herself both with her own people and her powerful neighbours, but for the strong and steady hands that held the tiller and pulled the ropes under her command. I would not deny to good Queen Bess some merit for her glorious reign; but I am very unwilling, as has been done, to lavish on her all the praise due to the brilliant achievements of these forty-four years.

First and greatest of her statesmen was William Cecil, created Baron Burleigh in 1571. This cool and cautious man, a native of Bourne in Lincolnshire, where he was born in 1520, attracted the notice of King Henry by the skill he displayed in arguing with two Irish priests against the Papal Supremacy. Steering with masterly tact through all the hazards of the time, he won the confidence of Protector Somerset, and in 1548 received his appointment of Secretary of State. The fall of that unhappy ruler flung a temporary shadow on the fortunes of Cecil, who went for three months to the Tower. Regaining his freedom, he devoted himself to his darling project, and that in which he won greatest renown—the improvement of the national finances. To him in a great measure England owes her merchant navy; for by taking their privileges from the merchants of the Hanseatic Steelyard, whose wharfs by the Thames monopolized nearly all the foreign trade, and whose strange-built ships, manned by foreign crews, carried Continental wool and corn across the sea to cheapen English fleeces and grain, he induced English merchants to build their own ships and carry their own cargoes. His Protestantism did him no harm, even in the red days of Mary, for he quietly avoided needless danger. Yet he was no coward. As member for Lincolnshire he spoke boldly in the Commons against some of the bills, brought in for the injury of Protestantism. Elizabeth's accession relieved him from danger and opened a splendid field for the exercise of his genius. To none did Bess lend a readier ear. Seeing the mischiefs, which entangle a state or an individual plunged in debt, already hampering the rising greatness of England, he induced the Queen to begin a system of rigid economy, which was scarcely ever relaxed.

The crown debts—four millions, it is said—were paid, principal and interest. The debased coinage was purified. And at last, instead of empty coffers and debts in every capital on the Continent, England came to feel the peace and enjoy the profits of being her neighbour's creditor to a great amount. Secretary Cecil's right hand man in these money-dealings was a noted London merchant, called Sir Thomas Gresham, who, having feathered his own nest pretty well, devoted some of the golden plumage to the adornment of London. He took a large share in the building of a Flemish-looking Bourse of wood and brick with covered walks and convenient stalls, where the merchants met at sound of bell to transact their business; and, having induced Elizabeth in 1571 to visit it, obtained for it the name of the Royal Exchange.¹ That very year saw Cecil raised to the peerage, and also to the illustrious post of Lord High Treasurer. Known henceforth as Lord Burleigh, he devoted the ripeness of his years to the development of that calm and far-seeing policy, which had won honour for his grey hairs. Of course he had many foes, especially among those brilliant favourites, whom the weakness of Elizabeth petted into unsafe power. But he kept the even tenor of his way unruffled to the last, enjoying his books and flower-beds whenever he could loose the chains of toil for a few sweet hours. Gout at last wore out his strength; and in 1598 England lost a man, who without a particle of dash, by the steady force of common sense and quiet thought, achieved fame for himself, and conferred on his country some solid benefits that well entitle him to our fervent gratitude.

Fewer words may dismiss Elizabeth's other ministers and advisers. Sir Francis Walsingham, a diligent and watchful man, who served more than once as Ambassador in France, became one of the principal Secretaries of State, and, as such, undertook for Elizabeth the management of that most unhappy business, the conviction of Mary Queen of Scots. It grates harshly on our notions of statesmanship, although such doings are hardly extinct in the nineteenth century, to find Walsingham tampering with letters, employing spies, and bribing wholesale in the performance of his political duties. Born at Chiselmurst in Kent about 1536, he died in his house at Barn-Elms in 1590.

Chiselmurst also sent out a Lord Keeper of the Great Seal in the person of Sir Nicholas Bacon, father of the famous, and in some respects infamous author of the *Novum Organum*. Sir Nicholas never achieved greatness; but he agreed remarkably well with his friend and brother-in-law, Cecil, whose temper much resembled his own. Men like these, by their grave sound sense, ballasted the vessel of the State at this eventful time. While the golden thoughts of Spenser and Shakspeare, and the polished steel of Raleigh's or Sidney's soldiery decorated her shining masts and glittering bulwarks as she sailed proudly and safely on, deep in the hold, preserving her poise and enabling her to ride the swelling waves without a fear, lay the rugged talents of some useful but unbrilliant men who must not be forgotten in estimating the secret forces of the time. Sir Francis Knollys, the Vice-Chamberlain,

¹ This building was burned in the Great Fire of 1666.

who was a good deal mixed up with the earlier imprisonment of Mary Stuart, and Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury and a special scourge of the Puritans, had also a share in the councils of Elizabeth.

With such advisers the daughter of Anne Bullen faced the difficulties of queenship. These difficulties arose chiefly from the complication of religious questions. Her religious policy and the Puritan schism have been already noticed. Although, as has been said, the Queen was not without a love for the picturesque worship of the Romish Church, her advisers inclined her to Protestantism of the less rigorous kind; and she refused to admit a Papal Legate into the kingdom. Having had the question of her supremacy settled by an Act of her first Parliament—an edict which contained the baleful seed of the *High Commission Court*—she proceeded to exercise her spiritual authority by inflicting persecution on both Roman Catholics and Puritans. These persecutions have blotted her illustrious reign beyond repair. The pressure of penal laws grew heavier. In 1568—the year when Mary Queen of Scots arrived homeless in England—Roman Catholics were banished from court. Some too were imprisoned for hearing mass. A reaction, long working in the northern counties, swelled at last into revolt. The Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland carried the banner of the Five Wounds through Durham to Barnard Castle, where they turned at news of Sussex' approach and fled to Scotland, leaving their men to the executioner (1569). But the Roman Catholic faith found other and nobler but less happy champions.

On Sunday, the 16th of May 1568, Mary Stuart crossed the Solway Frith in a fishing-boat, to find herself detained as a captive where she had hoped to be welcomed as a guest. Her sorrows, her charms, the fact that she was heiress to the English throne, if Elizabeth left no issue, or perhaps all these things combined, and aided by Scotch and Italian intrigues, wrought so powerfully upon the Duke of Norfolk, one of the first noblemen in England, that he sought the royal captive as his wife. In vain Elizabeth in bitter and sarcastic words expressed her displeasure at the proposal. He would not listen to her arguments; so she tried stone-walls and shut him in the Tower. The movements of the English Catholics were watched eagerly at Rome; in fact many of the wires were worked there. Stung by Elizabeth's obstinacy, Pius V. issued a Bull, excommunicating and deposing the heretic Queen. One Felton died for fixing this document on the gates of the Bishop of London's palace. Nothing daunted, the deposed lady, who nevertheless wore a tolerably tight crown still, replied by an Act (13 Eliz. c. 2), declaring that all persons publishing a Bull from Rome should be guilty of high treason. So the battle raged. Norfolk, released in 1570, after having given a written promise not to proceed with the contemplated marriage without Elizabeth's consent, enjoyed thirteen months of freedom, but was then brought to trial for having opened correspondence with Mary and having negotiated with the Pope and Spain concerning the invasion of England. He suffered on the 8th of June 1572.

1572
A.D.

A little later the dreadful news of the St. Bartholomew struck an electric pang of fear through all Protestant England. To many of the English prelates and statesmen there seemed to be no safety, unless poor Mary Stuart's head came off. Elizabeth had long ago incurred the hatred of French Catholics by sending supplies of men and money to Condé, leader of the Huguenots. Receiving Havre in return, she thought to make a second Calais of the place; but she lost it in a little while. Slight as was her share in this movement, it now seemed sufficient to point her out as a victim of Catholic vengeance; and her severities against the adherents of the ancient faith at home appeared a further source of danger. But the fear proved fanciful.

The gap between this event and the completion of Mary's doom is chiefly filled with the affairs of the Dutch Republic, in which England as the acknowledged champion of Protestantism was perforce entangled. There among the fens Elizabeth came into violent collision with her arch-enemy, though quondam suitor, King Philip of Spain. She gladly saw the sea at Leyden flowing over the Spanish trenches, as it bore food to the beleaguered town. So firmly did the Dutch believe in her, that, by advice of A.D. Orange, the sovereignty of the States was offered to the English Queen. She declined it. Then came the Union of Utrecht—and a lull. The death of Orange in 1584 by an assassin's bullet led to a second offer, urging Elizabeth to become sovereign of the States. Her refusal was softened by the aid she lent the Dutchmen against Spain. Her prime favourite and would-be husband, the glittering empty-headed Leicester, took command of an expedition to the Low Countries, which possesses a mournful interest to the literary student, for there, in a skirmish near Zutphen, the handsome gifted Sidney, then acting as governor of Flushing, met his death-wound (1586). Leicester, matched against Farnese, Duke of Parma and first captain of the age, made blunders till winter came, and then slunk home from among the martial merchants, whom his arrogance had annoyed and his incapacity enraged.

Meanwhile the wretched Scottish Queen was expiating her life of folly, perhaps of crime, in confinement at Tutbury,¹ where cold damp apartments blanched her beauty and crippled her limbs with disease. As plot after plot against Elizabeth's life rose to the troubled surface of the time and broke harmlessly, the fatal axe was dropping nearer and nearer to Mary's neck; all the mean tools of secret craft were directed against her; and at last in Babington's conspiracy an occasion was found for wreaking on her the deadly concentrated compound of rage and fear and jealousy, which had been gathering its poisonous tissues for years. Savage and Ballard, the latter a priest in soldier's dress, coming over to England to assassinate Elizabeth and instigated to the crime by Papal and Spanish influences, told their project to Antony Babington, a young Catholic of gentle birth, who had already been corresponding with Queen Mary. Entering gladly into the plot, Babington

¹ *Tutbury*, a strong place on the Dove in Staffordshire.

widened the circle of murderers to six, and prepared to set free the Queen of Scots. But in the very heart of the plot Walsingham had his spies, and, when all was nearly ripe, the leading conspirators were arrested, to meet a speedy death. Removed to Fotheringay Castle,¹ the last scene of her sad strange story, Mary soon found a Commission of forty-two nominated by the Queen to proceed with her trial. Through the whole of this disgraceful proceeding Walsingham winds like a cruel cunning snake, stinging the unhappy captive to death with secret machinations. It was he who, by use of a spy, got up a correspondence between the captive Queen and the exiles in France, and managed to have the letters conveyed by a brewer, who visited the castle with ale. He saw every letter, for Gifford, who had bribed the brewer, was in his pay. Opening, reading, copying, sealing once more, he extracted in this treacherous way information of the greatest importance.

The first step taken at Fotheringay—on the 12th of October—was to place in Mary's hand a letter from Elizabeth, charging her with a share in Babington's plot. She bravely met the charge, declaring that "she had excited no man against the Queen, but that she denied not having recommended herself and her cause to foreign princes," and at first refused to be tried by the Commission. But the fear that absence might be construed into conscious guilt led her to waver in this resolve. In the presence-chamber of the castle before an empty chair, whose gorgeous canopy was supposed to overshadow the Majesty of England, this royal woman sat and heard the Queen's serjeant detail the progress of the Babington plot. Copies of three letters, **1586** two from her and one from Babington, were entered as evidence **A.D.** against her; and statements, alleged to have been made on oath by Nane and Curle, her secretaries, who lay in close custody, and who in spite of the Scottish Queen's demands were never confronted with her, supplemented these documents. Her answer to this flimsy case was clear and simple. "She knew not Babington, and had not corresponded with him. Her letters, if she wrote them, should be produced in her own hand. If Babington wrote her a letter, it should be proved that she had received it." And when accused of having incited foreign powers to invade England, and having intended to convey the Scottish crown to the King of Spain in the event of her son not becoming a Catholic, she answered, "that it was natural for her to seek her liberty, and that, if she had a kingdom, she was not accountable to any for the disposal of it. Her secretaries might have written," she said, "what she had never dictated. Where were they? Let them speak before her face." Her requests for the aid of counsel, for a trial in full Parliament, for an interview with Elizabeth, all met a cold refusal. And on the 25th of October in the Star-Chamber at Westminster sentence of death was pronounced. Amid the joy of clanging bells and the blaze of lighted candles, which greeted this decision in London, there were many sorrowful hearts. There was some pleading

¹ *Fotheringay Castle* in Northamptonshire was destroyed by James I. after his accession to the English throne.

for her life. A special envoy from France and others from Scotland, where the son of the sentenced woman held a feeble sceptre, were obliged to leave the presence of Elizabeth smarting under hard words and furious No. The *Apology* of Davison, one of the royal secretaries, clearly shows the mind of the English Queen in this black transaction. She hungered for the news of Mary's death, but would gladly have been spared the odium of the crime. In vain she hinted and schemed in order that Paulet and Drury, who held her victim in custody, might be induced to murder their prisoner quietly and save the scaffold-scene. This they would not do; and so she flirted with the death-warrant, delaying her signature until one day with a poor pretence at jest she wrote the fatal characters and commanded the Great Seal to be affixed. Next day she countermanded the completion of the deed; but it had already been done; and at the instance of Burleigh and the rest of the Council the warrant was at once sent off to Fotheringay. Carefully robed in black satin and lawn, with an ivory crucifix in her hand, Mary of Scotland walked calmly, about Feb. 8, eight on a winter morning, into the hall of Fotheringay, where a low 1587 black scaffold had been hastily erected. The Tower headsmen in black A.D. velvet stood by. After a tearful parting from her old steward, Sir Robert Melville, a gold-laced kerchief was bound upon her eyes by her maid, and she bowed her neck upon the block. Three blows severed the neck. Her little pet dog crept in among the folds of her dress, and after death would lie only between the neck and the head, a touching incident of which the poet has not failed to take advantage.

Every reader of Kenilworth is familiar with Leicester's hope that he might become the husband of Elizabeth. The question of her marriage presented great difficulties, and involved the statesmen of her reign in very complicated negotiations. Philip II. of Spain—his cousin Charles Archduke of Austria—the young Duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry III. of France—Eric King of Sweden, the son of Gustavus Vasa—all were suitors for her hand. But Charles of Austria and Dudley, who soon became Earl of Leicester, seemed to have a better chance than any of the rest. The uncertainty of the succession, if Elizabeth died without children, caused Burleigh and other long-headed politicians to press the need of marriage keenly on the Queen. The hearts of the English Catholics clung to Mary of Scotland as the rightful heir; but many of the Protestants considered Lady Catherine Grey, sister of the ten-days' Queen, a fitter claimant of the throne. Married privately to the Earl of Hertford, this unhappy girl died of grief, caused by the harshness of the jealous Elizabeth, who by means of Parker pronounced the marriage illegal and its offspring illegitimate. The vain Queen seems to have nursed a passion for Leicester, which time enabled her to smother. Burleigh would gladly have secured the Archduke as her husband. But every year of power saw Elizabeth less inclined to manacle her free fingers with a wedding-ring.

Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was the grandson of that tax-gathering minister who helped so much to fill the coffers of Henry VII.—the son of that

powerful and ambitious noble who smote down Protector Somerset and climbed to the Dukedom of Northumberland, whence his support of Jane Grey caused a fatal fall. Elizabeth delighted in his society, and showed her fondness so openly, that, when his wife Amy Robsart died suddenly at Cumnor, all the world said he had killed her to clear his way to the throne. It seemed likely at one time that Leicester would marry the Scottish Queen, but Darnley proved the luckless winner there. How splendidly Dudley played the host at Kenilworth, when his royal mistress came on a visit to that noble place, needs not here be told. His marriage with Lady Essex, hidden at first from the Queen, roused her jealous anger; but the storm blew quickly by. He commanded, as we have seen, in the Low Countries with little credit to himself. He went there again next year to return without achieving anything but mischief. When the Armada swept threatening towards the English shore, he headed the infantry at Tilbury, and held the bridle of Elizabeth's charger, while the royal Amazon harangued the cheering troops. It was his last command. Sudden death smote him at Cornbury in Oxfordshire in the following September.

Young Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, rode with his father-in-law Leicester upon the Dutch mud-banks in 1586, a captain-general of cavalry, although twenty years had scarcely given him a beard of down. When Leicester died, he secured the principal share of Elizabeth's favour, although the old coquette, wiggled and wizened as she was, carried on flirtations too with Raleigh of the muddy cloak and the courtly Charles Blount. Essex possessed in a great degree that brilliant, often fool-hardy, valour which exercises a peculiar fascination on the female fancy. He loved fighting for fighting's sake; but his skill in war did not correspond with his dash and daring. When in 1589 a fleet set sail from Plymouth under Drake's command to place Don Antonio of Portugal on his uncle's throne, Essex crept on board and went to fight at Lisbon as a volunteer. His absence, sorely against the Queen's will, almost cost him her favour. But he rose to the surface again in no long time. He married Sidney's widow, a daughter of Walsingham. In 1591 he fought in France for Henry IV. During ten summer weeks of 1596 he reduced Cadiz to ashes and filled the English ships with Spanish ducats. The following year saw him, with Thomas Howard and Raleigh, engaged in the same golden chase, which he pursued instead of carrying out the object of his cruise—the destruction in its own ports of a new Armada, which Philip was fitting out for the invasion of England.

A most unlucky day it was for Essex when he landed on the Irish shore to measure strength with the victorious rebel, Hugh, Earl of Tyrone, who had set the whole island in a blaze, and against whom the English captains were putting forth all their strength in vain. The first omen of the coming storm was a peremptory order from Elizabeth to depose the Earl of Southampton from the command of the cavalry, to which post Essex had personally raised this friend. Then his army began to melt away mysteriously among the bogs and woods. He faced Tyrone in Louth, merely to conclude a sort of shifting truce; and

then without leave or notice he returned to London, and went boldly into the royal presence. Elizabeth received him quietly. It was evening before her rage burst out; and then it was such as her father might have shown. For nearly a year he lay sick and alone in prison, and then received freedom with the command to show his face no more at court. The monopoly of sweet wines which had been a chief source of his income having expired, he asked for its renewal and was refused. Then, at the instigation of his secretary Cuffe, he tried to raise the Londoners who loved him well, going on Sunday the 8th of February 1601 with naked sword through the streets, followed by Southampton and other malcontents. Loving Essex, they loved peace and money better: not a citizen took up the cry. Escaping by boat to his own house by the Thames, he surrendered after holding out a while, and with Southampton was committed to the Tower. The trial of Essex derives a peculiar interest from the fact that Francis Bacon, one of the crown lawyers, whose duty it was to conduct the prosecution, had received many favours at the hand of the unfortunate Earl. Bacon has therefore received heavy blame for his share in the transaction. I cannot see that this is just, for none can suppose that Bacon should have allowed himself to fall in Essex' ruin; and how he could have saved the madman, rushing on his fate, does not appear. It is undoubted that Bacon leant as lightly on the noble criminal as a due regard to the duties of his legal office would permit. Convicted of treason and sentenced to the block, Essex closed his short and fitful career at the age of thirty-three (Feb. 25th 1601).

The old Queen did not long survive her once darling madcap. The close of the Irish rebellion, achieved by the brave and skilful Mountjoy, who inflicted a final defeat upon Tyrone and forced his Spanish allies into a surrender at Kinsale, cast a gleam of light upon the cloudy close of her life. But seventy years had nearly done their work; and the manly Queen was failing fast. The courtiers' flatteries, once so sweet and pleasant, fell dull upon her ear. And at last she came to lie on cushions on the floor, her finger always in her mouth, and her eyes fixed in a rigid downward stare. Almost with her last breath she named her cousin of Scotland as her proper successor, and, when life had left her tongue, raising her hands above her head to signify a crown, she tried to convey to the councillors who stood anxious round her bed, that to have a King in her royal chair was indeed her dying wish. Not many seconds after the last Tudor sovereign had passed gently out of life, the sharp clatter of horse-hoofs broke the morning stillness of the London streets. The sun had not risen on the 24th of March 1603, when Sir Robert Carey went spurring madly along the northern road, big with news for James of Scotland.

CHAPTER IV.

A NOTABLE VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

Earlier enterprise.	A solitary ship.	The perilous reef.
Francis Drake.	Piracies.	Homeward bound.
Across to Brazil.	Across the Pacific.	The dinner at Deptford.
The Strait and its storms.		

THE impetus, given to navigation by the discoveries of Columbus, Cabot, and Vasco di Gama, displayed itself clearly in the improvement of English ships, harbours, and dockyards, but especially in the rapid growth of maritime enterprise. The nautical history of all the sixteenth century teems with narratives of voyages into unknown seas, undertaken at risk of life, always with the certainty of suffering. The gallant Hugh Willoughby, schooled by the veteran Cabot and armed with letters from his King, went with three ships in 1553 to seek a passage to China by the Arctic Seas, and with the crews of two vessels was frozen to death in a harbour on the coast of Lapland. The captain of the third, Richard Chancellor, reached the White Sea, and having travelled on a sledge from Archangel to Moscow, obtained from the reigning Czar those rights of trading, which led in the next reign to the formation of the English Russian Company. The foundation of that frightful traffic in human life, from the deep stain of which Britain and her colonies are now happily free, was laid by John Hawkins early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The trade however was not the invention of this noted captain. Long before his first voyage to Guinea for blacks to sell in the sugar islands of the West Indies, the ships of Portugal had been sweeping the African coasts, as with an accursed net, and carrying off their prey to labour and to die in the fields at home. Martin Frobisher made three voyages in search of the North-West Passage, and, like many of these old sailors, wrote his name imperishably on the map of the world, bringing back from these icy islands some black ore, which when burned and quenched in vinegar took a golden lustre that seemed to promise wealth. In truth the magnet, which drew these shipmen across the seas, was in many cases the same as that which led the meagre alchemist to pore his life away over the coloured poisons of the crucible and limbeck. The desire to be rich, whether by means of honest or unrighteous traffic, by the plunder of Indian villages or Spanish treasure-ships, by the discovery of new lands or the importation of new luxuries, guided the helm of every cruiser that left port, far more than any devotion to science or any purely patriotic desire to extend the bounds of empire. Hence the early navigators combined discovery and money-making in every case, were in fact pirates as cruel and unscrupulous as ever sailed the sea.

Most notable of the Elizabethan sailors was Francis Drake, the son of a poor vicar, and born in 1544 about a mile from Tavistock, where the humble

old-fashioned cabin, in which he first saw the light, stood not long ago. Trained among the Biscay waves, he joined Hawkins in a slaving trip to Guinea and the Indies, on which occasion he commanded the *Judith* of fifty tons and saw dangerous service against the Spaniards. There was then no actual Spanish war; but a hostile feeling, simmering and seething between the two nations, rivals in religion and in glory, found vent in privateering expeditions, until the time was ripe for the great and, to one side, ruinous explosion of the Armada.

On the 13th of December 1577 five ships, which had been driven in by a storm a month earlier, weighed anchor a second time in Plymouth Sound, bound, it was said, for Alexandria, but really destined for privateering against the Spaniards. Francis Drake commanded the fleet, which consisted of the *Pelican*, the *Elizabeth*, the *Swan*, the *Marygold*, and the *Christopher*, carrying the frames of four pinnaces to be put up when necessary, and manned by one hundred and sixty-four gentlemen and sailors. Rich furniture adorned the cabins; massive silver plate glittered on the table of the Captain-General, who carried with him also expert musicians. After some delay at Mogadore on the Barbary coast they reached Cape Blanco, where the *Christopher* was left, a Spanish *carter* of forty tons being taken in its place. Near the Island of Santiago they took a Portuguese wine-ship, bound for Brazil, whose pilot, Nuno da Silva, Drake pressed into his service, sending the rest of the crew adrift in a pinnace. Through calm, hurricane, thunder, and torrid heat they sailed for nine weeks from the Verd Islands, until they sighted the Brazilian shore. Before crossing the line Captain Drake

Feb. 5, bled with his own hands every one of the men under his flag. Some-
1578 times losing a ship, again joyfully finding it, killing and salting

A.D. seals within the estuary of the Plata, rowing to the shore to see a
 savage shouting and dancing with a rattle in his hand, Drake found himself on the edge of that unknown land we call Patagonia.¹ Here he replenished his stock of food by taking more than fifty dried ostriches from a native store which he found by the sea; some of the thighs were described as being like good-sized legs of mutton. The savages, not giants though of large stature, wearing horns on the head, and painted white and black, entered into some slight traffic with the strangers. One of the large-boned Patagonians, who had been induced to taste Canary, grew so fond of the delicate beverage that every morning he would come, like a raving Bacchanal, down from the rocky heights with a far-sounding bellow of Wine! Wine! Wine! At this place, known as Seal Bay from the numbers of these animals found there, the *Swan* was broken up for firewood, since Drake found that the scattering of his ships caused much annoyance and delay. At Port St. Julian, where the fleet stayed nearly two months (from June 20th to August 17th), some unlucky events occurred. An affray with the natives cost Drake two lives; Robert

¹ So called from the Spanish *patagon*, a large clumsy foot, because the natives wore huge sandals.

Winter and Oliver the Master-gunner being pierced with arrows. And one Master Doughtie, an accomplished volunteer, was executed for plotting mutiny against the Captain-General. The ships, now reduced to three—*Pelican*, *Elizabeth*, and *Marygold*—for the Spanish *canter* had been cast adrift and the Portuguese prize broken up, sailed away from this sad harbour, leaving behind them three English graves. Coasting on past Cape Virgenes, a huge grey rock spotted with black, Drake found himself at the eastern mouth of that remarkable Strait, which forms the first passage on that shore into the South Seas. He now sailed in the *Golden Hind*, for he had altered the name of his flag-ship, the old *Pelican*.

Twice before European keels had cut the waters of that channel. The Dutch seaman Magalhaens, popularly Magellan, whose name it bears, had been the first to sail in 1520 between its iron rocks. And in 1558 Juan Ladrilleros had sailed through it, returning to the Chili coast with only two of his crew alive. On between terraced mountains, rising in gigantic steps from sea to snow, the adventurous Englishmen passed for seventeen days, stopping occasionally to name an island, or fill their larder with the small-winged clumsy penguins, which strut about there in stupid solemn thousands. A bark canoe, met with in one of the numerous channels towards the western end of the Strait, though shaped only with sharpened mussel shells, seems to have attracted admiration by its handsome build and the neatness of its seams. The native rowing it was smaller than the Patagonians.

On the 6th of September 1578 Drake steered his little squadron into the South Seas, already pompously with sword and banner added to the dominions of Spain. A terrible storm then fell upon the fleet, driving them far from their course. When they had scudded under bare poles before the furious north-east wind, until they had reached a point two hundred miles west of the Strait in 57° of south latitude, the *Marygold* disappeared, blown right away, never to be heard of more. Sorely battered, the *Hind* and the *Elizabeth* crept a week later into a bay and anchored there among the rocks to spend the dreadful night. The *Golden Hind* broke her cable and was blown out to sea. Winter in the *Elizabeth* next day got once more into the Strait, where he lighted fires on the rocks as a signal to his chief. Sailing farther into the sheltered sea, he landed his sick crew in a pleasant spot, where the rich juicy mussels, full of seed pearls too, and the unbroken rest quickly restored them to health. Then Winter lost heart, and against his sailors' will returned to England.

Meanwhile Drake was driven about the shores of Tierra del Fuego and away towards the Southern Pole, until at length in the end of October the poor *Golden Hind* rested her worn and weary timbers in a sheltered creek of that little island, a point of which, called Cape Horn, is the last summit of the sinking Cordilleras. Over this precipitous headland Drake stretched his body, looked at the boiling brine below, and then went back to his ship, boasting that he had been farther south than any living man. Having named these barren islands the *Elizabethides*, he then directed his course north-

westward and northward, hugging the shore. While filling their water-casks in the Island of Mocha near the Chili coast, the crew were attacked by natives; two sailors were killed; and Drake himself received a wound under the right eye. He had previously, during the frightful storms which greeted his entrance into the Pacific Ocean, lost his shallop with eight men, one of whom through great hardships and curious adventures¹ found his way back to England after an absence of nine years.

And then began a series of plunder-hunting dashes upon Spanish ships and towns. The Dons were taken all by surprise, for no hostile keel had ever cut that sea before. Piloted to Valparaiso by an unsuspecting Indian, the English adventurers rifled the town whose population consisted of only nine families, and, standing out to sea with an anchored vessel, whose crew had welcomed

them as friends with drum-beat and a jar of wine, greedily counted over Dec. 5, the gains of their first considerable piratical exploit. A great store of 1578 Chili wine and 60,000 *pesos* of gold (each worth eight shillings) re-

A.D. awarded their unscrupulous action. They looked in vain for the lost ships as they sailed northward along the coast. At Tarapaca they robbed

a sleeping Spaniard of thirteen bars of silver; and a little farther on seized eight llamas, or Peruvian camels, with leathern bags of silver slung round their necks. A ship in the port of Arica yielded fifty-seven wedges of silver, each weighing twenty pounds. Burning or cutting adrift all his prizes, which only encumbered his advance, Drake then made for Callao, the harbour of Lima. He entered it at night, to find the silver he expected to seize safely banked on shore, for whispers of his previous exploits had floated on before him. A chance glimpse of one of the cannon on board the *Golden Hind*, which an officer from shore happened to catch, led to his hurried departure from the side of the suspicious craft; and his panic excited such fear in a vessel from Panama, that had anchored by the English ship, that the crew cut their cable and stood out to sea. Drake pursued and took the deserted prize. Behind him in the port all was hurry and alarm. The Spaniards gave chase, but, having laid in no stock of food, were soon obliged to abandon the pursuit, in the hope of catching the daring English pirates on their return through the Straits of Magellan. Bagging some smaller game, as he coasted northward, Drake pressed steadily on in chase of a great treasure-ship, of which he had heard at Callao. Bound for Panama, where the bullion crossed the isthmus to be shipped off to Spain, the galleon, unsuspecting of the danger dogging her very heels, floated quietly on. On the 1st of March a sail broke the line of the horizon, and unwittingly the Spanish captain, never dreaming of a foe in

these waters, ran down into the lion's mouth, to discover the stranger's March 1, name and destination. Arrows and cannon balls replied. The Span- 1579

A.D. iard's mast was shot away; her captain wounded with a shaft. The *Golden Hind* had made a golden capture. Drake, then off Cape Francisco, fearing some danger from the shore, sailed out to sea for six-and-thirty

¹ See Narrative of Peter Cardu in *Purchas's Pilgrims*.

hours before he ventured to open the money-chests of his prize. Bars of silver and of gold in great glittering rows, boxes full of diamonds and other gems burst upon his delighted gaze, when he felt that he was far enough from land to look. The entire value of the prize was reckoned at 360,000 *pesos* of gold, in those days a sum almost incalculable. He had now struck his quarry; how to get it home became the important question. Storms and Spaniards alike forbade a return through the Straits of Magellan. He at first resolved to seek a passage to England at the northern extremity of America, and for this purpose coasted on through cutting winds, which froze the rigging and the meat just off the spit, to that opening in the Californian coast, now called Port San Francisco. During a stay of five weeks in this sheltered spot the English seamen, who were worshipped by the natives as beings of a higher kind, exchanged friendly signs with these aborigines of the far West. Baskets of tobacco and presents of broiled fish came daily to the English tents from the conical huts, built over cup-shaped holes, in which the Indians lived; and in return for these lotions and ointments were given to those natives who had sores or wounds. Before leaving California Drake dubbed the country New Albion, because the rocks were white, and set up on the shore a brass plate with Elizabeth's name and the date of the acquisition engraved upon it. Drake did not sail any farther north; but steering right across the Pacific, came to the Philippines and soon to the Moluccas (Nov. 3). The King of Ternate did homage to his flag, presenting fowls, rice, sugar, spices, and sago. At Celebes the English saw fire-flies and land-crabs, the latter of which they liked exceedingly at table. On the 9th of January 1580 the *Golden Hind* nearly met her death. Sailing before a fresh wind over a seemingly clear sea, she stuck fast on the edge of a sunken reef. In vain the crew after earnest prayer strove to lighten her by strewing the sea with cloves and sugar, "making the water round about a caudle," old Fuller tells us. The last hope seems to have failed them, and all were expecting to sink with the treasure so keenly sought and so hardly won, when the ebbing tide and the dropping wind left the ship to her own weight, and she slipped off the reef into deep water, having been in extreme danger from eight o'clock one evening until four the next day. At Barateva and at Java they met with kindly treatment; but warnings of danger at hand, in the shape of Portuguese vessels, made the English captain hurry on his homeward way. Rounding the Cape of Good Hope with the finest weather and calling at Sierra Leone for water, he arrived at Plymouth on the 26th of September 1580, after an absence from his native land of two years and nearly ten months.

Elizabeth, who delighted in enterprise and well appreciated any lustre cast by Englishmen on England, and who besides was in no way annoyed, though state etiquette obliged her for a while to appear so, at the loss his exploits inflicted upon Spain, dined with Drake on board of his victorious ship, which was carefully laid up in a creek at Deptford, and, when dinner was over, her fair and royal

June 17
1579
A.D.

hands made the hardy mariner a knight. When the timbers of the *Golden Hind* grew very frail, she was broken up, and a chair, made from some of her best planks, was presented to the University of Oxford.

I have sketched this voyage of Drake at some length, as being typical of the sea-going spirit of the age. Such mingled expeditions of meditated piracy and accidental discovery were almost all the voyages of the time. In such schools of storm and stirring adventure the mariners were trained who met the Armada in Dover Straits and chased its flying relics to the Yorkshire headlands. In the piracies of Drake and his fellow-seamen we can trace not only the growing power which smote and scattered the huge fleet of Spain, but also one at least of the causes which sent that ill-fated armament with sails swollen with pride and guns grinning destruction towards the English shore.¹

CHAPTER V.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

The resolve.
The reasons.
Preparation.
The Spanish fleet.
Union of the English.

Arrangements.
The storm at Corunna.
The game of bowls.
The floating crescent.
Up the Channel.

Parma in a trap.
The fire-ships.
Wreck and missing.
Drake's words.

PHILIP II., King of Spain, whose sailors had lately beaten the Turks at Lepanto, whose soldiers had still more recently conquered Portugal, who owned besides his powerful dominions in Europe the golden soil of the Americas and some of the richest islands in African and Asian seas, who had drenched Holland and Belgium with Protestant blood in defence of that old creed of which he was now the acknowledged champion, resolved during the reign of Elizabeth upon the invasion of England.

For this resolve he had many reasons. In the first place England was the central rock of Protestantism. Mary Queen of Scots, the darling of the Roman Catholic cause, had been lately slain at Fotheringay. English ships had plundered his galleons and carried fire into his settlements on every shore. English soldiers had fronted his armies upon the flats by the Rhine and the Scheldt. The English stage had ridiculed the formal crop of his yellow beard

¹ After a warlike voyage to the West Indies, an important share in the defeat of the Armada, and an expedition to Portugal, which had for its object the restoration of Don Antonio to the throne, Sir Francis Drake accepted, in conjunction with Sir John Hawkins, the command of a fleet destined for service against the Spaniards in the West Indian Seas. There in 1596 he died of fever near Portobello, aged fifty-one, and found a grave under the salt waves on which the triumphs of his life had been won.

The voyages of Sir Humphrey Gilbert (who perished in a storm) to the North American coast; of John Davis to the Arctic Seas; of Thomas Cavendish, a Suffolk gentleman, round the world, nearly in the track of Drake; and of Merriek and Richard Hawkins to the South Seas, were the principal remaining maritime enterprises of the reign.

and the starch of his Spanish manners. The English Queen had quite forgotten the stately protection he had once or twice afforded her, when he lodged at Whitehall as the husband of her haggard step-sister. All these things and other floating seeds of discontent had mingled up into one huge sense of injury, which exploded now in war.

So early as June 1587 a treaty against England was concluded between Philip and the Pope. Mighty preparations then began. Sixtus V. contributed bags of *scudi* for the holy work. Venice and Genoa hired out their ships to the would-be invader. He seized every boat of sufficient size in the harbours of the Sicilies, and filled the dockyards of Spain and Flanders with the incessant clatter and ring of the shipwright's hammer. Soldiers were enlisted and drilled in every part of his dominions. Nor was England idle in the face of the expected storm. Amid some feeble negotiations which came to nothing, Drake "singed the Spanish monarch's beard," as he humorously styled the destruction of more than one hundred ships in the Spanish harbours. An important though unexpected result of Drake's expedition was the death of the Marquis Santa Cruz, the best admiral in Spain, who, being prevented from accepting a challenge sent him by the great English captain, vexed himself into a fatal fever. The vice-admiral, the Duke of Paliano, died almost at the same time, and the command of the Spanish fleet was given to the Duke of Medina Sidonia, who seems to have possessed little or no nautical skill.

In the summer of 1588, "that memorable year when the dark cloud gathered round our coasts," one hundred and thirty-two vessels rode at anchor in the Tagus, prepared for the destruction of the English throne. Almost half the fleet consisted of *galleons*, huge leviathans, whose wooden ribs were four or five feet thick, and round whose masts heavy cables daubed with pitch were twined to make them shot-proof. There were also great *gallies*, in each of which three hundred slaves tugged at ponderous oars. And the smaller fry—*sabraes*, *pataches*, *caravels*—swarmed thick between. Two thousand six hundred cannons of brass and iron, with corresponding ammunition; muskets, calivers, halberts, and partisans; carts and waggons; spades and baskets for the pioneers; horses and mules; with half a year's supply of biscuit, wine, cheese, and bacon, loaded every deck and hold. Besides eight thousand sailors and the galley-slaves, there was on board an army of twenty thousand men.

The Spanish plan was this:—While the Armada swept the Channel clear of English ships, and held, even if it were but for a time, the undisputed mastery of these waters, the army, collected at Dunkirk by Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma and Captain-General of the Spanish Netherlands, a man who deserves to be called the greatest soldier of the age, was to embark in the flat-bottoms prepared for the purpose, and under the convoy of the fleet to effect a descent upon the coast of Kent or elsewhere. A swift dash on London would then lay England trembling at the feet of Spain.

It speaks well for English patriotism that in this hour of extreme peril—such a crisis as England had never faced before, has never since faced—religious

differences sank out of sight, and the nation stood up as one man to beat the invader back. Although Philip warred in the character of a Crusader fighting for the Romish creed, the Roman Catholics of England met him as a foe, and that, although the ashes of their friends still smoked at the persecuting stake, and their leaders were in nearly every case shut out from command by Protestant jealousy. Lord Howard of Effingham, the admiral who saved England from invasion, was himself a Roman Catholic. Economy had reduced the English navy to thirty-six ships; but ship after ship was added, Englishmen of every grade grudging nothing to augment the fleet, until one hundred and ninety-one vessels were ready for sea. The tonnage of these ships did not reach half that of the Spanish fleet; but in this, as will be seen, lay one cause of their great victory. Every name of renown in the naval annals of the time may be read in the list of commanders who sailed with Effingham. The Dutch, who dreaded beyond all things a victory of Philip over England, sent their ships to aid the Protestant cause; but their share in the transaction was chiefly confined to blockading Parma at Nieuport and Dunkirk. The English soldiers, amounting to one hundred and thirty thousand without the London levies, were arrayed in formidable bands along the southern coast and the estuary of the Thames. Milford Haven too had its guard. But the camp at Tilbury has associations that the others do not possess, for there the Queen, clad in armour and reining a gallant charger, reviewed the troops mustered to defend the heart of England, and spoke stout words of trust in her subjects and disdain of her insolent foe.

All being ready, the Invincible Armada, as the Spanish King presumed to style his fleet, left the Tagus on the 29th of May 1588. It met its first disaster off Cape Finisterre, where a storm sank four large vessels, and drove the rest, worn with wind and wave, to seek a shelter in Corunna and the neighbouring harbours. Meanwhile it had been wisely decided in the English councils, Raleigh urging the weightiest reasons, to meet the Armada by sea, and prevent, if possible, any invasion at all. The news of the storm which had smitten the Armada excited some hope in England that there would be no attack during the present year; and Elizabeth bade Effingham pay off four of his best ships. He replied that he would rather keep them floating at his own cost, and sailed away across the Bay of Biscay to see whether the Armada was really disabled or not. Having found that the check was only temporary, back he came to Plymouth with all sails set, hurrying lest some of the fleetest Spanish ships might cut him off from the English shore.

And then was played on the Hoe at Plymouth that unrivalled game of bowls, which fixes itself like a picture on the memory. We can see it all. The faint hazy blue of the sultry July sky arching over sun-baked land and glittering sea,—the group of captains on the grass, peak-bearded and befrilled in the fashion of Elizabeth's day,—the gleaming wings of Fleming's little barque skimming the green waters, like a sea-gull, on her way to Plymouth harbour with the weightiest news. She touches the rude pier: the skipper makes

hastily for the Hoe, and tells how that morning he saw the giant hulls off the Cornish coast, and how he has with difficulty escaped by the swiftness of his ship. The breathless silence changes to a storm of July 19, tongues; but that resolute man who laded the *Golden Hind* with 1588 Spanish *pesos*, and cut the waves of every ocean round the globe, calls A.D. on his comrades to play out the match, for there is plenty of time to do so and to beat the Spaniards too. It is Drake who speaks. The game is resumed, and played to the last shot. Then begin earnest preparations for a mightier game—a nation's life the awful stake. Out of Plymouth along every road men spur for life or death, and every headland and mountain peak shoots up its red tongue of warning flame.

In the teeth of a strong gale the English ships made their way out of port, and on the following day (July 20th) the admiral saw a curving line of giant vessels spreading over seven miles of sea. This first glimpse did not daunt him, for he knew that his lighter craft were better suited to the kind of fighting he had resolved to try. He let the Spaniards pass and hung upon their rear, as they lumbered up the Channel towards Calais. The *Disdain* (Captain Jonas Bradbury) fired upon a straggler. The *Ark Royal*, which bore Effingham's flag, tackled to a monster galleon. The *Revenge* (Drake), the *Victory* (Hawkins), and the *Triumph* (Frobisher) fell upon the rearward line. The account of the skirmish reminds one strongly of nimble sharp-knuckled dwarfs, dancing fiercely round unwieldy giants, who writhe under the stinging blows and wildly beat the air with clumsy fists. Drake, following his old work, made a prize of a treasure-ship with 55,000 ducats. This success, and the experience of the fight, in which the tall Spaniards had riddled the sea with their shot, firing clean over the little English vessels, filled the hearts of the English crews with joy. But much was yet to be done. Howard went back to Plymouth for Raleigh and the Cornish divisions of the fleet.

On the 23d there was a whole day's fighting off Portland, night and the want of powder for the English guns alone bringing the contest to a close. The 25th saw a similar scene with a similar result—the capture or crippling of Spanish ships—enacted off the Isle of Wight. English powder ran short again; and the Spanish admiral had fired off all his heavy shot, most of which were now reposing at the bottom of the Channel. So the giant game went on, until the Spanish fleet came to anchor off Calais on the 27th.

Sidonia's hopes now leant wholly upon Parma; but that illustrious captain lay cooped in Flanders, with rotting boats, sick soldiers, and empty bread-casks, watched moreover so closely by the Dutch, that, even if able, he could not safely have put to sea. There was sudden check-mate now. Seymour's squadron from the Flemish coast having run down the Strait to join Admiral Howard, the Armada must fight before proceeding to Dunkirk to Parma's aid. In fact the colossal fleet, with all its castellated hulls ranged like a line of huge fortresses, was now blocked by one hundred and forty English ships, swift, light, and strong. That night (the 29th) a fearful cry, "The fire of

Antwerp," rang from the Spanish line over the dark waters. For eight small ships, daubed with pitch and resin and filled with explosive substances, had been steered by some daring Englishmen close to the heaving castles, and there set on fire. This stratagem broke the line. In the panic, which the flaring fire and the frequent crashes struck through the whole Spanish fleet, many cut their cables; a huge galley ran against another ship and broke off its own rudder; all was confusion, and Sidonia's signal-gun was not heard, or taken only for another burst of death from the flaming ships.

All was over now. Sunset had burned out over a strong and solid wall of majestic vessels riding proudly at anchor; dawn glimmered upon scattered masts making for all points of the compass. The disunited limbs of the Armada fell an easy prey to the English ships, which during the next day took, sank, or drove ashore several Spanish vessels. The mass of the fleet fled northward at the bidding of the admiral, who saw no way home but round the northern coast of Scotland. Had the powder of the English not run out again (this false economy hampered the movements of the ships all through the affair), so many would not have sailed away to the unknown friths and sounds of the North. The shores of Orkney, the coast of Norway, the Mull of Cantyre, the rocks of Ulster and Connaught have still their stories of Spanish wreckwood and the olive scarecrows who were cast dead or scarcely living out of the angry sea. A few ships, driven backward through the Channel, easily became the prize of the English and their friends. In the last part of September Sidonia brought three-and-fifty weather-beaten and mutilated ships, scantily filled with ghastly sufferers, to an anchor in Santander Bay. His rival Effingham had long ago received the thanks of his Queen and the plaudits of his countrymen, and was then resting on his laurels, won with the cost of very little English life and not one English ship of any size.

The words of Drake may sum the matter up: "With all their great and terrible ostentation they did not in all their sailing round about England so much as sink or take one ship, bark, pinnace, or cock-boat of ours, or even burn so much as one sheep-cote on this land." Spain has never recovered the blow. England—to be Britain soon—won most of all by this achievement that kingdom of the seas, which she has never since lost.

CHAPTER VI.

"MERRIE ENGLANDE."

Dress and manners.
The Gull's Hornbook.
Aristocrats at play.
The Kenilworth pageant.

The Lord of Misrule.
Yule-log and Boar's Head.
Evening games.

May-day and Morrice.
Vigil of St. John.
Superstitions.

UNDER the heading of this chapter I propose to give a short account of the sports and pastimes which entitled Old England to the name. Nor shall I omit, in tracing the outlines of this attractive subject, to give darker glimpses of the superstitions and social mischiefs which cast heavy shadow on the bright merriment of the time.

English society made rapid strides of improvement during the Tudor Period. The Elizabethan houses greatly surpassed those of Henry the Seventh's reign both in point of internal convenience and outward beauty. The furniture too displayed increasing artistic taste—carved tables and buffets, richly ornamented clocks, and Turkey carpets for the covering of couches having become not uncommon in the mansions of the great. The beaux and belles of the earlier Tudor reigns loved the dress which the faithful pencil of Hans Holbein,¹ a painter from Basle who settled at the court of Henry VIII., has made familiar to every memory. The men, gleaming in red or blue velvet crusted with gold, clipped their hair but cultivated their beards, while their excessively broad-toed shoes vied with their doublets in slashes and puffs without end. The ladies, who shared the use of the "aygleted" Milan bonnet with the sterner sex, appear in the fashion of this time more staid and Quakerish than in the gorgeous days of Bess. This perhaps is owing to the fashion of wearing aprons, caps, and high square collars in the street. The accession of Anne Bullen's daughter saw a change. The deforming cambric ruff with its glaze of yellow starch began to choke both courtiers and maids of honour. Fair-haired wigs—red being among the favourite hues—perched upon the heads of maid and matron; and a sly peep at the little looking-glass, which dangled from the belt, was often needed to see that this questionable ornament was sticking in its place. String upon string of pearls hung in long loops from the neck; and when we picture rows of female figures thus bedizened, sitting outside the street-doors, munching sweetmeats or smoking tobacco, as they watched the gallants strutting by in trunk-hose and corked shoes, or the heavy leathern portmanteaus upon wheels, which had just been introduced under the name of coaches, rumbling past with their human freight, we have a tolerable idea of lady-life in Elizabethan London. The black ugly teeth of English women—due to either or both of the habits just named—attracted

¹ Arriving in England in 1526 with a letter from Erasmus to Sir Thomas More, Holbein started under royal patronage as a court portrait-painter. He died of the plague in 1554.

especial notice from the chroniclers and foreign visitors of the time. A great novelty of the day was the use of rapier and dagger by the gentlemen in their frequent duels instead of the old-fashioned sword and buckler. Unequal length of blade causing considerable odds in combat, it became necessary to fix a standard; and by a royal order citizens of weight stood on certain days at the gates to break every blade beyond a yard in length down to the settled size.

The *Gull's Hornbook*, written by the dramatist Dekker, supplies us with a picture of fast London life in the opening of the seventeenth century. The morning toilet of the gallant—his lounge in the fashionable walk at St. Paul's Churchyard—his chance visit to the neighbouring book-stalls—his practice in the schools for dancing and fencing—the elaborate apparatus of his smoking machine, which he kindles in the smoking-ordinary—the eleven o'clock shilling dinner at the fashionable eating-house—the cards and pipes that followed—the stool upon the stage, where he smokes and makes audible remarks upon the actors in the middle of their tenderest or most tremendous parts—the revelries of the closing night, and the perilous homeward walk, at nine or so, through the dark thief-swarming lanes, lighted only by the rare and feeble glimmer of the watch-lantern, rise in succession as we read the vivid pages.

An evening or rather an afternoon party then amused themselves, as we now do, chiefly with music, dancing, and games of various kinds. Playing on the cittern or the virginals accompanied by the voice, dancing *corantos*, *lavolias*, or that extremely rigid dance called *pavo* or *parin* after the solemn strutting peacock, varied with backgammon, shovel-board and different games at cards, bearing such obsolete names as *maur*, *lodam*, *noddy*, *gloek*, sped the hours quickly on. In town the theatre was a great resort. From one o'clock till four, that is during most of the interval between dinner and supper, the flag on the roof of the play-house fluttered its gandy announcement that the play was going on. Within, the groundlings roared and drank, and the gallants, between their long whiffs, drawled across the stage to each other the fashionable big talk invented or rather introduced by Euphues Lilly. A visit to the bear-garden, the bull-ring, or the cock-pit supplied townsmen with another excitement highly to their taste. The taint of savagery still lingered in the very highest classes of the nation; and some of the most delicate dames of the court would, for a frolic, cross the bridge to Paris Garden in Southwark, pay their penny at the gate and their twopence for admission to the reserved seats, and there enjoy the leering of the pink-eyed bear, as he hugged the dogs to death, or shook his head all foul with gore and foam in the agonies of the cruel sport.

The pageant still continued to be not merely the delight of the citizens, as it still is, but the stated amusement of the court. Of all the variegated shows which the time produced, the displays at Kenilworth in honour of Elizabeth's visit to Dudley bear the palm. Tinselled pasteboard giants with

real trumpeters inside greeted Her Grace as she neared the gate. A porter, dressed as Hercules, presented her with the keys. Then over the pool or moat came a mock Lady of the Lake, who made a little speech, before the Queen crossed the bridge, glittering with classical gifts of the heathen gods—grain in silver bowls from Ceres, wine and grapes from Bacchus, instruments of music from Apollo, and so forth. What with music, fireworks, hunting, bear-baiting, pageants on the water with Arion singing on the dolphin's back, masques, banquets, and plays, it was not Dudley's fault if his royal Mistress lacked entertainment in his castle.

The approach of Christmas flung all England into a chaos of mad unfettered fun and mischief. In every great household, in every country parish, the people, intent on revelry, chose one of their number to be Lord of Misrule. From All-Hallow Eve to the day after the Feast of the Purification this leader headed a gang of mischief-makers, who abandoned themselves to the full swing of their riotous humours. Clad in green or yellow, with scarfs and ribands fluttering round them, jewels gleaming on hand and dress, and bright-coloured handkerchiefs, borrowed from their sweethearts, tied round their necks, they went, with hobby-horses and pasteboard dragons capering to the thunder of parchment and the squeaking of shrill fifes, right into the churches with hubbub and foolish songs. It mattered not how the parson was then engaged. His prayer or his sermon met with a sudden check; the congregation got up on the seats of the pews to gaze at the annual pageant, which gradually melted out of the church into the churchyard, to turn that quiet place of graves into a scene of drunkenness and all its troop of kindred vices. The leader of these riots often received clerical preferment at Court, being there called the Abbot of Misrule. The Scottish Abbot of Unreason, put down by Act of Parliament in 1555, was a doubtful dignitary of the same stamp.

But the Christmas, that was kept in old English manor-houses at this time, for all its license and untamed riot, was a picturesque and hearty festival. With shouts of merriment on Christmas Eve the huge Yule-log was dragged into the hall, wetting the rushes underfoot with the drip of its half-thawed icicles. Smoking torches flared red in the frosty air outside: within, the wide chimney gaped for its expected load, while on the antlered walls around, decked with the spoils and weapons of the greenwood, glittered the dark polished green of holly and ivy leaves, the former sprinkled thick with its coral berries. Next day, when the feast time came and the guests were seated, amid a braying of horns a stout cook staggered in, bearing on a silver dish the choicest fare of the Christmas table—a boar's head, garnished, as were many dishes then, with sprigs of rosemary. What wealth of rich meats and delicate confections disappeared before the Christmas roisterers, who washed the solids down with muscadine and sweetened sack, or with that seductive creamy drink, poetically known as Lamb's Wool, in the compounding of which sound old ale, unlimited spice and sugar, and a roasted crab-apple

played very prominent parts, while in the drinking of it a branch of rosemary to stir its fragrant depths was deemed essential by the toppers of the day! While the squires thus regaled themselves, the nobles and the Queen kept more solemn but more splendid state, sweetening their dainty persons with rose-water before the meal began. It was the fashion of the table to wear the hat, which was gracefully doffed as each health went round. Meantime the working men swilled *huffcap*, a kind of strong coarse ale, that made short work of the drinker's brain. At Christmas time many sports, forbidden at other seasons, could be indulged in. Thus, apprentices had then permission to play cards within their masters' houses. Every second house resounded with the noise of Hoodman's Blind (what we call Blind Man's Buff), Hot Cocks (the *Hautes Coquilles* of the French), and the spectral Snap-Dragon. On New Year's Eve an interchange of presents among friends was customary; and the wassail-bowl was carried from house to house by young girls, who expected some money from every one that tasted the liquor.

To describe with any minuteness the numerous holidays and festivals which studded the Old English calendar, would carry me far beyond the space at my command. The slaughtering of cocks at Shrove-tide, the games of handball played at Easter for tansy cakes, the rope-bindings of Hock Tuesday (the third Tuesday after Easter) were but so many interludes between the great Saturnalia of Christmas time and the scarcely inferior games and sports that ushered in an English May. At midnight, or a little after, on the 1st of May, all the young men and girls of the village or parish sallied out into the woods, where they plucked green boughs and twined the spring blossoms into brilliant wreaths and festoons. About sunrise they returned in procession, while many yoke of oxen, gaily dressed with flowers, dragged the May-pole to the place where it was to stand. This central standard of the sport streamed with ribands and kerchiefs of various colours, and was wreathed from base to summit with flowery branches. Round it the dance circled all day long in ceaseless waves of jollity, every band, as it wearied, being recruited or replaced by those who had been resting and refreshing themselves in the arbours on the green. The great London Maypole was set up on Cornhill, where it "towered high above the steeple of St. Andrews." May-day was one of the great occasions, on which the Morrice-dancers shook their variously toned bells, and the richly trapped hobby-horse ambled in his plumes and traveries. The chief characters suited to this time of greenwood sports were Maid Marian and Robin Hood, who were never absent from the frolics of May-day. The milkmaids' dance, with a weighty head-dress of silver tankards and cups, also belonged to this time of year. Midsummer Eve or the Vigil of St. John was kept by the lighting of great bonfires. London, especially, on that night was all ablaze during the reigns of the earlier Tudors, for the streets were filled with constables and watchmen in bright harness, bearing lighted cressets—a most expensive civic display, which disappeared about the time of Edward VI. Thus Old England ran riot with pageants and junketings, wakes and church-

ales, in the last of which the clergy broached barrels of strong liquor in the churchyards for sale to their pious customers, who drank themselves drunk in proof of their orthodoxy, he that spent most being esteemed the godliest of the lot. It was a strange medley of fun and foulness—this “*merrie Englande*” of the olden time.

That superstition still brooded heavily over the English mind, even in its highest phases, is well known. Every reader of the domestic annals of the time is familiar with stories of supposed witchcraft, and the cruel means that were adopted to crush the unfortunate people, on whom age, ugliness, or some equally cogent cause had drawn down suspicion. Then too the astrologer plied his gainful trade, turning the golden lustre of the stars into lustre of an earthlier kind—the yellow light of chinking gold. And the alchemist had not yet suspended his wasting and vain search in the alembic and the crucible. Fairies danced under every green tree and ghosts promenaded the churchyard from midnight until cock-crow. We can scarcely blame the thick-clustering superstitions of these ages gone, when we remember the spirit world, peopled with shapes of loveliness and mirth and terror, that supplied our Shakspeare with material for the weird incantations of *Macbeth*, the “pale majesty of Denmark,” the elfish fun and sweet poetic grace of the *Midsummer Night’s Dream*. A poet of our own day has lamented the change, since—

“ Our wretched doubtings banished
The graceful spirit people, dwellers in the earth and sea,
Whom in times now dim and olden,
When the world was fresh and golden,
Every mortal could behold in
Haunted rath and tower and tree.”

’Tis true we have lost the fairies, but we have found their wings, and our thoughts, borne on electric pinions, can girdle the world faster than Puck himself; while the ghosts of our day (excepting those unhappy spirits doomed to walk the pages of a sensational romance) abstain from midnight wanderings, and leave unhurt the tender nervous systems of old women and little boys.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE SECOND BOOK.

(1216 A.D.—1603 A.D.)

DYNASTY OF THE PLANTAGENETS—(continued.)

4. HENRY III. OF WINCHESTER (1216-1272.)

Married ELEANOR OF PROVENCE.

A.D.

1216. Coronation at Gloucester of Henry, John's son, aged nine. Pembroke made Regent or Protector.
1217. Successful campaign against the invader Louis, who, defeated at Lincoln, leaves England. De Burgh destroys a French fleet off Calais.
1219. Death of the Regent Pembroke. De Burgh and De Roches struggle for the chief ministry.
1223. Declared of age at seventeen, Henry demands from France the restitution of Normandy. A refusal causes war.
1225. *Magna Charta solemnly confirmed*: the Forest Charter granted. Loss of Poitou.
1230. Henry's second invasion of France.
1232. De Burgh, dismissed, gives place to De Roches, Bishop of Winchester. This arrangement was again reversed in 1234.
1242. Henry's third invasion of France. Battles of Taillebourg and Saintes.
1255. A writ issued requiring the barons to bring to Parliament "two good and discreet Knights of each county." These were the first members returned by the Commons.
1257. A Parliament of mailed men meets at Westminster—an omen of struggle.
1258. *The Provisions of Oxford enacted*. Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, leads the movement against the King.
1259. Peace with France. Henry gives up all claim on Normandy and Poitou.
1264. *Battle of Lewes*. Henry and Edward prisoners. The *Mise of Lewes* concluded.
1265. A writ issued by Montfort in the King's name, summoning the Sheriffs to return two Knights for every county, and two Citizens or Burgesses for every city and borough within it. **THUS THE ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS HAD ITS BIRTH.** *Battle of Evesham*, and death of Montfort.
1267. Roger Bacon, a priest of Oxford, sends his *Opus Majus* to Pope Clement IV. at the Pontiff's request. Gunpowder, the telescope, and the magnet are said to have been understood in embryo by this man of science.
1270. Prince Edward joins the Eighth Crusade.
1272. King Henry dies at Westminster, aged nearly sixty-six.

5. EDWARD I. OF LONGSHANKS (1272-1307.)

Married, 1. ELEANOR OF CASTILE; 2. MARGARET OF FRANCE.

1274. Return from Palestine and coronation of Edward I.
1282. *Conquest of Wales completed* by the death of Llewelyn.

A.D.

1284. The title Prince of Wales given for the first time to the eldest son of the King of England, Edward II. being born at Caernarvon in that year.
1290. Disputed succession in Scotland owing to the death of Margaret, Maid of Norway. Expulsion of the Jews from England.
1292. John Baliol, appointed King of Scotland by Edward, does homage at New-castle.
1296. Battle of Dunbar and abdication of Baliol.
1297. Wallace defeats the English at *Cambuskenneth near Stirling*. Wallace made Guardian of Scotland. Famous Act *De Tallagio* passed: again in 1306.
1298. Wallace is defeated at *Falkirk* by King Edward.
1305. Execution of Wallace at Westminster, the false Menteith having betrayed him in the previous year.
1306. *Robert Bruce crowned King of Scotland* at Scone. Northward march of old Edward, who takes ill at Carlisle.
1307. Death of Edward, aged sixty-seven, at Burgh-upon-Sands on the Solway Frith, July 7.

6. EDWARD II. or CAERNARVON (1307-1327).

Married ISABELLA, DAUGHTER OF PHILIP IV. OF FRANCE.

1307. Young Edward leads his army southward, and recalls Gaveston. The Barons unite under the Earl of Lancaster against the favourite.
1308. Abolition in England of the Order of Knights Templars. The Papal Bull is dated 1313.
1310. *The Appointment of Ordainers.*
1312. Gaveston, made prisoner, is beheaded at Blacklow Hill near Warwick.
1314. June 24.—*BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.*
1315. Edward Bruce invades Ireland. He is killed, three years later, at Dundalk.
1322. Battle of Boroughbridge, and execution of Lancaster at Pontefract.
1326. Queen Isabella, having fled to France, lands with an army at Orwell.
1327. The Parliament at Westminster renounces fealty to Edward. He is murdered in Berkeley Castle, September 20.

7. EDWARD III. or WINDSOR (1327-1377).

Married PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT.

1330. Mortimer, paramour of Queen Isabella, hanged at Tyburn. She is confined for life in Castle Rising.
1333. Defeat of the Scots at Halidon Hill. Edward supports the claim of Baliol.
1337. Beginning of the French War, Edward having claimed the crown of France through his mother.
1340. The English win a naval victory at Sluys.
1346. *BATTLE OF CRECY.* Battle of Nevil's Cross.
1351. *The Statute of Treasons* enacted by the Blessed Parliament.
1356. *Battle of Poitiers.*
1360. Treaty of Bretigny between France and England.
1367. The Black Prince in Spain; wins the victory of Navarretta.
1376. Death of the Black Prince, aged forty-five.
1377. Appearance of John Wycliffe before Convocation in St. Paul's. Death of King Edward at Shene, aged sixty-five.

8. RICHARD II. or BORDEAUX (1377-1399).

Married, 1. ANNE OF BOHEMIA; 2. ISABELLA OF FRANCE.

A.D.

1377. Richard, aged eleven, son of the Black Prince, becomes King.
The Commons elect their first Speaker.
1381. *Rising of the lower orders under Wat Tyler* and others, excited by a poll-tax.
Tyler killed at Smithfield.
1384. Death of Wycliffe, whose English Bible had been lately completed.
1388. The Wonderful Parliament. Battle of Otterburn or Chevy Chase.
1390. William of Wykeham, priest, architect, and statesman, becomes Chancellor.
1392. *The Statute of Praemunire* passed.
1397. Supposed murder of the Duke of Gloucester, uncle of the King, at Calais.
1398. The quarrel and banishment of Norfolk and Hereford.
1399. The latter, becoming Duke of Lancaster by his father's death, lands at Ravenspur and dethrones his cousin Richard. Surrender of Richard at Flint.

THE HOUSE OF LANCASTER.

9. HENRY IV. or BOLINGBROKE (1399-1413).

1400. Murder of Richard at Pontefract, aged thirty-three.
1401. *Law for the burning of heretics passed.* Martyrdom of Sawtre.
1402. Battle of Homildon Hill. The Percys defeat the Douglasses.
1403. *Rebellion of the Percys and Owen Glendower.* Battle of Shrewsbury, in which Hotspur is slain (July 21).
1405. Scroop's conspiracy put down. Arrest and imprisonment of the Scottish Prince James, afterwards James I., off Flamborough Head.
1406. Second Mayoralty of Whittington.
1408. Defeat and death of old Northumberland at Bramham Moor in Yorkshire.
1413. Death of Henry of epilepsy at Westminster aged forty-six.

10. HENRY V. or MONMOUTH (1413-1422).

Married CATHERINE OF FRANCE.

1414. Arrest of Lollards in St. Giles's Fields. Escape of Oldcastle or Cobham.
1415. French War. *Battle of Azincourt* (Oct. 25).
1417. Arrest and execution of Cobham, chief of the Lollards.
1419. Siege and capture of Rouen.
1420. Treaty of Troyes; and marriage of the King.
1421. Renewal of war. Defeat of the English at Beaujè.
1422. Death of Henry at Vincennes, aged thirty-three.

11. HENRY VI. or WINDSOR (1422-1461).

Married MARGARET OF ANJOU.

1422. Henry being only nine months old, a council of twenty is appointed. John, Duke of Bedford, its president, governs the English possessions in France: Humphrey of Gloucester is Regent of England.

A.D.

1423. The English win the battle of *Crevant*, June 10.
James I. of Scotland set free.
1424. Bedford gains the great victory of *Verneuil*.
1426. Cardinal Beaufort and Humphrey of Gloucester quarrel.
1428. The English besiege Orleans.
1429. *The city is relieved by Joan of Arc.*
The county franchise limited to freeholders of at least forty shillings.
1431. Joan of Arc burned at Rouen.
1435. *Treaty of Arras.* Death of Bedford, who is succeeded by the Duke of York.
1441. Foundation of Eton College.
Trial and condemnation of the Duchess of Gloucester and others for witchcraft.
1442. Victories of John Talbot in Normandy.
1445. Plot against Gloucester.
1447. His death, and that of Beaufort, his great rival.
1450. *Battle of Fourmigni.*
Execution at sea of Suffolk.
Rebellion of Cade. He is killed by Iden.
1453. Death of Talbot and his son at Châtillon.
Close of the French War, which stripped England of all her French possessions except Calais and the Channel Islands.
1454. Henry's illness. York, whose great rival is Somerset, made Protector.
1455. York required to resign.
THE WAR OF THE ROSES BEGINS. *First Battle of St. Albans* (May 22).
Somerset killed. Yorkists victorious.
1456. York is joined by Salisbury and his son Warwick (the Kingmaker).
1459. *Battle of Blenheim.* Yorkists victorious. Desertion of his troops obliges York to take refuge in Ireland.
1460. *Battle of Northampton.* Capture of Henry by the Yorkists.
Duke of York enters London.
But is slain in the battle of Wakefield.
1461. His son Edward, Earl of March, claims the crown.
Wins the *Battle of Mortimer's Cross.*
Warwick defeated in the *Second Battle of St. Albans.*
But Edward enters London in triumph, while Henry takes refuge in the North (May 4).

THE HOUSE OF YORK.

12. EDWARD IV., THE ROSE OF ROUEN (1461-1483).

Married ELIZABETH WOODVILLE OR GREY.

1461. *Battle of Towton*, March 30. Henry, Margaret, and their son flee to Scotland.
1464. *Battles of Hedgeley Moor and Hexham*, disastrous to the Lancastrians.
1465. Betrayed by a monk of Abingdon, Henry is sent to the Tower.
1466. Quarrel between Edward and Warwick. The latter unites with Clarence, a discontented brother of the King.
1469. Rising of peasantry in Yorkshire. *Battle of Edgecote*, which places Edward in the hands of Warwick.

A.D.

1470. Rising in Lincolnshire. Battle of Erpingham or Lose Coat Field. Warwick and Clarence, escaping to France, unite with Margaret. They land at Plymouth, Sept. 13. Flight of Edward from Lynn to Holland. Restoration of Henry for the winter.
1471. Edward lands at Ravenspur, March 14.
Battle of Barnet; Warwick slain, April 14.
 Battle of Tewkesbury (May 4). Murder of Prince Edward (son of Henry).
 Supposed murder of Henry in the Tower.
1474. INTRODUCTION OF PRINTING BY CAXTON. Publication of "The Game and Playe of Chesses."
1475. Invasion of France by Edward. Treaty of Pecquigny.
1478. Murder of George Duke of Clarence.
1483. Death of Edward IV., aged forty-one.

13. EDWARD V. (April 9–June 25, 1483).

Only twelve years old.

1483. Execution of Hastings and Rivers. Committal of Edward and his brother York to the Tower by the scheming Gloucester, June 26. Gloucester with pretended reluctance takes the crown.

14. RICHARD III. or CROOKBACK (1483–1485).

Married ANNE NEVILLE, DAUGHTER OF WARWICK AND WIDOW OF PRINCE EDWARD.

1483. Supposed murder of the Princes in the Tower by order of their uncle Gloucester. Oct.—Revolt and execution of Buckingham, by whose aid Richard had obtained the crown.
1485. Landing of Richmond at Milford Haven. Battle of Bosworth or Redmore in which Richard III. is slain, aged thirty-three (Aug. 22).

DYNASTY OF THE TUDORS—1485 A.D. to 1603 A.D.

1. HENRY VII. (1485–1509).

Married ELIZABETH OF YORK.

1485. Richmond succeeds under the title of Henry VII.
1486. The rival Roses united by the King's marriage.
 Appearance of Lambert Simnel in Ireland.
1487. Battle of Stoke (June 16), by which Simnel's imposture is crushed.
 Building of the "Great Harry."
1488. War in Bretagne.
1492. Henry invades France. Peace of Estaples.
 Death of Caxton the printer.
 Appearance of Perkin Warbeck in Ireland.
 Discovery of America by Columbus, whose brother Bartholomew had been already in England, exhibiting charts of the Atlantic.
1495. First invasion of Warbeck at Deal. Easily repelled.
1496. His reception in Scotland, where James IV. entertains him royally. Invasion of England on the north to no purpose.

A.D.

1497. A Cornish insurrection. Warbeck lands there. Besieges Exeter, but deserts his army, is taken, and imprisoned.
The voyages of the Cabots, who discover Newfoundland.
Vasco di Gama doubles the Cape.
1499. Executions of Warwick and Warbeck.
1502. Marriage of Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., to James IV. of Scotland—a wedding which leads to the Union of 1603.
1504. Dudley and Empson become infamous by their extortions.
1505. The Duke of Suffolk's plot.
1509. Death of Henry VII. of gout and consumption, aged fifty-four.

2. HENRY VIII. (1509-1547).

*Married, 1. CATHERINE OF ARRAGON; 2. ANNE BULLEN—beheaded; 3. JANE SEYMOUR;
4. ANNE OF CLEVELAND; 5. CATHERINE HOWARD—beheaded; 6. CATHERINE PARR.*

1510. Wolsey appointed Royal Almoner.
1511. Henry joins the coalition against France.
1513. Battle of Guingette, Aug. 16.
Battle of Flodden, Sept. 9.
1514. Wolsey raised to the See of York.
1515. Receives a Cardinal's hat and a seat on the woolsack.
1517. Luther's Theses published at Wittenberg.
1518. Wolsey made Papal Legate.
1519. Francis I. and Charles V. both court Wolsey and the English King.
1520. The *Field of the Cloth of Gold*, followed by the private interview at Gravelines.
1521. The title *Fidei Defensor* conferred on Henry by the Pope.
1526. Probable publication of Tyndale's New Testament in English.
1527. Rise of the Divorce Question. Wolsey in a dilemma.
1528. The martyr Hamilton burned at St. Andrews.
1529. The *Court of Campeggio*. Disgrace of Wolsey and elevation of More to the woolsack.
1530. Death of Wolsey (Nov. 28) at Leicester Abbey.
1532. Resignation of More. Cranmer becomes Primate instead of Warham.
1534. *Act of Supremacy passed*, which finally severs England from Rome. The Barton imposture.
1535. Executions of More and Bishop Fisher.
Miles Coverdale completes his translation of the whole Bible.
1536. Legislative union of England and Wales.
Suppression of the monasteries begins.
1537. A rebellion in the north called the Pilgrimage of Grace.
1538. Trial of John Nicolson or Lambert for alleged heresy. He is burned at Smithfield.
1539. Suppression and plunder of the monasteries completed.
Enactment of *The Bloody Statute or Six Articles*.
1540. Execution of Thomas Cromwell (July 28) on Tower Hill.
1542. The Scottish army under Sinclair routed on Solway Moss. Death of James V. in consequence.
1543. Publication of the *King's Book* with a preface by Henry. It enjoined the acceptance again of the Seven Sacraments, and was the third edition of the *Necessary Doctrine and Erudition*.

A.D.

1544. Peace of Cr  py between Charles V. and Francis I., leaving Henry alone to fight with Francis.
The Litany first spoken in English.
1545. French and English ships exchange shots in the Solent.
1546. Anne Ascue burned, July 16. Conspiracy of Norfolk and Surrey. George Wishart burned at St. Andrews.
1547. Execution of the poet Surrey, Jan. 21.
Death of Henry VIII. (Jan. 27) at Westminster, from the effects of an ulcer in the leg. He was fifty-six years old.

3. EDWARD VI. (1547-1553).

1547. The King being only ten, the government was vested in a Protector (Duke of Somerset, his uncle) and a council of twenty-eight.
Battle of Pinkie near Musselburgh, Sept. 10.
1549. Plots of Seymour of Sudley, High-Admiral. Executed, March 20.
The Norfolk rising under Ket, the tanner.
Fall of Somerset's government. Sent to the Tower, he gives place to Dudley, Earl of Warwick and afterwards Duke of Northumberland.
1552. *Execution of Somerset on Tower Hill, Jan. 22.*
Completion of the Anglican Liturgy.
1553. Marriage of Guildford Dudley and Jane Grey.
Death of the boyish king, aged sixteen, at Greenwich.

4. MARY I. (1553-1558).

Married PHILIP II. OF SPAIN.

1553. Hugh Willoughby frozen off Lapland while trying the north-east passage to China.
Ten days' demonstration in favour of Jane Grey. Mary proclaimed at Cheapside, July 19.
Execution of Northumberland.
1554. Insurrections of Wyatt and Carew.
Executions of Guildford Dudley, Jane Grey, and her father Suffolk.
The Spanish bridegroom arrives. *The marriage.*
Cardinal Reginald Pole comes to England as Papal Legate, Nov. 30. *England is formally received once more into the Roman Catholic Church.*
1555. Beginning of the Marian persecution. Rogers burned at Smithfield, Feb. 4.
Latimer and Ridley burned at Oxford, Oct. 16.
1556. *Archbishop Cranmer, who was imprisoned in 1553, burned, March 21.*
1557. Aug. 10.—Defeat of the French at St. Quentin. The English allies of Spain helped, two days later, to storm the town.
1558. Capture of Calais by the Duke of Guise, Jan. 6.
Death of Queen Mary at St. James's of fever, aged forty-two. Pole dies at Lambeth within twenty-four hours.

5. ELIZABETH (1558-1603).

Never married.

1559. The first Parliament of Elizabeth, besides annulling the enactments of Mary, pass the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity.

- A.D.
1562. The Thirty-Nine Articles of the Anglican Church ratified.
 Havre yielded to Elizabeth by the Huguenots. Lost next year.
1564. *Birth of Shakspeare*, who goes to London in '86 or '87.
1566. *The Puritan secession*, forced on by Archbishop Parker.
1568. Flight of Mary Stuart into England.
1569. Norfolk's offer of marriage.
 The Banner of the Five Wounds erected in revolt in the northern counties.
1570. Pope Pius V. issues a Bull excommunicating Elizabeth, as his predecessor and namesake had already done.
1571. *Cecil* becomes Lord Burleigh and *Lord High Treasurer*.
1572. Execution of Norfolk and Northumberland.
 Massacre of St. Bartholomew.
1576. Elizabeth declines the sovereignty of the Dutch provinces.
1577. Francis Drake begins his notable voyage round the world. He returns in 1580.
1581. Execution of Campion the Jesuit and others for conspiracy.
1583. Desmond's rebellion in Ireland put down, the chieftain being slain.
1586. The Babington plot discovered.
 Skirmish near Zutphen, where Sidney got his death-wound (Sept. 22).
 Trial of Mary Queen of Scots at Fotheringay begins, Oct. 12.
 Sentence of death pronounced at Westminster, Oct. 25.
1587. *Execution of Mary Queen of Scots*, Feb. 8.
1588. THE SPANISH ARMADA.
 May 29.—Leaves the Tagus for the first time. Driven back by bad weather.
 July 19.—Seen off Plymouth.
 July 20.—First shots fired.
 July 23.—A day's fighting off Portland.
 July 25.—Fighting off the Isle of Wight.
 July 27.—Armada anchors off Calais.
 July 29.—Scattered by fire-ships at night.
 July 30.—The final rout and flight.
1589. Expedition under Drake to Portugal.
1595. Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, rises in rebellion.
1598. Death of Lord-Treasurer Burleigh.
 O'Neill gains a great victory at Blackwater.
1600. First Charter granted to the East India Company.
1601. Execution of Devereux, Earl of Essex.
 Enactment of Poor Laws.
1603. The Irish rebellion crushed by Mountjoy.
1603. Death of Queen Elizabeth, aged seventy, March 24.

BOOK III.

FIRST PERIOD.—KING VERSUS COMMONS.

FROM THE UNION OF THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH CROWNS IN 1603 A.D.,
TO THE CLOSE OF THE GREAT ENGLISH REVOLUTION IN 1689 A.D.

CHAPTER I.

THE BRITISH SOLOMON.

The Main and the Bye.
Hampton Court.
The Gunpowder Treason.
King *versus* Commons.
Divine right.
Hugh Middleton.

Death of Prince Henry.
Favouritism.
Visit to Scotland.
Last days of Raleigh.
The Elector Palatine.

Francis Lord Bacon.
Protest of the Commons.
Trip to Madrid.
Henrietta Maria.
Death of James.

By the time that James Stuart, successor of Elizabeth, had reached the English capital, all England knew that their new King was next thing to a fool. Lifted to the grandeur of the English throne in preference to any of the living heirs of the Suffolk branch¹ by the force of a national feeling, which saw in such a choice the healing of ancient enmities—the grafting of thorny rose and prickly thistle on one stem—he nevertheless managed during his southward journey to incur contempt and dislike on every hand. He made women kneel before him, scolded his wife in public, snubbed soldiers for offending his royal eyes with the sight of cold bare steel, and flung curses in the broadest Scotch at those loyal peasants who drew near to see his Majesty in the hunting-field. Such treatment from a man, whose weak knees and slobbering lips made airs of royalty sit all the more absurdly on him, augured poorly for the comfort of the reign.

Secretary Cecil, son of Lord Burleigh, managed to work himself into the good graces of the King at once, much to the chagrin of Raleigh and other ambitious men, whom he thus outstripped. These baffled politicians joined some discontented members of the Catholic and Puritan parties in the formation of two plots, which had for their object the seizure of the King and his imprisonment, until a change of ministry and the establishment of toleration were

¹ It will be remembered that Henry VIII. executed a will, which left the crown, in failure of his own issue, to the heirs of the Duchess of Suffolk, his younger sister, in preference to the heirs of Margaret, his eldest sister.

wrung from him. Raleigh and Cobham took part in the "Main"—Markham, Watson, and Brooke directed the "Bye;" so the conspiracies were styled. Cecil, kept abreast of the whole proceedings by secret spies, pounced in time upon the heads of the plots. A summer and autumn of plague delayed the falling blow. Raleigh was brought to trial in November at Winchester Castle, charged with treasonable plotting for the murder of the King, and the elevation of his cousin Arabella Stuart to the throne. The weak uncertain confession of his false friend Cobham formed the whole weight of the evidence against him. Edward Coke, the celebrated lawyer, who was then Attorney-General, wasted all the foam and fury he could muster on the undaunted captive, who had seen too many ocean storms and red fights to be moved by the bluster of a rhetorician. Defending himself with that classic eloquence which formed not the least splendid of his splendid gifts, he rejected a paper-accusation, as worthy only of the Spanish Inquisition, and demanded that he and Cobham should meet face to face. He got no reply but abuse. On that long day of battle Raleigh regained the popularity which his eagerness for Essex' fall had cost him. Although three of the conspirators perished—two by the hangman's, one by the headman's hand—Raleigh was reprieved and committed to the Tower, where for the time we leave him with pen and ink, busy with his *History of the World*. A vast subject, strongly suggesting imprisonment for life.

James had no deep affection for the Puritans. He had felt too sharply the sturdy strength of their independence in his northern kingdom, and now, when he found English bishops soft as silk beneath his touch, he resolved that the author of *Basiliicon Doron* and the pupil of George Buchanan should show the Nonconformist doctors of England what scholarship and theological controversy were like. The notable conference at Hampton Court, which gave us the translation of the Bible ever since in use, was held **1604** in January 1604. Arrayed against four Puritan ministers were a **A.D.** King, a score of bishops, and a crowd of courtiers. After hearing the royal logic, Bancroft, Bishop of London, blessed God on bended knees for such a monarch. Whitgift of Canterbury echoed the sentiment without assuming the posture of prayer. "I peppered them soundly," said poor conceited slaving James, "and they fled me from argument to argument like schoolboys."

This conference soured Puritan loyalty a good deal, and, when in the following March the first Parliament of the reign assembled, thickly sprinkled with Puritan members, symptoms of a great struggle began at once to manifest themselves. The Commons first showed fight about an election for Buckinghamshire, refusing to admit the court candidate; and the matter ended in a compromise. They also grappled with the evils resulting from monopoly and purveyance, and, after the usual vote of tonnage and poundage to the King for life, said not a word of any ready money. And, to prevent all mistake as to the position they took up at the opening of the struggle, a committee of the House prepared a document entitled, "A Form of Apology and Satisfaction,"

in which resolutely and fully the privileges and liberties of the Commons were set forth and defended. There is however some doubt as to whether the Apology ever reached King James's hand.

A danger, surrounded with such romantic and picturesque incidents as the historical novelist loves to weave into the texture of his plot, threatened Parliament and King about this time. The heavy persecutions, to which the Catholics were subjected, roused a spirit of revenge in many breasts, but the germ of the awful Gunpowder Plot first struck root in the heart of a gentleman named Robert Catesby. In youth a renegade from Catholicism, he endeavoured in riper years to atone by fierce zeal for his temporary desertion of the faith, to which he had returned. His first accomplice was a gentleman of Worcestershire, named Thomas Winter. But one accomplice would not do. Winter, an old soldier, happened at Ostend to meet with a comrade, Guido Fawkes, whose courage was like steel. Carrying this desperate man to London, he introduced him to the prime mover in the plot. Thomas Percy of the Northumberland family, and his brother-in-law John Wright soon joined the lawless band, ignorant as yet however of the dreadful idea seething in Catesby's brain. It was in a lonely house in the fields beyond St. Clement's Inn that the full horrors of the plot were revealed to the assembled gang. A solemn oath, sworn upon the Sacrament, of which they all partook at the hands of a Jesuit named Gerard, bound them never to reveal the secret or rest until the object of the plot had been accomplished. Hiring, in the name of Percy who held a court post as gentleman-pensioner, a house in Westminster, whose wall joined that of the Parliament House, they began to break a hole through the cellar wall. Another house at Lambeth across the Thames served as a secret store-house for their stealthy collection of wood and gunpowder. Through all the summer of 1604 they bore about the terrible burden of their meditated crime, checked for a time in their work by the Westminster house being chosen for the lodging of the Scotch Commissioners. Their number now was seven—Kay and Christopher Wright having become entangled in the scheme; and these seven, having victualled their hiding-place with dried meats, took pick-axe and mattock again in their delicate hands, unused to hold aught but the sword-hilt, and went resolutely to work once more on the masonry of the thick wall. Fawkes kept watch, and when he saw a passer-by, the work ceased at his signal, until all was safe. What a mystery lay folded in that dreary house, where few words were spoken above the breath, and scarcely a sound was ever heard from dawn to dawn except the muffled clank of the digging points! So they worked on the winter through, shaping their murderous project and strengthening their hands by the admission of three more men—John Grant, Robert Winter, and Bates, the servant of Catesby. One day a peal as of thunder sounded overhead. They stopped and looked silently at one another; but fear turned into joy when Fawkes came down to say that the dealer was selling off his coals, and that the cellar was now to let. Here was their work ready done for them. Percy took the cellar; thirty-six barrels of

powder crossed the water at midnight, and were laid in this convenient place under a mask of broken sticks and blocks of wood. It was then May 1605. The autumn came and passed. King James, who loved hunting and disliked public business during the hunting season, prorogued Parliament from the 3rd of October to the 5th of November, a proceeding which for a time excited alarm among the conspirators, now increased in number by the adhesion of Sir Everard Digby, Ambrose Rookwood, and Francis Tresham. But it turned out that this alarm was groundless. Thomas Winter, visiting the House of Lords on the day of prorogation, saw the Peers chatting pleasantly and strolling about on the very spot, beneath which, separated by a few feet of lime and planking, lay the barrels of dark and deadly grain. At White Webbs near Enfield Chase the final touches were given to the desperate plan. The actual deed—to be accomplished by a slow match and a train of powder—was allotted to the daring hand of Fawkes. If Prince Henry was blown up, and Prince Charles could not be seized, the Princess Elizabeth was to be proclaimed Queen, a Regent being appointed till she came of age. Then arose the great difficulty, which ultimately blew the plot to pieces. Almost all had friends—many had near connections in the doomed Parliament. Catesby's heart was flint. "If," said the hardened man, "they were as dear to me as mine own son they must be blown up." Tresham, made of softer metal, sent a warning to his brother-in-law, Lord Mounteagle. Digby also is thought to have warned his friends. As Mounteagle sat at supper, his page brought in a letter left by a tall man, who had gone away in the darkness without being recognized. Among other things the letter said, "i would advyse yowe as yowe tender youer lyf to devyse some excuse to shift of youer attendance at this parleament, for God and man hathe concurred to punish the wickednes of this tyme . . . they shall receyve a terrible blowe this parleament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them." This letter, received on the 26th of October, reached Cecil on the same evening. The King, hare-hunting at Royston, did not see it until the 1st of November. Meanwhile the conspirators knew of its delivery and purport; yet they persevered. Every day Fawkes went to inspect the cellar. All as yet untouched, and to all seeming unsuspected. A cunning trick of Cecil and Lord Chamberlain Suffolk made James believe that his royal brain had first penetrated the hidden meaning of the missive. Resolving, by Cecil's advice, to wait until the very last day, the Government did nothing until the 4th. Then Suffolk and Mounteagle, going to the vaults, found Fawkes there, looking, as he said, after his master's coals. They went and left him; but that night, when, true to the last to his diabolical post, he came out of the cellar door to watch if any sign of danger appeared, a body of soldiers seized and bound him, and carried him off to the royal bedroom, where his stalwart frame and dark hardened face excited no small terror. He never quailed during this examination, regretting only that his work was left undone. The calm jaunty bearing of the man may be judged from his reply to a Scottish courtier, when asked for

Nov. 5,
1605
A.D.

what so much gunpowder had been collected. "For one thing," said Guido, "to blow Scotchmen back to Scotland." The torture, afterwards applied in its cruelest form, got little from this man of iron, whose devotion in a worthy cause would have secured for him no trifling praise.

A part of the outlined plan had been a muster of Catholic gentlemen at Dunchurch, Sir Everard Digby's place, under pretence of a grand hunting-match. The arrest of Fawkes sent nearly all the plotters flying to this scene of action; but the arrival of the baffled men served only to scatter the waiting guests of Digby, who saw that the game was up. A house called Holbeach on the edge of Staffordshire was held for a time by some of the leading spirits of the plot against the attack of the Sheriff of Worcestershire, although the explosion of some drying powder crippled Catesby and severely scorched many of the rest. Catesby and Thomas Winter, fighting back to back, fell pierced by the same shot. Other bullets saved the hangman trouble by killing Percy and the Wrights. Tresham died in prison of disease; and all the rest went to that bloody death, which early English law had decreed as the fitting end of traitors. Of three Jesuit priests, Garnet, Greenway, and Gerard, who were entangled in the plot, though probably without knowing the full horror of its intended murder, the two last escaped to the Continent; the first, tried for treason and unmercifully bullied by Coke, went to the gibbet as the rest had gone. In closing this sketch of the Gunpowder Treason it is but right to say that the Roman Catholics of England, with the exception of the few madmen named, took no share in and had no sympathy with this nefarious plot.

A darling project of King James, which he tried hard to force upon the Parliament, was the complete legislative union of England and Scotland. Met with vexatious delays and temporizings rather than with any active opposition, the measure hung dangling and breeding quarrels between the King and the Commons. In vain James declared that he would reside by turns in the two kingdoms, or that he would fix his court at York as a half-way house. Quietly but steadily the Commons held their ground and had their way. The clever Cecil, who became Earl of Salisbury in 1605 and Lord High Treasurer three years later, haggled a good deal with this resolute body of men about a sum of £200,000 a year to keep the King out of debt. And it was only by proposing to let go such sources of revenue as wardship and purveyance, relics of the feudal time, that he could induce them to listen to the matter at all. The Commons wanted the High Commission Court, the abuse of royal proclamations, and other grievances done away. So bitter was the strife and so destructive of the public business, that a whole session, filling the winter of 1610-11, passed without the enactment of a single law. Cecil died at Bath in 1612, before he had subdued the obstinacy of the Commons: and by his death James lost the strongest pillar of his throne. A while before (1610) the great champion of the Anglican Church against the innovations of the Puritan party—Bancroft Archbishop of Canterbury—had also gone to the grave. It

was he who in 1605 had presented to the Star Chamber that petition known as *Articuli Cleri*, in which heavy complaints were made against those writs of prohibition issued by the judges, whenever the spiritual courts exceeded their powers. The absolute power of the King to reform all abuse in Church or State was the reason assigned for seeking to make the Church independent of the Law. This doctrine of absolute power or Divine Right oozed out also among the definitions of a Legal Dictionary or *Interpreter*, published in 1610 by Dr. Cowell, a man of some mark in his day. The barefaced *Interpreter* raised a storm so great that a royal proclamation became necessary for its suppression.

Among these political squabbles a great work of engineering had been quietly growing to completion. Hugh Middleton, citizen and goldsmith of London, undertook at his own expense to carry a supply of pure water into the heart of the City. Having chosen springs near Ware, he began to cut, to fill, to bridge a river-bed, thirty-seven miles in length; and continued the great work until his purse was empty. London would do nothing; but King James agreed to halve the cost, past and future, on condition of receiving half the profit. It was five years and five months from the cutting of the first sod, until the water of the New River poured into the basin prepared for it near Pentonville. That day—September 29, 1613—witnessed a goodly show of portly aldermen, come to rejoice in the finished work. But Middleton had spent his entire means upon the River, which cost in all about £500,000. He then devoted himself to engineering as a profession, and when in 1622 the knight, made so for his great work, became a baronet, we find two other feats of engineering skill assigned as additional reasons for the granting of the higher honour. He had, it seems, reclaimed from the sea a large tract at Brading Haven in the Isle of Wight, banking out the waters with great skill, and had also found and worked successfully a silver mine, "rich and royal," in the county of Cardigan. Middleton died in the reign of Charles I., a poor man, leaving his children poor. But his great work exists to commemorate his fame and tell us more of the brave old workman than a monument of gold and marble could ever do.

In 1612 a great sorrow fell on James. He lost his eldest son. Prince Henry, then eighteen, had given early promise of more than common talent. As he grew up, he showed a great inclination for warlike exercises, especially the management of artillery. He admired Raleigh exceedingly. His language was pure from oaths, and his conduct in boyhood free from stain. These qualities, contrasting strongly with many of the prominent points in his father's character and manners, endeared him to the people. But in the opening promise of his days, when his marriage was becoming a great political problem of the time, a putrid fever seized him, and he died.

It is now time to devote a few words to the favourites of James, who, very worthless in themselves, derived some importance from the position they held in the eye of the country. After George Hume, Earl of Dunbar—Philip Her-

bert, Earl of Montgomery and Pembroke—and James Hay, Earl of Carlisle, had in succession enjoyed their turn of royal favour, a handsome young Scotsman, named Robert Carr, attracted the notice of the King and soon climbed to be My Lord Viscount Rochester and Earl of Somerset. But a miserable poisoning case, in which he became the instrument of his wife's revenge upon Sir Thomas Overbury, a former friend, created so terrible a disgust against him, that after having undergone a kind of mock trial he was dismissed to the country with his guilty wife. Then George Villiers, most splendid of them all, sprang like a rocket to the ignominious glory of royal pet. Viscount Villiers, Earl, Marquis, Duke of Buckingham—he shot from one glittering stage to another in a few years, retaining to the last his ascendancy over James, and adding to this hold of power perhaps a stronger influence over young Charles, the heir apparent to the throne.

Meantime, as James drank more deeply of the strong Greek wines he loved, and grew more gross and slovenly in his demeanour, the quarrel with the Commons became greater and greater. A few time-servers, men of Bacon's winning over, who, with the title of *Undertakers*, endeavoured to wield the Commons as the King desired, failed utterly in their design. Finding the obstinacy of the Parliament of 1614 unconquerable, the King dissolved it, following up this blow by the arrest and imprisonment of five leading members. Then at his wits' end for money, he flung himself for supplies on the charity or weakness of his subjects by reviving the old tax called *Benevolence*.

In 1617 James paid Scotland a visit. Three years earlier, John Napier of Merchiston, then a worn old man of sixty-four, had given to all succeeding ages the ripened fruit of a life devoted to science, in his celebrated Canon of Logarithms—an invention of inconceivable advantage to all engaged in tedious calculations. In Scotland James was chiefly occupied in modelling the Scottish Church, Presbyterian to the heart's core, according to the forms of the English Episcopacy. Browbeating the protesting clergy, imprisoning some, exiling one of the boldest, he thrust his measures, with the aid of some compliant courtiers round him, down the very throat of the nation. And then, having sown a fine crop of dragon's teeth, which in another generation would sprout into armed men, he went triumphantly back to England, rejoicing in his folly.

Noble old Raleigh had all this time been writing in the Tower for the instruction of his young friend and admirer Prince Henry. The death of that promising boy broke the captive's interest in his work. Upon Buckingham's accession to power the friends of Raleigh began to talk of a gold mine, which he had discovered during his visit to Guiana; and through Secretary Winwood the story reached the King. The objections of the Spanish ambassador at first obstructed the affair, but ultimately Raleigh, released from prison, found himself again on the salt waves in command of fourteen ships (March 28, 1618). Sailing over to South America, he entered the Orinoco, attacked the city of St. Thomas, where he got *two* golden ingots, and lost his

son by a Spanish sword-cut. So faded the visions of a gold mine, which, if ever real, must have meant a Spanish treasure-ship, such as Drake got hold of. The fury of Spain now knew no bounds ; and Raleigh, 1618 arrested at Plymouth immediately upon his return, went from his A.D. ship-deck to prison and the scaffold. In Old Palace Yard, Westminster, he met his fate right manfully, denying with his last words any share in the blood of Essex. That fatal day, redly staining with noble blood a reign on which stains of folly lay thick enough already, was the 29th of October 1618.

About this time the Thirty Years' War began. The marriage of the Elector Palatine Frederick, one of the candidates for the Bohemian crown, with Elizabeth, the daughter of English James, gave that monarch a personal interest in the issue of the war. But various political interests clashed with this personal feeling. Strongest of these was his desire to obtain a Spanish wife with a large dowry of pistoles for his son Charles ; and Spain was naturally a keen supporter of the Catholic interest in the war. James accordingly fell back on his old trick of shuffling and waiting for a favourable chance to turn up. Roused to some show of action, he sent a few thousand men across the water to the aid of his son-in-law, and he despatched ambassadors to various courts, to the intense amusement, where disgust did not prevail, of the keen-eyed Continentals, who were watching every move in the great politico-religious match then playing on the European board. Twice he made this feeble idiotic attempt at nothing. Meantime his daughter and her husband, losing the crown at which they grasped, had lost also the Palatinate and were living homeless at the Hague. But from the man, who could let his mother go to the block and scarcely move his hand, what need a daughter seek ?

Francis Bacon had now become Lord High Chancellor of England. Racing neck and neck with his great rival, Edward Coke, through all the changes of his legal career, the great philosopher and essayist had outstripped the great commentator at last. From the time that Essex had striven in 1594 to obtain the post of Attorney-General for his friend Bacon, and Coke had carried off the prize, the rivalry had been going on. Bacon, who managed after Cecil's death to creep rather deeply into royal favour, received the seals as Royal Keeper in 1616, and, always extravagant, launched out into expenses greater than ever. During the King's absence in Scotland he played at royalty with all the pomp he could command, provoking much sarcastic talk by the airs that he assumed. With a character like his, a man could scarcely escape the taint of corruption that lay upon the age. Weak, vain, fond of show, with a leaky purse and unbounded opportunities of selling his decisions, Bacon trafficked in the profits of the woolsack. The Commons of 1621, still maintaining their struggle with the King, struck a heavy blow at one of the giant evils of the age—the Monopoly System. Sir Giles Mompesson, licensed to sell gold and silver thread, for which he sold a copper counterfeit, and possessed also of the patent for permitting ale-houses, would have paid dearly

for his fraud and violence but for his escape across the sea. His partner or assistant went to the Tower. Other impeachments followed, in which a bishop and a judge figured. Then came Bacon's turn, and he stood, abandoned by those pillars of his hope, before whom he had cringed. The King, the Prince, the Favourite all let him go to his exile without a word. Charged before the Lords upon twenty-two counts at the instance of the Commons, he made submission, at first in a general way, but afterwards under pressure

1621 with a distinct confession of particular acts, and on his sick-bed
A.D. heard of the heavy sentence that his enemies had flung on his pro-

strated head. He was to pay a fine of £40,000, to lie in the Tower during the pleasure of the King, to sink entirely from public life, and not to venture within a radius of twelve miles from the Court. The first two parts of the sentence proved nominal: James remitted the fine and let him go in two days. But the remaining five years of his life display the pitiful spectacle of a fallen man—great even in his ruin, although not with the grandeur of goodness on his brow—struggling vainly to get hold once more of some slippery steps on the perilous ascent from which he had been flung. He had his books and his bowls at Gorhambury; his pen was feathered with an eagle's plume; his intellect had only ripened with his years, and had not been jarred or shattered in his fall. Why, instead of pestering the King for a Provostship of Eton or any other place, did he not resolutely sit down to fill at least a second portion of the colossal outline of the *Instauratio*? We might have forgiven the repentant Chancellor many of his peculations, the time-serving courtier many of his tricks and airs, had the great philosopher flung the sunset of his splendid genius over a wider region of the universe of thought.

The struggle between King and Commons waxed hotter at this time. The negotiations, then pending for a marriage between Prince Charles and the Spanish Infanta, excited strong fears in the House that the whole work of the Protestant Reformation might be undone if Spain and England were thus united. Coke, now an opponent of the Court, proposed a petition against this odious match; and a storm of debate arose between the partisans of James and the members of the country party. The King, who had a most unhappy knack of doing the wrong thing, wrote an irritating letter to the Speaker, commanding the House not to meddle with his "mysteries of State," nor to speak of the Spanish match. They remonstrated; he replied; the matter grew worse. At the end of his reply, meant to be soothing, the cloven hoof peeped out in some such words as these: "He gave them his royal assurance that as long as they contained themselves within the limits of their duty, he would be as careful to maintain their lawful liberties and privileges as he would his own prerogative; so that their House did not touch on that prerogative, which would enforce him or any just King to retrench their privileges." The spirit of the Commons rose to boiling-point.

1621 And on a day, marked with red letters in our Constitutional History,
A.D. they recorded on the Journals of their House a celebrated Pro-

test, (1) claiming their privileges and jurisdictions as an ancient and undoubted inheritance; (2) asserting their right to discuss with all freedom of speech all political questions, affecting King, State, and Church; and (3) claiming for the House alone the right of impeaching or imprisoning a member for parliamentary offences. James rode to London in a fury—adjourned the House—called a meeting of Council—and in their presence erased the audacious words from the Journal Book with his own shaky hand. Then, dissolving Parliament, he sent several of the leading protesters, Coke among them, to prison. The Lords too had caught the flame, and one or two of them went also to the Tower. On the very day of dissolution James's rage received a sudden chill. A stumbling horse pitched his Majesty head foremost into the frozen waters of the New River, his royal boots alone remaining visible to the eyes of his escort. Pulled out by these, the drenched and spluttering King galloped off to his favourite nest at Theobald's,¹ where we may be sure he endeavoured to repair the shock his frame had sustained from the admission of a liquid so unusual as water.

After all the Spanish marriage did not take place. Baby Charles and Steenie,² as the silly monarch called his son and his prime minister, putting on false beards and assuming the universal name of Smith, started, sorely to the sorrow of poor old royal "Sowship," for Madrid. The freak had its dangers as well as its charms. Crossing the Strait of Dover, they stayed a day or two in disguise at Paris, where they saw the young Queen (sister of the Infanta) and a bevy of pretty girls rehearsing a masque. One of these girls was afterwards the wife and fatal adviser of Baby Charles. Perhaps the eye-lightning shot its first darts that day. Through France to Bayonne, over the shoulder of the Pyrenees, they made their way on mules and otherwise to the Spanish capital. At first all seemed going well. The hopes of Rome rose high, for much depended on this Spanish marriage. Charles seemed enchanted with his fair-haired Donna, and she blushed like a rose as he passed her on the Prado. Presents rained upon the Mr. Smiths, and courtiers came flocking from England to form a princely train. The principal point striven for by the Spanish statesmen was a full toleration of the Catholic creed in England; but for this James could give only the slippery security of his word. Several causes concurred to break off the match. The English favourite Buckingham and the Spanish favourite Olivares disliked each other, the starched *hidalgo* not being able to endure the flippant insolence of Steenie. The Papal Nuncio did not trust that broken reed—a personal promise from **1623** King James. And Charles did not really care much for the rosy A.D. big-lipped blonde. Yet he needed caution, as he thought, in withdrawing from the match; for his head was in the lion's mouth. A pretended message from home afforded him a reason for return; and he left Spain with

¹ Theobald's in Hertfordshire was built by Lord Burleigh, and greatly improved by his son the Earl of Salisbury, who gave it to James I. in exchange for Hatfield House.

² Buckingham got this name from the likeness he bore to some picture of the martyr Stephen.

the distinct understanding that the marriage was to take place before Christmas. From March until September he had been dangling at the Spanish Court. It is useless to detail the lies and quibbles, which disgraced the English crown in this transaction. Glad as all must be at the defeat of James's scheme, we cannot help regretting that an English King and Prince should have condescended to sneak so meanly out, with the rags of their dishonour fluttering in the gaze of all Europe.

A Spanish war then began, the Commons voting £300,000 for its maintenance. And to widen the breach of the broken marriage, a proposal emanating from France was cordially received in England, regarding a marriage between Charles and Henrietta, the sister of Louis. This threw the English monarch into fresh perplexity, for Richelieu contended stoutly for the toleration of the Catholic faith, and, only six months earlier, James and his son had together sworn, in the first blush of their separation from Spain, that they would never consent to such a measure. The difficulty was at last surmounted in a characteristic way, by a secret promise from James utterly belying his public oath. The last year of this discreditable reign was disgraced by the impeachment and condemnation for bribery of the Earl of Middlesex, Lord High Treasurer, a man not indeed guiltless of the crime laid to his charge, but deserving some commiseration as a victim offered up to gratify the private grudge of Buckingham.

James the First died at Theobald's on Sunday the 27th of March 1625. Drink and high living seem to have hastened his end; ague and gout struck fatal fangs in his corrupted frame at last. No countenance can be given to the hint that some remedies, suggested by Buckingham's mother and applied against the wishes of the doctors, contained poison. The most wilful and unhappy of English monarchs then began to wear the crown.

CHAPTER II.

LAUD—STRAFFORD—HAMPDEN—PYM.

The Great Five.
Three Parliaments.
Petition of Right.
Thorough.
Silt and branded.
Hampden.

The National Covenant.
A Short Parliament.
The Long Parliament.
Strafford's end.
The attempted arrest.
Civil war.

Edgehill.
Chalgrove Field.
Relief of Gloucester.
Solemn League and Covenant.
Death of Pym.
Laud turns pale.

WHEN Charles the First ascended the throne, there were living in the kingdom five men, destined to play leading parts in the great tragedy of the reign.

Oldest of all was a Bishop of St. Davids—the son of a clothier at Reading in Berkshire—who was then in his fifty-third year. This sharp-featured man,

with rat-like eyes and villanous brow, had even as an Oxford student been noted for his Popish leanings. Entering public life under the wing of Mountjoy, Earl of Devonshire, he had crept up to be royal chaplain and Dean of Gloucester—had gone to Scotland with King James in 1617 to uproot Presbyterianism—if such a thing were possible—and had now worn the mitre for four years. He has left us a Diary, filled with dreams about loose teeth, bishops wrapped in linen, a merry old man with a wrinkled face lying on the ground, and a thousand other silly things. The dreamer's name was William Laud—a man of the Bancroft school, and therefore a most bitter hater of the Puritans.

Younger by twenty years was Thomas Wentworth of the dark proud face and relentless lip. The son of a distinguished Yorkshire gentleman, the inheritor of an ample fortune, twice the husband of an Earl's daughter, himself a Cambridge man of great natural eloquence, trained by assiduous study of the best models, polished by foreign travel and intercourse with the leaders of the day, he seems to have been marked out very early in his career as one likely to grow eminent in politics. Having scarcely reached the age of manhood, he was called to fill a prominent place as Member for the county of York. In that capacity he had always hitherto voted with the country party, in opposition to the Court.

John Hampden, a gentleman of Buckinghamshire, sat in the first Parliament of Charles as Member for Wendover. He was then in the prime of life, having been born in 1594. His readings at Magdalen, Oxford—his studies at the Inner Temple—his field-sports had hitherto chiefly occupied his mind and time. But greater things than these were in store for the patriot.

Older than either of the last two men was plain John Pym, a lawyer of eminence, who had sat through many sessions as Member for Tavistock. His earlier life presents no feature of importance, beyond the fact that Pembroke College, Oxford, claims this gentleman-commoner as one of her greatest *alumni*. At the time of Charles's accession Pym was forty-one.

To the last and greatest of the five a chapter must be given. All but one of this cluster of celebrities lay cold in the grave, before the giant shape of Oliver Cromwell rose to the surface of events to guide the troubled currents to a dreadful goal. And for that old survivor, pitiless Laud, the fatal axe was already sharpening ere the battle-smoke of Marston had rolled away.

One of the first public acts of Charles was the completion of the French marriage. In Dover Castle he met his black-eyed French wife, whose Catholic and despotic tendencies gave so deep a colour to all her husband did. In a little while he called his first Parliament, (August 1 to August 12, 1625,) having previously however given a glimpse of his policy by levying troops and raising money on his own authority. An unsuccessful expedition against the French Huguenots in Rochelle, and a yet more wretched failure at Cadiz showed clearly the incompetence of Buckingham as a War Minister, or indeed as a minister of any other kind. From his short-lived first Parliament Charles

got not a penny: for, the unpleasant word "grievance" having mingled with their debates, he dissolved the sitting in a sudden hurry.

The second Parliament met in 1626, more than ever bent upon a stern reckoning with the obnoxious favourite. This great subject filled every mind. The session having been opened on the 6th of February, the impeachment, to shirk which the old Parliament had been dissolved by the King, was put into formal shape. Eight managers, among whom were Sir John Eliot, Sir Dudley Digges, and John Pym, charged Buckingham at the bar of the Lords with thirteen distinct acts of corruption and bribery, and demanded that he should be sent to the Tower. Digges called him "a prodigious comet;" Eliot likened him to the infamous Sejanus. The King in a rage sent both orators to the prison, to which they wanted to consign the hated Duke; but a gleam of sense or a twinge of fear induced him to unlock the prison door upon the refusal of the Commons to do a single thing till righted in this matter. At the same time the wrong-headed monarch was deep in a quarrel with the Lords, two of whose number, Arundel and Bristol, he sent also to the Tower. Beginning thus, it is scarcely wonderful that the reign should end in rebellion and in blood. The duration of the Parliament of 1626 scarcely exceeded four months, (February 6 to June 15).

But money must be had—if not from Parliament, elsewhere. Among several illegal means adopted to supply the royal purse, the fiction of a general loan appears. This, the old Benevolence slightly disguised, set a number of Commissioners at work over the whole country, to get at the secret of every man's income or property. A certain sum, to be repaid in eighteen months (a promise qualified by many *ifs*), was required from all, down to the poorest tradesman. Prominent among those who resisted this illegal taxation was Sir Thomas Wentworth, whose zeal as a patriot led him to the Marshalsea prison, from which after six weeks he was sent to the Kentish village of Dartford. John Hampden also here made his first great public move. Refusing to lend a farthing, and fearing, as he said, to incur the curse of Magna Charta, he fronted the Privy Council, and was sent a prisoner to the Gate House, and afterwards to a jail in Hampshire. King Charles, backed in his tyranny by Laud, who, now wearing the mitre of Bath and Wells, filled the pulpits of the land with injunctions to advance ready money without regard to parliamentary authority, now plunged deeper into that course of self-willed lawlessness, which cost him a crown and the head that wore it. The old jargon of the last reign about Divine right and passive obedience was heard once more in louder tones—mitres, stalls, and rectories descending by strange coincidences upon the heads that brewed the maddest nonsense of the storm.

The lust and insolence of Buckingham entangled England in a French war. Rochelle, the great fortress of French Protestantism, at that time was enduring a vigorous siege under the direction of Richelieu. The English Duke sailed in 1627 with a great force to relieve the beleaguered place; but his utter want of military skill made his attempt to seize the neighbouring island

of Rhè¹ a miserable and disastrous failure. When he returned in November—the last he saw—a warm welcome met him from his royal friend, but curses loud and deep rose from every section of the people. Although it anticipates the order of events, I may here close the story of this brilliant nothing. Resolved in the following summer to wipe out the disgrace of Rhè, he collected a fleet and army for the aid of the Rochellers, and was at Portsmouth, ready to embark, when the knife of John Felton, an ex-lieutenant of the line, struck him dead in the hall of his own lodging, (August 23, 1628). So bitter was the public hatred of this man, that his body was secretly smuggled to the grave, and an empty coffin was paraded with a mockery of mourning through the streets, lest the mob might rise in fury and tear the body limb from limb. Felton, who gave himself up at once, was hanged at Tyburn and gibbeted near the scene of his crime.²

A memorable Parliament assembled on the 17th of March 1628. It was the third the King had called. As a kind of bribe or sop, he had set free, a little before, seventy-eight gentlemen, who had gone to jail for refusing to contribute to the royal loan. Many of these now came up to Westminster, smarting sorely under the wrongs they had lately borne. Yet the temper of the House of Commons was very cool, and even the ill-judged menaces of the opening speech scarcely ruffled the surface of their patience. Sore need of money to carry on his wars and maintain his household, alone had compelled the King to call them into session. They were not unwilling to give money; but they were determined to exact, as a due return, some strong security for the future. All the grievances of the time, especially the new grievances of billeting soldiers and ignoring the writ of *habeas corpus*, were raked up and denounced with the sternest words. Wentworth and Coke 1628 spoke strongly on the popular side; the latter however displaying A.D. some royal leanings. The fruit of this great debate was the celebrated Petition of Right—a bulwark of our liberties, which derived its peculiar name from its not being formally drawn up in the shape of an Act of Parliament. Four abuses form the foundation of this “declaratory statute.” These were (1) the exaction of money under the name of loans; (2) the imprisonment of such as refused to lend in this way, without assigning any cause for the arrest; (3) the billeting of soldiers on private persons; (4) the commissions to try military offenders by martial law. When the assent of the King to the Petition of Right was sought, he departed from the usual form, answering with Delphic ambiguity, “The King willeth that right be done according to the laws and customs of the realm; and that the statutes be put in due execution, that his subjects may have no cause to complain of any wrongs or oppressions, contrary

¹ The island of Rhè or Rê lies about two and a half miles off the mainland of Charente-Inferieure, on the western coast of France.

² After Buckingham's repulse at Rhè Richelieu, as is known to every reader of French history, built a mole, which prevented the garrison of Rochelle from getting supplies by sea. The expedition organized by Buckingham was led to Rochelle after his death by Earl Lindsey. But the power of the English could do nothing to save the town, which fell in 1628.

to their just rights and liberties, to the preservation whereof he holds himself in conscience as well obliged as of his own prerogative." This dense fog of words was far from pleasing to the Commons, who, supported by the June 7, Upper House, requested a definite answer to their declaration of 1628 abuses. Charles at last yielded, and on the 7th of June the old A.D. French formula, "*Soit droit fait comme il est désiré*," signified that the Petition had become law. It towers with Magna Charta and other statutes to be named hereafter, high among the pillared land-marks of our noble Constitution. In return for this extorted statute the Commons proceeded to vote five subsidies, amounting to about £400,000.

In the following March a scene occurred in the Commons, very ominous of a future rupture yet more serious. The King, in utter disregard of the Petition of Right, had continued to levy illegally—that is, without the authority of Parliament—the tax of tonnage and poundage, which the Commons were determined not to vote until a true redress of grievances took place. Soldiers also continued to intrude upon the quietude of private houses. Roused by this treatment to a flame, the House met in the worst of tempers. Religious topics, especially the innovations of Laud upon the established form of worship, divided their attention with the question of unlawful taxation. Sir John Eliot, whose name we have heard before, boldly took the Court to task upon both subjects. Sir John Finch, the Speaker, announced the King's wish that the House should adjourn. Nothing was further from the purpose of the country party, who maintained that adjournment was a question for themselves, and declared that they had a few things to settle first. Eliot asked the Speaker to read a paper addressed to the King, condemning the levy of tonnage and poundage. This Finch refused to do, upon which John Selden, a great lawyer, known to our general literature by his admirable volume of *Table-Talk*, rose and administered to him a stern rebuke. The Speaker insisted that he had his Majesty's command to rise. Then the scuffle began. Hollis and Valentine shoved the Speaker back into his chair, and there held him tight. Some one locked the door. The Speaker began to cry; upon which his relative, Sir Peter Haymen, opened fire on the unfortunate man, while some of the most active members drew up a series of three articles, condemning, as a capital enemy to the kingdom, any one who might introduce Popery or Arminianism, or aid the exaction of the hateful tax. Hollis read these amid a tempest of cheering. In the middle of the tumult the King arrived, and sent Black Rod to call the Commons to the Upper House. Black Rod hammered at the door to no purpose. On the safe side of the lock the members continued to pass their resolutions; and before the furious King could force the door, the House had adjourned and disappeared. The dissolution of this refractory Parliament followed at once as a matter of course (March 10th, 1629). But dissolution did not slake the vengeance of the King. Nine of the principal actors in this stirring scene were summoned before the Privy Council, and, upon their refusal to say a word regarding their conduct in the House, they

were committed to the Tower. Both sides were now fully addressed to the fight. Henceforth it was open war between Charles Stuart and his Parliament.

A period of eleven years, during which no Parliament met, now began to roll. The King abandoned himself entirely to the direction of two advisers—Viscount Wentworth and Bishop Laud. The former dates his fall from the summer of 1628. Attracted by some golden baits—a peerage for example—held out by Buckingham, this great renegade carried his talents across from the national side to the courtly ranks that clustered round the King. There was no greater genius on the royal side; and, when Buckingham was dead, Baron Wentworth became a Viscount and Lord President of the Council of the North in recognition of his talents, and in prospective reward of the services that he was expected to render to the insulted crown. Taking the great French Cardinal for a model, this English vizier thought out a gigantic scheme of tyranny, to which he referred in his letters under the name of *Thorough*, and which aimed at grinding to powder all the liberties of Englishmen. In the northern counties, where he ruled as President of an arbitrary and unconstitutional Court, called the Council of York, he gave full swing to the cruelty and despotism inherent to his soul. But in Ireland, of which he was created Lord Deputy in 1631, the great experiment of "Thorough" was tried to the fullest extent. There he snubbed the judges and pampered his soldiers so effectually that both Celts and Saxons cowered under the unsparing hand of the Viceroy. He established monopolies for his own benefit, made pikemen his tax-collectors, suffered none to leave the island without his permission, forbade the manufacture of woollen cloth, which as well as salt the poor islanders were forced to buy dearly from Britain, and treated every man, who dared to show the least trace of an independent spirit with instant and savage cruelty. Thus, he seduced the daughter of the Lord Chancellor, and when that dignitary would not obey an insolent order about the disposal of his estate, he flung him from the Bench into a jail. Yet there is one gleam of light to gild these clouds, although indeed it springs from a selfish speculation of the minister. Importing a quantity of good flax-seed, he laid the foundation of the linen-trade, in which certain parts of Ireland still excel. His colleague Laud was meanwhile engaged in directing the operation of the two principal engines of tyranny, which existed at the centre of affairs. These were the Star Chamber and the High Commission Court, to the origin of which I have already adverted. The one a political, the other an ecclesiastical tribunal, they held the people in a dreadful two-fanged vice, sharper and bitterer in the pain it gave than Englishmen living in these golden days can well imagine.

In the year 1633 Charles, accompanied by Laud, who had been restoring to the churches stained glass, pictures, lawn sleeves, and other things disliked by the Puritans, went down to Scotland to beard the Presbyterians there. Edinburgh welcomed the Stuart with every mark of joy, a reception which he graciously repaid by treating the Scottish Parliament like a gang of slaves,

and setting up in the metropolitan chapel of Holyrood a kind of worship, inaugurated by his satellite, which he knew well was distasteful to the entire body of the people. On the return of the Court to Whitehall, Laud exchanged his mitre, as Bishop of London, which he had worn since 1628, for the Primacy of England, vacant by the death of Abbot. A secret offer from Rome of a Cardinal's hat, which reached the new-fledged Archbishop on the very day of his predecessor's death, seems to show that cunning men by the Tiber had been watching with secret joy his Popish leanings, and judged it now the fitting time to angle for the tailor's son.

If we need a proof of Laud's unsparing cruelty, we find it in the cases of Leighton and of Prynne. Alexander Leighton, the father of the celebrated archbishop, published a book, entitled "An Appeal to the Parliament, or Zion's Plea against Prelacy," in which his zeal certainly overbore his discretion. Summoned to the Star Chamber and there convicted (1630), he was whipped, pilloried, had his ear sliced off, his nostril slit, and the letters S. S. (Sower of Sedition) burned into his cheek, and then, after a week of pain and fever in jail, was again led out to undergo similar mutilation on the other side. Nor was this all. Scorched and bleeding he went back to prison, from which he did not come again, until the tyranny which crushed him had fallen before the growing power of the Puritans. For a somewhat similar offence, the publication of a book against players, styled *Histrionic Mastix*, William Prynne, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, received sentence in the Star Chamber also, and was cropped, slit, and branded after a like fashion, besides being fined £10,000 and flung into prison.

Hence it was that the *Mayflower* sailed over the Atlantic, bearing to a home in the trackless forests the Pilgrim Fathers, who preferred the dangers of the red man's knife to the more savage tortures of a persecuting priesthood. Hence it came that the third decade of this troubled century witnessed the foundation of nearly all the New England States on the American shore.¹ Puritan blood was flowing to the West, weakening the mother-land by the loss of its strong currents. But a greater weakening from a fiercer blood-letting was not so far away!

So early as the autumn of 1634 the ugly word "ship-money," destined to work such mischief in the land, began to mutter in the precincts of the Court. Some expedient for supporting a standing army was necessary for the full development of Wentworth's plans. In rooting among the state-papers of former times, Attorney-General Noy, who had imitated his patron in abandoning his old political comrades, found some mention of maritime countries having been occasionally obliged to join the seaport towns in furnishing ships for the defence of the coast. Grasping at this idea, with the aid of Chief-Justice Finch he hammered it out into a huge scheme of endless and infinitely expandable taxation. Instead of fully equipped vessels an equivalent sum of money was to be paid—and that, not by the ports, or even by the sea-board

¹ See "Colonial Section," under North America.

shires, but by the inland counties also. Great were the rage and fright of the English people, when the writs were issued and the sheriffs began to seize the goods of those that refused to pay.

John Hampden, whom we have seen sitting for Wendover in the three Parliaments of the present reign, and who there associated with the leaders of the patriotic party, had retired after the tumults of 1629 to the peaceful beauties of his seat in Buckinghamshire. There he lost his wife; and thence he emerged at this great crisis, greater than ever in the public eye, to confront a would-be despot and the instruments of his tyranny. Upon Bucks, an inland shire, there was laid a tax of £4500. Twenty shillings of this fell to be paid by Hampden. Fortified by the opinions of the greatest lawyers in England, he resolved to resist the iniquitous claim. In the Exchequer Chamber, before the twelve Judges of the land, the case, involving December so deep a principle of national freedom, came up for hearing in 1637 December 1637. Oliver St. John appeared for Hampden. This A.D. eloquent and sagacious lawyer leant strongly upon Magna Charta, upon the famous statutes of Edward III., upon the fact that England was then engaged in no war,¹ and more than all, upon the Petition of Right, as yet scarcely tinged with the yellowness of years. The Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General spoke mistily of records that supported the cause of the King, but depended chiefly upon the assertion that the King of England—an absolute prince—could do no wrong. After considerable delay the Bench of Judges, over whom presided Chief-Justice Finch, gave judgment against Hampden, seven voting for the King and five for the gentleman. But the sympathy of the nation was all on the side of the latter. Wentworth indeed would have gladly seen him whipped; but hundreds plucked up courage, from his great example, to oppose the levy; and the people bled money more reluctantly and scantily than had ever happened in the reign. Sick of the time and disheartened at his defeat, Hampden is said to have looked wistfully across the ocean to those little clearings, where the clustered huts of the emigrant Puritans were nestling under the shade of hickory and maple. History has long cherished a romantic story, to the effect that Hampden, his cousin Cromwell, and his friend Haselrig had embarked in a ship bound for America, and were only prevented from leaving England by a proclamation from the King, forbidding the departure of the vessel. And speculative minds have amused themselves with pictures of what future English history might have been, had that vessel borne these English squires to the West. It is almost a pity that the anecdote must go to join that flock of picturesque incidents, which the keen research of our modern writers has banished from the pages of history. The ship *did* sail, with its seven companions; and, more than that, *all* the passengers proceeded on their voyage after some delay.

¹ The pressure of home troubles and the scarcity of money had before this time compelled Charles to conclude peace with Spain and France. Besides, Brebrand Buckingham was dead.

Before the trial of Hampden came on, a spark had been struck in Scotland, which produced a mighty flame. Not content with forcing bishops upon the Calvinists of the North, Charles and Laud prepared a Liturgy, leavened with the spirit of Popery, and ordered its use in the churches of Scotland. A crowd filled St. Giles's Church in Edinburgh one July morning. Judges, prelates, bailies, were all there, to pray by book in the fashion after Laud's heart. But, when the Dean in his snowy surplice opened the obnoxious volume, a shout arose ; and a folding-stool was flung at the reader's head by a July 23, cabbage-woman of the Tron, named Jenny Geddes. This missile, 1637 luckily thrown too hastily for a good aim, was followed by a shower A.D. of stones and dirt. In vain the Bishop of Edinburgh, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, and others high in station tried to calm the tumult. It was only by force that the rioters could be got to leave the church ; and when the Dean, on the shutting of the doors, proceeded with his reading, the words could scarcely be heard for the roars outside, and the battering on walls and doors. Some spirited clergymen petitioned moderately enough against these Prayers, maintaining that they had received the sanction of neither Parliament nor Assembly. A great crowd of people came into Edinburgh, when the harvest was over, to offer the same reasonable petition against the Prayers. Charles met these movements rudely and foolishly. He removed the centre of government from Edinburgh to Linlithgow, and issued a fierce menacing proclamation against the Presbyterians, who had flocked to the capital. Out of the crisis grew a provisional government, known as the *Four Tables*. Each Table or Board represented a class—lords, gentry, clergy, burgesses. They sat in Edinburgh, but had branches in every part of the kingdom. And, to bind the whole into one workable machine, there were chosen members from each, who formed a Fifth Table, holding supreme executive power. Thus organized and united, the Presbyterians began to act with singular boldness. They demanded the removal of the Liturgy, the Canons, and the High Commission Court. And when the Lord Treasurer Traquair published a royal proclamation, condemning these movements, their leaders, Lord Lindsay and Lord Hume, fixed a counter-proclamation on the market-cross at Stirling. Then, a great document, known as the National Covenant, bound the Scottish Presbyterians, as no modern nation has been bound, into a single mass, fervid with the glow of a solemn faith. Framed by Alexander Henderson, minister of Leuchars, and Archibald Johnstone, a great lawyer of the day, the Covenant was laid on a grave-stone in the churchyard of the Greyfriars at Edinburgh, and on March 1, 1638, firmed with the oaths and signatures of a countless crowd. In six weeks the names of nearly all Scotland bristled in thick rows, like A.D. nothing so much as rows of shouldered pikes, below the solemn words, which expressed the faith and the resolve of an insulted people. This looked serious. The Marquis of Hamilton came down from England to reduce the Covenanters to obedience ; but the task lay beyond his

power. Welcomed by hardly a voice, he reached Holyrood to find the Union stronger than ever. A General Assembly and a Parliament alone would satisfy the Scotch. Charles yielded to this demand, because he was not yet ready for violence. But under the smooth-tongued consent lay the secret bitterness of war. The General Assembly met at Glasgow on the 23rd of November 1638, Hamilton acting as Royal Commissioner. Having chosen Henderson to be Moderator, and Johnstone to be Clerk-Register, they proceeded to their work. It soon appeared that the old High Church of Glasgow was to be a great battle-field between the Court and the Covenanters. Having, in direct defiance of the royal wishes, secured the admission of the lay elders as an essential part of the Assembly, the members attacked the bishops. Hamilton, taking a leaf from his master's method of dealing with parliaments, pronounced the Assembly dissolved: but the Assembly *would not melt*. Presided over by the Earl of Argyle, they continued to sit, until the excommunication of the bishops and the overthrow of Prelacy were brought to a successful issue. They had turned the toy, provided for their amusement by a gracious sovereign, into a potent and victorious weapon.

In the following summer the King made a feeble effort at war, and with an army reached the banks of Tweed at Berwick. Here however, dismayed at the bold front which the Covenanters showed a few miles off under Leslie, and perceiving the reluctant spirit which prevailed in his own ranks, he came to terms with the Covenanters, and concluded the Peace of Berwick, a principal condition of which was that both armies should immediately disband. The conduct of Charles after this excited such distrust among the Covenanters, that they refused to lay down their arms; and, had the King possessed the necessary money, the spilling of civil blood would doubtless have begun without delay. But a happy lack of funds crippled the hands of the King, and drove him to that expedient he had so long avoided—the calling of a Parliament once more. Wentworth, summoned from Ireland, where he was employed in drilling ten thousand soldiers for the King, proposed to fill the treasury by means of loans and new exactions of ship-money, and, after first trying the experiment of an Irish Parliament, to call the Houses from their long alumber of eleven years. Wentworth's great mistake in this proposal was the supposition that an Irish Parliament, tamed and cowed by a long course of *Thorough*, and an English Parliament, on whose benches Pym and Hampden would be sure to sit, were likely to deal with political questions, and to meet royal demands in the very same way. So delighted was the King with Wentworth's daring project, that he created this dauntless conspirator against English liberty Earl of Strafford, and exchanged his lower title of Lord Deputy for the high-sounding name, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The Short Parliament met on the 13th of April 1640. It was dissolved by the furious King on the 5th of the following month. Ominous indeed was the array of names, gathered there from the shires and boroughs of England. Hampden, Pym, Hollis, St. John, Strode, Haselrig, Cromwell sat there

with many others, who afterwards fought the good fight of freedom. Yet the temper of the House was calm. Charles mistook the calmness for submission, and tried to gain the only end for which he had summoned a Parliament, by promising to cease the collecting of ship-money, if they would give him twelve subsidies. Willing to give money to their King, but not willing to buy off an abuse that should never have existed, or to acknowledge a tax whose legality they denied, the Commons delayed an answer to the royal message. This conduct, coupled with the fact that a few days after they had met, they had taken into consideration the imprisonment of Eliot (lately dead in the Tower), and the proceedings against Hampden in the ship-money case, put the King into a furious passion, and he, for the last time, abused his right of dissolution. Next day, as if resolved utterly to defy and crush the patience of his people, he committed several of the most energetic members of the Parliament to prison. And then the taxation-screw got another turn. The Mayor and Sheriffs of London were prosecuted for not levying ship-money with sufficient rigour. Strafford proposed to hang some fat civic rulers by way of example to the land. Soldiers rioted in private houses, and extorted money at the sword's point. Having thus by violence and fraud scraped up some scanty sums of money, the King moved northward to meet the rebellious Scotch. On the very day he left London, Leslie, encouraged, it is said, by Hampden, invaded England by crossing the Tweed. At Newburn on the Tyne an English force ran before a few shots from the Scottish guns. Newcastle was evacuated, and the Royalist army fell back upon the city of York, while the Covenanters took possession of the four northern English counties. At York Charles, ever ingenious in trying to subvert the Constitution, attempted the vain experiment of calling the Lords into session alone, without the unmanageable appendage of a House of Commons. But the prudence of the Council of Lords baffled this new attempt at misgovernment.

Over the fallen leaves of 1640 resolute men went spurring through England, addressing the electors in shire and borough, and exhorting them to return trustworthy members to the approaching Parliament. Hampden was much in the saddle during these precious days. On the 3rd of November, instead of a brilliant procession as was usual, a boat brought Charles to Westminster in a sullen melancholy way. The autumn rides had not been fruitless.

Nov. 3, 1640 The benches of the Commons, lined with stern faces, presented only one or two very favourable to the Court. Charles made a milder **A.D.** speech than usual; but conciliation now was hopeless. The tide, which had set in, must exhaust its force, sweeping off the enormous abuses that crowded English soil. Two men stood first in the way; and down went Laud and Strafford before the long-pent wrath of an angry and trodden people. First of all, Prynne and his companions in suffering were freed from the dungeons in which they had been pining for years. Then a just and speedy retribution fell on their persecutor's head. Denzil Hollis carried up a message to the Lords, accusing Archbishop Laud of treason, and demanding

that he should be committed to prison. It was done. He went to the Tower. The stronger spirit of Strafford, somewhat worn with the pain of disease, had before this given signs of an unwillingness to face the newly met Houses. But the King, too weak to be without this stern adviser and unsparing man, induced him to leave safe York for explosive London, by giving a royal pledge that the Parliament should not touch a hair of his head. Arrived in London, Strafford went after a day's rest to take his seat among the Lords; but he had scarcely entered the House, when the stern voice of Pym, speaking at the bar in the name of the Commons, impeached him of high treason and other misdemeanours. The knees of the proud man were bent at last, and Black Rod, demanding his sword, carried him off to the Tower in a coach. No cap moved in respectful salute as he passed a prisoner through the throng round the doors; but angry voices repeated the cry of Treason, as he went by. Finch and Secretary Windebank made off to the Continent at once. Having thus deprived Charles of his advisers and his tools, the Long Parliament went steadily on with the work of reform. They voted that a Parliament should be held at least every three years, providing means by which, if the Court proved unwilling, the people could of themselves elect members with or without writs. And they also limited to a great extent that power of dissolution which Charles had so madly abused. The Three Courts, whose very names ring with tyranny, were swept away. The Forest Courts were improved.

Unswerving in his resolve to humble Strafford to the dust of the grave, Pym continued to work at the articles of impeachment, until, with the aid of a secret committee, all was ready for the trial. Westminster Hall was filled with the Lords and the Commons on the 22nd day of March. Ladies crowded the galleries; the King sat unseen within a cabinet hung with arras. The reading of the twenty-eight charges, and the reply of the accused occupied the first day. On the second day Pym, the leader of the impeachment, spoke long and weightily in support of the charges and in opposition to the reply. He described the dreadful tyranny of Wentworth in Ireland, producing witnesses in support of all he said. A Remonstrance from the Irish **1641** Parliament, breathing hatred of the Viceroy, was also read. Strafford, A.D. asking time to prepare his defence but required to answer on the spot, strove hard to show, with that dignified eloquence he could wield so well, that all the evil he had done, heaped together, could not make a treason. From day to day the trial was prolonged, until on the 12th of April the notes of a speech, alleged to have been made by the prisoner at a private council, were brought into court against him. This document, found by young Vane among the papers of his father, and shown by him to Pym, who copied it, contained these words amongst others: "You have an army in Ireland that you may employ to reduce this kingdom to obedience." In spite of the suggestion that "this" might point to Scotland, the scrap of paper decided Strafford's fate. A Bill of Attainder, passed in the Commons by a great majority, and more tardily by the Lords, condemned the great criminal to the

scaffold. Men, strained to the highest pitch of nervous excitement, were filled with strange fancies and alarms. It was thought that Strafford would escape. Indeed Charles devised plans and Strafford offered princely bribes for freedom; but Balfour, the lieutenant of the Tower, would listen to no allurements. In the middle of the tragedy, now growing to completion, a gleam of comedy occurred, when two fat knights of the shire, standing on a crazy board in the gallery of the Commons, broke it with their weight, just as some alarmist was painting the probable horrors of a new and successful gunpowder plot. The crack of the wood brought pallid members to their feet at a bound. One cried, "I smell gunpowder!" Like a flock of frightened sheep they made for the door, and scattered the crowds in the lobby to spread the alarm through the city, which rose with hum and clamour and rushed off to the scene of supposed destruction. Nothing now remained for the completion of Pym's work but the consent of Charles to the Attainder. Strafford wrote a letter to the King, full of a quiet manly pathos and resignation to his fate, beseeching his Majesty, as if a ray of pure patriotism had at last struggled through the thick-rolled clouds of a dozen years' ambition, to sign the Bill of Attainder, and thus save the commonwealth from ill. The King, after weakly asking advice from his council, did what he probably had before resolved on, and wrote the fatal letters. The scaffold stood on Tower Hill; and after a few words of resignation Strafford laid his head upon the block, and died (May 12, 1641). Bonfires lighted London streets that night, and men rode off to the country, waving their hats, and crying joyfully, "His head is off!"

When Strafford was gone, the King tried to win over some of the popular leaders to his side. The Earl of Bedford undertook to form a government, in which Hollis was to be Secretary of State, and Pym Chancellor of the Exchequer. St. John became Solicitor-General. But the death of Bedford prevented even the experiment from being made. It might have been well for Charles, had he won Pym to his councils and listened to the advice of the great lawyer.

During the autumn holidays Charles went to Scotland. Hampden went there too, with a secret commission from the Parliament to watch the negotiations between the King and the Covenanters, in order to neutralize any attempt the former might make to wean the Scots from their adherence to the popular cause in England. Just then the whole island was electrified with the news of a terrible rising and massacre of Protestants in Ireland. Sir Phelim O'Neil led the rebels in Ulster. The plot was deep-laid, and only that the babble of a drunken man revealed the secret to a Protestant, Dublin Castle would have fallen. Fifty thousand are said to have perished in the slaughter, which lighted a flame of civil war that did not cease to burn for two years.

When Parliament reassembled, there were two distinct parties in the House of Commons. The King had friends in Falkland, Culpeper, and Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon: Hampden and Pym were of course the leaders

of the Opposition. And, when on a memorable day—Monday the 22nd of November, 1641—that document, called the Grand Remonstrance, which recited all the misgovernment of the previous sixteen years, came Nov. 22, to be discussed, the contest waxed so hot and personal, that nothing 1641 but the voice of the great Hampden could prevent bloodshed. A.D. A majority of eleven passed the Remonstrance, which was presented to the King, and afterwards printed for distribution through the land.

Pym's lodgings at Chelsea formed a centre of political activity. There the opponents of the Court often met to dine, and, as they afterwards rode through the neighbouring lanes, they talked of these "other things in preparation" to which the Remonstrance menacingly referred. This king of men—the people really used to call him King Pym—filled the mind of Charles more than any other of his subjects; and he would gladly have bought the rival monarch over. The Chancellorship of the Exchequer was offered to the statesman—and declined. Culpeper then received the place.

Meanwhile several symptoms of a brooding storm appeared. The apprentices and citizens thronging to Westminster came to blows during the Christmas holidays with the soldiers of the King; and out of the tumult arose those historic nicknames, Roundhead and Cavalier. Before December closed, ten bishops went through frost and snow to prison in the Tower, charged with attempting to subvert the existence of Parliament, because they had sent a protest to the House of Lords, declaring that they meant to stay away on account of the riots, and insisting that no laws passed in *their* absence could be valid.

A fatal thought meanwhile entered the King's head. In utter defiance of legal form he instructed his Attorney-General to impeach five members of the Commons and one of the Lords of high treason. The articles were seven :—
1. A general charge of trying to subvert government and law. 2. The authorship of the Grand Remonstrance. 3. Tampering with the army. 4. Traitorous invitations to the Scottish rebels, urging them to enter England. 5. Endeavouring to subvert the rights and being of Parliaments. 6. The raising of riots. 7. The levying of actual war against the throne. The accused peer, Lord Kimbolton, at once rose and denied the charges. Digby—the confidant of Charles—said not a word at first, but then thought fit to pretend great surprise. The day was the 3rd of January 1642.

The same day Pym's servant called him to the door of the Commons, and told him that his trunks, study, and chamber had all been just sealed up by persons sent from the King. Hollis received similar news at the same time. The angry House declared, when Pym announced the fact, that both law and privilege had been violated by the act, and were proceeding to urge a vigorous resistance, when worse occurred. The King's Sergeant-at-arms came with a royal message to the Speaker, requiring that five members, whose names he distinctly pronounced—Denzil Hollis, Sir Arthur Haselrig, John Pym, John

Hampden, and William Strode—should be given up as guilty of high treason. Quietly the House sent the Sergeant out to his mace, which he had not dared to carry in, and appointed a deputation of four to carry a message to the King, implying that an answer should be returned, as speedily as the importance of the matter would allow, and that the members were ready meanwhile to answer all *legal* charges. The Speaker then ordered the five members to attend daily in the House until further direction; and next day at ten the House was desired to sit in grand committee to consider the message. With the setting sun an order was given to break the seals in the houses of the accused and to take the sealers into custody. On the following morning the House of Commons met at eight, their usual hour, and sat until dinner-time at twelve. The five members spoke, defending themselves against the articles of impeachment; but, of all, the words of Hampden had the greatest weight. Rising at twelve, they adjourned for an hour to dine. During that hour two warnings of approaching danger reached the Five. One warning came from Lady Carlisle direct to Pym; the other from Lord Chamberlain Essex to all the Five. Knowing therefore what was about to happen, they went to their seats in the afternoon, in obedience to the Speaker's order.

The King had passed a stormy night at home, and had borne hard names—poltroon, to wit—from the lips of his excited wife. The debate, as to how the Five should act, was proceeding, when a French officer, who had clambered over roof-tops in his haste, appeared at the door, and told that the King had left Whitehall with a band of armed men, and was then near the Hall. The Five went hastily down to the river-stairs—Strode dragged out by a friendly hand—and had not yet entered the boat that waited there, when Charles and his train of swords and pistols reached the House. The shops of Westminster were shut as the disorderly band went by, to the number of more than four hundred. Forming a lane in Westminster Hall, they allowed Charles to enter the lobby, into which some eighty crushed after him. A loud knock,—and through the violently opened door the King came, followed by his nephew, the Prince Elector Palatine. Outside, impatient for the slaughter

Jan. 4, signal, stood a mass of armed men, who would not allow the door to
1642 be shut. The members doffed their hats: the King did the same.

A.D. "A crowd of bare faces" lined the benches. One quick look towards
the place Pym always held told Charles that the "birds were flown."

He did not know what to say, and stood a long time silent upon the step of the Speaker's chair, which that worthy had vacated on his approach. An age those silent minutes must have seemed! The King then spoke, reiterating his charge of treason and denying the right of traitors to shelter themselves under privilege. Stammering through some broken sentences to this effect, he put the question, "Is Mr. Pym here?" but no answer came. In like manner he asked for Hollis. Lenthall the Speaker, on most occasions a timorous man, made answer to the royal questions, "that he had neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in that place, but as the House was pleased to

direct." Baffled on every hand, the King turned to go out, much to the disgust of his body-guard, who grumbled at having come so far without getting the bloody sport they looked for. As he passed to the door, the mutterings of the storm within broke out in audible cries of "Privilege! Privilege!" Six days after this fatal act of tyranny, he left his palace of Whitehall for Hampton Court (Jan. 10, 1642); and on the 23rd of the following month Queen Henrietta and her daughter, well weighted with the English crown jewels and a great sum of money, set sail for the Court of Holland.

The night succeeding the outrage upon the Commons saw London in a flame of excitement, which grew to sterner fury, when a royal proclamation ordered the ports to be shut lest the Five might escape; and another edict soon followed, forbidding any person to afford them shelter. London, a stronghold of English liberty, proved true as steel in this crisis. The members found a safe shelter in Coleman Street; and, although on the 5th Charles went down to Guildhall through crowds foaming round his coach like an angry sea, and there demanded their surrender, they were not betrayed. The ominous cry of the day before—"Privilege! Privilege!" and a yet more daring sign of public feeling—the words "To your tents, O Israel!" scribbled on a scrap of paper and flung into the coach—ought to have made the foolish monarch pause and think, while he had a chance. That very day it was carried in the Commons that a Committee of the House should sit at Guildhall, which accordingly met there on the following morning, but soon removed to Grocers' Hall. Resolutions against the outrage and the encroachments of the King—the examination of witnesses regarding the violence of Tuesday—the reception of the Five among them—and the preparations for a triumphant return to Westminster formed the work of this Committee.

The King fled from London on Monday the 10th. Next day all London and all Southwark lined the banks of Thames between the Bridge and Westminster Stairs, to see the return of the Five. It was a bright winter day. Embarking at the Three Cranes in one of the splendid barges of the City Companies, they rowed up amid tumultuous cheering and the incessant rattle and boom of musketry and cannon. Everywhere—on pike-head and gun-barrel, on hat and breast—flapped the parliamentary Protestation, cut into little square banners of paper. The Speaker and the members stood, to greet the Five, who sat for an instant and then rose with bared heads. Pym spoke for all, thanking the citizens of London for shelter and hospitality. So ended this momentous week—a little act, if we reckon by time, in the drama of the reign, but pregnant with the mightiest results. The Civil War in reality began on that fatal Tuesday; and all its history may be seen foreshadowed in the events of the six following days.

Seven months had yet to pass before the clash of actual conflict was heard. Having sent off his wife and daughter, the King moved from place to place with the shadow of a court about him. Hopeless of the capital, he pitched upon Hull as a fitting base of operations in the war, for which he was

now preparing. Its convenient position with regard to Holland, where his wife was raising supplies, enhanced its value in his eyes. But, when he rode up to its gates one April day (23rd) with over three hundred horse, the governor, old Sir John Hotham, refused in the name of the Parliament to admit him with so many men. During all these months negotiations were pending with the Parliament; but every declaration on the one side, and response on the other merely advanced the day of battle. The navy, indignant with Charles for branding sailors with the contemptuous nickname of water-rats, went over to the Parliament. London supplied its well-drilled trainbands—its ready plate down even to women's thimbles. The militia also, refused by the King to the Parliament for a single hour, were taken by the sturdy members into their own hands: and the levy went on with vigour. Two opposing edicts—the royal *Commission of Array* and the parliamentary *Ordinance of Militia*—sweep the country of all fighting men for one side or the other. The pawning of the crown jewels supplies the King with some material for war: the melting of cavalier-plate goes to the same end. Hampden, conspicuously stern as he had formerly been conspicuously gentle, raises a regiment of Buckinghamshire yeomen, dresses them in green, and rides at their head as Colonel. And notable among the Parliamentary officers is Captain Oliver Cromwell, of Troop Sixty-seven in Earl Bedford's horse, whose son too, Cornet Oliver, carries steel in the same corps. Robert, Earl of Essex, commands the national army, as Lord-General for King and Parliament.

At six o'clock on an August evening (25th), a fierce gale blowing at the time, the royal standard was uplifted on the Castle-hill of Nottingham amid the clangour of drums and trumpets. The wind blew down the flag-staff that very night. Prince Rupert (or Prince Robber, as the wit of English clowns misnamed him), the nephew of Charles, dashed with some banditti through the central counties, plundering. He failed in his attempt to seize Worcester.

The battle of Keinton¹ or Edgehill began the great operations of the war. In the valley at the foot of Edgehill, called the Vale of the Red Horse, Charles and Essex faced each other on the 23rd of October, the King stronger in horse, the Earl stronger in cannon. It seems as if both sides shrank at first from plunging into the red horrors of a civil war. There was a long pause and hesitation; nor was it until two in the afternoon that the boom of Sunday, the Parliamentary guns announced that the action had begun. One Oct. 23, hour's cannonade, and then with a rush the pikes crossed, and the 1642 Roundheads fell back. Rupert went like a rocket through the left

A.D. wing of the foe, but a return charge from the other wing of the Parliamentary men scattered the royal artillery, and spiked some guns. The footmen round the royal standard, attacked in front and rear, were then broken, and Earl Lindsey, nominal commander of the royal troops,

¹ *Edgehill or Keinton* is a small village on the southern edge of Warwickshire, seventy-two miles north-west of London.

received a mortal wound. Want of powder prevented Essex from following up this success; the fury of the battle gradually died out with the falling night. Although the royal loss was more severe, each side claimed the fight as a victory.

In the following month, issuing with Rupert from his head-quarters at loyal Oxford, Charles made a rush through the November fog on London, and got as far as Brentford, when his advance was checked by the regiment of Colonel Hollis. All London went out on that Sunday morning to Turnham Green; and had not Essex,—a slow but well-meaning man,—exercised undue caution, much to the chagrin of Hampden and his green doublets, the retreat of Charles might have been cut off. As it was, the baffled King got safely back to Reading and thence to Oxford.

The beginning of 1643 witnessed a new negotiation between the King and the Parliament. It ended as before in nothing. The greater part of the year went by,—the King lying at Oxford,—Essex, the Lord-General, at Windsor. In the north, where Yorkshire formed the centre of operations, the Earl of Newcastle commanded for the King, carrying on a war of skirmishes with Lord Fairfax, the Parliamentary leader. Queen Henrietta, coming over with men and money that the crown jewels had procured, lay four months in Yorkshire, during which she sent guns and gunpowder to her husband, lying idle by the Cherwell. For deeds like these the Commons, acting through their mouthpiece Pym, sent up to the Lords an impeachment of high treason against her. Restless Rupert somewhat atoned for the inactivity of his uncle, for he was always darting out of Oxford to slay, burn, pillage, and retreat. In one of these fiery raids he fell, at grey dawn of a midsummer morning (June 18, 1643), upon the hamlet of Postcombe, having crossed the Cherwell at Chiselhampton Bridge. A slight skirmish drove back a troop of Roundhead horse. Turning then to Chinnor, he slew and took prisoners a couple of hundred more. Almost with the risen sun there appeared on the side of a neighbouring hill a body of Parliamentary dragoons riding to the attack. It was John Hampden, statesman and soldier, come to his last field. He had warned Essex that the lines were weak at this very place, and, hearing of Rupert's move, he had sent an urgent message asking Essex to occupy the bridge at Chiselhampton, over which the plunderer had come. Chalgrove Field¹ waved with a great sea of slightly coloured grain, when Rupert marshalled his two thousand horsemen there. Hampden, who meant only to keep the foe in play until Essex had seized the bridge, poured in a volley and then dashed in a fierce charge upon Rupert's right wing. As he rode forward, two carbine balls struck his shoulder, broke the bone, and lodged in his body. His head drooped on the mane, and, to the wonderment of all, he went slowly from the field. The house, where he had won his bride, rose above the trees not far away. But the foe lay between, and he turned towards Thame, riding with infinite

¹ *Chalgrove Field* is not far from Watlington in Oxfordshire, which lies about fifteen miles south-east of Oxford.

pain over ground, every inch of which he had by heart. Leaping with difficulty a little stream, he made his way to the house of Ezekiel Browne June 24, at Thame, where six days later he died with the words of patriotic prayer, broken on his lips. To his grave in Hampden Church 1643 his green-coats bore their Colonel in a little while, stirring the gentle summer air with the solemn music of the Ninetieth Psalm. And there, stricken in the very prime of his power, they left the greatest Englishman of the time, who, had he lived, would assuredly have led the armies of the Parliament at not a distant day. It seemed to the National party, when the terrible news of Chalgrove came, as if the sun of their enterprise had dropped from the sky—and left no ray behind.

Their defeat on Adderton Moor¹ in the north, where Newcastle routed Fairfax on the 30th of June, added to their dismay—perhaps induced them to behead, as they did on Tower Hill, the Hothams, father and son, convicted of treasonably offering to surrender Hull to the King. Old Sir John need hardly have shut Beverley gate, if he had any thoughts of ending thus his historical career.

Confused fighting in the North, chiefly in favour of the King, brings Colonel Cromwell into some sort of prominence. A victorious skirmish near Grantham, and the relief of Lord Willoughby, hard pressed at Gainsborough, bore witness to the rising soldiership of this rough Huntingdon Farmer, of whom the next chapter tells more. An ebb in the tide of victory however cast Gainsborough and Lincoln again into the hands of the Royalists. Nor was it until Cromwell, shaken by a fall from his killed horse, and ridden down as he rose by the man behind him, regained the saddle to sweep with a whirlwind of dragoons along Slashing Lane in the hamlet of Winceby,² that Lincolnshire was finally cleared of the Royalist troops (11th October 1643).

The King's general, Wilmot, defeated Sir William Waller at Devizes.³ And Rupert frightened Nathaniel Fiennes into a surrender of Bristol after a three days' siege, for which Mr. Prynne delicately hints that the Colonel should be shot. He was only cashiered. In dread of the worst, the Londoners, ladies even taking spade in hand, set vigorously to work at the defence of their city, which was soon encircled by an intrenchment of twelve miles. Instead of moving on London, the King, helped by succours from his wife, laid siege to Gloucester during the month of August. It seemed for a time as if the cause of liberty lay buried in the grave of Hampden. But the spirit of the people rose to a level with the crisis. The London trainbands volunteered their services; and "elephantine" Essex, heavily flinging off his sluggishness, moved steadily westward, escaped the hovering squadrons of Rupert

¹ *Adderton Moor*, or *Adwalton*, is marked by a hamlet in the West Riding of Yorkshire, four miles south-east by south of Bradford.

² *Winceby*, a small upland hamlet in the Wolds of Lincolnshire, about five miles west of Horn-castle.

³ *Devizes*, a market-town in Wiltshire, twenty-two miles from Salisbury. The battle was fought near Roundaway Hill.

and Wilmot, and on the 5th of September lit a beacon-fire on Presbury Hill, which shone through the rainy gloom of the night with tidings of relief to the beleaguered and almost exhausted garrison of Gloucester. **Sept. 5.** Burning his camp, the King retreated, thus baffled in his last great **1643** chance. On his homeward way to cover London, Essex had to fight at **A.D.** Newbury¹ (Sept. 20th), where the pikes of the London trainbands formed an impenetrable hedge of steel, on which the gallant cavalry of the King dashed without avail. A bullet here brought down Lord Falkland, now Secretary of State to the King—once a dear friend of Hampden, whom he followed so soon to a soldier's grave. The historian Clarendon tells us how heavily the cloud of the Civil War brooded over the once cheerful spirit of Falkland, and with what deep and bitter sighs he was wont to cry out for "peace." The Newbury bullet was the answer to his prayer.

Two days after this battle there was a great ceremony in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, where the assembly of Puritan divines and the Scotch Commissioners met to sign *The Solemn League and Covenant*. This document, which was the National Covenant renamed and slightly liberalized by the management of young Harry Vane, Commissioner at Edinburgh, bound the revolted Scots and the revolted English together in their great struggle with a King, who had wronged them both. On the very day, when the church was filled with lifted hands giving solemn assent to this politico-religious bond, Essex received the thanks of Parliament for his great service done in the relief of Gloucester.

Of the four names which head this chapter two have been blotted from the page,—Strafford by the axe on Tower Hill, Hampden by the bullets at Chalgrove. King Pym, the great orator and wielder of men, must now die. At Derby House on the 8th of September a painful internal sickness struck him down, and his remains were laid, with the honours due to a great English statesman, beneath the illustrious roof of Westminster. So early in the struggle are the great men falling. Happily for England the greatest, not yet fully conscious of his strength or alive to the magnitude of the work he has to do, still lives, at present in jack-boots and buff doublet, busily drilling his Ironsides for Marston, or any other fight that may lie for him in untold history.

By anticipation I may here dismiss Archbishop Laud. The wretched old man, after having lain long in the Tower, was brought to trial in March 1644. Prynne, his former victim, had spent the winter in framing additional articles of impeachment and collecting evidence in support of them. The trial, resumed in autumn, was finally given up, a Bill of Attainder being, as in Strafford's case, substituted for the impeachment. This Bill, thrust upon the unwilling Lords who had to yield, did its work on the 10th of January 1645, when the old priest's face, ruddy to the last, grew ashy white under the headman's stroke, thus, as Fuller tells us, refuting the calumny of his foes, who said that he had painted his cheeks to avoid the appearance of fear.

¹ *Newbury*, a market-town in Berkshire on the Kennet, seventeen miles west-south-west of Reading.

CHAPTER III.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Early life.	Pride's Purge.	Long Parliament dismissed.
Member for Cambridge.	The High Court of Justice.	Instrument of Government.
Marston Moor.	The scaffold.	Installation.
Self-denying Ordinance.	Levellers.	Triers and Expurgators.
Naseby.	The Irish war.	Hydra.
The Scottish camp.	Campaigning in Scotland.	Major-Generals.
Rendezvous.	Dunbar Drova.	The Petition and Advice.
The Proposals.	Worcester.	Sea-king Blake.
Explosive elements.	Kingship.	Dunkirk taken.
Preston fight.	The Dutch war.	Death.

THE name of Oliver Cromwell has glimpsed out more than once in the preceding pages. The time has now come, when that name is to fill the centre of the age with a lustre all the more wonderful from the homely lot in which the rough jewel lay hidden long.

The little child, who, born at Huntingdon in 1599, called Robert Cromwell, a cadet of the Hinchinbrook family, father, and Elizabeth Steward, daughter of a wealthy Ely farmer, mother,—the sturdy schoolboy, who probably went to the grammar-school of his native town,—the youth of seventeen, who entered his name on the books of Sidney Sussex, Cambridge, on the very day of Shakespeare's death,—the scarcely bearded bridegroom, who, after some doubtful law studying, married in 1620 Elizabeth Bourchier, the daughter of Sir James, a civic magistrate with a little place in Essex,—however interesting to every student of great men's lives, must not detain us in a sketch like this.

Nor have I many words to spare for Oliver Cromwell, Esq., who, entering Parliament for the borough of Huntingdon in 1628, met there a number of men,—Wentworth, Selden, Hampden, Pym, Hollis,—who were bent upon wringing from their infatuated King a new Charter of liberties, sorely trampled on. Oliver took part in the movement against Buckingham, and displayed the close-grained Puritanism of his inner fibre by an attack upon the Bishop of Winchester for "preaching flat Popery." The dissolution of 1629 sent him to Huntingdon, whence, two years later, he moved to a grazing-farm at St. Ives, five miles down the Ouse,—a spongy piece of land, soaking with the black moisture of the neighbouring Fens. Five years of beef-rearing and butter-making, chequered with the lights and shadows of domestic life and sometimes overspread with the gloom of hypochondria, but instinct throughout with a steadfast solemn religious fervour, bring us on to 1636, when the death of his mother's brother, who left him some property, changed the scene of his life to Ely. Thence this "Lord of the Fens," as he was popularly called in recognition of the regal manhood in him, which afterwards shone out so bright, went in 1640 to the Short Parliament as member for Cambridge town,—went

in the following winter to his seat for the same place in the ever-memorable Long Parliament.

Here we may stop to look at the man "in whom there is talent for farming; there are thoughts enough, thoughts bounded by the Ouse river, thoughts that go beyond eternity,—and a great black sea of things that he has never yet been able to think." Forty-one years of age: of good stature; of swollen and reddish face, a voice sharp and untunable, and eloquence full of fervour: as to dress (a young buck of that day tells us), his plain cloth suit bore evident marks of country scissors,—his linen was plain, and not very clean,—his band too little and specked with blood,—his hat without a hatband, and his sword stuck close by his side. So much for the externals of the man,—an ugly clownish sloven, one would think upon a hasty glance; but look again! There is empire in the steadfast eye and under the raspings of the ill-tuned voice. Already men have felt its grasp, for, see, they are wrapped in silence and chained by the voice of this Farmer, whose coat has no gold lace, whose band has not a frill.

While Pym and Hampden lived, Oliver associated himself with them in all the great events noticed in the preceding chapter. He heard St. Margaret's chiming two on the great morning when the Remonstrance passed, and rejoiced in victory as he went home to bed. When the war began to simmer, he lent £300 to the Parliament, raised a volunteer corps at Cambridge, seized the magazine there, and prevented the University plate (worth £20,000) from leaving its place. Learning in the school of obedience how to command,—all great commanders have done so,—Captain Cromwell fought at Edgehill, and, under Lord Grey of Wark, did good service in keeping the Associated Counties—Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Cambridge, Herts—against the King and his rocket of a nephew. And how Colonel Cromwell was in peril of his life at Winceby Fight, and, as governor of Ely, held that city for the Parliament, has been already told. From the first hour that he drilled his Cambridge men his greatest work began. A grand weapon was to be forged,—a weapon of which Strafford and Baby Charles had only dreamed,—which Cromwell made and wielded with a giant's skill and strength, but which at last grew too mighty even for his giant hand. In the unconquered regiment of Ironsides we see the germ of that singular invincible army, which overturned for a time the English throne, and with psalms and pike-points broke the battalions of the greatest military power in Europe.

The first month of 1644 witnessed the march of twenty-one thousand Scots under Leslie, now the Earl of Leven, southward across the Border. About the same time a mock Parliament, summoned by the King in opposition to the Houses of Westminster, met at Oxford. This royal Convention, or Mongrel Parliament, as Charles spitefully but not untruly called it, counted only forty-three peers and eighteen commoners, who did next to nothing during their session of three months. Leven, faced at first by the Marquis of Newcastle, drove that Royalist general before him to York, the siege of which was under-

taken by a threefold army, Scots under Leven himself, Yorkshiremen under Lord Fairfax, and Association men under Manchester and Cromwell, now promoted to be Lieutenant-General. If York fell, the North must go : so Rupert shot over the hills from ravaged Lancashire, outflanked the Parliamentary generals by crossing the Ouse, and leaving them arranged on Long Marston Moor,¹ four miles from the city, whither they had gone to meet him, effected a junction with beleaguered Newcastle, and prepared for a tremendous conflict.

The hot blood of Rupert forced on this disastrous fight, sorely against the will of Newcastle. While the baffled forces of the Parliament were beginning to move away towards Tadcaster, the German firework came upon their rear. A trumpet call brought the entire army to a stand, and a preliminary fight began for favourable ground, in which struggle the Parliamentary soldiers had the best, for they secured "a large rye-field on a rising ground," and managed to cover part of their front with a deep ditch. From three to five a desultory fire ran along both lines, and then came a sudden lull till seven, each waiting for the other to begin. A cannon-ball, probably one of the dropping shots which would sometimes startle the pause, smashed the leg of Oliver's nephew, and caused his death. As the sun declined, it was thought by most that the day's fighting was over, and Newcastle went to bed in his carriage, but Manchester's and Leven's troopers crossed the ditch, and went right at the foe about seven. The horse however did the heaviest fighting that summer evening among the

rye. Cromwell and Rupert, each commanding a left wing, and therefore not opposed at first, broke and scattered the enemy against whom
July 2, their charge was directed. We can see them still, beginning with
1644 a rapid trot, which gradually becomes an earth-shaking gallop, grow-
A.D. ing to a very whirlwind as they near the foe, firing their pistols

within a few yards, hurling them at the heads of the men they ride at, and then falling with wheeling and flashing cuts of steel upon the wavering line, which in a few seconds splinters before the fury of the charge. Up to this point in the war Rupert and his squadrons had had it all their own way, riding down files of stout yeomen and mechanics like so much wheat or beans. But when the great collision of Oliver and Rupert took place in the summer dusk, —when a band of steady riders, clad in steel breastplates and known in history as the Ironsides of Cromwell, charged right into the face of the German princekin's cavaliers, and sent the hitherto unconquered squadrons reeling in disorder from the field, stung too, and tortured by the Scottish musketeers whose line was all alive with ceaseless spouts of fire, the right arm of King Charles, upon which his earlier success had chiefly depended, was shattered and disabled beyond all repair. That victorious charge of Cromwell was the pivot of the war. At ten that night Rupert turned rein. His guns, powder, and baggage, his colours to the number of one hundred, were all left to the victors ; and more than four thousand dead lay upon the midnight field. Newcastle hid his head on the Continent. York surrendered on the 15th of July:

¹ *Long Marston Moor* lies four or five miles west of the city of York.

and the town of Newcastle yielded to Scottish stormers in the next October. So Charles lost the North.

A transient gleam of success gilded his cause in the South. Essex and Waller, leading a Parliamentary army from London for the conquest of the West, disagreed and parted. Waller met the King at Cropredy Bridge,¹ three days before the battle of Marston, and skirmished all day with slight result: and on his aimless way to London his soldiers melted from his flag in hundreds. Essex fared even worse. For the King followed him to Cornwall, and there so completely blocked him up among the hills, that he took to shipboard at Plymouth and abandoned his army, a large part of which under Skippon surrendered and were disarmed on the 1st of September 1644.

Not two months later occurred the second battle of Newbury, which derives more importance from its side-results than from any of its direct consequences. Manchester and Waller, with Cromwell under them, went down to waylay the King returning victorious to Oxford. The armies met on Sunday evening, October 27th, 1644; and after four hours of fighting, partly by moonlight, the King, although worsted, managed about ten to break away and reach Oxford. Cromwell was for instant chase; Manchester hung back. From difference they came to quarrel. Cromwell, a root-and-branch Independent, strong in conscious superiority, and strong in the tried valour of his Ironsides, had already used impatient and somewhat insubordinate language towards this vacillating Presbyterian lord. Now he stood boldly up and gave utterance to the latent thunder, with which the Parliamentary air was charged, by accusing the Earl of half measures and unnecessary protraction of the war.

Out of this quarrel grew the celebrated *Self-Denying Ordinance*, a measure proposed in the Commons by Zouch Tate, member for Northampton, and seconded by Sir Harry Vane, one of Cromwell's chief supporters. This Act, which passed in the Commons on the 19th of December 1644, was rejected by the Lords at first, but struggled through the Upper House by the 3rd of April 1645. It set aside all members of either House from military command—in fact, was levelled directly at Essex, Manchester, and Waller. In spite of the clamour of the Presbyterian chiefs, among whom the Scottish Commissioners were loud in broadest Doric, Cromwell was *not* prosecuted and crushed as “an incendiary.” Side by side with the Self-Denying Ordinance went the Act for the *New Model* of the Army, by which the total was fixed at twenty-one thousand men, under a General-in-chief, a Lieutenant-General, and certain other officers. Sir Thomas Fairfax being appointed Commander-in-chief, undertook, with the aid of Skippon, the reforming of the army. Into the post of Lieutenant-General Cromwell stepped, shortly after the opening of the new campaign, for the pressure of the Royalist forces, not yet completely broken, showed that the national cause could not do without the brain and hand of the greatest soldier in the land. Thus the Independents worked out their will by aid of this notable Ordinance, which possessed a most convenient elasticity,

¹ *Cropredy Bridge* is on the border of Oxfordshire next Northamptonshire.

after the slow and lukewarm commanders had been ousted. Fairfax led the army of the Parliament; but Cromwell managed the soldiers and won the battles, which remained to be fought in this act of the twofold Civil War.

Through the mediation of the Scottish Commissioners a negotiation was opened at Uxbridge¹ in January 1645, while the Ordinance was fighting its way into law. But upon not one of the three great topics discussed—the Church, the Militia, and the State of Ireland—could the contending parties come to an agreement. The snapping of this broken reed left a renewal of war the only remedy for the national difficulties.

The battle of Naseby² showed of what metal the New Model army was made. Ranging on opposite hills with a stretch of upland moor between them, the Cavaliers and Roundheads looked each other in the face on the morning of Saturday, the 14th of June 1645. Fairfax led the Parliamentary forces, supported by Cromwell, who rode on the right wing at the head of six cavalry regiments, and Ireton, who held an almost similar command upon the left. To these were opposed Rupert, Langdale, and the King himself. As had happened at Marston, Rupert and Cromwell broke, each the June 14, wing before him: but then came a difference. Rupert rushed on to 1645 plunder; Cromwell stayed still to conquer. The contest between the

A.D. rival centres was hot and deadly, but the various reserves, brought up by Fairfax, at last pierced the central masses of the royal army.

When Rupert came back from an unprofitable chase, he found the King's infantry a ruin. During the three hours' fight the hopes of the royal party perished utterly; and they fled, leaving culverins and sackers, carriages and colours, private papers, and prisoners to the number of five thousand, very many of whom were officers of high rank. As Charles rode madly off to Leicester, he must have felt that the blow had wounded his fortunes beyond repair. Still upon the moorland, patched with corn, which once felt its surface torn by the hoofs of charging squadrons, hollows waving with rich herbage show where the corpses of Naseby Field rotted into productive clay.

The game was now nearly up. Charles looked to Scotland with an eye in which a little hope yet brightened, for there a renegade Covenanter, the Marquis of Montrose, had been shooting hither and thither, like a destroying meteor, winning battle after battle for his King. Tibbermuir,³ Alford,⁴ Kilsyth,⁵ all witnessed the savage triumph of Montrose and his barbarous knife-men. But retribution came at Philipshaugh,⁶ when David Leslie surprised him, and annihilated his loose undisciplined force.

Let us rapidly wind off the rest of this bloody tangle of affairs. In spite

¹ *Uxbridge*, a market-town in Middlesex, on the Colne, fifteen miles from London.

² *Naseby*, a hamlet on a hill-top in the north-western border of Northamptonshire, seven or eight miles from Market-Harborough in Leicestershire: nearly on a line with, and midway between that town and Daventry.

³ *Tibbermuir*, a field about five miles from Perth, and midway between Methven and Perth.

⁴ *Alford*, a scattered village on the Don in Aberdeenshire.

⁵ *Kilsyth*, a burgh in Stirlingshire, thirteen miles south by west from Stirling.

⁶ *Philipshaugh*. The scene of this battle lies near Selkirk.

of threatening bodies of clubmen, who took up cudgels in Dorset and Wilts, Bristol was taken for the Parliament with little loss. And the Roundhead army, pressing steadily on, stormed Bridgewater, and shut Sir Ralph Hopton up in the peninsula of Cornwall, where next spring he surrendered. Basing House near Basingstoke, a great royal stronghold, was bombarded and stormed by Cromwell. The King made his last warlike effort on Rowton Heath near Chester with an army, or the shadow of one, collected in Wales. Hopton's surrender in Cornwall was immediately followed by Sir Jacob's Astley's surrender at Stow "in the Wolds of Gloucestershire."

We now dimly discern a trio of horsemen trotting sharply out of Oxford over Magdalen Bridge in the darkness of an early April morning (the 28th) in 1646. That groom, with clipped hair and beard and rolled cloak strapped at his waist, who rides servant-like behind Ashburnham, is Charles Stuart, King of England. Hudson the royal chaplain is the third. Uncertainly they ride, wavering between London and the Scottish camp, at one time reaching Harrow, a short hour's gallop from St. Paul's. But nine days of vacillation and bewildered balancing of various dangers landed the unfortunate King at Newark¹ in the Scottish camp.

Fairfax then concentrated his strength upon Oxford, which surrendered after something more than a month's siege (June 20th, 1646). And, with the fleeing of the King and the fall of his adopted capital, the flame of the Civil War died out for a time, showing its last flicker in the siege of Ragland Castle.²

After much fruitless negotiation between the King and the Parliament—negotiations protracted through many months during which the King lodged at Newcastle, he passed from the hands of the Scottish army to those of the English Parliament. This matter has been much misunderstood and falsified. It has been asserted that the Scottish nation sold for £200,000 the unhappy King, who had flung himself upon their loyal hospitality. Charles refused to sign the Covenant, which rendered it impossible for him to remain among the Covenanters on friendly terms. He desired to be sent to a place near London, where he might have some chance of influencing the city and the Parliament. The Scots delivered him up, not to the Levellers, who were already beginning to mutter vengeance, but to the Presbyterians, who never entertained a thought of violence towards his person. Through all the negotiations the safety of the King was expressly stipulated. And the money, which the Scots received, was but a part of the subsidy, on the faith of which they had undertaken to support the cause of the English Parliament. Skippon, rolling northward with the money-waggons, counted out the cash to the Scots at Newcastle; and on the 30th of January (an odd and tragic coincidence of dates, if we look two years ahead) King Charles became the prisoner, I sup-

¹ Newark, a market-town upon the Trent in Nottingham, twenty miles north-east of Nottingham.

² Ragland Castle stands in ruins on a hill a mile from Ragland village, which is in Monmouthshire, seven miles south-west by west of Monmouth.

pose it must be called, of the English Parliament. As the Scottish soldiers filed over the Border, Charles creaked in his coach towards the wood-encircled manor-house of Holmby or Holdenby in Northamptonshire. Arriving there on the 16th of February, he settled down to a quiet life, varied by little except a game at chess or bowls. He refused to hear a word from the Presbyterian chaplains, whose spiritual instructions the Parliament persisted in forcing on him.

A vote of the Commons about this time (March 7, 1647) settled £2500 a year in land, out of the Marquis of Worcester's estate, upon General Cromwell. This had been tried already with the lands of the Marquis of Winchester; but these had been found insufficient for the payment of the sum.

Things now verged distinctly to a violence of some kind. The rival germs of Independence and Presbyterianism, which had always influenced the history of the Long Parliament more or less, striking vigorous root, shot out into two great rival branches. The army, created by Independent Oliver, now confronted the Presbyterian majority of the Parliament, in which Hollis was a notable leader. Reasonably enough demanding the arrears of their pay, now due for three-and-forty weeks, and objecting to a forced service in Ireland under new commanders, the soldiers held a "Rendezvous" on Kentford Heath at Newmarket, to discuss the state of affairs. While they were gathering to the Heath, an active Cornet of Whalley's Horse, named Joyce, once a London tailor, rode off at midnight with five hundred men to Holmby House (June 3rd), and, taking possession of the not unwilling King, brought him to the soldiers at Newmarket. Some days later, on the 10th of June, a day of prayer and fasting having been meanwhile held, the entire mass of twenty-one thousand men gathered to a greater Rendezvous on Triploe Heath near Cambridge. A stirring scene it must have been on the Heath that summer day. As Cromwell, who rode from London the other day on a horse white with foam, leads the Parliamentary Commissioners from regiment to regiment, the stern cry of "Justice, Justice!" breaks from the steel-clad ranks, telling of a fire within the breast-plates, which voting at Westminster cannot smother. On the same evening the army moved to St. Albans, sending on before them a letter, signed by Cromwell and others, and addressed to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, in which the desires of the soldiers are plainly and resolutely set forth in a style resembling, as a great master tells us, "the structure of a block of oak-root,—as tortuous, unwedgeable, and as strong." The second shot fired from the camp at St. Albans, was the demand that eleven obnoxious members should at once be tried. The eleven—Hollis and Waller among them—had the good sense to disappear very soon from the House and the country. One by one the stitches of the Presbyterians are picked out by the army, which advances and recedes, as the business speeds or slackens, but which always holds London in a fold, that some hours could tighten to a deadly grasp. Under this pressure the Parliament actually split: the two Speakers, with the mace and many Lords and Commons, hastening out to meet the army on Hounslow Heath. After some days of

confused drumming and preparations for bloodshed that never came, the Presbyterian party yielded; and the army marched into London by way of Hyde Park, three deep, with laurels in their steeple hats. The King was lodged at Hampton Court, whither some of the officers came Aug. 3. soon with a set of "Proposals" for the reformation of the State, and 1647 the establishment of a wide toleration. Charles, foolish enough to A.D. receive these men with acid bluster, fell to his old work of trying to outwit and deceive them. He was actually then entangled in secret correspondence with the Presbyterians and the Irish Catholics. And yet he pretended to treat with Ireton and Cromwell. Poor King! he looked for something to turn up in his favour out of this seeming chaos, vainly hoping that Independents and Presbyterians would dash each other's brains out, and that he would once more walk unhindered to his empty throne. His chief hope at this time rested on a faithful servant, the Marquis of Ormond, who had won distinction by trampling out the Irish Rebellion, and who through every change of conflicting parties had held that island for the King. But that hope broke like the rest; and Ormond crossed to England, where for a time he headed those old Royalists, whom royal folly could never estrange.

As the autumn wore away, the voice of the Levellers or "Red Republicans" grew louder. They talked ominously of the *Chief Delinquent*; and echoes of their talk sorely perturbed the King at Hampton Court. Baffled in all his schemes and bewildered by ever thickening danger, he fled from that palace through the wind and rain of a dark November night (Nov. 11), leaving his cloak in the gallery and some letters on the drawing-room table. Having reached the Isle of Wight, he saw no further outlet, and gave himself up to Colonel Hammond, who, writing to the Parliament, received orders to commit him to honourable custody in Carisbrook Castle. On the day that Hammond's letter reached the capital, Arnauld, a mutinous Leveller, was shot at Corkbush Field by order of Cromwell, who thus tamed for a time the unruly spirit of these Radicals.

Thomas Carlyle's summary of the explosive elements, seething in volcanic England at the opening of the revolutionary year 1648, surpasses all I know of in pith:—

"A King not to be bargained with; kept in Carisbrook, the centre of all factious hopes, of world-wide intrigues: that is one element. A great Royalist Party, subdued with difficulty, and ready at all moments to rise again: that is another. A great Presbyterian Party, at the head of which is London City, 'the Purse-bearer of the Cause,' highly dissatisfied at the course things had taken, and looking desperately round for new combinations and a new struggle: reckon that for a third element. Add lastly a headlong Mutineer, Republican, or Levelling Party; and consider that there is a working House of Commons, which counts about Seventy, divided into pretty equal halves too,—the rest waiting what will come of it."

Still cherishing empty hopes of escape, the King was guarded in Carisbrook,

while the smouldering embers of the war were beginning to burn once more. Dreadful words about calling Charles Stuart, *that man of blood*, to an account were spoken early in the year at an Army Council, or Prayer-meeting, if you like, which was held at Windsor. Then within London heart a mixture of Royalist and Presbyterian feeling was sputtering in apprentice riots and similar demonstrations. The summer brought out the flames. In Kent, in Essex, in Wales, and in Scotland they broke violently forth. Fairfax, now by his father's death a Lord, managed the former two, defeating the Kentish men on Blackheath, and trampling out the blaze at Maidstone, then darting over Thames to besiege Lord Goring in Colchester, which he ultimately took. Oliver, pushing into Wales, all smoking with revolt, encountered a stubborn resistance from Pembroke Castle, which his lack of cannon prevented him from grinding into gravel. But the place surrendered at last—July 11th; and he then dashed up through the centre of England to meet an army of Scottish Presbyterians, which the Marquis of Hamilton had gathered on the Aug. 17, Border for the invasion of England. On Thursday, August 17th, 1648

A.D. and the next two days, the battle of Preston raged upon the Ribble, ending in the complete defeat of Hamilton, whose army was in fact cut in two by Cromwell. Proceeding thence to Edinburgh upon the invitation of Covenanted Argyle, Hamilton's dearest foe, the great soldier took up his quarters at Moray House in the Canongate, whence he issued an address to the Committee of Estates. This document, denouncing all Malig-nants in either kingdom, demands that such should be permitted to hold no public place or trust whatever. The complete remodelling of the government was the grand result of Cromwell's Scottish visit.

During his absence the Presbyterians, who had been showing head once more, made a last effort—forty days long—to make a treaty with the King. The army at St. Albans, keeping dragon-watch, growled out a Remonstrance—*Chief Delinquent* again sounding in thunderous bass notes. Oliver, coming south, then took two decided steps, always with son-in-law Ireton at his back.

Ewer, appointed Governor of Wight, *vice* Hammond recalled, carried, at his bidding, the King over to Hurst Castle in Hampshire,¹ a Nov. 30. desolate and uncomfortable place, which he left in eighteen days for Windsor. This was one decided step. The other was taken on the 6th of December, when the dragoons of Rich and the pikemen of Pride, two Colonels in the army, surrounded the Houses of Parliament, and the latter officer picked out the Presbyterian members, as they passed through the lobby, committing them to various places of custody. For three days the sifting went on, after which about fifty Independent members were left to constitute a Rump, as some coarse-grained wag nicknamed the remnant. Cromwell, entering on the first day of the *Purge*, received the thanks of the thinned House for his great national services.

¹ *Hurst Castle* stood on a little rocky jut of Hampshire, opposite Wight, with the sea flaming nearly all round its base. It had only the poorest accommodation for a few gunners.

And now the dark mutterings grew together, and shaped themselves into a distinct and dreadful Voice, crying for the blood of the King. More than once Cromwell's head had been in danger from the fierce zeal of those, who considered his negotiations with Charles a sign of treachery to the national cause. He had now no course but to stand still, and let the tiger-torrent sweep to its work of doom, bearing him too in its resistless rush. The Lords having refused to take any part in the trial of the King, the small body of Independents, who remained out of the purged and scattered Commons, formed a tribunal of one hundred and thirty-five commissioners, who, under the title of a "High Court of Justice," proceeded in the name of the English people to arraign the fallen monarch as a traitor and malicious levier of war. Meanwhile he at Windsor was talking of the different games he had yet to play, and the hope that Ormond would do great things in Ireland for his cause. On the 8th of January fifty-three members of the High Court met in the Painted Chamber. Fairfax showed himself on that day, but appeared no more among the judges. With drum-beat and trumpet-sound the approaching trial was proclaimed next day. And, to mark the temper of the Commons, the Great Seal was smashed that very day—a piece of destruction very suggestive of a coming doom. Having chosen John Bradshaw, Sergeant-at-law, to be their President, with Steel, Coke, Dorislaus, and Aske to represent, as counsel, the Commonwealth of England, the Commissioners formally opened the trial on the 20th of January in the upper end of Westminster Hall. The King, carried into court in a sedan-chair, sat down, without moving his hat, in a velvet seat prepared for him at the bar. Between him and the Court a table stood, bearing the mace and sword placed cross-wise. Haughtily he stared at the judges and the crowds that thronged the galleries. And bitter were the return looks from the benches of the Commission, every member of which also wore his hat. Bradshaw spoke first, telling "Charles Stuart, King of England," for what purpose the Commons had placed him on trial at that bar. When Coke, acting as Solicitor-General, rose to state the charge, Charles cried out, "Hold!" and tapped him on the shoulder with his cane. The gold head dropped off—surely a little thing, but enough to strike a superstitious chill to the heart of the King, although he then let no outward sign of discomposure escape him. The reading of the charge, which laid upon the King's head all the blame and blood of the Civil War, extorted a bitter laugh from the royal prisoner. And, when President Bradshaw told him that the Court awaited his reply, he asked, without a trace of the painful stammer which commonly impeded his utterance, upon what lawful authority he was brought there. Bradshaw answered that the Court took their authority from the people of England, whose elected King he was. Charles denied that England was an elective kingdom, and refused submission to the Court, upon the ground that the Lords and the King were necessary to constitute a Parliament, without which there could be no true authority. With this the Court adjourned to pass the last but one of

Jan. 30,

1649

A.D.

Charles Stuart's Sundays. On Monday the 22nd, while speaking in a similar strain of haughty defiance, the King received a smart rebuke from Bradshaw, who told him that a prisoner and high delinquent could not be allowed to argue and dispute about the Court's authority. On Tuesday the Commissioners met first in the Painted Chamber to confer, and then proceeded to Westminster Hall, where the scenes of the previous days were renewed, the King protesting and meeting with a bold front the charge, for which he said he cared not a rush; and Bradshaw sternly asserting the dignity of a Court, whose authority flowed solely from the people, as *he* said—as *we* would say, from the *army* that had usurped the functions of the people. At this stage of the proceedings a Protest from the Parliament and Kingdom of Scotland against this treatment of the King reached the Speaker of the Rump; but it availed not to stay the swift-falling axe. After two more days spent in the examination of witnesses, the death of Charles was resolved on; and on the last and seventh day (Jan. 27) Bradshaw doffed his black dress and appeared in staring scarlet, surrounded with dark-browed men arrayed in their best as for some grim festival. Charles with quick eye caught the change, as he entered boldly with his hat on; and for the first time during the trial his spirit shook. His failing heart took in the dread meaning of the blood-coloured robe and the garnished doublets. With altered tone he pleaded for another hearing; but in vain. Bradshaw, speaking again of the people, who had arraigned their King for tyranny, heard a shrill woman-voice from the audience cry "No! not half the people." It was Lady Fairfax, whose husband's Presbyterianism kept him from the regicidal Court. A feeble plea from Citizen Downes, asking, "Have we hearts of stone?" was speedily overruled, and the Clerk by Bradshaw's order read the sentence of death. Charles broke completely down: he stammered out a few disjointed words, and then turned away with Death Warrant and Scaffold in his short path. The warrant, dated January 29th, bears nine-and-fifty names, John Bradshaw standing first, and Oliver Cromwell third. Next day at ten Charles walked between Bishop Juxon and Colonel Tomlinson from St. James's across the park to Whitehall.

A glass of claret and a piece of bread were served to him at noon, and
Jan. 30, he then passed through the Banqueting-House out to the black-draped
1649 scaffold, which had been erected in front. Pikemen and carbineers

A.D. formed an armed hedge around the scaffold; outside stood the mute and sorrowful people. Speaking to those within earshot, he declared that the Parliament had begun the war by claiming the command of the militia; that ill instruments had severed their affections from him; that an unjust sentence, to which he had assented, was now falling fatally on his head in just retribution (alluding to the death of Strafford); and that he died the "martyr of the people." His courage had come back, and Death had lost its sting. Comforted in his last moments by Juxon, and speaking with quiet confidence of the incorruptible crown that awaited him beyond the grave, he took off his cloak, gave his George to the prelate, pronounced the word "Remember," and

then laid his neck upon the block. A stretching out of his hands formed the signal; the bright axe dulled with a dreadful dimness; and the attendant headsman, masked like his comrade, lifted the bleeding head, still twitching with life, and cried out, "This is the head of a traitor!" A deep and pitiful groan, torn from the very hearts of the spectators, was the only reply. Never before had Englishmen witnessed such a scene; the dreadful lesson was not without its meaning and its use; but the blunder, if crime be not a fitter name, affixed a stain to the period which shall not be wiped away.

Within a month of the execution a Council of State took the reins of power, Bradshaw acting as President—Cromwell, St. John, Fairfax, Skippon, Haselrig, Vane, and Ludlow being also of the Forty-one. One evening in March a couple of gentlemen made a call at a small house in Holborn, and asked the Mr. Milton who lived there, if he would consent to be the Secretary for Foreign Languages to the Council. Accepting the offered appointment, he began his diplomatic correspondence without delay; and before his pen had ceased its work on state-papers, *Paradise Lost* had commenced to unfold its sublime splendours. The army continued under the command of Fairfax and the control of Cromwell. But the fleet got a new and better head in the person of Robert Blake, Colonel in the army and General at sea, whose achievements, as the greatest sailor of the age, must soon be noticed. Blake, a merchant's son of Bridgewater in Somersetshire, had already given signal proofs of courage and skill in the Civil War as governor of Taunton. Now at the ripe age of fifty-one he was entering on the most brilliant period of his life.

There arose in the army a deep ominous growl, proceeding from the *Levellers*, who complained that England had only exchanged her old chains for new and stronger ones. The leader of the Levellers was Lieutenant-Colonel John Lilburn. Almost immediately after the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Holland, and the Lord Capel, condemned by another High Court of Justice, had been beheaded (March 9) in Palace-yard for adherence to the royal cause, this imminent danger thrust itself upon the notice of Fairfax and Cromwell. Unless the flames were trampled out, the army was irretrievably gone as an instrument of revolutionary power. Accordingly at Burford,¹ whither a forced march brings both General and Lieutenant-General, the smouldering mutiny is trampled out with the death of a cornet and two corporals.

The proclamation of young Charles Stuart as King Charles the Second, in Scotland by the Parliament, in Ireland by the Marquis of Ormond, showed the necessity of stern dealing with these outposts of the Commonwealth. The storm burst on Ireland at once.

Appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, with Generals Jones and Ireton under his command, he sailed in the *John* from Milford Haven to Dublin Bay, where he arrived in safety on the 15th of August, prepared to dye his

¹ *Burford*, a market-town in Oxfordshire, on the Windrush, eighteen miles west by north of Oxford.

chosen colours (white) a very deep crimson indeed. Grim Oliver saw before him a terrible task; for Ireland, cursed from greenest valley to bleakest mountain top with the yelling demons of political and religious discord, had under Ormond's spell grown strangely one, and, almost to a city, stood up for King and Kingdom. Dublin and Derry alone remained to the Commonwealth. Swiftly taking a resolve, and then striding right on with relentless step to the accomplishment of his purpose—a thing in which this man's greatness chiefly lay—Oliver proceeded to inflict on Ireland a lesson, in comparison with which Strafford's thorough-going measures were mildness itself. "Rose-water surgery" would never do for him. Moving from Dublin to Tredah,¹ he opened his batteries upon that stronghold, and, when the breaches appeared large enough, he pushed in with his stormers and took the city on the 10th of September. As they had despised his summons to surrender, he put to the sword almost every man of the three thousand who formed the garrison of the place. And then, rejoicing in "a marvellous great mercy," he marched away to Wexford,² which speedily fell into his victorious hands, a great slaughter of the defenders striking a chill of terror through the land (October 11). Ross upon the Barrow yielded to a few shots. Cork and Kinsale also gave in. And November rains alone prevented Waterford from streaming with blood, by forcing the Ironsides and their iron leader into winter quarters at Youghal and elsewhere. The two months of cessation from war were not idle months to Cromwell, for he spent them in arranging courts of justice in Dublin, settling contributions, and other such things. And scarcely had the crocuses of February peeped out from the loosened earth, when he was in the saddle again, sweeping out of Youghal in two bodies over the fairest fields of Munster, with castles and strongholds falling helpless before his tremendous advance. He saw the steeples of Kilkenny³ on the 22nd of March, where a bold and courageous man, Sir Walter Butler, commanded the garrison. In five days the cannon of the Commonwealth had so far lowered the tone of the besieged that they were glad to be allowed to leave the town, on condition of emptying their bullet-pouches and laying down their arms two miles off. It remained for Cromwell to crown his bloody but most effective reduction of Ireland by the storming of Clonmel,⁴ where the last and fiercest struggle of the war took place, lasting in the breach with tug and shot and stab for four burning hours of a hot May-day (Thursday the 9th.) Cromwell then crossed to England in the *President* frigate and entered London to be thanked amid the roar of cannon and human throats. The war was continued under Ireton, until fever took him off at Limerick in 1651: Ludlow then assumed the command.

¹ *Tredah* or *Drogheda*, the capital of Louth, on the river Boyne, twenty-eight miles north-west of Dublin.

² *Wexford*, a borough on the bay of the Slaney, seventy-four miles south of Dublin.

³ *Kilkenny*, a city on the Nore, capital of Kilkenny county, eighty-one miles south-south-west of Dublin.

⁴ *Clonmel*, a borough on the Suir in Tipperary, one hundred and four miles from Dublin. Population over 12,000.

The young King, who had been hovering about Jersey and other places during this Irish war, concluded a treaty at Breda with the Scottish Covenanters, in which he bound himself to sign both the National Covenant and the Solemn League and Covenant, if they would take up his cause. Before this arrangement was made, he had sent Montrose over to Orkney with a handful of soldiers to try another game, as his father would have said. But Montrose was met by Strachan near the Pass of Invercarron, and so dreadfully beaten that he was forced to attempt his escape in the dress of a peasant. Given up by a man in whose house he had sought refuge, he was carried to Edinburgh and was there hanged on a gallows thirty feet high. About a month later, Charles the Second landed on the shore of the Cromarty Frith, and, before June reached its end, Lord-General Cromwell had started for the North, carrying with him among other officers a certain Colonel **June 29,** Monk, a moody reserved but inwardly resolute man, with a propen- **1650** sity for silent tobacco-chewing. By the time that Cromwell had **A.D.** reached Berwick (July 22) his army had swelled to about sixteen thousand men. The Lowthers and the Lammermoors seemed to have become suddenly volcanic from the ceaseless beacon-fires blazing on their summits, as a warning to the nation that lay waiting behind. To that nation, now gathering in its southward outposts to guard its central heart by the Forth, the Lord-General had already issued a Declaration "To all who are saints," and a Proclamation addressed to the people generally. From Berwick to Mordington, thence by Cockburnspath to Dunbar, whither the ships had come with biscuit, and so on to Haddington the English army moved. A skirmish at Musselburgh was the first brush between the rival Puritan armies. On the 30th of July General David Lesley was seen with the Covenanting army, stretching from Leith shore to the Calton Hill and extending its flying outposts round the base of Arthur's Seat. Moving on Broughton Village, as on a pivot, he could thus always present an armed face to the advancing foe. Thus lay Lesley for more than a month, while Oliver hovered in the background between Musselburgh and the Pentlands, the Covenanting cannon ever following with grim throats the manœuvres of the English army. Some cannon-balls were exchanged at Gogar on the 27th of August. Tired of this and warned by sickening troops and failing supplies, Cromwell burned his huts from Braid to Musselburgh, and on the 31st of August fell back to Dunbar within reach of his ships. Now was Lesley's time. Pushing along close by the curving sea-sand to Prestonpans, he hung upon Oliver's flank, and turning inland, established his army of twenty thousand upon the heathery upland of Doon Hill, which rises, a spur of the Lammermoors, about a mile from the sea. Oliver lay, with scarcely more than half the number of men, on the semicircular shore with Dunbar harbour and his ships behind him. This was the situation on the 2nd of September.

During all that day, in wet and wind, Oliver was marshalling his men on

the left bank of the Brocksburn, which runs from the Lammermoor to the sea through a deep grassy glen. All day long also Lesley, with whom were the Committee of Estates and Kirk, kept *shogging*, as Cromwell phrases it in his despatch, the Scottish lines more and more to the right. Oliver hugs himself in grim delight, as he notices this "shogging," the object of which is to get possession of the pass through which the burn goes. He speaks of it to his officers, and quietly prepares his plans for beginning the attack; for Lesley by this movement was placing his right wing in an uncovered position and huddling up his main body between the burn and the hill. Through the sleet and storm of that wild night Oliver waited eager for the dawn. And, when the first ray of dawn came out over St. Abb's Head, the trumpets brayed and the cannons mixed their death smoke with the morning mists. The Scottish musketeers, rising from the wet shelter of the corn-stooks, tried to blow their sodden matches into flame. The horse on both sides engaged with **Sept. 3.** fury. *The Covenant* was the battle-cry of the Scots: *The Lord of 1650 Hosts*, the solemn watchword of the English. Although Cromwell **A.D.** got his men under arms by four, it was not until six that the onset was made. At first the Covenanting horse made some impression on the English lines; but the success was momentary. At them again came the Ironsides, unused to flinch, except for a terrible recoil, and in less than an hour the stream of Scottish fugitives was pouring in scattered rivulets away towards Haddington. Cromwell on the field of victory with great strong triumphant voice was meanwhile singing the words of the 117th Psalm, while the horse collected to chase the flying relics of Dunbar Drive. Lesley rode on a smoking horse into Edinburgh about nine, having left three thousand of his army dead and ten thousand prisoners of war. Cromwell, his fighting over for the time, has on the next day a great spell of letter-writing, what with despatches to Speaker Lenthall, and hurried loving lines to wife Elizabeth at the Cockpit.

From fighting at Dunbar Oliver went to Edinburgh, whose castle, governed by Walter Dundas, withstood him for a time but finally surrendered on the 24th of December.

The new year opened with the coronation of young Charles at Scone—a slippery King however, who had already ridden off to the Grampians to escape the strait-laced bindings of the Covenanters, and had come back after finding a sod of turf no very pleasant pillow. While the Scottish army lay intrenched near Stirling, taught a lesson of extreme caution by their losses at Dunbar, Cromwell spent a very sickly spring, shivering with constant *ague-fits*. During the intervals of his illness and his manœuvres he visited Glasgow three times.

At last, unable to tempt the Scottish captains from the heights by Stirling, Oliver resolved to push his army across the Forth and cut off their communication with the north. Forcing a passage at two points, Inch-

garvie¹ and Burntisland,² he occupied Fife, and then with a sudden movement seized St. Johnston, better known now as Perth. This manœuvre dislodged the Scots, who then undertook a very fatal expedition into England.

Entering by Carlisle on the 6th of August, they looked vainly round on their forlorn march for those hosts of loyal Presbyterians, whom their heated fancy had seen flocking round a visionary flag. Cromwell with heavy resolute tread came on behind. No town welcomed them with open gates as they passed through Lancashire and Shropshire. At Worcester they made their stand, King Charles unfolding his banner on that fatal anniversary, August 22: and at Worcester the fourteen thousand met their fate. For the Ironsides, driving before them the fragments of Earl Derby's forces shattered at Wigan, showed their dark advancing masses thirty thousand strong on the 28th; and on the 3rd of September—Dunbar day too—the decisive battle of Worcester was fought, resulting in the total ruin of the Scottish army.

Five nights before the battle, some of Lambert's dragoons had climbed across the broken arches of Upton Bridge, a few miles below Worcester, and prepared a passage, over which Fleetwood led a considerable force on the evening of the 2nd. Bridging the tributary Teme and also the main Severn with boats, this active leader attacked the suburb of St. John's, driving the Scots from hedge to hedge. Cromwell hurried over the boat-bridge to Fleetwood's aid, and then dashed back to face the shot hailing **Sept. 3,** thick from the brave Scots, as the battle raged round Fort Royal, **1651** and the shouting press went backward through Sudbury Gate into **A.D.** the narrow streets of Worcester. For four or five evening hours the struggle lasted, until the Scots fled, pursued by the pelting storm of their own guns, now turned on them by the victors. The escape of Charles from the rout of Worcester seems to belong rather to romance than to sober history. Wandering for weeks in disguise and danger, he reached Shoreham in Sussex on the 15th of October, and there had luck enough to find a coal-boat, which carried him over to Fécamp in Normandy.

The sword of Cromwell being now wreathed with reddened laurel—his lieutenants Ireton and Monk having completed the subjugation of Ireland and Scotland—it would have seemed a natural thing for him to stretch out his strong right hand and seize the English crown. Indeed some such thought seems to have been floating ere this in his restless brain. At a meeting held at the Speaker's house in Chancery Lane, where some leading Englishmen assembled at Oliver's request to discuss the settlement of the nation, he seems to have been sounding his way to such a course, giving it as his opinion, "If it may be done with safety and preservation of our rights, both as Englishmen and as Christians, a settlement with somewhat of monarchical power in it, would be very effectual." Later he said to Lawyer

¹ *Inchgarvie* is a small island, lying in the Frith of Forth, opposite Queensferry in Linlithgowshire.

² *Burntisland* is a borough in Fifeshire, on the Frith of Forth, right opposite Leith. The Frith is here about six miles wide.

Whitelocke, author of "Memorials" of this changeful time, "What if a man should take upon him to be King!"

While ambition thus simmered in the head of Cromwell, and the bickerings of Army and Parliament were beginning once more to sow the seeds of revolution, a Dutch war broke out. Rivalry by sea kept open several old sores between England and Holland. Especially the massacre of Amboyna¹ still cried for vengeance. The contempt, with which the Dutch Republic treated the infant Commonwealth of England, rankled deep in the island-heart. The Navigation Act, which decreed that English ships alone should do the traffic of England and her colonies, aimed a heavy blow at the shipping interest of Holland. Then the House of Orange and the House of Stuart were firmly riveted by marriage. The first shots of this naval war boomed over the waters of the Downs, when Admiral Blake fired blank-cartridge at the Dutch flag and by so doing drew down a broadside and a battle, in which the Mynheers lost two vessels (May 19, 1652.) Exactly two months later the formal declaration of war was issued by the English Parliament. During the next seven or eight months Robert Blake, who after a long interval of eclipse had arisen to revive the glories which the English flag had worn under Drake and Howard, met the Dutch admirals in three great encounters. On the 28th of September De Ruyter and De Witt, commanding instead of Van Tromp, came upon the English admiral, and after a fight of many hours were glad to sheer off in the dark with the loss of many ships. On the 29th of November, as he lay with a diminished fleet of forty sail near the Goodwin Sands, Van Tromp crossed with eighty vessels to the English coast. Bulldog Blake could not resist the opportunity of a fight, even against such fearful odds. At the eighty he went undaunted. Through the November day Kent gave back the hollow thunder of the distant cannonade; and not until darkness fell, did Blake think it necessary to seek safety and repose within the estuary of the Thames. He left six hulls behind, and all he took with him bore the marks of much battering. A yet greater trial of strength came off upon the 18th of February 1653, when Blake with eighty sail drove a fleet of almost equal size under Van Tromp from Portland Head to Calais Sands, taking or destroying in the three days' fighting eleven ships of war and thirty merchantmen, at the cost of only one ship, but many wounds and corpses. In June he aided Dean and Monk to beat Van Tromp again. But he was not present, owing to ill health, at that last and greatest battle of the war, fought off the mouth of the Texel (July 31st) on a cloudy Sunday morning, when a bullet pierced the brave Dutchman's breast, and sent panic through every seaman in the fleet, not only closing the great admiral's wars but teaching the Dutch a memorable lesson on our supremacy at sea. The bullet which killed Van Tromp ended for the time the Dutch war.

After several conferences, ending all in smoke, Cromwell's resolve broke into clear bright flame, which all can see. He sent the contemptible rem-

¹ *Amboyna*, one of the Molucca islands, with a town of the same name.

nant of the Long Parliament about its business. The Lord-General came down from Whitehall on that memorable morning, dressed very simply, as his custom was, in black clothes and grey worsted stockings, and, entering the House, sat down in his wonted place. He listened a while to the speaking, and then rose, hat off, to give *his* mind on the settlement of affairs. Blazing soon into anger, he clapped on his hat and strode up and down the floor, declaring that the members (only fifty-three were present) had sat there April 20, too long. Go they must. Twenty or thirty musketeers, armed with 1653 loaded snaphances, entered at his command, and then the storm of A.D. words broke out in fullest fury. Withering the members, now all huddled on their feet, with words and looks of fire, he lifted the mace, emblem of the sacred authority of the Commons, and, with the contemptuous word "bauble," handed it to a soldier. Speaker Lenthall, disposed at first to be obstinate, left the chair, from which Harrison was going to pull him. The Rump vanished; and mace and key passed in a Colonel's keeping from the locked-up chamber.

King, Lords, and Commons had now been swept from the scene. But Cromwell, as yet only a military Dictator, never dreamed of governing without some kind of Parliament. There met accordingly on the 4th of the following July that Convention, known as the Little Parliament, in scoffing Cavalier phrase as Barebone's Parliament. A rich and pious Puritan, who sold leather in Fleet Street and answered to the name of Praise-God Barbone, gave his misspelled name to the assembly in which he sat. Sitting until December, they attacked the Court of Chancery, appointed commissioners, unconnected with the legal profession, to preside in the courts of justice, and expressed also their resolve to abolish tithes—movements which won for them the hatred of the lawyers and the clergy. After many days of hot debate, the House, one morning before the extreme party had assembled, voted its own dissolution, and hastening off to Whitehall, handed to the Lord-General a document on scraps of wafered paper, resigning their powers into his hands. This was Monday the 12th of December. Four days later, a document called the *Instrument of Government*, containing forty-two articles, handed over the supreme power to Oliver Cromwell, with the title of Lord-Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Solemn was the scene that Friday afternoon in the Chancery Court at Westminster. Amid benches aglow with civic scarlet, judicial ermine, and martial steel, Oliver stood by the chair of state, a manly figure in black velvet cloak and doublet, with a broad gold band round his steeple hat. As thus he stood in the prime of his noble career, the greatest historic artist of our day has sketched him in lines of living flame.

"A rather likely figure, I think. Stands some five feet ten or more; a man of strong solid stature, and dignified, now partly military carriage: the expression of him valour and devout intelligence—energy and delicacy on a basis of simplicity. Fifty-four years old, gone April last: ruddy-fair com-

plexion, bronzed by toil and age: light-brown hair and moustache are getting streaked with grey. A figure of sufficient impressiveness; not lovely to the man-milliner species, nor pretending to be so. Massive stature: big massive head, of somewhat leonine aspect, evident workshop and storehouse of a vast treasury of natural parts. Wart above the right eyebrow; nose of considerable blunt-aquiline proportions; strict yet copious lips, full of all tremulous sensibilities, and also, if need were, of all fiercenesses and rigours; deep loving eyes, call them grave, call them stern, looking from under those craggy brows, as if in life-long sorrow, and yet not thinking it sorrow, thinking it only labour and endeavour:—on the whole, a right noble lion-face and hero-face; and to me royal enough."

The reading and signature of the Instrument of Government formed the first part of the great ceremony of installation. Then, having promised in the sight of God to abide by the document his hand had just completed, Dec. 16, he sat down, with his hat on, in the chair of state, after which the 1653 great seal and the civic sword were placed in his hands. Returning A.D. these to the men who gave them, the Protector rose and passed away to Whitehall amid the cheers of the people and the pealing of cannon.

In entering on the cares and dangers of this high position, Cromwell secured the aid of two great lawyers, to at least one of whom he was indebted for great insight into the domestic distempers of the land. John Thurloe became Secretary of State, and Sir Matthew Hale a Judge of the Common Pleas. The leading states of Europe hastened to congratulate and court the Farmer of St. Ives upon his accession to the Protector's chair. Treaties, upon favourable terms, were concluded with Holland, Sweden, and Denmark.

Aware that the sovereign power rested not in him but in the Parliament, since he had no *veto* on the laws they made, Cromwell issued writs and met his first Parliament on the 3rd of September 1654. There were in all four hundred, among whom sat thirty Scottish and thirty Irish members. Previous to the assembling of Parliament the Lord-Protector and his Council of fifteen had transacted public business by means of Ordinances, of which sixty were passed. Two of these related to religion. An Ordinance, dated March 20th 1654, selected thirty-eight eminent Puritans, whose duty, as *Triclers*, was to examine into the fitness of all public preachers. Another Ordinance appointed *Expurgators*, from fifteen to thirty in each county, for the purpose of weeding out vicious or incompetent ministers from the parishes of the land.

The debates of the first Protectorate Parliament almost all hinged upon the Instrument of Government, whose two and forty articles, especially that dealing with the authority of the Protector, the members took upon them to review and discuss. And, when they decided by a vote of 200 to 60, that the Protectorship was to be elective, not hereditary, Oliver dissolved their sitting with no slight marks of dissatisfaction (Jan. 22, 1655.)

No easy or enviable post was that of the Lord-Protector Cromwell. A

seething ocean of troubles tossed ever round his chair. The Levellers, of whom we have heard and to whom the Chartists of our day are somewhat akin—the Fifth Monarchy men, who believed that, since Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Rome had perished, the time had now come for the establishment of the millennial monarchy of Christ—the Quakers, with their leather-clad George Fox and their mad James Nayler, who personated the Saviour—all gave him endless care. Nor did a week pass without some new phase of Royalist plottings, at home or abroad, against his person and his power. In February 1655 Wildman, chief of the rebellious Anabaptists, was locked in Chepstow Castle. Next month Colonel Penruddock and Major Grove were beheaded for their share in a Royalist plot that broke out at Salisbury, and for less implication in which many were drafted off to Barbadoes.

The scheme, devised by stern Oliver for the quelling of these evils, was worthy of a genius rocked in the stormy cradle of a Revolution. Selecting ten (afterwards twelve) men, on whom he could certainly depend, he made them Major-Generals of the districts into which he parcelled England. Armed with the militia of his counties, especially with a strong body of well-drilled hersemen, each sworded satrap of the great Protector stood ready to cut and crush down the first symptom of revolt that showed its head within the circuit of his power. And by way of a thumbscrew upon disaffected Royalists he was enjoined to impose and enforce payment of an income tax of ten per cent. They winced as they paid it; but the Protector's grip was too strong on them for aught but wincing and paying.

While England lay thus under martial law, her name was brightening fast abroad. Blake, sailing into Tunis harbour and burning nine pirate vessels under the very mouths of bristling batteries, taught the Dey of Tunis and all his kind to respect the English flag, and repent of at least some robberies. And when news came in June 1655, that the Duke of Savoy had cruelly driven the Protestant shepherds of Lucerna, Perosa, and St. Martin, valleys near the sources of the Po, from the shelter of their mountain homes to starve amid Alpine snows, reddened with the blood of those they loved, the Protector of England, forcing France to join him in the act of righteous pity, frightened the Duke into a restoration of these poor scattered sheep to the fold, where wolves had found them. Not until this was done would Cromwell conclude the treaty with France, for which that fox Mazarin was scheming with all his cunning might. A treaty with France meant a war with Spain, and this was accordingly declared in due form on the 23rd of October 1655. Already a British fleet had taken from Spain the island of Jamaica, then an apparently poor and quite unprized capture—a rough diamond however, whose true value time and toil have brought brightly out.¹

Domestic troubles still hovered in black fantastic clouds round Oliver.

¹ For the history of the capture of Jamaica see the appended sketch of Colonial History.

Assassination dogged his steps. He carried pistols to defend himself. Anabaptists and Millenarians raved everywhere. Most notable of the would-be assassins, who sought this great life, was Miles Sindercomb, a "cashiered Quartermaster" of intensely Levelling propensities, who invented infernal machines and tried to set Whitehall on fire, with no result except bringing himself to such a pass that no course seemed open to his maddened brain except to take poison and die in the prison where he lay.

Oliver's second Parliament met on the 17th of September 1656. In convening it the Protector, by a bold and arbitrary stroke, excluded nearly a hundred members, whose Republicanism and general mulishness might have thwarted his objects and hindered the progress of the public work. Haselrig, Scott, and Ashley Cooper are the principal names in this excluded company. After a speech in the Painted Chamber all crowded to the lobby of the House, where the Chancery Clerk was giving out the certificates by which alone admission could be obtained. There were none for the hundred, who therefore protested and subsided for the time. The Parliament began to talk, wisely allowing Oliver to do the work of government. While the Protector works at home, Blake, another great worker for England's glory, is busy on the sea with other noble sailor-hearts like Montague and Stayner. Cruising off Cadiz the last-named officer, acting under Blake's orders, took and burned eight galleons from the Indies, bound for Spain with a freight of silver. "The eight and thirty waggon-loads of real silver, which came jingling up from Portsmouth across London pavements to the Tower," formed a very seasonable addition to the purse of the struggling Commonwealth. This timely capture and the suppression of the Major-Generals, accomplished by the Parliament at the suggestion of His Highness, put the nation into a very good and hopeful frame of mind.

The story of Nayler, the Quaker already named, upon whose case the Parliament wasted three precious months, affords us a vivid glimpse of the fantastic offshoots which Puritanism sent out during this remarkable period. At Bristol in the autumn of 1655 there might have been seen a little string of eight people, men and women, some on horseback, some afoot, going through sludge and rain along the city streets up to the High Cross. Riding alone in the middle of the little crowd is a rawboned man with long lank hair, over which a hat is slouched, and massive jaws, which are composed to a silent grimness, as he proceeds amid the buzzing "Hosannas" of the two women who walk at his bridle. The misguided man is acting Christ, whom he professes to be. Next winter he rides with his face to the tail, is branded, bored in the tongue, and sent to pick oakum and live on bread and water for his mad follies.

In February 1657 Pack, one of the Members for London, reads a paper in the House, which, although at first called a Remonstrance, shapes itself gradually into the *Humble Petition and Advice*, whose eighteen articles form the second charter of the Commonwealth. A very momentous matter crops out during the moulding of these Articles, which, when committed to vellum,

display a recommendation to the Lord-Protector to assume the title of *King*. Most of the ex-Major-Generals and the military faction in general start in alarm at this suggestion. The lawyers are for it almost to a man. A Fifth Monarchy riot at Mile End, headed by Venner a wine-cooper, interrupts with sudden blaze the meetings between Oliver and the Committee of ninety-nine, who manage the affair. A troop of horse quells the riot, and "the Fifth Monarchy is put under lock and key." The Kingship matter then leisurely proceeds. Oliver, often taking a quiet pipe with Thurloe, Broghil, and a few intimates in some snug den at Whitehall, chats over the offer, varying the consultation with occasional bouts at *crambo*. At length he makes up his mind on the point, much to his own chagrin internally, as we may judge from various things, and refuses the title of King, accepting the *Petition and Advice* with the omission of this single point. There is to be a House of Lords, and the Chief Magistrate is to nominate his successor.

May 8,
1657
A.D.

Great news from sea. Blake has been away at Teneriffe after the silver-ships of Spain. He found his prey lying in the Bay of Santa Cruz, whose horse-shoe edge was studded with batteries all agape with guns. Ships of war lay anchored at the mouth and round the curve of the bay, guarding the silver with dragon watch, and ready to belch out fiery death upon any foe daring enough to venture near. Blake coolly enters the bay, roars the Spaniards into silence with his English cannonade, bathes the cone of the volcanic island in the red light of burning ships, and carries off the spoil in triumph from a harbour strewn with wreck and a shore thick with ruin (April 20, 1657). It was his last and greatest victory. Dropsy and scurvy, aggravated by a sea-life of constant toil for three years, had marked him for their prey. And, as the *St. George* entered Plymouth Sound on the 7th of August, the greatest sailor of his century, whose heart of late had been very home-sick for the soil on which his foot was never more to tread, breathed out the last sigh of that gallant life which had been so fearlessly and cheerfully devoted to his country. Blake dead, and Oliver soon to die! The great lamps of Puritanism are going out in England. But there is a blind old man, whose noblest work is yet to do through years of penury and pain.

A second time Cromwell enjoyed the honours of installation, now with even greater solemnity than before. In the glittering presence of Parliament, aldermen, judges, and ambassadors, he received a robe of purple velvet, a Bible richly gilt, a sword, and a sceptre of massy gold. Speeches, trumpetings, prayers, and shoutings completed a ceremony of no small splendour. Friday, June 26, 1657, was the brilliant day.

Before the performance of this ceremony an army of six thousand red coats under General Reynolds had landed near Boulogne (May 13 and 14), for the purpose of coöperating with the French in an attack upon the three Spanish ports—Gravelines, Mardike, and Dunkirk. The ships of Montague cruised with the same object along the low-lying shore. Delayed a little by shuffling

on Mazarin's part, the English pikes and cannon at last got seriously to work.

The creation of a new House of Lords heralded the opening of the second session of the present Parliament. Choosing some from the House of Commons, and scraping up all the Peers—only six—who would condescend to be scraped up, he managed to get a list of about sixty-three names in his Peerage book. Among these his old officers, Marshals of the Protectorate, stood prominent, some of them, like Shoemaker Hewson, now Major-General, having risen from the dregs of the people. The creation of this House drew the best blood away from the Protector's party in the Commons.

When the Parliament assembled for their second session on the 20th of January 1658, the "excluded members" were, by the arrangements of the *Petition and Advice*, admitted upon taking oath. Haselrig, summoned to the Lords, will not go, but demands to be sworn in a member of the Commons. This is the beginning of troubles. Finally, the Commons will not recognize this upstart Upper House, and the Protector, chiding them sternly for quarrels at a time of peril, when Charles Stuart is ready to launch an army of invasion upon their shores, dissolves the Parliament on the 4th of February.

Henceforth, till the death-chill palsies it, the strong right hand rules alone. Steadily fronting thick hosts of rising danger at home and gathering clouds abroad, Oliver held his undaunted way. On the 25th of May a High Court of Justice, containing above one hundred and thirty members, sat at Westminster for the trial of two Royalists, Sir Henry Slingsby, who had attempted to corrupt his jailers at Hull, and Dr. Hewit, who had preached a rebellious sermon in St. Gregory's Church. They were beheaded on Tower Hill. Stern lessons were necessary, for the hornets' nest of traitors and assassins was buzzing loud and fierce round the giant statesman, piercing him with stings like that wretched tract entitled "Killing No Murder," which, coming from the pen of some fanatic Colonel—Titus or Sexby—declared that his murder would be a righteous and patriotic deed. But neither poison nor powder nor steel was destined to cut his life-thread, now worn to a thinnest strand.

The sand-hills round Dunkirk are meanwhile witnessing the triumph of the allied arms. Reynolds, wrecked and drowned upon the Goodwin Sands, has been replaced by gallant Lockhart, who renders noble aid to Marshal Turenne in the sieging of those sea-bord towns in Flanders. According to the treaty Dunkirk is handed over to the Protector, who receives it exactly a century after the final loss of Calais by the English crown. It too must go. We do not need and cannot keep a stepping-stone like this.

Among the last letters of Oliver's public life is an earnest plea for the persecuted Piedmontese. Great in all his doings, he never seems greater to our loving eyes than when he turns from domestic broils and foreign conquests, with pity beaming in his soft grey eye, to wrap the folds of his more than royal power round the shivering and homeless outcasts, who nursed

a flame of pure religious faith among the snow-girdled valleys of the Alps.

And this when sorrow was eating deep into his own rugged but most affectionate heart. Lady Elizabeth Claypole, tortured with the most painful malady that can befall a human being, lay sick and dying at this very time. At Hampton Court, her father's favourite abode, she breathed her last on the 6th of August. The blow struck him deep and fatally. The toils of battle and of council-room, the storms of revolution and the stinging incessant of a thousand petty foes had fretted down the vital power within to a thread so very slender that this grief broke it quite. Removing to Whitehall, for better air, his physicians said, he laid him down to die. On the Monday night before his death, amid the fitful pauses of a great roaring wind that shook the London roof-trees, a feeble voice was heard rising in solemn tones from the sick-bed. Dying Oliver was praying for his people, alike for those who had valued him and for those who sought or wished his death. History presents no picture more solemn or more pathetic. An Englishman, greater than any the centuries have since beheld, has reached the shore of that dark river we all must pass, and as he is aliding to the brink of Death, his arduous life-work manfully and right well done, he reposes not on any merits of his own, for he feels that he is, as he phrases it, "a poor worm," but goes to his rest leaning on the bosom of that Lord, whose will had always been his **Sept. 3,** guiding-star. And so he fell asleep. Speechless on the morning of **1658** Friday, September 3, at four that evening he was dead. Twice be- **A.D.** fore, that September sun had set upon Oliver victorious in the field of war; now, it looked through Whitehall casements upon the restful figure of the victor in a greater strife.

CHAPTER IV.

MOB AND SHAM.

Richard Cromwell.
General Monk.
Joy-bells.
The Pension Parliament.
Act of Uniformity.
The Royal Society.
Sale of Dunkirk.
The Conventicle Act.
War—Plague—Fire.

Rullion Green.
Fall of Clarendon.
Triple Alliance.
Treaty of Dover.
The Cabal.
Second Dutch War.
The Test Act.
Danby.
False witnesses.

Council of Thirty.
Habeas Corpus.
Drumclog and Bothwell.
Exclusion Bill.
Whig Plotting.
Russell and Sidney.
Ascendency of York.
Death of Charles II.

Born in 1626, Richard Cromwell, the Protector's third son, was in his thirty-third year when his great father died. It is commonly understood that Oliver named this shy and quiet man as his successor, during that loud storm which blew a day or two before he breathed his last. However this may have been, Richard succeeded, by proclamation of the Council. And for five months his rule went

smoothly on. He had some wise counsellors around his throne. Pierrepont, St. John, Thurloe, Whitelocke, and Lord Broghil gave him the benefit of their experience and research.

Richard, going back to the old system of issuing writs for the smaller boroughs—a thing reformed by his sagacious father—called a Parliament, which met on the 27th of January 1659. It was a divided assembly, mainly formed of three great sections—the Government party, the Presbyterians, and the Republicans. One of the earliest acts of the new Parliament was the recognition of Oliver's lords, whose ranks were at the same time swelled by the adherence of some old peers, who had clung to the fortunes of the Commonwealth. Ambitious dreams rose in the hearts of two men, who secretly despised Richard's gentleness. Fleetwood, Oliver's son-in-law, and Lambert, who had been a Major-General in the northern district, represented respectively two sections of the divided army. Lambert especially looked upon himself as the only man able to stand in dead Oliver's place. Meeting at Wallingford House, the officers of the army resolved that the Parliament should be dismissed; and accordingly Richard, yielding to a pressure he could not withstand, dissolved it on the 22nd of April. About a fortnight later, Lambert and his pikemen guarded the relics of the Long Parliament, as they went to take once more the seats from which Oliver had driven them.

Scarcely was the business of the Parliament begun, when Richard gladly escaped from the toils and perils of the Protectorship into the station of a private gentleman (May 6, 1659). And then a year of anarchy began, filled with royalist plottings and the ambitious struggling of Haselrig, who led the Parliament, and Lambert, who had the officers to back him. The wretched ghost of a Parliament yielded a second time to the power of the sword, and vanished—not quite for ever, since it reappeared at Westminster for a few days of 1660 to perform the ceremony of dissolving itself. Into the middle of the mellay stepped that grim tobacco-chewer, whom Oliver had left behind him to manage Scotland. Crossing Tweed in November 1659, General George Monk pushed southward with his seven thousand soldiers and entered London on the 3rd of February 1660. Lambert, hovering in the North, durst do nothing to oppose his march. In the hands of this cautious mover lay the destinies of England. Long silent, revolving no doubt many plans and watching every chance that opened, Monk at last declared for a free Parliament, and prepared to accomplish the Restoration of the Stuarts. Hyde, across the water, had for months been deep in letter-writing. When the Convention or Parliament, summoned by writs not royal, which met on the 25th of April, had been sitting some days, Sir John Granville came from Breda to Monk's house in London with letters from the King. When these were read in the House, which overflowed with Presbyterians, a shout of joy arose. Money without stint was voted freely to bring back a King, who had signed the Covenant. Bells, tar-barrels, and gunpowder did their best to show the joy of England on that glorious May-day.

Amid the roar and smoke of cannon Charles II. left Holland on the 23rd of May for his native land, whose soil, already reddened with his father's blood, was soon to rot and blacken under the poison-blight of his own vice. As he walked the quarter-deck, he talked to those around him of the sufferings he had undergone after Worcester fight. His landing at Dover, where Monk met him, was a splendid sight. But still more splendid was the pageant of the 29th, his own birth-day, when he entered London through streets carpeted with flowers and dressed with rainbow flags. Kettledrums and trumpets sounded an incessant welcome. Men with brimming eyes cheered until they could cheer no more; and then washed their hoarseness away with joyous cups of the wine and ale, which foamed on every hand. The army alone gloomed upon the scene, for military despotism was now a cracked and useless weapon.

Edward Hyde, the companion and counsellor of the exiled King, now became Earl of Clarendon and Lord High Chancellor of England. General Monk was created Duke of Albemarle. The Duke of York (afterwards James II.) became Lord High Admiral. The quick-witted but delicate Southampton took the Lord Treasurer's staff. Ormond, whose royalist services in Ireland we have seen, was made Lord Steward. Sir Ashley Cooper, the Earl of Anglesey, the Earl of Manchester, and stout old Hollis, who had hated Cromwell vehemently, also aided the counsels of the King. Tonnage and poundage were granted to the restored monarch for life. Binding himself by no treaty, unless the Declaration of Breda, of which the substance filled his letter to the Commons, be a treaty, he sat down on the throne of his ancestors to disgrace it as it had never been disgraced before.

The punishment of the regicides closed the year of Restoration. Brave old Major-General Harrison led the van, dying as he had lived, an undaunted Puritan of the extreme kind (Oct. 13, 1660). Nine others followed him to the gallows, suffering all the horrors of the barbarous law against traitors. And in the following January, on the day darkened by royal blood, the decayed bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were torn from the sacred rest of Westminster, hanged in their discoloured ghastliness on Tyburn tree, and then beheaded at the gallows' foot, where the bodies were huddled into the earth, while the heads went to the spikes of Westminster Hall. The dust of Pym, of Blake, and of others, both men and women, associated with the Commonwealth, was also cast with a pitiful show of loyal contempt from the great English cemetery.

The Convention, which sat until December, occupied itself with four great subjects of debate and settlement. An Act of Indemnity and Oblivion was passed, in accordance with the Declaration of Breda. The crown and church lands, and certain great royalist estates, which had been sold under the Republic, reverted to the rightful owners now. Abolishing those feudal tenures, which formed the last fluttering rag of chivalry, the Houses fixed the income of the King at £1,200,000 a year. And the army, engine of so much

mingled good and evil, was broken up and melted into the general population, leaving scarcely a trace to show what it had been. Monk's Coldstream Horse and two other regiments, amounting in all to about five thousand men, alone remained, under the name of Life Guards, to be the nucleus of a standing army by-and-by.

When the new Parliament met in May 1661, Episcopacy was evidently on the eve of being reëstablished in England. The members agreed to take the Sacrament according to the rites of the Anglican Church; and voted also that the Solemn League and Covenant should be burned by the common hangman. So the Pension Parliament began the first of its many sessions. One of its earliest productions was the Corporation Act, which, levelled against the Presbyterian party, enacted that magistrates and others holding corporate offices should renounce the Covenant, take the Sacrament in Anglican fashion, and swear never to bear arms against the King. It became daily more evident to the Presbyterians that the King, who added to the slippery nature he inherited a slimy viciousness all his own, had tricked them and meant to do them all the mischief in his power. A Conference, held at the Savoy in May 1661, between twenty-one bishop-men and the same number of eldermen, ended, not in smoke but in red-hot anger. The Presbyterian party might then prepare for the worst.

Let us turn for a while to Scotland, where first of all the fatherless son had been welcomed, proclaimed, and crowned, and to which, if he had any heart at all, his heart must have often gratefully turned in the gay time of his Restoration. Bloody work began at once north of Tweed. The Marquis of Argyle, long the soul of the Covenanting party, was enticed from the safety of the Highlands to treacherous Whitehall, whence he was soon sent to Edinburgh to be attainted of treason and condemned to die. His share in the delivering of King Charles I. to the Parliament, his share in the bloodshed of the late war, and his adherence to Cromwell, as Lord-General and Protector, formed the substance of the thirty articles framed against him. In spite of a clear defence and a good cause Argyle was found guilty, chiefly on the evidence of some private letters sent down by Monk, now Albemarle, which showed the Marquis in the light of a willing, not a forced partisan of the Protector. He suffered at the market-cross of Edinburgh on the 27th of May 1661. Minister Guthrie was hanged a few days later for writing and speaking against the ecclesiastical leanings of a King, who had signed the Covenant and yet tolerated or rather cherished the Bishops and the Liturgy.

The Act of Uniformity, which came into full force on St. Bartholomew's Day 1662, soon placed the royal meaning upon ecclesiastical matters beyond mistake, since it enacted that no one could hold a living without assenting to the Book of Common Prayer and receiving Episcopal ordination. More than two thousand ministers left their pulpits rather than comply with the provisions of the Act. It was plain they were dealing with a shuffler, who could forget and ignore, when convenient, promises and engagements of any

kind. During all his life Charles cherished a secret leaning towards the Roman Catholic Church, which however did not take a definite shape until he lay dying. It was soon seen that he would willingly have relaxed the heavy penal laws, which oppressed this section of his subjects. But the Parliament remained firm in its opposition to a full toleration of the Romanists. And the King was therefore forced to adopt a sidelong way of aiding them by the publication (December 1662) of a Declaration of Indulgence to all Non-conformists, which had only the effect of deepening the distrust and confirming the hostility of the Parliament.

But before this he had taken to wife, merely for the dower's sake, a Portuguese princess, Catherine of Braganza, who brought him Tangier, Bombay, a free trade, and half a million sterling. The trials of the poor young foreigner began at once, for Lady Castlemaine, the mistress of the King, put forth all her attractions, and kept the bridegroom almost entirely in her company.

I may here fitly notice the rise of the Royal Society of London, one of the few good fruits of a barren reign. Sir Robert Murray, Lord Brouncker, and Dr. Ward, an eminent mathematician and distinguished bishop, were the founders of this great scientific association, which received its charter from the King in 1662. Robert Boyle, the youngest son of the Earl of Cork, was the most earnest and industrious of the natural philosophers, who first adorned its lists. Wrapped in his pneumatic experiments and the composition of his meditative works, he gave himself up to an unobtrusive useful life, much worthier of imitation than the distempered existence of that great satirist, who caricatured his "Occasional Reflections."

Sir Harry Vane, although included, as he thought, in the Act of Indemnity, was now adjudged too dangerous a man to live. Brought from his lonely sea-beaten cell in the Scilly Isles, he passed through the mockery of a trial, and suffered on Tower Hill (June 14, 1662) just where Strafford's blood had streamed years ago. Drums and trumpets raised a din, whenever the doomed man began to read a paper he had prepared; and after several attempts to obtain a hearing he gave his neck to the shearing blade. Lambert, condemned at the same time, was not killed, but went to prison in the Island of Guernsey, where he died.

The English nation, who had already discovered that the King they had so joyously welcomed home was radically vicious, now got a glimpse into the utter meanness of his nature. The sale of Dunkirk to the French King opened a series of transactions with that monarch, which every lover of the glorious British name would gladly blot, if possible, from the pages of the national story. For five thousand *livres* this "city of the waters," gallantly taken by the aid of Oliver's redcoats only four years ago, passed away for ever from the English crown. Deep execrations resounded throughout England; but even the sale was scarcely so bad as the use to which the money went, for it was lavished on the worthless women who infested the Court.

Symptoms began already to foreshadow the fall of Clarendon. In the Earl

of Bristol, who headed the Popish party and was probably in the secret of the King's religion, he had a dangerous and inveterate enemy. Bristol, enraged at Clarendon's opposition to the Declaration of Indulgence, impeached the Chancellor in the Lords, but, seeing no hope of success, ran suddenly away. This occurred in 1663. In the following session one of the solid pillars, raised by the genius of men like Hampden, was shattered by the servile members of the Pension Parliament. The Bill for Triennial Parliaments was repealed,

on the ground that it contained clauses degrading to the crown.

1664 And in addressing the Houses on the subject Charles let slip an audacious sentence, which would have kindled rage in any breasts but those infected with the dry-rot of the Restoration Era. "Assure yourselves," said he, "if I should think otherwise, I would never suffer a Parliament to come together by the means prescribed by that bill." The Conventicle Act also belongs to the session of 1664. By this venomous measure all persons above sixteen, convicted of attending a religious service in any other form than that practised by the Anglican Church, at which meeting five more than the household were present, became liable to punishment—three months in prison for the first offence—six for the second—seven years' transportation for the third. The interpretation of the Act, in all its loose ambiguous wording, rested with any single Justice of the Peace, however illiterate or prejudiced he might be. Thus ministers and people, who followed the doctrine of Calvin, were with the sanction of a tyrannical law thrust into fetid jails.

England now rushed into a Dutch war, the people actuated by commercial grudges, the King in the hope that some money might be made by the affair. On the 22nd of February 1665 war was formally declared by English Charles against the nation that had sheltered him in his exile. The Duke of York and Admiral Opdam commanded the rival fleets. But the evils of the war shrink to insignificance before the black shadow of the Pestilence, which in this sad year fell upon the island. Breaking out in the beginning of

1665 May, the Plague continued to smite down the people at first by tens and hundreds, but awfully soon by thousands in the week, until the equinoctial gales and the winter frosts abated its destructive virulence. All who could abandoned London to the Destroying Angel, and those wretched ministers who follow the fatal trailing of his robe. The Court and the Parliament fled to Oxford. Behind stayed the dead-cart, the pest-house, and the yawning pits which held the huddled heaps of corrupted dead. The night-wind sang mournfully through deserted houses and grassy streets; but there were worse things in London then than lonely houses. On many hundreds a terrible signal glowed—the twelve-inch cross of red, showing that Death was busy in the rooms of the shut home. None could enter or go out for a weary month, except when with clang of bell and glare of torch the dead-cart came at night, and at the dreadful summons, "Bring out your dead," some wretched spectres staggered down the stair with a corpse. The other common

sights of a plague-smitten city also struck beholders with terror or disgust. Down a street with cries of woe a naked maniac would run with a pan of blazing coals upon his head. In another quarter of the town the darkness of night or the desolate glare of day was often filled with the cries of wild enthusiasts, "Yet forty days, and London shall be destroyed!" or that deep and terrible wail of conscience-stricken sin, "Oh the great and dreadful God!" But sadder than all sad sights was the spectacle of the riot and drunkenness, in which many strove to drown their fears or forget their despair. In vain sea-coal fires were burned before every twelfth house to purify the air. Till winter came, the fangs of the Plague pierced the very heart of London; and, even when the deaths had diminished to the average rate of mortality, the seeds of the fell malady festered still in many dark and fetid nooks of old London. More than one hundred thousand died in the capital that year. A furious storm, which blew over London in the following February, may be considered to have swept away the last open traces of this great sickness.

In the middle of the plague-year (June 3) York and Opdam met off Lowestoft on the Suffolk coast. Fiercely raged the equal fight, until Sandwich cut the Dutch line in two with the squadron of the Blue. But even this did not end the engagement. The firing never slackened until mid-day, when the *Eendracht*, which bore Admiral Opdam's flag, blew up, strewing the sea with splinters and blackened flesh. Darkness closed over the defeated Dutch fleet, which ran for the Texel, but would scarcely have reached that shelter, had not some blunder or intentional stoppage led the English ships to slacken sail in the night.

Next summer a fleet set sail under Monk, in hopes of another great victory over the Dutch. Rupert at the same time led a squadron to intercept the French fleet, which had been promised to the Dutch. Albemarle became entangled with a great Dutch armament, having Pensionary De Witt on board, and during the first four days of June kept up a very hazardous fight. Rupert fortunately heard the guns, and came sweeping to the Duke's aid, else it would have fared ill with the English ships, whose rigging was severely damaged by the chain-shot of the Dutch. In a fog that fell on the sea the Dutch sheered off, only postponing their complete defeat however until the 26th of the following July.

The great London Fire of 1666 burned out the poisonous dregs of the Plague. Beginning among the wooden houses of Pudding Lane on Sunday morning, the 2nd of September, it ran in red frenzy before an easterly wind along Gracechurch Street, and downwards from Cannon Street to the water's edge. For four days it fed on ten thousand houses, scorching the air and reddening the sky above into a coppery glow visible for a radius of fifty miles all round. The poor people, whose household goods were crackling into cinders, ran up and down, screaming or stupefied but utterly unable from the heat to approach the scene of the wholesale destruction. The brick walls of the Temple gave the first check to the devouring conflagration; and, while the flames were

slowly licking them, as if gathering strength for a wilder burst, some buildings in other parts of the advancing line of fire were blown up, so as to gap the dreadful ruddy edge of the spreading ulcer.

While these things were unfolding themselves in England, in Scotland James Sharp, a renegade Presbyterian minister, had become Archbishop of St. Andrews, and was doing Charles's despotic work in the northern part of the kingdom. Four hundred ministers left their homes rather than submit to the bishops, so rudely crammed down the nation's throat; and the "curates," who filled the pulpits of the expelled, excited the contempt of all men by their extreme ignorance. A High Commission Court, established and worked under the immediate supervision of Sharp, set all its malicious enginery at work for the persecution of the Scottish people. They rose at last. Some two hundred fell upon Turner at Dumfries (November 13), and then with swelling ranks pushed over the Leadhills into Clydesdale, and so by Lanark to the outskirts of Edinburgh. Here they met woeful disappointment, for the city would not back them, and their numbers melted from two thousand to about eight hundred. Old Dalziel was on their track. They turned to the Pentlands, and had just reached Rullion Green at the base of these hills, when he found them camped upon the snow. The battle, beginning an hour before sunset, raged far into the deep-blue snowy dusk. Fifty of the Covenanters died; one hundred and thirty were taken; the rest were scattered on the hills. The merciful rope slew five-and-forty of the captives: the awful torture of the boots sent bright young Hugh M'Kail from earth with limbs reduced to a mash of bloody pulp.

Buckingham and Lauderdale had by this time obtained the ascendant in the counsels of the King; the star of Clarendon was evidently setting fast. Lady Castlemaine hated the Chancellor with a bitter hatred: Buckingham lost no opportunity of jibing at him in presence of the King. It happened unluckily for the minister that the noble house he was building in Piccadilly excited the anger of the mob, and set their rancorous tongues wagging in nicknames for the pile. Dunkirk House and Holland House were two of these, expressive of the popular belief that the sale of Dunkirk and the proceeds of the Dutch war went to aid in raising the extravagant colonnades, which seemed to the plague-hardened populace a cruel and deliberate affront.

While a conference was going on at Breda to negotiate the ending of the war, a thing happened within the estuary of the Thames, which went far to avenge any loss the Dutch had suffered in the war. There being only a few miserable ships ready for sea, the streets of Wapping being filled with sailors, who could get nothing but *tickets* for their pay—did not King Charles want the cash for Barbara?—De Ruyter sailed with eighty ships to the mouth of the Medway, broke the chain across the river, burned the forts at Sheerness, and, making his way up to Chatham, took the *Royal Charles*, and reduced the *Royal James*, the *Oak*, and the *London* to ashes. On that very day,

when De Ruyter's guns were heard at London Bridge, Charles II. amused himself with a moth-hunt in the supper-room, where his mistresses were feasting in splendour. When he rode, a day or two later, among the ash-heaps which had been part of London, the citizens found it hard to credit his assurance that "he would live and die with his people"; and their cheers hung fire woefully. The Peace of Breda was concluded, while this stain lay fresh upon the English name (July 10).

June 3,
1667
A.D.

Clarendon's enemies were meantime mining like moles beneath his reputation. The King was weary of his Mentor. And Southampton, who most of all had propped the Chancellor, had lately died. The Medway business bore him down at last. Without deserving all the blame of the mismanaged war he suffered as the scapegoat of a higher culprit. In truth the hatred of Lady Castlemaine was the thing which proved most formidable to the great historian. The Duke of York broke the news to his father-in-law. In vain Clarendon pleaded long and faithful service; the lady was too strong; and the Great Seal passed from his hands to those of Sir Orlando Bridgman. When the Parliament met in October, the Coalition against the Chancellor had so far proceeded in their vengeful work that a case of impeachment was ready, consisting of twenty-three articles. The first charged him with the invention of a standing army; the eleventh blamed him for the selling of Dunkirk. A general impeachment of high treason was sent against him to the bar of the Lords, who were however unwilling to commit one of themselves to prison upon such vague and general clamour. Ultimately, upon the secret hints of his son-in-law York the Chancellor crossed the sea to France, and wrote from Calais a letter to the Lords, which attempted to establish his innocence and explain his flight. Mimicked at the orgies of King Charles, where a ribald courtier used to strut about the banquet-room with the bellows for a purse and a shovel borne before him as the mace, Clarendon had long known by the bitter stings of the Court witlings, that England was scarcely a fitting place for him. An Act of Parliament, which found some honest men to oppose its iniquitous sentence, doomed him to banishment, and made it treason for him to return, or for any one to correspond with him except by royal permission. His great book, already begun, proved at once the solace and the rich fruitage of his exile; but the spring of life was too far strained to bear unbroken a second banishment from home. It snapped at Rouen in 1674.

The fall of Clarendon left the conduct of affairs principally in the hands of the Earl of Arlington and the Duke of Buckingham. Lord Keeper Bridgman, a man who has left few traces of his power in the national history, proposed to his lasting credit a treaty for the comprehension of some Presbyterians and the toleration of the rest. Clarendon's friends however were strong enough to strangle the incipient law. A foreign measure of this time won unqualified approbation from the people. It was the treaty known as the Triple Alliance, a coalition formed by England, Sweden, and Holland against the growing and oppressive power of the French King. William

1668
A.D.

Temple, a *dilettante* diplomatist, who had been brought up to public life under the eye of his father, Sir John, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, negotiated this most popular alliance with the eminent Pensionary De Witt. Frankly and openly the statesmen met each other in this grave business, the transaction of which took only five days. So keenly did Louis XIV. feel the meaning of this union, that in the following April he hastily concluded the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.

The state of the House now began to display symptoms portending rupture with the crown. A strong Opposition grew up, which under the title of the Country Party embraced Puritans, Republicans, and those Royalists, whom royal mistresses and royal meanness had driven from attachment to the crown. One of the best men in this band was Lord William Russell, the Earl of Bedford's son. Among their earliest efforts was an attempt to have the expenditure of the late Dutch War inquired into by a committee, which sat at Brook House. Sir George Savile, who afterwards rose to great eminence as Marquis of Halifax, was the principal member of this committee. His pleasant wit and gleaming eloquence won for this King of Trimmers a ready and easy way among all classes of men. The inquiries of Brook House fell to the ground; but the rancorous feeling between the Court and the Opposition did not pass with this unfinished investigation. A gentleman named Sir John Coventry, having ventured on a coarse joke concerning the King's connection with the theatres, was attacked as he went home one night by some of the royal guards. In spite of the gallant defence he made, standing with his back to the wall and holding a torch in his hand, his sword was struck from his hand, and the slitting of his nose to the bone satisfied the sneaking grudge of the offended King. A needle cured the ailment; but the cowardly revenge raised a storm of anger in the Commons, which it took a long time to allay.

Twice about this time the legislative union of England and Scotland was brought on the carpet; but the time was not ripe for this great measure. Scotland was to lose a little blood first.

Blinded by his desire of absolute power and limitless indulgence, Charles committed a disgraceful act, which could have been expected only from the man who sold Dunkirk and let Dutchmen into the Medway. Even while the Triple Alliance was shaping itself at the Hague, he was secretly chaffering with the French King for the means of making himself despotic at home.

Henrietta of Orleans, the sister of the English King, acted as go-between in the formation of that secret Treaty of Dover, which in
1670 **A.D.** imagination parcelled out the soil of the United Provinces. For a promise of Zealand (when taken), an annuity of £200,000, and the aid of six thousand French troops for home use, Charles bartered away the honour of his crown by agreeing to attack the Dutch fleet, while his grand ally invaded the Provinces by land. As a fitting appendage to this nefarious transaction we read of a new mistress crossing the Channel, Louisa Querouaille, who afterwards became Duchess of Portsmouth, and whose attractions, vying

with the fascinations of Nell Gwynne the actress, put Her Grace of Cleveland completely in the shade. The strongest meshes in that disgraceful net, which bound Charles to the French interests, were woven by this artful and licentious Frenchwoman.

The seven years, succeeding Clarendon's banishment, form the period of the notorious Cabal Ministry, so named from the five initials of the five surnames happening to form that exotic word. Peppery Sir Thomas Clifford, a Commissioner of the Treasury—grave-faced, gay-tongued Henry Bennet, Lord Arlington and Secretary of State—lively, fickle, unprincipled, crucible-loving, *blasé* Buckingham—selfish and time-serving Ashley—big blustering Lauderdale, whose head of red thatch held lots of linguistic learning and whose thick tongue spluttered passionate saliva in torrents on all around—these were the men by whose counsels the King was guided from 1667 to 1674. Furiously the persecutions raged against both Dissenters and Roman Catholics, although Clifford and Arlington leant towards the tenets of the latter sect. The Cabal government is notable for having attempted a double task in reference to the Parliament. Failing to destroy, they began to bribe. In Macaulay's words, "We find in their policy at once the latest trace of the Thorough of Strafford, and the earliest trace of that methodical bribery, which was afterwards practised by Walpole."

In rapid succession several events occurred, tintured or rather blackly dyed with the worst despotism. By the advice of Ashley and Clifford the Exchequer was shut, a step which amounted to robbing the merchants, who had lent their money to the King on the security of the revenue, of about £1,300,000. Banks broke on every side; depositors were ruined; distress spread into every class of the people. A Declaration of Indulgence, extending both to Protestant Dissenters and to Roman Catholics, but clearly meant to benefit the latter only, was announced by a royal proclamation, altogether independent of Parliamentary sanction. The spectacle, unknown to the English Constitution, of a King professing to make laws on his own authority, excited great distrust and alarm throughout the nation. And then, an occasion having been provided by an attack on the Smyrna fleet as it passed with its rich cargoes near the Isle of Wight, war was declared against the Dutch in terms of the Secret Treaty concluded two years ago at Dover (March 28, 1672).

While a desultory and indecisive naval war was going on between the Dutch and the Anglo-French fleets, the principal engagement taking place off Solebay (May 28), faction was working great changes in the domestic affairs of the United Provinces, now overrun with a swarm of French soldiers. An Orange mob killed the two De Witts at the Hague, as John was about to carry Cornelius from prison in his coach. The young Prince of Orange, sole hope of the Republic, was at once made Stadtholder, depending for counsel on Lawyer Fagel and Soldier Waldeck, but learning with every year that rolled by to rely chiefly on himself, the safest human trust that any man can have.

It became manifest in 1673 that the Cabal was tottering to its fall ; for the Country Party had set resolutely to the work of its overthrow. The **1673 Test Act** was its death-blow. This enactment, by declaring the denial of transubstantiation, and the reception of the Sacrament according to the Anglican form, necessary conditions for the tenure of public office, struck Clifford from his Treasurership and York from his command of the fleet, since they both adhered to the Roman Catholic tenets. Shaftesbury—Ashley that was—bent before the brewing storm, and condemned the Declaration of Indulgence, which had been his own handiwork ; but his impudence did not keep him on the woolsack. With his departure the Junto of Five went fast to pieces. And a peace with Holland, organized by the author of the Triple Alliance, followed as a natural and speedy result.

Sir Thomas Osborne, a baronet of Yorkshire now somewhat embarrassed in his estate, received the white staff, which the Test Act had wrested from Clifford. Soon created Earl of Danby, this minister continued for five years to control the mad levities of Charles, hating France bitterly, but striving at home by lavish bribery to make the Parliament the slave of a despotic King. One important transaction, fruitful in great results, we owe to him and Temple. In 1677 the young Prince of Orange married the Lady Mary, elder daughter of York by his first wife. William had already displayed his military prowess on the bloody field of Seneffe and was already looked upon by Western Europe as their great bulwark against the aggressions of Louis le Grand. Temple, crossing to the Hague in 1678, was summoned to the Conference of Nimeguen, but left that place without appending his name to the treaty of October, by which a short lull took place in the Continental wars at the almost sole expense of poor Spain.

Danby fell in 1678, when Montague, whom he had made an enemy, read in the Commons two letters, in which the minister had charged him to negotiate with the French King for £300,000 a year. An impeachment of high treason followed, but dissolution of Parliament and other subterfuges were employed to thwart the prosecution, which would have involved the disclosure of many ugly state secrets.

Wild alarms about Popery had been secretly generating in the public mind ; and some clever villains took advantage of the circumstance. Titus Oates, a clergyman stained with accusations of perjury and worse crimes, went before Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey, a very active Justice of the Peace living near Whitehall, who had won knighthood by his bravery in the days of the Plague, and swore that there was a great Jesuit conspiracy to kill the King and subvert the government. Next day—Michaelmas Eve 1678—he went before the Council and made a similar declaration. Prominent among the persons accused by Oates was Coleman, a clever linguist who held the post of Secretary to the Italian Duchess of York. When Coleman's rooms were searched, it was found that all his letters, except a few in one drawer, had been removed ; and the few were so suspicious that the public mind jumped at once to the conclusion

that the papers removed contained proofs of some dreadful wickedness. In the middle of the excitement Godfrey was missed one Saturday, and on the Thursday night following some horror-stricken searchers found his body, pierced with his own sword, lying in a ditch near St. Pancras Church, which then stood a mile out of town. A black mark round his dislocated neck showed clearly how his death had been caused. And his pockets full of money and the droppings of white wax-lights on his clothes proved that no common foot-pad had committed the crime. Oates, now the great lion of the day, continued to invent his fictions. Other wild beasts scented the prey and came flocking to the carrion feast. A swindler, named Bedloe, appeared at Bristol with the story that he had seen the corpse of Godfrey at Somerset House, and that £4000 had been vainly offered him to carry it away. Carstairs, an informer upon those who attended conventicles, came down from Scotland, and swore that he overheard a Roman Catholic banker cry out in an eating-house in Covent Garden, that the King was a rogue and that he himself would stab him, if none else would. Oates, then thinking that he must put a little new flavour into his dish of lies, struck boldly at the Queen, declaring that he, while waiting outside a door in Somerset House, had heard her voice tell a party of Jesuits that she was willing to help in the murder of the King. Coleman's life was sworn away. Staley the banker swung at Tyburn. The tide of blood set redly in. Ireland a Jesuit priest, Grove and Pickering, two servants of the Queen's chapel, died, denying that they had ever conspired against the life of the King. Still new witnesses appeared, Dugdale, Lord Aston's bailiff, being perhaps the most respectable of the lot. One Prance, a goldsmith, made certain statements about Godfrey's murder, which implicated two Roman Catholics, Green and Hill, and, stranger still, a Protestant named Berry. The three were hanged at Tyburn.

Angry with the bitter feeling displayed against Danby, Charles dissolved the Pension Parliament in January 1679, after it had sat for fully seventeen years. The general election filled the benches with men even more determined to hold their way against the Court. Danby's impeachment was revived. And the first sounds of that great struggle, which raged round the Exclusion Bill, began to mutter ominously. The blood of Roman Catholics continued to flow, and the King thought it best for all that his brother should go to Brussels for a while. Meeting on the 6th of March, the second Parliament of Charles soon took up the Danby case. Calling the Commons to White-
1679
 hall, the King told them that he had pardoned the minister; but **A.D.**
 in spite of this they demanded justice from the Lords. Ultimately the accused Earl was committed to the Tower. Temple's Council of Thirty then undertook the management of affairs, Shaftesbury acting as Lord President. But Thirty were soon found to be too many for the dark and delicate transactions of such government as Charles wished; and Temple joined Essex, Halifax, and Sunderland in the formation of a central knot, which controlled the action of the remaining six-and-twenty. Before the King dissolved this

troublesome Parliament, its members had made the name of their assembly for ever memorable in the history of English law. Deriving its origin from the earliest struggles of our Constitution but assuming definite shape only in the reign of Charles the First, the Habeas Corpus Bill had been fighting its way step by step during the present reign, and now on the very last day of the existence of the second Parliament of Charles the Second it received the royal assent and became an Act. Its first provision enacts "That when any person, other than persons convicted or in execution upon legal process, stands committed for any crime, except for treason or felony, plainly expressed in the warrant of commitment, he may during the vacation complain to the Chancellor or any of the twelve Judges; who upon sight of a copy of the warrant, or an affidavit that a copy is denied, shall award a *habeas corpus* directed to the officer in whose custody the party shall be, commanding him to bring up the body of his prisoner within a time limited according to the distance, but in no case exceeding twenty days, who shall discharge the party from imprisonment, taking surety for his appearance in the court wherein his offence is cognizable." Severe penalties against judges or jailers, refusing to act in accordance with this law, hedge it round; and another section forbids with severe emphasis the practice of sending English prisoners beyond the limits of their native land.

Goaded into madness by boot, thumbkin, sword, carbine, and all the malevolent enginery that persecution could wield, the Covenanters of Scotland saw a host of savage Highlanders let loose upon their homes, because they would not cease attendance on their loved conventicles. Archbishop Sharp, who was at the bottom of this and worse contrivances to crush the free spirit of the people, was shot and stabbed to death on Magus Moor near St. Andrews by a band of desperate Fifemen, who had probably not at first intended to take his life. The flame of revolt then burned quickly up; and the Duke of Monmouth, the gay and handsome son of Charles by Lucy Walters, was sent to trample it out. Graham of Claverhouse, already at work with his relentless dragoons, met a severe check from the Covenanters at Drumclog.¹ Three weeks later, Monmouth faced a force of about five thousand, where Bothwell Bridge² spanned the broad Clyde. Vainly the Covenanting host, sorely shaken by disputes, tried to hold the bridge. Overborne by the royal cannon and without a cartridge or a ball, they fell back in flight on Hamilton Moor, whose heather took a deeper purple from their blood. Immediately after this fight the Duke of York undertook the government of Scotland.

A new candidate for infamy now appeared in the person of a hardened young reprobate named Dangerfield, who put treasonable papers under the bed of Mansel, a Presbyterian Colonel, and then gave information that the documents were there. Detected in this scheme, he turned upon the Roman Catholic

¹ *Drumclog*, a hamlet seven miles west of Strathaven in Lanarkshire.

² *Bothwell Bridge*, a bridge over the Clyde in Lanarkshire, eight miles above Glasgow. It was then only twelve feet wide, with a gate in the centre.

women, Lady Powis and a nurse, whose accomplice he had been, and described papers to be found in a meal-tub, which would prove the existence of a Popish plot under cover of this alleged Presbyterian scheme. But he lacked the cleverness of the rogues named above.

All through the year 1680 the noise of the conflict about the exclusion of York from the throne raged loud. But it was not until the autumn of the year that the red-hot struggle took place. Meeting on the 21st of October, the Commons passed the Bill on the 11th of the following month, and sent it by the hands of Russell to the Lords. The King listened to the debate, having already in person canvassed nearly every Peer against the measure, and gladly saw it thrown out by a majority of thirty-three. The trial of Lord Stafford, an old Catholic nobleman, was then proceeded with in the rage of the Commons, who sought still to keep alive the anti-popish feeling among the people. Stafford had been lying in the Tower. The witnesses against him were Oates, Dugdale, and Tuberville. The first swore that Stafford had received a patent as Paymaster-General in the Popish army that was to be; the others swore that Stafford had hired them to kill the King. After five days of trial in Westminster Hall before Nottingham as Lord High Steward, the old man, now nearly seventy, laid his head upon the block at Tower Hill (December 29). The political names Whig and Tory—equivalent to sour-faced bigot and Irish robber—were among the missiles invented during the Exclusion war. And the two words *Mob* and *Sham*, which I have chosen as the motto of a chapter, dealing mainly with tumult and imposture, are ascribed by historians to the same distracted time.

Plunket, the Primate of Armagh, also fell a victim to the false witnesses of this atrocious time, who swore that he was concerned in a plot to bring over a French army and massacre all the English in the land.

Charles found it necessary to dissolve the Parliament on the 30th of January, since they clamoured for his consent to the Exclusion Bill, and wanted to pry too curiously into the raising of supplies and other matters. In dread of the violence which his father had once experienced from exasperated London, he appointed Oxford, whose University carried loyalty to a servile extreme, as the place, and the 21st of March as the time for the opening of the new session. But the Oxford Parliament, to which men went armed to the teeth and which sat for just seven days, was not a whit more compliant than its predecessor. Nothing but Exclusion would satisfy the Commons. A medium project to appoint a Prince Regent fell to the ground; and so King Charles sent his fifth and last Parliament back to the boroughs and the shires.

The Whigs and Protestants must now meet with their turn of blood-letting and persecution. A noisy fellow, called Stephen College, who went by the name of the Protestant joiner and had invented a skull-cracker called the Protestant flail, was charged by Dugdale and Tuberville with a plot against the King at Oxford. In spite of evident lying and contradiction on the part of the witnesses he was convicted and hanged. These vampires then settled

on Shaftesbury, who ran a narrow risk of meeting what he had brought on many others. But the grand jury of London, composed of the most eminent citizens, coming to his rescue, cast out the Bill by returning a writ of *ignoramus*, although the witnesses had been examined in open court. A principal charge against this statesman rested on a paper found in his cabinet, but not in his own hand, which contained the sketch of an association meant to limit the power of the King. Shaftesbury thus escaped what he well deserved, but the anger of the King soon fell heavily on the Whiggish capital that had shielded him. The Court of King's Bench declared that London had forfeited its charter; nor was this restored until such alterations were made as chained the corporation of the metropolis tight to the steps of the throne. What happened to London in this instance, happened also to many smaller towns.

Scotland at this time under cruel and bigoted York was soaking in blood. But the blood could not quench the hot fire of freedom that burned in the nation's heart. Wild and fierce as were the Presbyterians under Cameron and Cargill, who lifted a stern cry of truth against the Stuarts and their henchmen, and lifted moreover the bare broadsword to emphasize that cry, they were earnest men, who believed there is a God, not putrid shams who mocked at truth and tried to strangle honesty in every form. The Earl of Argyle, son of the man whom Charles had slain, stood boldly up to front the Duke of York in defence of Scottish Protestantism, when a cobbled test, newly pushed through Parliament, was proposed to him. James smiled on him and chatted to him, and then locked him in the rock-built Castle of Edinburgh. A mock trial followed and all was preparing for the scaffold, when the Earl, managing to slip out in a page's dress, escaped by London to Holland, where young Orange was cherishing British exiles.

York then returned to Whitehall, where his star, red and bodeful as it was, began to rise. We have seen College hanged and Shaftesbury accused. Such proceedings prepared the way for that great Whig conspiracy, which filled the years 1683-4 with blood and terror.

In London wine-shops and Temple chambers, where strange motley combinations of men met in various knots, the thread of talk ran always on the evident resolves of the Court Party to annihilate the Whigs and raise a bloody despotism on the ruins of the party. There were two distinct sets of conspirators, slightly linked together by some restless spirits who belonged to both. Shaftesbury, Monmouth, Essex, Russell, and Algernon Sidney were the leaders of the higher plot, which had for its object the resistance of despotism by force of arms. Monmouth, fired with vague ambition and intoxicated by popular applause of his fleet running and frank demeanour—Shaftesbury, wild with smothered vengeance—Russell, filled with calm patriotism—Sidney and his shadow Essex, sick with distempered visions of a lost Republic—these were the men, who put their lives into the hands of a traitor with a noble name. Lord Howard came among them and betrayed them. Shaftesbury, yearning.

for a sudden rush into arms, grew disgusted with delay and retired to Holland, where gout took him off in the end of 1682.

While these men talked of a Revolution, a gang of meaner men planned a murder. West, a lawyer who had rooms in the Temple, opened them for the reception of such men as Rumsey, a soldier of fortune, and Ferguson, a turbulent Scottish minister, who were both in the confidence of Shaftesbury. Goodenough, once Under-Sheriff of London, came there, with cheesemongers and maltsters in abundance. One Rumbald, an old Cromwellian, who had a farm called the Rye-House (now sacred to the rod rather than the gun) near Hodsdon on the Newmarket road, proposed to block the road with a cart and shoot the King during the stoppage. The constant trips that Charles made in April and October to the race-course at Newmarket afforded opportunities for the commission of the crime. It appears that a fire in the race-town brought the King back to London a week earlier in April 1683 than he had intended; and so the plot failed. Josiah Keeling, a decayed druggist, carried the story to Lord Dartmouth, a favourite of York. Bit by bit the proofs leaked out, and several arrests were made. West and Rumsey turned King's evidence. Shepherd, in whose house some wine had been drunk and some treason talked, implicated Monmouth, Grey, and Russell. Monmouth fled; Russell, taken sitting in his study, went to the Tower to await his trial; Grey, although arrested, managed to escape to Holland from the Sergeant's house, in which he was permitted to lodge the night before his intended committal. Then Howard was got, sneaking in a chimney, and, when his chattering jaws, bedabbled with tears, had betrayed the men who had admitted him to their society, Essex and Sidney were added to the list of the arrested.

When some of "the lower form" had been convicted, the trial of William Lord Russell began at the Old Bailey. Before a packed jury of Londoners, with his wife, an Earl's daughter, writing by his side, true to wifeness in this perilous hour, the most virtuous statesman of the reign underwent the solemn farce of hearing the charges laid against his life, and of **July 13,** making a defence of his connection with the alleged conspiracy. The **1683** three witnesses, Rumsey, Shepherd, and infamous Howard his own **A.D.** cousin, could fix nothing blacker on his name than a never-fulfilled design of seizing the King's guards for the purpose of checking the rampant tyranny of the reign. But Pemberton the Chief-Justice summed up against him, after Jeffreys, not yet in the full blossom of his brutality, had turned the suicide of Essex, who had cut his throat that morning in the Tower, into a presumption of Russell's guilt; and the jury returned a verdict accordingly. Escorted by Bishops Tillotson and Burnet to a scaffold which blackened the fields of Lincoln's Inn, he died with the calmness of a Christian on the eighth day after his sentence had been pronounced.

Soon followed in the King's Bench the trial of Colonel Algernon Sidney, a cadet of the noble house of Leicester, an officer of the Cromwellian army, and

a witness of Oliver's fury on that eventful morning, when the fag-end of the Long Parliament got leave to go. Lord Howard, who had been forced upon the confidence of Essex and Russell by Sidney, a thorough believer in his honesty, swore brazenly to the complicity of the Colonel in the plot. The second witness appeared in the shape of some manuscript found in Sidney's study and said to be in his handwriting. No legal proof of treason could be found against this republican theorist, but Judge Jeffreys, newly elevated to the bench, declaring his opinion that *scribere est agere*, the prisoner was pronounced "Guilty." At the passing of sentence a passage of arms took place between the drunken Judge and the undaunted Republican. When the latter appealed in a firm voice to God for vengeance on his persecutors, Jeffreys roared, "I pray God to work in you a temper fit to go into the other world, for I see you are not fit for this." "My Lord," said one filled with the spirit of a Brutus, "feel my pulse. I bless God I never was in better temper than I am now." Before the year was out—on the 8th of December—the axe lopped his head on Tower Hill; and to the last his stoicism never failed.

Monmouth made a temporary peace with Charles, chiefly by the aid of Halifax; but, soon quarrelling again with his father, the rash young man escaped to Holland.

During the last years of the reign Brother James, recovering his influence, found his way once more into the Privy Council, and to the head of the Navy Board. The rival factions of Whig and Tory had now assumed very distinct shape, and hung out the banners of certain great leaders. York, of course a Tory, had for his right-hand man Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester and his own brother-in-law, being the historian's second son. Halifax, who had become a Whig and held the Privy Seal, led the Opposition with the feeble aid of Francis North, Lord Guildford. Godolphin, grave and cautious, "never in the way, and never out of the way," as Charles cleverly said, stood neutral. Sunderland, the Secretary of State, a cold intriguer, spread his restless webs on every side. Halifax struck a heavy blow at Rochester by accusing him of mismanagement in the Treasury, where £40,000 had been lost to the nation. It was found to be true. But the discovery, instead of marring the fortunes of Lawrence, brought him promotion, "kicked him up stairs" into the chair of the Lord President. Godolphin then became First Lord of the Treasury, which however did not then signify the position of the Premier.

In the last year of Charles Tangier was let go, Dartmouth having previously destroyed the works. The capture of Gibraltar after some time made up for this loss; but the thing was nevertheless disgraceful in its cause, for it was lack of money to maintain a vicious Court, which led Charles to abandon this portion of his wife's dowry.

It now remains to let Charles die,—pity, a man might say, whose vision into the uses of evil is so very imperfect, that he ever lived! But the most disgusting reptile does not wriggle and crawl in the dust for nothing. Let Charles go to his grave, struck with an apoplectic fit on Monday morning, the

2nd of February, and dead, at the age of fifty-four, on the following Friday night. His chemical experiments in the fixing of mercury and other matters, his walks in St. James's Park to feed the ducks and play with his spaniels, his merry sayings and gay demeanour, lovable traits in the character of a pure-lived just-dealing man, were in the case of this Caligula but glittering scales of colour on a serpent's skin. The fang, the venom, and the cruel guile were all beneath the painted show.

CHAPTER V.

THE SECOND ENGLISH REVOLUTION.

Leading statesmen.
Argyle's invasion.
Monmouth lands.
Sedgemoor.
The policy of James.
Dispensing power.
The first Declaration.

Cambridge.
Magdalene Coll., Oxon.
The second Declaration.
Trial of the prelates.
Landing of William.
Flight of James.
The Convention.

Declaration of Right.
The double throne.
Siege of Derry.
Killiecrankie.
The Boyne.
Athlone—Aughrim—
Limerick.

WHEN in 1685 James Duke of York became by his brother's death James King of Great Britain, he made on the spur of the moment a speech to his Council, full of the fairest promises. He would maintain the Established Government in both Church and State. He would cherish the Church, and respect the Law. But symptoms soon appeared, portending many changes and a troubled reign. Most notable of these was the public and splendid celebration of the Romish mass at Westminster, to which the monarch went in state.

Of the statesmen belonging to the late reign Rochester was the only one who stood really well with James. Nevertheless Sunderland, the Secretary of State, and Godolphin, now made Chamberlain to the Queen, were, through their own arts or indispensable business powers, admitted to the royal confidence. Conceited not a little as to his knowledge of naval matters, the King became his own manager in that department, chatty Samuel Pepys, of whom more anon, being appointed his right-hand man. Halifax, Ormond, and Guildford were retained in the Cabinet, but retained only to be snubbed (if possible) and kept in proper trim. A word about two other men, each infamous enough in his own special line. Drunken George Jeffreys, now Chief-Justice of the King's Bench, a man whom we have seen distorting facts to kill Lord Russell, was the very tool an unscrupulous despot needed; and we shall therefore find him roaring from the Bench or the Woolsack through all the reign. John Lord Churchill, who had risen in the late reign by means of the influence which his sister Arabella had over James, and who had already given proofs of that calm courage and penetrating skill, afterwards so conspicuous on many fields, was sent over to Versailles to rivet more closely the base links, which bound the mean and needy Stuarts to the French throne. Barillon, the French

minister at the English Court, kept his eyes open and his purse ready for emergency.

Having by the advice of Jeffreys collected the revenues without a Parliamentary sanction, James proceeded to call the Houses into session. He and his Queen had been already crowned at Westminster on St. George's Day by Sancroft, the Archbishop of Canterbury. The punishment of Oates and Dangerfield with pillory and whip, and the trial of the great Puritan, old Richard Baxter—a man of true piety and extraordinary power of working—clearly displayed the temper of King James as to religious matters. He still hated the Scottish Covenanters, as he had hated them from the first. One sect of Puritans however, the Quakers or Friends, he alternately petted and tolerated, chiefly through the influence which the celebrated founder of Pennsylvania had acquired over his mind.

The first Parliament of James, meeting on the 22nd of May 1685, showed extreme alacrity in the voting of supplies; they gave him, in spite of a daring speech from Sir Edward Seymour, the same revenue as his dead brother had enjoyed—£1,200,000 a year for life.

Their debates were interrupted by startling news. From the knot of Whig refugees gathered round the centre of disaffection in Friesland and Brabant, two invasions streamed out, like sudden fire-streaks, scorching Scottish heath and English grass a little but making no permanent impression upon either land.

On the 2nd of May Argyle sailed from the Vlie in three small ships for the purpose of invading Scotland. Monmouth was to descend soon afterwards upon the English coast. As Argyle passed the Orkneys, he incautiously allowed two men to go ashore. The Bishop arrested them, and the fleet was delayed there for three days. It took but a short time for the news of invasion to reach the capital; and the tuck of drum resounded everywhere through the land. Disembarking at Campbeltown on the Mull of Kintyre, and performing those mystic Highland rites, which dipped the yew-cross in blood and fire and sent it forth to be the symbol of war, he waited for the muster of the Campbells at the isthmus of Tarbet. He had a distinct and reasonable plan of action in his mind, resting mainly on the capture of Inverary, which would have formed a most effective centre of operations. But his counsels were hampered and impeded by a committee, especially by two obstinate and jealous men, Sir Patrick Hume and Sir John Cochrane. Insisting on the invasion of the Lowlands, they sailed away to make an attempt on Ayrshire. They merely captured a few pocks of meal at the little fishing village of Greenock, much higher up the Firth of Clyde. Falling back upon the forces of Argyle, who was now in Bute with about two thousand clansmen, these men began their bickerings again, the result of which was to paralyze almost every effort of the Earl. The castle full of stores, which they had fortified at the entrance of Loch Riddan, fell into the hands of the Royalists, the ships of Argyle having previously yielded to the frigates of the King. The news reached the rebels as

they rested on the Dumbarton side of Loch Long, which they had crossed the night before in boats. A dash on Glasgow was then the only chance left. Still hampered and hindered by his associates, the Earl marched in the face of the Royalist militia over the moorlands between Loch Long and Loch Lomond. At one time by the Leven a battle seemed imminent; but during a night movement, intended to place his army between the Royalists and Glasgow, Argyle stuck under a pitchy sky in a bog, from which his army struggled in little gangs that never united again. Morning dawned upon five hundred wet and weary men, collected at Kilpatrick. The invasion was over. It remains to trace the fortunes of Argyle. When he found that shelter at Kilpatrick was hopeless, he crossed the Clyde in a peasant's dress, acting as guide to Major Fullarton. At Inchinnan in Renfrewshire, where the Black Cart and the White Cart unite, some soldiers saw a couple of men about to ford the stream. The guide looked, they thought, like a gentleman. And when some questions received no definite answer, they seized the seeming peasant. Dashing into the stream, he tried to fire his pistols at them, but the powder was soaked and would not burn. A broadsword cut him to the ground, and Argyle was a prisoner.

Ironed in the Castle of Edinburgh, he spent some of his last hours in the composition of a poetic epitaph on himself, bewailing the cruelty of his friends; and within an hour of eternity he slept a peaceful sleep. The Maiden lopped his head off; and it was fixed on the spikes of the Tolbooth (June 30th).

Monmouth was then on English soil. Leaving the Taxel after considerable delay in the *Heldendergh* of six-and-twenty guns, and accompanied by two smaller ships, he landed eighty swords on the rocks of Lyme.¹ Blazing into enthusiastic welcome, the people gathered with shouts round a June 11. blue flag uplifted in the market-place. A scurrilous Declaration from the pen of Ferguson fanned the rising flame, and all the West glowed with rebellious fire. The eighty swelled in a day to fifteen hundred. The first shots were fired at Bridport, where Grey and his troop of plough-horse retreated before the militia. On the 15th the Duke of Albemarle, George Monk's son, was so frightened at Axminster by the hedges alive with rebel musket-barrels, that he withdrew the trainbands in disorder. Monmouth reached Taunton on the 18th of June. Posts from the West had brought the alarm to London, where the din of hasty arming arose. A Bill of Attainder against the invader passed rapidly through the Houses—a reward of £5000 was offered for his apprehension.

Taunton, celebrated for its woollens and its two defences by Robert Blake, broke into flowers and green boughs in honour of the Duke. Twenty-six of the prettiest girls in the town presented him with colours of their own embroidering, and a Bible which he took with a show of reverence. Some talk had already passed about the assumption of the regal title: and now, pressed by

¹ *Lyme*, a small sea-port at the extreme west of the shore of Dorsetshire, twenty-five miles west of Dorchester.

Ferguson and Grey, he was proclaimed King in the market-place of Taunton. As King Monmouth he long filled a place in the hearts of the devoted men of Devonshire and Somersetshire. Welcome also met the invader at Bridgewater, from which the Mayor and Aldermen came in their robes to greet him. Crowds of peasants still flocked from furrow and shaft to his standard, making dreadful weapons by tying scythes on long poles. The trainbands in all the surrounding counties gathered under their Lord-Lieutenants, the Duke of Beaufort occupying Bristol with the well-drilled men of Gloucestershire. Churchill with the Life Guards Blue hung upon the skirts of the rebel force, as it moved to Glastonbury, to Wells, to Shepton Mallet. Feversham was hourly pushing the main body of the royal army nearer to the scene of peril. Under these circumstances Monmouth resolved to attack Bristol on its weaker or Gloucestershire side, and had reached a bridge over the Avon at Keynsham, when two circumstances—the nearness of the royal army and the defeat of his horse by a troop of Life Guards—caused him to swerve in his purpose and make for Wiltshire. Late on the 26th of June Philip's Norton received the rebel army; and there next day a skirmish took place, in which the Royalist vanguard under the Duke of Grafton had decidedly the worse. When Monmouth reached Frome, he found the people disarmed and unable to afford him help. Anxious to escape without a battle if possible, he made his way with drooping heart back to Bridgewater by way of Wells, arriving there on Thursday the 2nd of July.

The battle of Sedgemoor was fought early on the following Monday morning. When the clocks of Bridgewater struck eleven on the Sunday night, Monmouth rode out at the head of his foot-soldiers under the light of a full moon. For six miles they plashed along, looking like spectres as they silently pierced the thick fogs that hung upon the marshes. Grey led the horse. The object of the movement was to surprise the royal army, which lay in three detached portions among the villages on the moor. Feversham, a languid and incapable officer, was snug in bed; and the potent cider of the place had probably told upon the heads of the loosely-governed soldiers. An accidental circumstance saved the royal army from destruction. The work of

July 6,
1685 drainage having begun upon the plain, Monmouth was obliged to take into account various *rhines* or broad ditches, when shaping

A.D. out his plan of battle. He calculated on crossing two, which guarded the approaches to the royal lines, but did not know of a third—the Bussux Rhine—which accordingly brought him to a full and helpless stop, just when he expected to find himself within spring of the foe. A random pistol-shot had already aroused the Royalists. A volley scattered Grey's cavalry; and the battle simplified itself into two rows of foot-soldiers shooting at each other in the dark across a broad trench of inky water. The raw horsemen by their flight infected the drivers of the ammunition-carts, who made off with the powder and ball. Monmouth thought he had better go too; and so he left the gallant "Mendip miners" to reap all the glory of this fight, by

expending their last charge and then falling to the number of a thousand, where they had fought so well. Let us thankfully remember that the roar of battle has never been heard in England since that July dawn.

The capture of Monmouth, who was hiding in a shepherd's dress among pease and corn, and his execution on Tower Hill by a bungling headsman followed in a few days.

And then began the Bloody Assizes. Colonel Kirke and his "Lambs"—a band of brutal soldiers trained at Tangier—performed a fitting prelude at Taunton by stringing up the rebels in droves upon the pole of the White Hart Inn, and then quartering the bodies, till the carver's shoes were soaked in blood. Chief-Justice Jeffreys began the great work in September by arraigning Lady Alice Lisle at Winchester. Two rebels had obtained shelter in her house; and for this she perished on the scaffold. Jeffreys wanted to burn her; but the prayers of friends obtained for her the slender boon of being allowed to leave life in a less painful manner. We cannot follow this wild beast as he scoured the country, drinking blood and brandy, and yelling curses from the Bench. He hanged three hundred and twenty; he transported almost three times as many; he and his hangers-on grew rich and fat on the spoils of the wretched victims, while wives and daughters starved or went to ruin. For these achievements James made him Lord High Chancellor of England.

It became clearly manifest during the first year of his reign what policy James meant to adopt in the government of his kingdom. He decidedly objected to two great statutes of the realm—the Habeas Corpus Act and the Test Act. The former he felt—not groundlessly—to be the grand fetter of despotism, and towards despotism the whole current of his nature ran: the latter was a weapon forged by those who hated the creed he loved and meant to enforce. These then he determined to destroy; and, the better to uphold the kind of rule he meant to adopt, he resolved to establish a great standing army. In the newly levied regiments commissions had already been given to Roman Catholic officers—a distinct violation of the Test Act. Alarm seized the nation. Lord President Halifax spoke out his mind at the Council-board, and was in consequence dismissed from his office. Opposition began to leaven the subservient Commons, and to spread too among the Lords; twice the Government was defeated; and at last Black Rod came down to announce that the King wanted his refractory legislators at the bar, from which they went home under sentence of prorogation (Nov. 20, 1685).

The foreign policy of James resolves itself into a very simple form. There were two men, to whom he truckled for his own purposes, irrespective altogether of the honour or good of Britain: they were Louis XIV. of France, whose paid agent he was, and the Pope of Rome, to whom he looked with superstitious devotion. His affection for the latter however was chequered a good deal by his transactions with the Jesuits—a society whose power, based on secrecy and activity, vied on almost equal terms with that of the Vatican.

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headed the minority in lauding the Indulgence to the skies. But the Puritan chiefs,—Baxter, Howe, Bunyan, Kiffin—looked suspiciously on it, and would not permit themselves to be lured into promoting a split camp of Protestantism.

Count of Adda, who, as Nuncio of Pope Innocent, had been for some time in London and visiting at Court in a private capacity, now flung aside his disguise, and burst upon the startled gaze of the nation in all the gorgeous splendour attaching to his office. Poor James fell on his knees when he saw the glittering vestments; and Windsor witnessed on the 3rd of June an imposing procession, of which the central figure, clad in purple with a red cross on his breast, was Adda the Archbishop of Amasia. Next day, the attempted overthrow of Church and State could not be divided by hours of time, James dissolved the Parliament, which had lately been adjourned so many times without meeting.

Two great Universities, centres of the warmest loyalty and hedged with certain oaths, which every graduate was bound to take, were assailed by James through the medium of his High Commission Court. In January 1687 a royal letter was presented to the Senate at Cambridge, requesting them to confer the degree of Master on Alban Francis, a Benedictine. They sent a message to Francis that they would gladly do so, if he took the necessary oaths; but this he would not do. The Vice-Chancellor and eight members of the Senate appeared on summons at Westminster before the High Commissioners to answer for their contumacy. Isaac Newton, whose *Principia* was then in the press, stood among the eight. They pelted Pechell with such a storm of Billingsgate that he shrank into sullen silence. The rest were not allowed to speak. The suspension of the Vice-Chancellor from office and its fees was the sentence of the Court upon Cambridge.

It was the turn of Oxford, whose College plate had gone to the melting-pot for Charles's father, then came. Not satisfied with having gained a footing for Catholicism in University and Christchurch, the King attempted to ride roughshod over the very constitution of Magdalene, one of the oldest and richest colleges of the place. Upon the death of the President of Magdalene he attempted to force the Fellows to elect a profligate called Anthony Farmer to vacant post. Being a Roman Catholic and not being a Fellow either of Magdalene or New College, he was disqualified both by the law of the land and the arrangements of the founder. The Fellows elected the virtuous John Hough instead. After they had been duly bullied by Jeffreys at Whitehall, they were sent back, and were soon required to raise Parker, Bishop of Oxford, to the Presidency. They insisted that the place was not vacant, since Hough had been formally elected; and the baffled King came down to Oxford in a rage to hear the daring Fellows on their own ground. He could not move; neither could he suppress Penn. And then more elaborate machinery was set on motion,—three Special Commissioners being sent down to reduce the mal-

contents to submission. Parker was installed by proxy, *two* Fellows honouring the ceremony with their presence; and the refractory remainder were required to make abject apologies and confessions of error. Refusing, they were expelled and unfrocked, all Church preferment being shut against them. Magdalene then blossomed out into a full-blown Roman Catholic school, presided over by a foreign priest and ringing all day long with Mass and *Ave*. Twelve Romish Fellows held the places of the ejected men. If James had possessed any power of seeing beyond the thing he did, he might have beheld the countless nerves, which ramified from this great brain of English scholarship, tingling and twitching in a way that betokened coming mischief. There were few parishes in England which did not feel the weight and pain of the blow that fell on loyal Oxford.

And now came the most critical period in this drama of misgovernment.

Not satisfied with what he had done, the King published a Second
April 27, Declaration of Indulgence, chiefly for the purpose of informing the
1688 nation that his mind was unchanged on the subject. Nobody pay-
A.D. ing much attention to this document, he backed it by issuing an

Order in Council (May 4), which directed the ministers of all churches and chapels in the kingdom to read it on certain Sundays from their pulpits. The 20th and 27th of May were fixed for the reading in London. Now this Declaration—like the first—was manifestly illegal, resting, as it did, solely on the authority of the King. And the clergy of England well knew their duty in the face of so gross an attack upon the Constitution. The London clergy, among whom were some noble names,—Tillotson, Patrick, Sherlock, Stillingfleet,—met to discuss the question, and before separating pledged themselves almost to a man not to read the Declaration. In Lambeth Palace soon afterwards there was a meeting of prelates and divines, several of the Bishops having hastened up to the capital with all speed when they heard the news. At this assembly, held on the 18th of May, a Petition was framed and written out in Primate Sancroft's own hand, the sum and substance of the document being that the Sovereign had no right to dispense with laws in matters of the Church, and that the subscribers and petitioners would not read the Declaration. Sancroft—Lloyd of St. Asaph—Turner of Ely—Lake of Chichester—Ken of Bath and Wells—White of Peterborough—and Tre-lawney of Bristol appended their names to the petition. Taking boat over to Whitehall, the six Bishops made their way, by Sunderland's help, to the royal closet, where they were welcomed under the mistaken idea that they had come to submit. When he read the paper, James foamed out into a fury, called the document "a standard of rebellion," and sent them under a torrent of abuse from his presence. The same night—how nobody knew—a printed copy of the Petition found its way into the coffee-houses, and was sold by thousands on the street. All waited with high-strung expectation for the coming Sunday. It came: *only four* out of about a hundred ministers read the Declaration; and these four read to empty pews. The chiefs of the

Dissenting Protestants expressed their hearty sympathy with the Anglican clergy in this momentous struggle. Sunday the 27th saw the enactment of a similar scene. And then James, counselled especially by Jeffreys, resolved to bring the Prelates to trial for libel before the Court of King's Bench.

After an examination before the Privy Council at Whitehall the Prelates were sent to the Tower. Never did the Thames present a more animated scene than on that sweet summer evening,—the 8th of June. Boats lined the watery way by which the Seven passed to Traitors' Gate, and from every boat blessings rained as the Prelates went by. Hales, the governor of the Tower, could not prevent the soldiers on guard from drinking health to the Bishops in their cells. The next evening was born a Prince, whom we call the Pretender. The excited populace, hearing that Roman Catholics abounded in the palace on the occasion, persisted that the *accouchement* was a trick, and long believed the Pretender to be no true son of his reputed father. There is little doubt however that the birth was real.

After a week of imprisonment the Bishops were carried to the King's Bench (Friday, June 15), and, after the day of trial had been fixed for the 29th, they were liberated on their own sureties. During the interval it occurred to Sunderland that he had better secure the favour of James—a little shaken by late events—by declaring himself a convert to Romanism. The raptures of the King may be conceived. But a day of just retribution was at hand. The 29th of June dawned upon a city fevered to the highest pitch of excitement. The King's Bench was crammed in every corner, and crowds clustered, like swarming bees, in every avenue and neighbouring space. The four Judges—Wright, Allibone, Holloway, Powell—sat upon the Bench. Powis the Attorney-General, and Williams the Solicitor-General led the prosecution; Pemberton, Pollexfen, and John Somers were the most able among the counsel for the defendants. The jury being sworn in, with Sir Roger Langley at their head and Michael Arnold, the state-
June 29,
beerman, at their tail, the playing of the great game began. The 1688
charge was the writing or publishing, in the county of Middlesex, of A.D.
a false malicious and seditious libel.

The proof of the handwriting was the first move of the Crown. But no witnesses could be induced to speak directly on this point; and it was necessary to bring up a clerk, who heard the prelates owning their signatures to the King in Council. The cross-examination of this clerk elicited something, which impressed the audience with the feeling that the King had drawn out their confession under a tacit engagement not to use it against them.

The writing in Middlesex it was impossible to prove; Sancroft had never left the palace at Lambeth between the penning of the document and its presentation to the King.

Devoting all their craft then to the proof of publication in Middlesex, the Crown-lawyers called witness after witness to no purpose. The case seemed quite over, and Wright was beginning to charge the jury, when Finch, one of

the Bishops' counsel, caused a delay by his anxiety to make a speech. At this crisis word came that Sunderland could prove the publication, and would be in court presently. He came and told his story with pale cheek and stammering utterance. He had been told of the Petition, had caused the prelates to be admitted to the closet for the purpose of presenting it, and it remained in the King's possession when they left. This settled the technical part of the trial. But the graver question regarding the character of the Petition remained. Among the speeches, which were made for three hours by the defendants' counsel, that of Somers, the junior lawyer, bears the palm for pith and brevity. The prosecutors replied, and then the Judges summed up. Wright and Allibone said "A Libel"; Holloway and Powell said "No Libel." The last boldly averred the illegality of that *dispensing power*, on which James leaned so heavily. All night the jury were locked up without food; and a loud noise of argument resounded at intervals in their room. The brewer would not desert the royal colours, until a big country squire named Austin—veritable John Bull in build and blunt earnestness—said to the stubborn man of beer, "Look at me. I am the largest and strongest of the twelve; and before I find such a petition as this a libel, here I will stay till I am no bigger than a tobacco-pipe." Arnold gave way, and a verdict of acquittal was agreed on about six in the morning. When the court met at ten, and the verdict "Not guilty" was announced, a roar of joy arose such as London has seldom heard. Among all the brilliant passages in Macaulay's brilliant History not one stirs the spirit more deeply than his description of the spreading news, as the peals of gunpowder echoed on the river and the worked-up emotions of the people found way in tears. That night London resembled a volcano in eruption, for rockets spouted from every street and the summer sky was crimsoned with the glare of bonfires.

All these events had been scanned by a calm and penetrating eye. William of Orange, already at the age of thirty-eight distinguished by warlike laurels of no common brilliance, looking over from the Hague, saw a nation estranged from their King, and outraged in their deepest feelings. And on the very day the verdict acquitting the Bishops was declared, an invitation, signed in cipher by seven leading Englishmen, was carried down to the coast by a messenger disguised as a common sailor, and was by him soon delivered at the Hague. Shrewsbury, a descendant of gallant John Talbot—Devonshire—Danby—Lord Lumley—Bishop Compton—Algernon Sidney's brother Henry—and William Russell's cousin Edward—were the leaders in this great revolutionary movement, so full of important consequences.

James continued his mad career. As if to rouse the discontent and smothered rage of the nation to the bursting-point, he brought over from Ireland part of a Celtic army, which Tyrconnel had been quietly organizing beyond the Channel. The English officers and soldiers protested against the admission of these men into English regiments. But the King cashiered the most refractory officers; and then the whole nation broke out into "Lero,

lero, lilibullero," the tag-end of a song, written by Thomas Wharton as a sarcasm on Tyrconnell's government of Ireland.

In spite of many warnings and much active exertion on the part of Louis James continued wilfully blind to the danger that menaced his throne. The Declaration of William, a document from the pen of Fagel, reciting all the wrongs and misgovernment which the English people had been lately suffering, placed the intentions of that great Dutchman beyond mistake. James then began to bestir himself and look round. Thirty ships of war sailed under Dartmouth's flag in the Thames. Forty thousand men, besides the militia, served in the army. Meeting the acquitted prelates, he conceded several points at the request of Sancroft, among other things abolishing the High Commission Court, and agreeing to restore the ejected Fellows of Magdalene College. The seals of office too were taken from Sunderland. But James had gone too far in his wrong-headed policy.

After an affecting scene in the Assembly of the States of Holland, whose sanction had been given to the expedition, William hoisted his flag, displaying the arms of Nassau and of England, at the mast-head of the *Brill*, lying in the roads of Helvoetsluis.¹ A storm beat back his ships soon after their first sailing. But a day or two repaired the damage and collected the scattered vessels. Weighing anchor the second time on the evening Nov. 1, of November 1st, the Prince pushed out into the German Ocean, and, 1688 favoured by a breeze, which blew Dartmouth back into the opening A.D. of the Thames, swept through the Straits of Dover, and away past the chalky cliffs of the southern shires. A strange sight indeed to the eager spectators, who crowded the white rocks of Dover and the sand-hills of Calais as he passed. Torbay² was the place chosen for the landing; and there, on the spot where Brixham quay is now, he set his foot on English ground. The elements sided with William. A blink of calm weather on the 6th allowed him to complete the debarkation begun the day before, and at the same time left Dartmouth's sails hanging slack off Beachy Head. And then a timely storm drove the latter into Portsmouth Roads. The veteran Frederic, Count of Schomberg, once a Marshal of France and confessedly the greatest tactician of the age, was William's second in command.

Three and forty days (Nov. 5 to Dec. 18) passed between William's landing at Torbay and his arrival at St. James's Palace amid the flutter of orange ribands and the acclamations of a huge crowd. The principal halt was made at Exeter, where Lord Lovelace, Lord Colchester, Edward Russell, the Earl of Abingdon, and Lord Cornbury, a Colonel of dragoons lying with the rest of the royal army at Salisbury, joined his banner. When the King, desirous of adding the influence of his own presence to the exertions of his officers, went down to Salisbury, William moved to Axminster. It was the policy of James

¹ *Helvoetsluis*, a small town with forts and dockyards, in the isle of Voorne, on the Haringvliet branch of the Maas.

² *Torbay*, a crescent-shaped bay with a shelving beach on the coast of Devonshire, bounded by rocky headlands.

to fight; that of William to delay. But the fighting consisted only in a few skirmishes—mere outpost affairs—between the British soldiers of the invading army and the Irish in the pay of James. At Wincanton and at Reading the only notable volleys were exchanged. In fact the principal men on the King's side had already made up their minds to desert. Churchill and Grafton, an illegitimate son of Charles II., having joined the Prince, the King hurried out of Salisbury and away to London, stung as with a serpent's fang by the desertion of his daughter Anne and her blockhead husband Prince George, whose "*Est-il possible*" has become historical. William moved past Stonehenge into Salisbury and thence to Hungerford and Windsor, marching like a great centre of suppressed flame, while minor spirits of insurrection were flickering out in the north and east of England. After sending a sham Commission to treat with the Prince, James secretly got his wife and son off to France and then prepared for flight himself. Arrested on board a little vessel off Sheppey, he fell into the hands of some covetous fishermen, nor was he released until Feversham came with some Life Guards and an order from the Lords to set him free. But it was clearly William's wish that he should go, and accordingly on the 18th of December a barge conveyed him down to Rochester, whence he got over to France. Between his first flight and his second London had been convulsed with riots, one night in particular, known as the Irish Night, being filled with terrors of impending massacre and destruction. Before the sun of the 18th set, William, attended by Schomberg, drove into the court-yard of St. James's.

A Convention then met; and during the debates about the settlement of affairs four principal plans came under discussion. Dr. William Sherlock, Master of the Temple, the spokesman of a great Tory section, thought that James should be invited to return under certain conditions. Archbishop Sancroft, also a Tory, proposed a Regency. A small knot of Tories, led by Danby, insisted that James had vacated the throne, and that his daughter Mary was actually Queen Regnant, needing only to be crowned. The Whigs thought that the throne should be declared vacant, should be filled by election, and should be fenced by strong provisions against misgovernment. Amid a confused hubbub of plans and negotiations was heard a clear decided steady voice, pointing out the only way in which England could be saved from the perils of anarchy. Sending for Halifax, Danby, and Shrewsbury, William declared that, if the crown were offered to him he would take it; but, if not, that he would go home. Regent he would be none; inferior to his wife, much as he loved her, he would not be. It was manifest then that William must be King. A Committee of the Commons, over whom Somers presided, drew up that celebrated document called the Declaration of Right, which, passing both Houses, crowned the Revolution with the authority of law.

After stating the various abuses and wrongs of the vanished reign, the Declaration proceeds to pronounce those things illegal, upon which James had depended most, such as the dispensing power, the uncontrolled power of taxa-

tion, and the standing army. Certain rights—to petition, to debate, and to elect representatives—are vindicated as constitutional privileges. And the resolution of the Houses, that William and Mary should rule jointly, the administration resting with him alone, is set forth in conclusion, with arrangements by which the crown went first to Mary's posterity, then to Anne and her posterity, and then to the posterity of William.

Among the pictures of Rubens, under the fretwork of Inigo, the Marquis of Halifax, Speaker of the Lords, presented the crown to the Prince and Princess. The Banqueting House at Whitehall was the scene of the imposing ceremony, which took place on the 13th of February 1689. William spoke for both, declaring "that the laws of England should be the rules of his conduct; that it should be his study to promote the welfare of the kingdom; and that as the means of doing so, he should constantly recur to the advice of the Houses, and should be disposed to trust their judgment rather than his own." Shouting crowds, filling the neighbouring streets, took up the cheer, which greeted these welcome words; and the heralds then proceeded amid the rattle of drums and the glad blare of trumpets to proclaim the illustrious pair King and Queen of England. So culminated the wonderful series of events, which grew into the Great English Revolution.

When William and Mary ascended the English throne, the four great offices of State were thus distributed: Danby became Lord President of the Council—Halifax, retaining his Speakership, got the Privy Seal—Shrewsbury and Nottingham were made Secretaries of State. The business of the Treasury and the Admiralty was done by Boards. And the foreign policy of the realm rested in the hands of one, who beyond all men of that day understood the tangled web of European politics—the King himself. Mutiny and discontent simmered in the kingdom, as the natural result of the momentous change just made. But in Scotland and in Ireland there was bloody work to do, before the Revolution could be regarded as complete within the circle of the seas.

In Ireland Tyrconnel upheld the cause of James, and nearly all the Roman Catholic population adopted the same side. Enniskillen and Londonderry were the principal strongholds of Protestantism. The men of the former town—which had eighty houses then—stood out, armed to the teeth, to prevent the entrance of the Popish soldiers. Thirteen apprentice boys closed the Ferry Gate of the city by the Foyle in the face of Lord Antrim's regiment. And when a flood of savage men, armed with knives and ash-poles whose points were burned hard, poured desolation over the south and east, Londonderry became choked with fugitives from every part.

James resolved to make his last cast in the great game, in Ireland; and on the 12th of March he landed at Kinsale, having left Brest a few days before. Louis had supplied him in liberal profusion with the materials for a campaign, and the keen-witted Count of Avaux accompanied him in the capacity of French Ambassador. From Kinsale to Cork, from Cork to Dublin, the

ex-King proceeded, encouraged as he went by the rejoicings of the frieze-clad peasantry. His court at Dublin was split by faction. But at length he resolved to move towards Londonderry, whither the renegade Richard Hamilton had already led an army by paths of devastation. When James struggled northward to Derry through mud and wind, he found the garrison in an attitude of defiance, having found out the treachery of their governor Lundy. A discharge of cannon met the approach of the invader. The defence of the place was intrusted to Major Baker, and a stout old rector of Donaghmore, named George Walker. Having first got rid of Lundy, by permitting him to climb in a porter's dress down by a pear-tree that grew near the wall, they organized their plans and husbanded their strength amid all the miseries of famine so skilfully that they were enabled to hold out for one hundred and five days. James soon grew tired of the hopeless work of battering, and returned to Dublin, leaving his army to endure the weariness of the blockade. A boom of fir-wood, secured by enormous cables, was stretched by the besiegers across the Foyle a mile and a half below the city. To pass this was the only plan of relieving the starving garrison; and it was not until late in July that three ships, part of a squadron under Colonel Kirke that had left England July 28, long before, succeeded in breaking this great barrier, and reaching 1689 the city with a plentiful supply of food. The army of James re-
A.D. treated to Strabane immediately after this relief. On the third day after the breaking of the boom another success crowned the Protestant arms at Newton Butler.¹

Let us now turn for a little to Scotland, where the cause of James went out speedily with a flicker. Galloping away from Edinburgh, whose castle was held for James by the Duke of Gordon, Viscount Dundee, the well-known Claver's, raised a Highland army, in which Cameron of Lochiel was a leader and the Macdonalds mustered strong. Meanwhile by a vote of the Convention, of which the Duke of Hamilton had been elected President, William and Mary had been declared Sovereigns of Scotland; and a document called the Claim of Right abolished Episcopacy, and declared torture on ordinary evidence illegal. The clans gathered under Dundee at Lochaber; and Mackay, the General of the Convention, made several clumsy efforts to manœuvre his force of three thousand among the Highland passes. The cause of James received a check by the surrender of Edinburgh Castle. At length two counter-movements on Blair Castle, the key of Athol, brought the armies into collision, where the birch woods of Killiecrankie clothe the steep and rocky banks of the foaming Garry. Mackay's men, tired with a forenoon march in July, were resting on the grass, when the tartans began to mingle with the foliage July 27, of the pass. Musketry rang among the rocks, and the white smoke 1689 filled the gorge. At seven in the evening the Highland rush was
A.D. made; before the Lowland bayonets could be fixed, the broadswords were slicing skulls and lopping limbs. All was over in a few minutes.

¹ *Newton Butler*, a village near the head of Lough Erne, in the county of Fermanagh.

Like the roaring linns of the river, the flight and chase went down the glen. But Dundee had fought his last. A bullet struck him under the left arm, as he raised it to cheer on the laggard horse; a couple of plaids hid his corpse as it was borne slowly to the castle he had so lately left in high hope. Mackay got safe to Stirling, and the Highland ferment wore its strength away.

Marshal Schomberg, landing at Carrickfergus with sixteen thousand men (August 13), made himself master of Belfast, and then, having taken Newry, lay on the defensive at Dundalk. The winter passed indecisively; and, when William landed in person at Belfast (June 14th, 1690), the principal Frenchmen in the army of James had grown sick of the expedition. Ever prompt, William brought matters to a speedy issue. Pushing down on James, who had advanced to Dundalk, he forced him back to Ardee, and then to the farther bank of the Boyne. This river gives its name to a battle, which may well be ranked among the decisive conflicts of the world.

The last day of June brought William to the northern bank of the Boyne with thirty-six thousand troops. Riding by the stream, he was fired at by some impatient artilleryman in the opposite army; and the second shot, rebounding from the river-bank, grazed his right shoulder. It was thought among the troops of James that he was dead. All day long he matured his plans; at midnight he rode by torch-light through his army. The battle began next morning under a cloudless sky by the army of William commencing to ford the stream at three different points. Douglas, with the right wing, crossed at Slane in the face of some opposition from the Irish left. At Old Bridge the King led his veteran Dutch Guards into the stream to the sound of martial music, which was exchanged, mid-stream, for the roar of the Irish cannonade, tearing the river into foam. But the Blues, soon emerging from their deep wading, coolly mustered their dripping lines in the face of this great fire. And then they dashed upon the Irish intrenchments, sweeping them clean. The cavalry of James behaved well. One body set upon the Blues, whom however they could not shake. Another repulsed the third division of forders, formed mainly of Danes and Huguenots; and it was in the effort to recover this check that Schomberg met a soldier's death, receiving a bullet in the neck. James had already made off through the Pass of Duleek for Dublin. Thence to Waterford, Kinsale, and Brest we trace the flight of the discrowned beaten Stuart.

Seven days later, William attended Divine service in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. Directing his efforts then to the south and west, he took Waterford and Dungarvan, but failed in the siege of Limerick, much as Douglas failed in his attack on Athlone. Next year however brought the war to a close. Ginckel, a Dutchman, being left in command by William, led a column of grenadiers across the Shannon, twenty abreast, in the face of a very volcano of shot, and drove Sarsfield out of Athlone. That day was the first anniversary of the Boyne. The conceited Frenchman St. Ruth, who commanded for James, then fell back across the Suck to the bogs of Anghrim. Ginckel

July 1,
1690
A.D.

followed, defeated, and slew him there (July 12, 1691). Galway then fell. The last scene of the Revolution struggle was Limerick, where Ginckel and gallant Sarsfield once more measured strength. Opening the siege on the 26th of August, the Dutch general took nearly a month to secure his footing on both banks of the Shannon. But the first shots of his cannon from the double batteries pealed out the death-knell of the Stuart cause within the circuit of the British shores. The articles of surrender were signed on the 3rd of October 1691. And then William and Mary reigned in peace. The Revolution was over.

CHAPTER VI.

SAMUEL PEPPYS TAKING NOTES.

Life of Pepys.
His daily habits.
To Scheveling and back.
The Plague.

Angry seamen.
A court ball.
The Fire.

The Dutch in Medway.
A duel.
Hidden gold.

BETWEEN New Year's Day 1660 and May 31st 1669 a keen eye was looking upon the upper phases of English society, and a ready pencil was jotting down in short-hand the little incidents of every-day life. Samuel Pepys Esquire was during that interval writing his very amusing and very valuable Diary. I must first tell who Samuel was.

The son of a retired London tailor, he went to school at Huntingdon and St. Paul's; became a sizar at Trinity and a scholar at Magdalene College, Cambridge; and in 1655, being then twenty-three, married a well-born Somersetshire girl of fifteen without a coin of fortune. He rose in life by clinging to the skirts of his cousin Sir Edward Montagu, afterwards Earl of Sandwich, a name well known in our naval history. His first public appointment was a clerkship in some department of the Exchequer, connected with the pay of the Army. After holding this for a couple of years, he had the good fortune to be selected for the post of Secretary to the Generals of the Fleet that went to bring Charles II. from exile to a throne. Out of this important trip across the German Ocean grew his nomination as Clerk of the Acts of the Navy, upon which office he entered in June 1660. In a time when the navy of England was at its very lowest, Pepys came to its rescue. In a quiet subordinate way he contrived to stem the tide of corruption, and to prevent the money devoted to this branch of the service from being entirely squandered. His power of work was prodigious, and very marvellous, when we know that he gave a good portion of his time to books and the lighter amusements of the theatre and society. He held the Treasurership of Tangier, and a temporary appointment as Surveyor of Victuals, but rose to a more prominent position in 1673, when he entered Parliament as burgess for Castle Rising, and became the Secretary for the affairs of the Navy. A suspicion that he was secretly a Roman Catho-

lie excited against him a good deal of odium and persecution, leading in 1679 to his committal to the Tower. It is an interesting point in the story of his life that he wrote in short-hand from the King's own lips, during a ten days' visit to Newmarket in 1680, that account of the fugitive monarch's escape from the field of Worcester, which has since been published. As Secretary of Admiralty he served James II., to whom as the Duke of York he had been closely allied. The Revolution brought his public career to a close. But in his chambers at York Buildings amid his books and papers he lived an honoured and useful life until 1703, when he died in the house of a friend at Clapham. His literary standing may be judged from the fact, that he was elected President of the Royal Society in 1684, and held the chair for two years.

We find in this Diary the self-drawn portrait of a man, tinged with all the doubtful hues of the Restoration Era, but possessing no shades of deep black in his nature. We see him as he rises in the world, counting his gains and expressing his thankfulness for prosperity and health. We learn his transactions with his tailor, and his wife's dealings with the mercer. He likes the new fashion of periwigs, until the Plague comes on, when people grow afraid of the infection that may lurk in the false hair. When his noble suit of rich silk *camelott*—costing £24—or his coloured *ferrandin* with lace for sleeve bands, or his velvet with gold buttons, comes in just as he is going out to church on Lord's day, he puts it on and goes to sermon with his wife, who may probably wear a modish gown of light silk adorned with new point, and have her patched face and fair wig encircled with a yellow bird's-eye hood. Or after dinner he may take boat for Westminster, and as he naïvely tells us, "there entertain myself with my perspective glass up and down the church, by which I had the great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women; and what with that and sleeping, I passed away the time till sermon was done." Then, rowing up to Barne Elmes, and reading Evelyn against Solitude by the way, he lounged among the Londoners who were enjoying their pic-nics under the trees by the river in the soft May sunshine. We know all the clothes he wears. We dine with him nearly every day. At first in lodgings with his wife and their single servant Jane, the fare is plain enough. On washing day we get nothing but cold meat. A plain leg of mutton must often content us, the host sometimes losing temper a little because there is no "sweet sawce," and dining in dudgeon off a marrow bone. But in later days we have venison-pasty, cygnets, and quilted partridges in abundance, seasoned with the wittiest and most musical, if not the very best, of company the Court and theatres can give. Mingled with conversations on the state of the navy and speculations on the fall and rise of ministers, we find entries regarding the cutting of his hair and the taking of butter-ale for a cold. Lounging in fashionable Covent Garden or among the glove-shops on the Exchange—writing huge documents with untiring patience at the office, which is never forgotten in the gayest whirl of pleasure—alighting from a hackney coach on London Bridge to pen a hurried business note "by the help of a candle at a stall,

where some pavers were at work"—singing madrigals and glees in boats, hackney coaches, private houses, taverns, everywhere that he can get an audience or an accompaniment—buying cloves and nutmegs on the sly from dirty sailors at Gravesend for 5s. 6d. and 4s. a pound—composing duos of counterpoint and playing on the *viallin*—enjoying a "mighty neat dish of custards and tarts and good drink and talk"—sitting to Hales for his picture which is to cost £14 and for the *pose* of which he almost breaks his neck looking over his shoulder—the moods in which this courtier exhibits himself are too varied to be more than glanced at. But we see the real man everywhere, as even his own wife never saw him, and we find the life of the time mirrored with the most minute and entertaining fidelity.

I may here condense one or two of the most important descriptions which the Diary contains.

Having crossed to the sandy shore at Scheveling, where the restored Stuart was to embark, Pepys and a Mr. Creed took coach to the Hague, "a most neat place in all respects." After they had viewed the Maypoles which stood at every great man's door, and had visited the little Prince of Orange, "a pretty boy" (better known to history as William III.), they supped off a *sallet* and some bones of mutton and lay down to sleep in a press-bed. Next day (May 15), after having seen the town under the guidance of a schoolmaster, and having bought "for love of the binding" three books—the French Psalms, Bacon's Organon, and Farnab. Rhetor—he returned to his ship at Scheveling. Not until the 22nd did the royal personages begin to embark. On that day a Dutch boat bore off the Duke of York in yellow trimmings, the Duke of Gloucester in grey and red. (The tailor's son seldom forgets the dress of the people he describes.) The guns were fired all over the fleet, and during the dinner in the cabin, at which the Dutch admiral Opdam was present, the music of a harper who played was often drowned in the thunder of the ordnance. Loyal Pepys, acting after dinner as an amateur artilleryman, "nearly spoils his right eye" by holding it too much over the gun. The King embarked on the 23rd of May, and after dinner—no inconsiderable event in the estimation of Sam—the names of some of the ships were changed—the *Naseby* becoming the *Charles*; the *Winsly*, the *Happy Return*; and so forth. Walking up and down the quarter-deck the King told of his mud-wading after Worcester in a green coat and country breeches, and of the risks he ran until he got to Fécamp. On the 25th the King and the two Dukes went ashore at Dover, after having breakfasted on ship's diet—pease, pork, and boiled beef. "I went," says Pepys, "and Mr. Mansell, and one of the King's footmen, and a dog that the King loved, in a boat by ourselves, and so got on shore when the King did, who was received by General Monk with all imaginable love and respect. Infinite the crowd of people and the gallantry of the horsemen. The Mayor of the town came and gave him his white staff, which the King did give him again. The Mayor also presented him from the town a very rich Bible, which he took and said it was the thing that he loved

above all things in the world. And so away towards Canterbury, without making any stay at Dover."

The Plague and the Fire are depicted by Pepys in graphic touches.

The misery of the sad year 1665 glooms out continually in this record of the trivialities that make up life. Whether he walks the streets by night with a lanthorn or stops to speak to the watchman as he goes home late, the awful burden—a corpse dead of the Plague—goes by with its wretched bearers. Walking from Woolwich where his wife is lodging during the time of sickness, he sees an open coffin lying by Coome Farm with a dead body, which none will bury. As he continues his walk to Redriffe, he fears to go down the narrow lanes where the Plague is raging. In London almost all the shops are shut and 'Change is nearly deserted. And then we have a glimpse, serving to explain the sorry stains, which these years brought upon the British flag at sea: "Did business, though not much at the office, because of the horrible crowd and lamentable moan of the poor seamen that lie starving in the streets for lack of money, which do trouble and perplex me to the heart; and more at noon when we were to go through them, for above a whole hundred of them followed us, some cursing, some swearing, and some praying to us." A similar scene next year with a comic touch: "July 10, 1666. To the office; the yard being very full of women, I believe above three hundred, coming to get money for their husbands and friends that are prisoners in Holland; and they lay clamouring, and swearing, and cursing us, that my wife and I were afraid to send a venison-pasty that we have for supper to-night to the cook's to be baked, for fear of their offering violence to it; but it went and no harm done."

The brilliant contrast to this noisy wretchedness may be found in the following sketch of a Court ball. To pay for the splendour of the Lady Castlemaines, who infested the saloons of Whitehall, sailors went without pay, and merchants were robbed of their invested capital.

"To Mrs. Pierce's, where I find her as fine as possible, and Mr. Pierce going to the ball at night at Court, it being the Queen's birth-day. I also to the ball and with much ado got up to the loft, where with much trouble I could see very well. Anon the house grew full and the candles light, and the King and Queen and all the ladies sat; and it was indeed a glorious sight to see Mrs. Stewart in black and white lace and her head and shoulders dressed with diamonds, and the like many great ladies more, only the Queen none; and the King in his rich vest of some rich silk and silver trimming, as the Duke of York and all the dancers were, some in cloth of silver and others of other sorts, exceeding rich. Presently after the King was come in, he took the Queen, and about fourteen more couples there was and began the *Bransles*. After the *Bransles* then to a *Corant*, and now and then a French dance; but that so rare that the *Corants* grew tiresome, that I wished it done. Only Mrs. Stewart danced mighty finely and many French dances, specially one the King called the New Dance, which was very pretty. About twelve at night it

broke up. So away home with my wife : was displeased with the dull dancing, and satisfied with the clothes and persons. My Lady Castlemaine, without whom all is nothing, being there, very rich, though not dancing."

His account of the Great Fire precedes the sketch of this ball. While the Corants and Bransles were striking fire from the diamonds that trembled on the toilettes of the demireps, half London lay in ashes. Called up at three on Sunday morning, Sept. 2, 1666, by his servant Jane to see the red light of a fire in the sky, he finds when he goes out that it began in the King's baker's house in Pudding Lane. The people, saving their goods and furniture—the very pigeons hovering till their wings were scorched and they dropped—the wind "mighty high," driving it into the city—the poor Lord Mayor, completely exhausted with pulling down houses—the great warehouses of oil and brandy bursting into flame—form a very terrible picture. How graphic the glow and terror of the following scene!

"Met my wife and Creed, and walked to my boat, and then upon the water again. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the Bankside, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and in corners, and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame; not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. We saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long; it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire, and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruin The news coming every moment of the growth of the Fire, we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods, and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine, it being brave, dry, and moonshine, and warm weather, carry much of my goods into the garden; and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallies into a box by themselves. About four o'clock in the morning my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money, and plate, and best things, to Sir W. Rider's at Bednall Greene, which I did, riding myself in my nightgown in the cart."

The summer of 1667 saw the Dutch, after taking Sheerness, run up the Medway to break the chain, and capture, sink, or burn several vessels of the English fleet. The news of this humiliation struck Pepys to the heart, overloading him also with a pressure of work. And disheartening work it was, when the public coffers were empty and the unpaid seamen were deserting in scores. Amid all the hurry our Diarist takes care of his little hoard, sending off £1300 to the country in a night-bag with his father and his wife, and sewing three hundred pieces of gold into a girdle, which he wore himself. The state of the city was frightful. All Wapping was filled with the voices of

angry women crying, "This comes of not paying our husbands." In broad noonday a mob attacked the grand mansion of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, cut down his trees, broke his windows, and painted a gibbet on his gate, with the doggrel lines—

"Three sights to be seen:
Dunkirk, Tangier, and a barren Queen."

A duel of this time serves to show the temper of the age. Two great friends, Sir H. Bellasis and Tom Porter, happening to have drunk deep at dinner with Sir Robert Carr, began to talk louder than usual to each other. "Are they quarrelling?" said some bystanders. "No," said Bellasis, "I never quarrel but I strike." "I would like to see the man in England that would strike me," cried Tom. A "box of the ear" from Bellasis was the reply: but friends hindered them from fighting on the spot. Porter, telling the poet Dryden of the affair, set Dryden's boy to watch the movements of Bellasis, and when he heard that his opponent's coach was coming, he ran out of the coffee-house where he was waiting, stopped the vehicle, and bade Bellasis come out. Out the Parliament-man sprang, flung away his scabbard, and crossed swords with his friend, who, receiving a severe wound himself, stabbed Sir Henry mortally, so that he died in ten days.

The gold, which Pepys sent into the country, was buried in his father's garden at Huntingdon. And most amusing is the account of its up-digging. At first the spot could not be found, and Pepys was disgusted with the hider's silliness when he discovered it only half a foot deep. What a washing they had, after finding the rotted bags and scraping the scattered pieces out of the wet clay by the light of a dark lanthorn! And what vexation to miss a hundred coins! Pepys grew mad; what with his anger, his fear, and his roaring at his deaf father he presents a very comic figure to the reader of his Diary. By midnight he had raked out of the dirt forty-five pieces more; and by nine next morning, by dint of working with pail and sieve in one of the summer-houses, he made the forty-five up to seventy-nine. His journey home, with the basket of gold below his seat, its position under his bed at the inn, his fears lest its weight may break the bottom of the coach, are amongst the finishing touches of one of the most amusing episodes in the Diary.

The failure of his eyes brought Pepys to a sudden stop in his short-hand notes. They close with May 1669. Long-hand, the use of which seems to him as bad as death almost, must contain his memoranda henceforth, unless he may chance to jot a few scraps of short-hand on the margin. The coming blindness, for which he prays to be prepared, did not come at all.

The Diary of Pepys should be read in conjunction with a contemporary work, similar but purer, written by his friend and correspondent, John Evelyn, the author of a work on Forest-trees called *Sylva* and another on Agriculture called *Terra*. In these two Diaries the student of the Restoration Era will find mirrored, as no pure history can ever mirror them, the manners of an age whose follies and disasters make it, when rightly read, fruitful in warning and instruction.

SECOND PERIOD.—TIME OF THE JACOBITE PERILS.

FROM THE CLOSE OF THE REVOLUTION IN 1691 A.D. TO
THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN IN 1746 A.D.

CHAPTER I.

WILLIAM THE THIRD.

Sketch of William.
French war.
La Hogue.
Glencoe.
Steinkirk—Landen.
Death of Mary.

Political changes.
The Two Banks.
Siege of Namur.
Treaty of Ryswick.
The Darien failure.

Act of Settlement.
Impeachment of Somers.
Tricks of Louis.
War again.
Death of William.

A MEAGRE bright-eyed Dutchman, shaken with an asthmatic cough, unlearned in literature yet practically able to employ seven tongues, unskilled in science yet able to apply mathematics to the art of war, careless of milder pastimes, and finding a fierce pleasure in the more dangerous field-sports—now swayed the destinies of Britain. His courage was something wonderful; his stoicism great. At twenty-four he had faced the illustrious Condé at Seneffe, and had drawn from the veteran a rebuke more flattering than a thousand compliments. Fatherless and motherless, he had steered his way through many shoals and perils, reserving for a very few the genial side of his nature and presenting to the world the armour of an icy reserve. One friend he *did* grapple to his soul—the noble Bentinck, who had nursed him through malignant small-pox and had then lain down to suffer the malady caught by such devotion. With his wife Mary William at first had some coolness. But Gilbert Burnet, a Scotsman high in favour at the Dutch Court and afterwards Bishop of Salisbury in England, smoothed the difference away.

The narrative of William's reign, after the close of the Revolution in Scotland and in Ireland has been described, deals principally with his wars with France and his relations to the Parliament at home.

In 1689 England declared war against France. Next year the united fleets of England and Holland were beaten by Tourville off Beachy Head; and Namur was taken by the armies of Louis. But a decisive action turned the scale: the great sea-fight of La Hogue almost destroyed the naval power of the French King, and dashed to pieces in one blow his great scheme for the invasion of England.

Admiral Russell started from the Downs on a cruise after the French fleet, and, when he had effected a junction with Carter, Delaval, and the Dutch squadron, found ninety-nine men-of-war under his flag. On the 19th of

May he sighted the fleet of Tourville off Barfleur, and was soon engaged at long range by the incautious Frenchman. All day, and again in the evening they made targets of each other, till a night-fog dropped its merciful curtain on the sea. Next day (20th) there was a chase, Tourville showing his heels beautifully, till a calm fell. A stiff breeze on the morning of the 21st set all in motion. Some of the French ships escaped through **May**, the dangerous Race of Alderney. Delaval found six vessels—among **1692** them Tourville's flag-ship, *Soleil Royal*—crippled or stranded near **A.D.** Cherbourg, and burned them all. It was reserved for Rooke to eclipse all by the brilliance of *his* achievement. On the 22nd and 23rd he cut out eighteen ships of the line, which had run ashore at the Hogue and were protected by great platforms lined with cannon. The boats dashed in upon the protected ships in the face of a tremendous fire, and destroyed them under the eyes of James Stuart and the grand army, which had been mustered for the invasion of England. A danger like the Armada had threatened England: what Howard had done in 1588, Russell and Rooke achieved a century later. Well might Britain feel pride and trust in her wooden walls.

But we must now turn from glory to disgrace. The bloody business of Glencoe stained the laurels won at Boyne and the Hogue. The late rising in the Highlands of Scotland had excited a feeling in the minds of the statesmen who ruled for William, that a terrible lesson must be given in order to strike a wholesome awe into the wild tribes. The Earl of Breadalbane got a large sum of money to distribute among the chiefs: but it did not suit the private grudges and ambitions of that nobleman and Argyle to buy over the allegiance of every chief. A day was fixed—the 31st of December 1691—on or before which all the leading Highlanders were required to swear allegiance to King William, under pain of fire and sword. One chieftain, MacIain of Glencoe, head of the Macdonalds who dwelt there, delayed the taking of the oath until the last day, on which he presented himself at Fort William with the principal men of his clan. Colonel Hill, the governor, not being a civil magistrate, would not administer the oath. And there was nothing left for MacIain but to cross the wilds of the Argyleshire hills and see the Sheriff at Inverary. It took six days to flounder through the snow-drifts and ford the roaring floods. But on the 6th of January the oath was taken, and MacIain went to his rude home, shadowed by the frowning rocks of Buchaille-Étive. Sir John Dalrymple caught gladly at the chance of the stern lesson he feared was slipping from his power. His letters to various men about the matter may be well described as written in blood. William—to his eternal shame—signed an order for the perpetration of one of the most revolting crimes that stain our history. One hundred and twenty soldiers, under Captain Campbell of Glenlyon and Lieutenant Lindsay, came into the valley early in February, and asked for permission to stay a few days in a friendly way. They played cards; they caroused; they enjoyed what sport the season and the place afforded. And in return they entered the cottage of the chief at five one morning

—February 13th—shot him through the head, and, while tearing his wife's rings away, so wounded her that she died next day. When the muskets began to ring in the winter dark, most of the clan rushed up the friendly hills. Thirty-eight were slain on the spot; how many perished among the mountain snow we cannot tell. Gloomy before, the glen has grown gloomier still under the haunting associations of that dreadful scene.

The French war, which opened in 1689, lasted until the Treaty of Ryswick brought it to a close in 1697. William, after the Irish campaign of '90 was over, threw his whole soul into its operations. After the loss of Namur he tried to make sure of Mons. But his great adversary, Luxembourg, like himself a diseased shadow in bodily presence, moved to the rescue, and lodged himself near Steinkirk¹ in a wooded country, cut by hedges. A battle took place between the armies of the Allies and the French on the 24th of July 1692. William, hampered by the broken ground and crippled by the sluggishness of Solmes, fell back after three hours of the toughest fighting. In the following year, after giving the winter as usual to England, the great Protestant Captain met the same great Marshal of France on the field of Landen² with the same result. It was William's destiny in these wars to show all the world how a general may retreat and yet add bright leaves to his laurel crown. At Landen fell Solmes, and a yet greater soldier—the courageous Sarisfield—whose name is still honoured in his native land.

Since the day that Mary had stepped aside to open her husband's way to the English throne, that husband had loved her with unwavering devotion. Judge then his sorrow, when she sickened with small-pox in 1694 and left him to wear the crown alone. The campaigning of that year had been on the whole favourable, in spite of a failure at Brest, where the splendid engineering of the celebrated Vanban turned the edge of the British sword. The British fleet under Russell had swept triumphant through the Mediterranean. And, if no great battle had been fought in the Low Countries, in the chess-board style of warfare, which prevailed between William and Luxembourg, the former had cried "check" more than once. The gladness, with which he sought his home at Kensington, was soon clouded by the overwhelming domestic sorrow, which flung him into the deepest despondency and took all the colour from his life (Dec. 28, 1694).

The great struggle of the Triennial Bill came to a close six days before Mary's death. During the winter of 1692-93 Shrewsbury had brought this Bill into the Lords. It required that no Parliament should last more than three years—an arrangement intended to give the electors of the nation a sufficient hold upon their representatives. Although it passed both Houses chiefly by the support of the Whigs, the King refused his assent, and the

¹ *Steinkirk*, a Belgian village, between Brussels and Mons, a few miles north-west of Braine le Comte.

² *Landen*, now a station on the railway from Mechlin to Liège. The battle was fought on the plain of *Neerwinden*.

Bill hung unfinished. In prudence however—and William was a prudent man—he could not refuse his sanction to a similar Bill brought in by Harley, and passed by both Houses in 1694. Another source of bickering between him and his Parliament lay in the revenue question. But the British nation owes a debt of deep gratitude to those wise statesmen, who planned the management of the national finance so skilfully. Taking the sum of £1,200,000, fixed by the Parliament of Charles II., as the basis of their plan, they decreed that in time of peace it should serve for a double use—to pay the expenses of the Court and Government, and the expenses of the public defence. William's costly war with France prevented this arrangement from taking effect; but the idea of a fixed sum for the King's own expenses in governing and keeping house was never departed from. The public defence in its three great branches—Navy, Army, and Ordnance—became a separate affair, controlled directly by the Commons, who received estimates of the proposed expenditure and granted supplies accordingly. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the importance of the votes, which placed the national purse in the hands of the national representatives.

The establishment of the Bank of England in 1694 by Act of Parliament is a great epoch in the monetary history of the country. William Paterson, probably a native of Dumfries-shire, originated the idea of founding such an institution, both with a view to accommodate the London merchants, whose business was fast extending, and to prevent the ministry from being forced to go so often into the City to raise sums at heavy interest. Beginning with a capital of £1,200,000, the Bank undertook in 1696 to supply with its notes the place of all the clipped silver, which at the suggestion of Halifax was called in to be recoined in full weight at the Mint. The Bank of Scotland was only a year behind its elder sister of Threadneedle Street. To these financial improvements something at least of the marvellous success, which gilded the arms of William in 1696, may be traced. Gallant Luxembourg was dead: a blank that left the English King master of the field. The great operation of the year was the siege of Namur,¹ into which Boufflers threw himself. Vauban had directed the fortification of the place; Coshorn directed the attack. Worn with sickness and still bearing the scars of his great recent grief, William displayed surprising activity. And when the town gave way to the tremendous cannonade of the Allied army, the brave Frenchmen shut themselves into the castle, to endure for nearly a month the rain of a missile-storm, unparalleled at that time in the annals of gunnery. During this interval Villeroi bombarded Brussels—all that he could do. And on the 5th of September Marshal Boufflers, having signed articles of capitulation, marched his men out of Namur off to Mons.

Jacobite plots of invasion—even of assassination—had been meanwhile sending out baleful shoots. Several conspirators were hanged at Tyburn for treason

¹ *Namur*, a strong fortress at the junction of the Sambre and the Meuse, sixty-seven miles south-east of Brussels.

early in 1696. Sir John Fenwick, implicated in the scheme of intended murder, also suffered the nobler death of decapitation on Tower Hill, after a Bill of Attainder had won its way through Parliament in the face of a furious opposition.

The fall of Namur into William's hands paved the way for the Treaty of Ryswick, which ended this Eight Years' War. Portland (Bentinck) and Marshal Boufflers having arranged the preliminaries, the negotiations were completed at Ryswick, where William had a country-house set in tulip-beds and fish-ponds. No efforts of James could get admission for **Sept. 20,** his representative at the Congress, by which the Treaty was framed. **1697**

A.D. Like many other treaties of which we read in history, it decided little. William's title to the English crown was formally acknowledged—the only return England got for the blood and money squandered in the war. Louis held his north-eastern frontier as before, and got a present of the important Rhenish town of Strasbourg. What should have bulked largest in the eyes of the assembled statesmen—the question of the Spanish Succession—was left entirely untouched; left to germinate in a few years more into a very fine crop of battles—very glorious and very costly to England but very useless otherwise. We must regard Ryswick much as we regard Amiens among the treaties of the world.

An act of bitter injustice on the part of the English King towards Scotland almost rivals, in another way, the atrocity of Glencoe. Paterson the banker, a keen and restless spirit, formed a design of colonizing the Isthmus of Darien, as a central place of trade. Several leading Scotsmen taking up the notion, as a method of extending the very limited commerce of their native land, an Act was passed in the Scottish Parliament (June 1695), incorporating a "Company trading to Africa and the Indies." The full design was this: goods from India would come by ship to the Isthmus on the Pacific side, would be carried overland to the colony, and would there be shipped off to Glasgow. A canal, joining Clyde and Forth, would carry them to Leith, and thence a ready entrance would be found for these Eastern goods to the heart of the continent of Europe. In fancy both the friends and foes of the scheme saw Glasgow and Leith rising into splendour and wealth, like Genoa and Venice in the Middle Ages, as the streams of Indian wealth ran through their great bazaars. But envious eyes looked greenly on the plan. The interests of the English and the Dutch East India Companies must be protected, thought a King of England to whom Holland was the dearest spot on earth. Darien must be crushed or frozen. A capital of £400,000 having been raised in Scotland—no easy task at that time—three ships left Leith in 1698 with twelve hundred hopeful hearts on board. From July to November they

1698 **A.D.** ploughed the sea, and then arrived at the settlement, which they called New Caledonia, and on which they formed the nucleus of two towns, to be named New Edinburgh and New St. Andrews. Paterson himself was with them, but so was the demon of discord; and the latter had full sway. As if the neighbourhood of Spaniards, predisposed to injure them,

was not enough, they quarrelled among themselves. And when food ran low, and Jamaica, acting out the cruel English policy, refused assistance, the colonists lost heart, and fled by ship to New York. A few spectres stayed among the graves at Darien, to greet with a ghastly welcome the second batch of adventurers, who came out after a while to the number of thirteen hundred. Reinforced by Captain Campbell, who transported a shipful of his tenants from the Highlands, they endured the attack of a Spanish expedition, by this time gathered in considerable force. There was little use however in fighting single-handed against such odds. The Scottish colony had no friends, except such as, far away and all but helpless, lay wrapped in golden dreams of its success. When the settlers capitulated, the Spaniards helped the wreck of many hopes to set sail from the land that had cost them so dear. Paterson came home, sick in body, mind, and heart, to wear his obscure life away in vain memorials to the King, displaying the vast importance of the Darien scheme.

The Declaration and Bill of Rights, framed in the heat of the Revolution, limited the succession to the descendants of Anne and of William, making no further provision for the settlement of the crown. And so long as Anne's son lived this was well. But this boy, the Duke of Gloucester, dying (July 30th, 1700) in his eleventh year, it became necessary to make new arrangements. Accordingly the Act of Settlement was passed, giving the reversion of the crown to Sophia, Electress of Hanover and grand-daughter of James I. This lady, certainly not next in succession, as a glance at the family tree will show, was preferred for her Protestantism. The people of England, whose act this change
1701
entirely was, overruled all notions of hereditary descent for the sake A.D. of fixing the national faith upon a sure foundation. Eight provisions, not contained in the Declaration of Rights, were embodied in the Act of Settlement. The substance of these provisions was:—That all who wore the crown afterwards should be in communion with the Church of England: That the nation should not, without consent of Parliament, engage in a war to defend any territory not belonging to the English Crown: That the sovereign should not, without consent of Parliament, go out of the British Islands: That matters cognizable in the Privy Council should be transacted there, and resolutions should be signed by the advising members: That no foreigner should be permitted to sit in the Privy Council, or in either House of Parliament, or to hold any place or receive any grant from the Crown: That no place-holder or pensioner should be a member of the Commons: That the Judges should hold office for life or good conduct at a fixed rate of salary, and should be removable only by both Houses of Parliament: That no pardon under the Great Seal of England should be pleadable to an impeachment by the Commons in Parliament. Thus by the wisdom of statesmen, seizing the favourable conjuncture afforded by the changes of the Revolution, was the key-stone of our great and solid Constitution set and cemented.

William owed his throne, as England owed her bloodless Revolution, to the temper and firmness of the Whigs. It was natural then that much of the

King's confidence should be given to the leaders of the popular party. Through all the reign a keen and bitter strife raged. William found pleasure only in his gigantic schemes of war; his close and frigid nature estranged many of the people round his throne. The virulence of the political struggle may be viewed most clearly in the persecution to which John Lord Somers was subjected by the Opposition. His speech on the Bishops' Trial I have already mentioned: it was only one of a hundred great forensic triumphs, by means of which, coupled with deep learning and a kindly spirit, he won his way up the ladder of legal promotion, till he sat at last upon the woolsack. As one of the movers in the Revolution, he had attracted William's confidence—a possession which he never lost. But a time came, when William for reasons of state found it necessary to demand the Great Seal from one of the most able and virtuous men that have had it in their keeping. The Tories, resolved to hurl him from his eminence, got up an impeachment against him, for having affixed the Great Seal of England to blank negotiations for the Partition of the Spanish Monarchy. He was accused of having advised William in the formation of the Two Treaties of Partition (1698–1699), and of having thus made himself an official accomplice in the affair. Some absurd attempts were also made to fasten on him the guilt of Captain Kydd's piracy: Kydd had been sent to destroy pirates in the Indian seas, and had mounted the black flag himself. Certain grants from the King were besides made grounds of charge. Portland, Orford, and Halifax were impeached by the same majority in the Commons. The whole affair ended in smoke. When the Commons insisted on the appointment of a committee of *both* Houses to prepare the preliminaries of the trial, the Lords took a high tone, refused the joint committee, and fixed a day for the trial to proceed. On that June day in 1701 scarlet and ermine filled Westminster Hall to hear the impeachment and the reply read aloud. But no member of the Commons appeared to give evidence, upon which the Lords, returning to their House, pronounced the acquittal of Somers and dismissed the case. A similar farce ended the Orford impeachment. Those against Halifax and Portland were simply dismissed.

After the Treaty of Ryswick the Parliament showed its jealousy of William, not only by reducing the army to 7000 men, but even more clearly by sending out of the kingdom his Dutch Guards and the corps of Huguenots. To a soldier, bent on the accomplishment of a darling scheme, this was a severe blow. Nevertheless he nursed the hope of again taking the field, and through all his political troubles clung to his favourite work of moulding the destinies of Western Europe. We know of the Partition Treaties, secretly made with Louis for the carving up of Spain, whose King was then sick unto death. Louis had been tricking the English King all the while; and when Charles of Spain died (Nov. 1, 1700), leaving his dominions to Philip of Anjou, the Grand Monarch flung the Partition parchments to the wind, and with his own superb swagger abolished the everlasting hills: "My child," said he to grandson Anjou, "there are no longer any Pyrenees."

Now came William's time. He smelled the battle afar off, rejoicing with the keenest emotions of his proud soul. The Second Grand Alliance was signed at the Hague, and Europe resounded with the din of gathering armies. Exiled James died just at this crisis (Sept. 16, 1701), leaving to his son a shadowy crown, never fated to be real again. Louis, by acknowledging the Pretender under the title of James III., stung the proud English spirit into fierce anger. A very skilful use was made of this circumstance in a fine speech, the work of Somers, with which William opened the session of the last Parliament he saw. An earnest exhortation to unanimity in the face of so great insult and peril runs like a thread of gold through every part of this noble oration. But the Rider on the Pale Horse was already fast approaching with arm upraised. William was never more to take the field. His quick eye, skilful to catch the salient points or hidden powers in every man he met, had long ago detected Marlborough's military genius. And to Marlborough he left the accomplishment of the great work, which had occupied the busiest and happiest hours of his life.

Falling from his horse on Saturday, February 21st, as he was riding to Hampton Court, he broke his right collar-bone. The fall seems also to have injured his lungs, which had long been decaying under the combined influence of asthma and a cough which the small-pox left behind. The inflammation ensuing from this internal injury, by which a lung was ruptured, probably caused his death, which took place at Kensington on the 8th of March 1702. He was then aged fifty-two. A little ring, containing Mary's hair, was taken from beside the chilled heart, its black riband telling a pathetic tale of love that was stronger than death.

CHAPTER II.

MARLBOROUGH AND MORDAUNT IN THE FIELD.

Churchill's rise.	Blenheim.	Malplaquet.
The Spanish crown.	Peterborough in Spain.	Surrender of Brihuega.
War begins.	Monjuich.	Fall of Marlborough.
Fortress-work.	Ramilles and Barcelona.	Treaty of Utrecht.
March to the Danube.	Almanza—Oudenarde.	

IN spite of the Jacobite hopes, that she would resign in favour of her brother, the Princess Anne became Queen of England upon the death of her cousin William. The second daughter of fugitive James—the wife of "*Est-il possible*," George Prince of Denmark—she had now reached the age of thirty-eight, a sluggish woman, completely under the thumb of the Marlboroughs—Karl and Countess—and possessing one great fixed idea in her affection for the Tories. William had already recommended Marlborough as the only general in the kingdom competent to carry out his views as to the conduct of the impending war; and Anne's own attachment to Mr. and Mrs. Freeman—

so she familiarly styled the pair, to whom she was plain Mrs. Morley—seconded William's wish that John Churchill should be the captain of the war.

The secret of his rise has been already glanced at. Born at Ashe in Devonshire, 24th June 1650, the son of Sir Winston Churchill, a decayed Cavalier, went to Court as a page, because his ugly sister had somehow attracted the fancy of the Duke of York (James II.) and had become that Prince's mistress. But this introduction would have availed little, unless his personal qualities had been what they were. His handsome face, his glib and sugared tongue, his ready sword, his undeniable military genius, which displayed itself at Tangier and in the Low Countries, won for him rapid promotion and a great name. Marshal Turenne, of whose school he was the aptest pupil, saw in the young English officer material for a great commander. Marrying the proud and wilful Sarah Jennings, whose beauty was notable in an age of beauties, he became closely attached to the York household, in which Sarah had already been the companion and bosom-friend of the Princess Anne. Upon the accession of James the soldier was created Lord Churchill of Sandridge. He opposed Monmouth, since he saw that Monmouth's was a hopeless cause: he deserted to William, ratting from the falling house of Stuart. For this defection he received the Earldom of Marlborough: and, although William never liked the man, he was soldier enough to value highly a master in the art of war. Hence his dying charge to Anne. Calling himself a Tory, Marlborough was associated with that cunning chameleon Godolphin, who now bore the Lord High Treasurer's staff. One was as much a Tory as the other; and in such hands poor solid stupid Anne reposed.

The cloud of war, which was about to break in desolation over Western Europe, arose out of a dispute concerning the succession to the throne of Spain. It is hence known in history as the War of the Spanish Succession. Upon the death of Charles II. of Spain in 1700 Louis of France declared his grandson, Philip of Anjou, King of Spain, with the title of Philip V. The House of Hapsburg put in a rival claim in the person of the Archduke Charles. The league against the overweening ambition of France embraced England, Holland, Savoy, Austria, Prussia, and Portugal; while the French King was backed by Spain and Bavaria.

The formal declaration of war took place on the 15th of May 1702 at London, Vienna, and the Hague. Four theatres were the scenes of strife—the Belgian plain—the valleys of the Middle Rhine, and the Upper Danube—the sierras and coast of Spain—and the north of Italy. With all of them but the last we have here to do. Marlborough, made Captain-General of the Allied forces, crossed to Holland and prepared for the first campaign. The

1702 English formed but a fraction of the force he had to wield; and to make
 A.D. a good fighting machine out of such discordant materials, where every little bolt and screw had a stubborn will of its own, was no easy task. To add to his difficulties, Marlborough was hampered by the constant incubus of the Field-deputies—thick-skulled plodding men of the red-tape

school—who interfered with his movements and at critical moments wasted golden chances in waiting for the slow-coming sanction of the States-General. He had also to learn his ground. The first campaign was therefore barren in dazzling glory. It was not however fruitless. One great advantage was gained by the reduction of the fortresses along the line of the Meuse—Venloo, Ruremonde, Stevenswaert, and finally Lisle, a closing stroke, which left the Meuse an open stream and broke the chain that had been coiled round the Dutch frontier.

Two naval movements of the same year deserve our notice. Sir George Rooke in fifty ships had borne the Duke of Ormond with thirteen thousand men to the capture of Cadiz. But Cadiz would not yield. Rather than go home empty-handed, the leaders, not on the best terms with each other, sailed away to Vigo,¹ where a crowd of galleons had taken shelter within the circle of some newly-erected fortifications, which the Spaniards had taken the opportunity of throwing up, while the English leaders squabbled and delayed. The assault took place. The patched-up defences were stormed—the boom, which closed the entrance, was forced. The Spaniards sank, burnt, or carried off what they could; but, in spite of all about seven millions of dollars fell into the hands of the victors. Vice-Admiral Benbow—a name famed in naval song—also signalized the year by a gallant fight in the West Indian waters. With his right leg smashed by a chain-shot he lay in his crib on the quarter-deck, giving his orders amid the roar of battle, till night fell upon the sea. The mutiny of his officers prevented him from destroying the French squadron he had been chasing for five days; but the heroism of the old sea-lion, smitten with a mortal wound, lives in history to tell us of what stuff these British sailors were made.

The campaign of 1703 was meant by Louis to be final. A grand scheme for the capture of Vienna was formed; and Villars, piercing the Black Forest, joined the Elector of Bavaria on the Upper Danube and took Augsburg. But no Vendome came through the Tyrol from Italy, as had been expected; and the plan languished into nothing. Marlborough spent the summer in the Low Countries, trying in vain to stir the Dutch to action. Much impeded by the doings of Coehorn, who employed the soldiers under his command in petty ravages, he was obliged to content himself with reducing Bonn, Huy, Limburg and Guelders instead of the greater cities, Antwerp and Ostend, whose capture he had planned.

Resolving to break loose from these shackles and find some more stirring work for his men than watching the French, as they ran in and out from behind their strong lines, Marlborough during the winter struck out a daring movement, which he silently waited for the spring to execute. It was to make a sudden and secret dash upon the Upper Danube, where the French and Bavarian armies had so nearly turned the scale of war the year before. Leaving Auverkerque with the Dutch troops to guard the frontiers of the Low Countries he went to the trysting-place at Redburg in the Duchy of Juliers,

¹ *Vigo*, a seaport of Galicia, in the north-west of Spain.

whence he began his march (May 10). All was darkness as to his intentions. The French guessed in vain, where the coming blow was likely to fall. On to Coblenz, where blue Moselle mingles with the Rhine and the rocky towers of Ehrenbreitstein rise—to Mentz—over the Neckar and over the watershed, which divides the basins of the Danube and the Rhine, he pressed, delaying only when his troops needed to snatch a little rest. At Mondelsheim he met Prince Eugene of Savoy, who had been already winning laurels in Italy. At Hippach the Margrave of Baden, a stupid and conceited man, joined the illustrious pair. Bad news of failures in Holland, of delays and disappointments in the arrival of troops the English leader calculated on; nor did the difficulties of dealing with such an ally as the Margrave daunt him. Seeing his purpose clearly, he pressed on to its accomplishment. There lay before him on the rocky heights of the Schellenberg, above the village of Donawert,¹ a host of French and Bavarian soldiers under General D'Arco. Crossing the swift stream Wernitz in the face of a hot fire, Marlborough scaled the steepes and drove the foe from their intrenchments, inflicting on them a terrible loss, especially in officers (July 2). But this was only the prelude to another and more glorious victory—the great fight of Blenheim.²

Marshal Tallard having by forced marches from the Rhine managed to join the Elector of Bavaria, who lay at Augsburg, the advantage seemed for the time to lie altogether on the French side, for a skilful general could easily have separated Eugene from Marlborough and beaten both in succession. But Tallard was not quick enough to seize the chance; and the Allied generals lost no time in moving to a junction. Between Blenheim and Lutzingen the French army formed a camp; and Marlborough promptly resolved to give battle, while they were yet in an unsettled state. Moving towards their position with a host of fifty-two thousand men and fifty-two cannon, he clearly displayed his intention on the morning of the 13th of August. It was Sunday, Blenheim like many modern battles having been decided on that sacred day. The Elector and Marsin commanded on the French left: Tallard at Blenheim held the right. Round that village, which was hastily fortified with palisades and felled timber, the fury of the battle began to rage. Through the chinks in the stockade French muskets sent their leaden death in gusts upon the advancing stormers; but the bull-dogs struggled on over writhing comrades to stab the shooters through the very loopholes or spatter their brains with the downward crush of clubbed musket-stocks. In vain Lord Cutts launched horse and foot against this rock in a fiery sea. Having no cannon, he fell back. And then came the grand decisive movement Aug. 13, of the day. Marlborough's eagle eye had detected a flaw; his quick 1704 genius had struck out a plan, which gave the battle to his hand. A.D. Noting the wide space between the hostile armies, which were mov-

¹ Donawert, a town of 503 houses in Bavaria on the Upper Danube.

² Blenheim, a village of West Bavaria on the Danube, thirty-three miles north-east of Ulm and three miles east of Höchstet.

ing on opposite ends of the battle-line, he made a swift movement, which put the French cavalry to flight and placed him between Tallard and the Elector. This decided the conflict. Tallard was taken prisoner; the Elector retreated upon Dillingen. The gallant defenders of the village of Blenheim, to the number of twelve thousand, having tried to escape in two directions, continued to fire from the palisades; but the preparations to burn them out or hammer them to pieces with round-shot forced them to the unwelcome conclusion of an unconditional surrender. The loss of the defeated cannot have been less than thirty-five thousand men: Marlborough lost about twelve thousand. A more useful victory, which attracted little notice at the time, which in fact was by many blamed as a blunder, had occurred in the previous month. Rooke then took Gibraltar, of which operation a detailed account will be found in my sketch of our Colonial history. Marlborough, feted and congratulated, received the rich manor of Woodstock and a gorgeous palace, designed by the comedian Vanbrugh. Rooke received his dismissal from naval command. But *we*, the inheritors of what both have done, know that while Blenheim has become a mere name for all the red rain that fell upon its soil, there rises to the memory of Rooke a pyramid of rock, whose sides, pierced by seven hundred English guns, defy any foe of Britain to pass the gate of the Mediterranean Sea.

The fire at Vigo and the capture of Gibraltar were the first great blows in the Peninsular scene of this warlike drama. The inland operations of 1704 were not of much consequence, for the great Englishman had not yet appeared on the stage. Lord Galway, an inferior man, commanded on the Archduke's side, and to him was opposed James Fitzjames, Duke of Berwick, the offspring of James the Second's amour with Marlborough's sister. Berwick, an able soldier and devoted to his sword—the only fortune he possessed—kept Galway in complete control during the whole campaign.

This however did not last. The Peninsula and the Continent were by yearly alternation the great centres of the war. It was now the turn of Spain. And when Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, most restless and impetuous of men, came with five thousand men to direct the conduct of the war, a sudden change took place. Touching at Lisbon to receive the Archduke and at Gibraltar for the Prince of Hesse, the fleet anchored off the Valencian shore. The peasantry shouted for joy; the fortress of Denia fell. "Let us dart inland to Madrid," proposed the locomotive English Earl. But German caution overruled his proposal, and turned the prow towards Barcelona. It seemed a hopeless task to reduce a strong walled city, filled with an army, protected by the sea in front and by the frowning ramparts of Monjuich behind. Little or nothing but bickering occupied the besiegers for three weeks, and then Peterborough sent the cannon on board, declaring his intention of raising the siege. The *ruse* succeeded, deceiving even his own impracticable Allies. The bells of Barcelona rang for joy. That night (Sept. 12) two thin lines of soldiers stole by unfrequented paths to the foot of the works

at Monjuich. At dawn out came the guard; and in with a rush went the turned current, mingled with a hostile stream. A bullet knocked Hesse over. Stanhope came up with the reserve; Monjuich, and its necessary consequence, Barcelona, were in the hands of the daring Mordaunt.

Marlbrough occupied this campaign in struggling against the miserable impediments flung in his way by the Dutch authorities. His principal operation was the breaking of the French lines between Antwerp and Namur.

Then came a year glorious in both theatres of war. In the one Marlborough won the laurels of Ramilies;¹ in the other Peterborough occupied Madrid. Marshal Villeroi, presumptuously bent on taking vengeance for Blenheim, moved his army into the lion's mouth, encamping on the banks of the Meuse.

In three hours and a half Marlborough beat this foolish opponent **May 23,** from every position he had taken, and then proceeded to sweep the **1706** French clean out of the Spanish Netherlands. Like a skilful fisher A.D. casting his net over the land, he made a great haul of the richest and strongest cities, all abristle with Vauban's angles and bastions. Louvain, Mechlin, Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges submitted at once; Ostend, Dendermond, Ath, Menin made feeble but futile struggles. The history of 1706 in Spain was of the most varied kind. The brilliant success of Mordaunt at Monjuich had almost paralyzed the Bourbon hopes in the Peninsula. In vain Las Torres led seven thousand men to reduce San Mateo. The English Earl faced him with twelve hundred men and beat him quickly off. And then with characteristic restlessness and dash did Peterborough climb the winter mountains, lying between him and Valencia. Occupying this favourite city, (Feb. 4, 1706), he made it the centre of several fiery raids over the Xucar and elsewhere. While he was thus engaged, a cloud darkened upon Barcelona. It was attacked by land and sea. Taking three thousand men, Peterborough rushed to the rescue. But he had too much sense to fling his little band on the lines of a huge army. He adopted the guerilla style of war, until he knew that British ships were coming; and then, slipping out from shore in a small open boat, he boarded and took command of the squadron. The French admiral had only time to run. Barcelona was saved. This success set Galway in motion. Leaving the Portuguese frontier, he passed by way of Ciudad Rodrigo and Salamanca, which submitted to him, on to Madrid, from which Philip fled miserably to Burgoe. The occupation of Madrid by the soldiers of the Archduke laid Spain for a time at the feet of the Austrian interest. The Castilian blood, slow to burn in a national cause, took fire at last. A rapid reaction set in. Little villages contributed great bags of chinking *pistoles* to the cause of the Bourbon King. As if the fields had been sprinkled with dragons' teeth, an armed peasantry rose from hedge and furrow. When Peterborough saw this change, he proposed some decisive steps; but the stupid Archduke was either too lazy or too timid to adopt his counsels. A concentration of the Allied army at Guadalaxara took place too late to be of

¹ *Ramilies*, a Belgian village in South Brabant, twenty-six miles south-east of Brussels.

any use. Galway had been forced to leave Madrid with his horde of wasted debauchees. The star of Bourbon rose again high and bright. Nettled by contact with stupidity and sloth, Peterborough, an electric engine charged to the highest with quick and fiery fluid, flung down his sword and went off in dudgeon to Italy. We have a parting glimpse of him, previous to his formal recall to England, as a volunteer at Valencia, giving wise advice about the conduct of the war, advice which was never taken. And then, with never a check, the wheels ran backward down the hill.

The battle of Almanza¹ and the siege of Lerida² decided the issue of this war in Spain. Galway, a mere fighting machine, who had got the book-rules of warfare all by heart, and Das Minas, a Portuguese general of similar stamp, met Berwick, who had undoubted martial genius, on the plain of Almanza. Nobly the Allied infantry did their work on that bloody day, standing like a living rock amid the roar and surge of battle. But the valour of the troops could not compensate for the stupidity of their leaders. The army was torn to fragments. Suffering much from famine, Berwick April 24, struggled over the Ebro by the following June; nor was it until 1707 October that he found himself able to begin the siege of Lerida. It A.D. fell amid the usual horrors of storm and sack, and with its fall that shadowy crown, which at one time seemed brightening to reality, vanished quite from the brow of the Hapsburg. Yet the Spanish war still lingered, side by side with that in the Low Countries.

While asthmatic Dutchland was recovering its wind, spent on the field of Ramilies, Marlborough lay, almost inactive, spending the campaign of 1707 with scarcely a single affair of note. For this however he made up in 1708. It was the year of Oudenarde and the famous passage of the Scheldt. With two splendid soldiers like Marlborough and Eugene, who acted together in complete harmony, the Archduke might well defy the Grand Monarch of Versailles. At first the French had a slight run of success, winning Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres. But at Oudenarde³ they met a check, which flung them back indeed. Burgundy, Vendome, Berwick could do little to save the Lilies from the bloody dust, in which they lay at dusk that July evening. At Oudenarde two men were present on different sides, whose names shall July 11, clash again in years to come. James the Pretender shared the 1708 dangers of the fight from the safe elevation of a village steeple— A.D. sturdy Prince George of Hanover rode through the battle smoke at the head of the German horse. Crossing the Scheldt, over which a great fan of fugitives had gone streaming in five diverging lines, the victors advanced to Lisle, a fortress clad in Vauban's stony mail. City and castle fell, not without heavy cost of blood; and then Marlborough held the key of Northern France.

Stanhope, the successor of Galway in the Peninsula, remained languid and

¹ *Almanza*, a town in the Spanish province of Murcia, ninety-three miles north-west of Carthage.

² *Lerida*, (anciently *Ilerda*) a town on the Segre, in the province of Catalonia in Spain.

³ *Oudenarde*, a Belgian village on the Scheldt, thirty-three miles west of Brussels.

starving in Catalonia, until the success of Admiral Leake, who made a prize of Sardinia, encouraged him to seek some island laurels too. Minorca lay temptingly near. Leake's ships were at hand. Together the soldier and the sailor invested St. Philip, took Port Mahon, and planted the English banner on the conquered island.

Departing from the rule of alternation, by which Spain and Belgium had been for six years leaping into rival prominence, Marlborough followed the campaign of Oudenarde with the red field of Malplaquet.¹ Indignant at the shuffling of Louis, Eugene and his greater English ally faced the united forces of Villars and Boufflers on the 12th of September 1709 at **Sept. 12**, that place, and drove them after a long day of battle in splintered **1709** relics back upon the forest of Ardennes, whose shelter proved most **A.D.** friendly and opportune. Some futile negotiations between the Hague and Versailles followed this terrible battle.

Spain now claims our notice. Two battles, won at Almenara and Saragossa, opened the way to a second occupation of Madrid by the Allies. Philip fled to Valladolid. But thither the love of the people followed him, crowds of the highest grandees flocking to share his temporary exile. This state of things made Archduke Charles very uncomfortable at Madrid; and we scarcely wonder that he soon made his way back to Catalonia, leaving his army to follow. Vendome, a singular compound of dirt and soldiery, had **1710** lately taken the command of the Bourbon army. Flinging his **A.D.** forces across the country from Talavera with the straightness and something of the speed of a cannon-shot, he came upon Stanhope and the left wing at Brihuega.² When every grain of their powder was burnt, the English took to the cold steel; but all in vain. Dropping the bayonet with exhausted strength, the survivors yielded themselves up as prisoners of war. On the next day the Austrian General Staremberg fought the drawn battle of Villa Viciosa with the victor (Dec. 10). Nothing could stop the tide of events: all Catalonia was swept by the French, till only Barcelona remained faithful to the Hapsburg cause.

During the spring of this year envoys from France and Holland met in the little town of Geertruydenberg³ to discuss overtures for peace, which had come from Louis. They split upon the Spanish question, and the war went on.

Marlborough, working at his grand scheme of striking the heart of France through her north-eastern frontier, moved with Eugene upon Douay, which Villars could not save. It capitulated in June 1710. Falling back, Villars employed himself in the construction of lines, which he thought would certainly check the illustrious English soldier. In this he was mistaken. Marlborough's great military career went suddenly out in a flicker of exceeding brilliance. Watched jealously by his political opponents in England, who with odd

¹ *Malplaquet*, a town of Hainault in France, close to the frontier of Belgium.

² *Brihuega*, a town, once walled, in the north of New Castile, on the Tajuna, an affluent of the Tagus.

³ *Geertruydenberg*, a small town in North Brabant, nine miles from Breda.

patriotism wished to see him break his strength on the invincible lines of Villars, and crippled by the loss of the most reliable portion of his army, drafted off to Spain and elsewhere, he outgeneraled the boastful Frenchman, forced the *ne plus ultra* at Arleux, losing not a single soldier, and then sat down to besiege Bouchain.¹ In twenty days the fortress was his own.

But his enemies had undermined his reputation and his position so thoroughly, that he now fell a victim to Tory intrigues and the arrogance of his own wife. More shall be said of this in a future chapter. Flung from his command and stained with the suspicion—groundless in our eyes—of pilfering the public money, Marlborough retired in disgrace to the Continent, where he remained until Anne was dying. Restored under the first George to military command, he lived on, though struck twice with paralysis, until the year 1722. He has been blackened by Macaulay without remorse and without justice. He told many lies, it is certain; he was greedy and stingy; he shifted his side in politics to suit his own interests. But his virtues were not eclipsed by his faults; and his renown in the field was too brilliant to be very seriously blurred by the mud, which has been smeared upon his name.

The Treaty of Utrecht,² ascribed by some writers rather to Tory venom than to any real love of peace on the part of Harley and St. John, to whom it was chiefly due, closed this long and bloody struggle. By means of a dissolute French Abbé, Gaultier, and a no less dissolute English poet, Mat Prior, a secret verbal conference was carried on between London and Paris, until the time grew ripe for a formal meeting at Utrecht, the place chosen for the purpose. After much bickering and *finesse*, the articles of the Treaty were agreed on, and the signatures of the two leading powers—April 11, England and France—were attached, with the less willing assents of 1713 the minor states—Holland, Portugal, Prussia, and Savoy. A separate A.D. treaty, signed at Rastadt in the following year, made peace between Austria and France. The terms of the treaty of Utrecht, most nearly affecting England, were the following:—

1. Louis recognized the succession of the House of Hanover, engaging to give neither shelter nor help to the Pretender.
2. The batteries of Dunkirk were to be destroyed, and its harbour filled up.
3. Britain was to retain Hudson's Bay and Straits, the Peninsula of Nova Scotia, and the islands of St. Christopher and Newfoundland.
4. She was also to keep Gibraltar and Minorca.

¹ *Bouchain*, a town in the French department of Nord, on the Escaut, eleven miles south-west of Valenciennes.

² *Utrecht*, the capital of the Dutch province, which bears the same name, lies where the Old Rhine and the Vecht separate, twenty-two miles south-east of Amsterdam.

CHAPTER III.

THE TREATY OF UNION.

A growing idea.
Act of Security.
The Commission.

Outery in Scotland.
Bribing.
The Treaty signed.

Its leading Articles.
And results.

A GREAT idea, broached so far back as the first decade of the seventeenth century and revived on several later occasions, realized itself in the fifth year of Queen Anne's reign. This was the memorable Union of the English and Scottish Parliaments. Not easily did the thorny Rose and prickly Thistle forget their ancient feuds—feuds the more lasting and bitter from their close neighbourhood and intimate kinship.

After his subjugation of Scotland Oliver established a system of free trade between the two countries, and gave privileges to the Scottish merchants, which caused commerce to thrive. In commerce that spirit of enterprise, which is inseparable from the Scottish character, found a new and very hopeful outlet. Under Charles II. the jealousy of England began to look witheringly on these promising buds. Navigation laws and prohibitory duties impeded the Scottish traders sorely, and they cried in vain for redress. A mock Conference, held in 1667, did nothing but perceive the need of a Union. And when in 1689 the Revolution opened the way for a settlement, no question was more keenly scanned than that of a complete union between the sister lands. The time however was not yet ripe. The blood of Glencoe and the graves of Darien taught Scotland what she had to look for, apart from the stronger south, and also served to exasperate her into a state, inflammable and explosive in the highest degree.

The temper of the Scottish nation was shown in 1704 by the Act of Security, which declared that, upon the Queen's death without issue, the Estates should appoint a successor of the royal line and a Protestant, but that this should not be the person succeeding to the English crown, unless during Anne's reign the honour and independence of the kingdom, the authority of Parliament, the religion, trade, and liberty of the nation were secured against the encroachments or impediments of English influence.

Under such circumstances the ministry of Anne resolved that Articles of Union should be drawn up by commissioners chosen from both countries. At the Cockpit in Westminster the sittings opened, thirty-one members April 18, representing each kingdom. And so they toiled at the great work of 1706 peace-making till the 23rd of July—the man who was afterwards to A.D. write "Robinson Crusoe," and who held then the most versatile pen in the public service, acting as their Secretary. When the Articles were prepared, it became necessary to lay them before the two Parliaments. Here the Scottish Parliament, as the angrier and the more deeply interested,

got the preference, being permitted to discuss the terms of the Treaty first. Upon Godolphin's recommendation Defoe went to Edinburgh to aid in conducting the negotiation, a mission which supplied him with material for his "History of the Union."

The blue and scarlet of that equestrian procession from Holyrood to the High Street, known as the Riding of the Scottish Parliament, crept in a coloured thread between the tall houses of the Canongate for the last time in the autumn of 1706. For the last time the Regalia preceded the glittering show, before relapsing into the gloom of their dim-lighted cell in the Castle of Edinburgh. Opening the Parliament on the 3rd of October by reading a letter from Queen Anne in favour of the Union, the Duke of Queensberry, who acted as Lord High Commissioner, spoke weightily on the same side. Chancellor Seafield followed. And both stated distinctly that there was no intention on the part of England to meddle in the least with that Presbyterian system so dear to the nation. In spite of this assurance the spirit of the people revolted at the thought of Union. Ancient laurels stained with blood and battle-dust, old names of great renown, thronged into the minds of the people. Old sores, long skinned over, broke out bleeding. And a cry of "No Union" rose from an infuriated crowd, who committed the serious mistake of looking only to the Past and the distorted Present. There must have been hard shrewd heads in the Scotland of that day, that penetrated the future so far as to see rich fruit growing from the Union. But still the cry went up, and still the stones rattled and the storm of execrations raved round the close-shut coaches, in which Queensberry and Stair rode to the Parliament House. Lord Belhaven and Fletcher of Saltoun broke into words of fire in the old hall by St. Giles's. Riotous mobs, inflamed by a flood of squibs, which poured daily from the closes where the printers worked, filled the streets of Edinburgh with noise and terror. But beneath the surface of affairs a continuous sapping wore away the strength of the Opposition to the Union. Gold from Queensberry's hand found its way into many Scottish pouches, as the price of Union-votes. And many votes, which the red gold could not buy, were given by Jacobites, who hoped that the Union would breed a rebellious spirit, favourable to the hopes of the King that was over the water. A letter from St. Germain's, written in this spirit, induced the leader of the Jacobite faction, the Duke of Hamilton, to withdraw his opposition to the measure. Presbyterianism being then secured as the national form of Church government, the Act, which sealed this great Treaty into law, was passed in the Scottish Parliament by a majority of 41 votes (110 for, 69 against). On the 25th of the following March the last Scottish Parliament was dissolved by a speech from the victorious Queensberry.

Jan. 16,
1707
A.D.

When the Treaty came to be debated in the English Parliament, many voices were raised against this "marriage without consent of parties." The Tories cried out that there could never be any peace between two rival Estab-

lished Churches. Some of the Lords objected to fixing the land-tax upon Scotland at the low sum of £48,000, without respect to the probable increase of her national wealth. Opposition however died away. **March 4, 1707** The weaker party yielded, as they had already done in the North. **A.D.** And Queen Anne by her royal assent completed the stroke of statesmanship, which gives a brilliant lustre to her reign.

It now remains for me to notice some of the leading articles in this famous and most beneficial Treaty. After stating that on the 1st of May 1707 the island should form the united kingdom of Great Britain, represented by a single Parliament, it goes on to repeat the arrangements of the Act of Settlement regarding the succession. Early in the deed the important subject of commerce and navigation is treated of, both countries being placed upon an equal footing in respect to these. The excise and customs were, upon the whole, similarly arranged. The coins, weights, and measures of both countries were to follow a uniform standard. The Presbyterian and Episcopal systems were confirmed in the respective lands, as national establishments. Scotland was to retain her Courts of Session and Justiciary, was to have a special seal for private rights and grants, was to send sixteen peers and forty-five commoners to the Imperial Parliament, and was to protect by unaltered laws all hereditary offices, superiorities, jurisdictions, and offices for life. The taxation of North Britain formed the subject of special conditions. One of these enacted that, when the Imperial Parliament should raise £2,000,000 as a land-tax, Scotland was to contribute only £48,000 of that sum; in heavier impositions observing a like proportion. For the purpose of reconciling the people of Scotland to the heavier taxation, into which they were required to plunge at once, before any commercial benefits could become apparent, a sum called the *Equivalent* was to be spent in Scotland in the payment of arrears and in compensation for losses at Darien and elsewhere.

To understand the blessings of the Union, one has but to turn back the mind's eye for two centuries towards those wild moors and little herring-hamlets, which the peddler visited twice a year or so with his pack of cloth and riband and his stale scraps of Edinburgh news; and then to look at the Scotland of to-day, whirring with the noise of machinery, her Lowlands all dotted with bursting homesteads, her Clyde thick with masts and resounding with the "clamours of clattering hammers," her Capital a centre of literary splendour, and her sons famed all the world over for those sterling qualities of push and perseverance, which, when directed by a keen and steady judgment, afford the surest foundations of success.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GREAT WHIG AND TORY FIGHT.

Summary.	The Whig Junto.	Fall of the Whigs.
The Occasional Conformity	Abigail Hill.	Marlborough.
Bill.	Trial of Sacheverell.	Accession of George I.

HALLAM sums up the essential difference between those two great parties, into which the battle of the Exclusion Bill split our politicians, in this comprehensive sentence: "Though both admitted a common principle—the maintenance of the Constitution—yet this (the Whig) made the privileges of the subject, that (the Tory) the Crown's prerogative, his peculiar care." But it must not be forgotten that the names have been loosely used at various times in our history.

Anne had undoubtedly strong Tory leanings, and began her reign with a ministry, which she and others called a Tory one. Of this Marlborough and Godolphin were the leading members, the former wielding the national sword, the latter as Lord High Treasurer controlling the finances. The helm of the state was in reality held by that imperious woman, whose haughty beauty had won John Churchill's heart—Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. Poor stupid Queen Anne obeyed every beck of her dear Mrs. Freeman, as the Duchess was by her familiarly styled.

From her accession to the year 1708 the ministry of Anne was mixed, being mainly Whiggish, but with some of the Tory leaders in it too. Marlborough and Godolphin veered round in no long time, and showed the buff and blue peeping under a vanishing cloak of Toryism. The splendid success of the war floated them up and gave them for a time the ascendancy over their political opponents. From 1708 to 1710 a pure Whig ministry held sway, the Tory members being driven out by a combination I shall notice soon. Then came a crash. Whigs went down: Tories stepped to place over the ruins of their fall. Marlborough, last of a once omnipotent band, clung to office for a year or two, until, stripped of command and branded with a shameful accusation, he was forced to hide his diminished head abroad. Faction between rival chieftains broke the strength of the Tory triumph before Anne's death. Such were the leading features in this conflict, probably the fiercest bout in the great struggle, which is always going on between the rival forces of Order and Change.

Raising a cry of danger to the National Church, the Tories struck a series of heavy blows at the principle of toleration by their repeated efforts to pass the Occasional Conformity Bill. Three times this measure floated through the Commons to be swamped by adverse storms in the Lords. It proposed that all, who took the sacrament and test as qualifications for office and afterwards went to the meetings of Dissenters, or any meeting for religious

worship not according with the Liturgy or practice of the Church of England, were to be heavily fined and dismissed from their offices. The infidel St. John was the principal promoter of this Bill, which did not pass until the Whigs were completely down.

The most brilliant and powerful pens of the day fought on the Whig side, where we find Addison, Steele, Defoe, and for some time Swift. There was then no newspaper-press to influence the public mind. But in the pamphlets and lampoons, which poured from the booksellers' shops in great numbers, there was a political engine, of which the contending statesmen made the fullest use.

I have said the Cabinet became purely Whig in 1708. This was owing to the exertions of a Junto, composed of five Whig peers—Somers, Halifax, Wharton, Orford, and Sunderland, who, forcing themselves into office, ousted from the Cabinet Harley and St. John, the most active and powerful of the Tories. And then for two years Whiggery ruled supreme. But a fall was at hand.

Abigail Hill, the daughter of a bankrupt merchant and a cousin of the Duchess of Marlborough, had crept by cunning and courteous ways into a position as waiting-woman to Queen Anne. She was a thorough Tory, and professed the very highest of High Church principles, which endeared her much to Anne, who had never been anything but a Tory at heart. Marrying in 1707 the son of Sir Francis Masham, Abigail broke with the Duchess of Marlborough, of whose imperious temper the Queen was heartily tired. The Duchess was furious upon the discovery of her cousin's private marriage, which the Queen had honoured with her presence, and still more furious, when she found that Abigail had supplanted her in Anne's confidence and favour. Through Abigail Hill, her father's relation Harley made interest at Court, to be turned to good account in the future. Thus the political destinies of England, with all that hung upon them, lay narrowed into the compass of a quarrel between women. Sarah, by imprudently straining her weakened influence so far as to browbeat Anne, roused all the latent obstinacy of the Queen's character into a dull red heat of anger that never blackened. This she did under a mistaken notion of Anne's weakness. Day by day Masham's influence increased, and the Queen longed for the time, when she should snap for ever the Marlborough chains, which she had once been used to kiss and fondle. Even the dismissal of Harley, which Marlborough and Godolphin had forced on by staying away from the meetings of Council, proved to be only a temporary check to the rising of the Tory star. The Sacheverell prosecution gave them the final victory.

The rector of St. Saviour's, Southwark—Henry Sacheverell, D.D. Oxon—blessed with "lungs of leather and a brow of brass," preached two violent sermons in 1709—the one (August 15th) at the Derby Assizes—the other (November 5th, Guy Fawkes' Day) at St. Paul's before the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London. Upon the text, "Perils from false brethren," he

grounded a series of abusive and libellous statements concerning the Government and the prelates. Godolphin was singled out under the nickname of Volpone. The bishops, who wished for toleration, were branded as traitors to the Church. The Revolution was an unrighteous change and an unpardonable offence. The doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance should form part of every good man's creed. "The Church of England, the Church of Christ, was in deadly peril; making it necessary for her defenders at once to assume the whole armour of God." A couple of the aldermen, who listened to this tirade, had the good sense to perceive its drift and the boldness to call out for the preacher's prosecution. Proud of his achievement, the Doctor sold it to a bookseller, who sowed it broadcast and made his fortune by the sale. The angry Whigs resolved to make an example of the daring demagogue. In vain Somers lifted his calm judicial voice, advising a passionless consideration of the case. Marlborough, Sunderland his son-in-law, and Godolphin pressed angrily on with the preparations for impeachment. The few sparks, struck out from the pulpit cushion by Sacheverell's heavy hand, had kindled a mighty flame, which swept over the country and penetrated to the lowest scum. Indeed it burned fiercest among them, and their roaring filled London with ceaseless fear. Before the assembled Lords in Westminster Hall the trial opened on the 27th of February 1710. The Doctor, puffed out with the dignity of a would-be martyr and attended by two clergymen, Smalridge and Atterbury, both, especially the last, of a much higher stamp than himself, appeared at the bar. The managers sitting on a raised dais, the proceedings opened by the reading of the charges, which stated the obnoxious points of the sermons. Most notable among the managers of the impeachment was Mr. Robert Walpole, who had joined the Whig ministry two years ago as Secretary at War, and whose speech was now marked with unusual point and force. After his counsel had spoken, Sacheverell read a well concocted defence, with which the pen of Atterbury is said to have had something to do. From Westminster Hall to the Temple, where he lodged, the culprit was escorted in his chair every evening by all the idle and dissolute fellows in the city, yelling at the top of their voices. The windows were lined with Tory fashionables, and the Doctor's neck was sorely strained by the numberless bows he lavished as he went, borne by his self-important chairmen. Tired of huzzas, the mob proceeded that night to action, emptied the Dissenting chapels for materials to make bonfires, and lighted up all London with the glare of chipped-up pews and pulpits. So passed the night of the 28th, until the Guards were ordered out, and the cold steel cooled the riot down. The Queen, who had her box from behind the curtains of which she witnessed the trial, could hardly get along the streets for the shouting crowds, hoarsely hoping that she was for the Doctor. After three weeks had gone by, the Lords found Sacheverell guilty by 68 votes to 52; and he received sentence at the bar from Lord Chancellor Cowper, who ordered that he should be suspended from preaching for three years, and that his two obnoxious sermons

should be burned before the Royal Exchange in presence of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs. A fit ending for ecclesiastical tinder ! As for the little centre of this stir, with his clean gloves and artful white handkerchief, he shot to the highest regions of mob-love. Houses blazed and sweeps got drunk in his honour in every street. And the procession, which bore his chair on high down the Strand after the sentence had been given, cracked several crowns and broke several dozens of windows in the ebullition of their playful excitement. Sacheverell made the most of his triumph, for as such his party looked upon a sentence so easy and absurd. Rebuffs fell like blunt arrows from his thick hide, as he went about thanking those who had voted for him. Oxford became spasmodic in acknowledgment of her darling son's display of Toryism. And then Sacheverell began to travel and to wine with various corporations and other public bodies, on which occasions he outdid his hosts in the libations he managed to stow away within the fence of his cassock. But at last the hot fire burned itself out. The medal was found to be not a golden coin at all, but a sorry piece of brass. Yet lasting results followed from the *furor*. To the Doctor himself, what he chiefly prized, came preferment and notoriety: to the Whig ministry—disgrace, and consequent triumph to the Tories.

Harley was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, St. John Secretary of State, while Lord Somers yielded the Presidency of the Council to Rochester, and Cowper the Great Seal to Simon Harcourt. Already Sunderland had retired in favour of Dartmouth, and Godolphin had broken his Treasurer's staff. How Marlborough remained, fluttering in an unfriendly gale, like the last rag of one of his own glorious banners begrimed with powder and rent with bullets—how the Tories flung him finally aside and made the dubious treaty of Utrecht—how Abigail's cousin, after having escaped a French assassin, became Earl of Oxford, and the libertine St. John turned into that Bolingbroke, who poured infidel poison into Pope's too willing ear—how jealousy rose between the rival statesmen, when they had become rival peers,—and how Queen Anne sided with the wilier and abler of the two,—either have been already told or need not here be told in detail. The victory for the present rested with the Tory faction.

A short time before the death of Anne a furious scolding-match took place in her private room between two persons, who had helped each other up the ladder of distinction. Lady Masham and the Earl of Oxford bitterly reproached each other; the dispute ending with a demand from the Queen for Oxford's white staff—the badge of his Treasurership. Anne died of apoplexy on the 1st of August 1714, when the Whigs lost no time in sending off a special messenger for Elector George, and concentrating troops enough round London to meet any Jacobite stir that might arise. When the Guelph Prince, who, born in the Restoration year, had now reached advanced middle age, landed at Greenwich (September 18), he showed unmistakable signs of a decided preference for the Whigs. Marlborough, Sunderland, Somers, were greeted with smiles, while Ormond and Oxford were snubbed, and Bolingbroke

was already bewailing the loss of office. Halifax became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Marlborough once more commanded the forces. These forces were then receiving their pay from a minister of minor note, who soon became so great a power in the land as to merit a special charter to himself. His name was Robert Walpole.

CHAPTER V.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Rise of Walpole.
The Fifteen.
Septennial Act.
Swedish difficulty.
Alberoni.
Byng at Passaro.
Glenahiel.

The Peerage Bill.
South Sea Scheme.
Walpole's policy.
Atterbury.
Death of George I.
Townshend resigns.
The Excise Bill.

The Porteous Mob.
A quarrel and a death.
The Spanish War.
Methodism.
Sandys' motion.
Fall of Walpole.
His death.

THE roistering domineering illiterate statesman, who by sheer force of a powerful will, directed by a penetrating knowledge of mankind, managed to make himself the ruler of England during the greater part of the reigns of the first and the second George, was born in 1676 at the manor of Houghton in Norfolk, where his ancestors had long resided. Massingham, Eton, and King's College, Cambridge, combined to give him the little book-learning he possessed. He could quote Horace a little, but knew almost nothing of history. Knowing men however, and being prompt in resolve and action, he held his ground marvellously in the face of an Opposition, which combined strength and brilliance to a very uncommon degree.

In 1700 he got a wife, an estate, and a seat in Parliament—the two latter by his father's death. The member for Castle Rising displayed so much aptitude for business, and became in time so skilful a debater on the Whig side, that Godolphin and Marlborough welcomed him to their ranks as a most important ally. In 1705 he was made one of the Council to Prince George, the Lord High Admiral. Three years later, when a pure Whig Government was formed, Walpole was selected to be Secretary at War, an office in performing the duties of which he was obliged to steer warily among the shifting tempers of an imperious Duchess and a sullen Queen. Having acted as one of the managers on the trial of Sacheverell, he went out with the falling Whigs, and lifted so powerful a voice in defence of his party that he was marked for vengeance. A charge of corruption and breach of trust as Secretary at War caused his committal to the Tower and his expulsion from the House. Writing in his cell a complete vindication of his conduct, he still sent shot into the enemy's ranks; and, when upon his release he reëntered the House as member for Lynn, his fire grew hotter still. In this position we find him at the death of Anne.

When George I. had come from Herrenhausen with his lady-favourites, nicknamed Maypole and Elephant from their respective figures, he formed a ministry of Whigs, selecting however his two Secretaries from the second-rate men of that party. Viscount Townshend, whose wife Dorothy was Walpole's sister, whose estate of Rainham adjoined Walpole's manor of Houghton, was one; James Stanhope, the unsuccessful successor of Peterborough in Spain, was the other Secretary. Walpole, beginning his connection with this ministry as Paymaster of the Forces, soon raised himself by his talents in debate to be leader of his party in the Commons.

The new Parliament, meeting March 15th, 1715, proceeded to impeach the three leaders of the fallen party—Bolingbroke, Oxford, and Ormond—for intriguing with the French Court and the royal exiles. Bolingbroke, having attended Drury Lane Theatre and bespoken a play for the following night, fled down to Dover in a servant's dress, and crossed to France. Oxford and Ormond resolved to bide the storm. But, when the Report of the Secret Committee, of which Walpole was chairman, was read in the House, this ponderous charge of five hours long so appalled Ormond that he secretly followed in the track of Bolingbroke. Visiting Oxford in the Tower before leaving, he tried in vain to move that fallen statesman to attempt an escape. "Farewell, then," said he, "Oxford without a head." To which unshaken Oxford answered, "Farewell, Duke without a duchy." Fat little Ormond never returned to England.

When the impeachment of Oxford came before the Lords (July 9th, 1715), no decision could be made as to whether the charges amounted to high treason. Oxford therefore was remanded to the Tower, where he lay for nearly two years. His public career was over. Upon his own pressing petition the trial was resumed in 1717; but no prosecutors from the Commons entered Westminster Hall on the day appointed. The Commons dropped the impeachment for ever, and the acquitted Earl retired to private life.

The Jacobite spirit, smouldering under the surface of English society, broke out in riot and destruction in several parts of the country. Staffordshire was red-hot with sedition. So menacing and wanton did the mobs become, that an old temporary statute of Mary and Elizabeth was revived and **1715** made lasting. This was the Riot Act, which provides, "that if **A.D.** any twelve persons are unlawfully assembled to the disturbance of the peace, and any one Justice shall think proper to command them by proclamation to disperse; if they contemn his orders, and continue together for one hour afterwards, such contempt shall be felony without benefit of clergy."

But the autumn of the year brought more than riots, for Jacobitism blazed into actual rebellion. That unfortunate series of enterprises, curtly styled "the Fifteen" from the year of their occurrence, alarmed the newly-established Hanoverian monarch. Bolingbroke, soon after his arrival at Paris, received the empty honour of being appointed Secretary of State to the Pretender

James. Matters were beginning to look somewhat bright in the Jacobite horizon, when Ormond, upon whom James had depended mainly for the seizure of the southern English counties, came slinking over the water in a little sloop. This and the death of Louis cast heavy clouds upon the schemes of invasion.

I shall best keep the threads of operation from tangling in my sketch of the Fifteen by describing first the movements of Erskine, Earl of Mar, who raised the Jacobite standard in the Highlands, and then recounting the rising in the Border counties under Kenmure and Forster.

Sailing from London to Fife, Mar, who had been already at George's levee, made his way to the deer-forests of Aberdeenshire. There on the 6th of September, at Kirkmichael in Braemar, sixty claymores gathered round the uplifted standard of the Stuart. The gilt ball dropped from the flagstaff as it was raised, an omen which struck a chill to many superstitious Highland hearts. But soon the white cockade blossomed in several thousand bonnets. Aberdeen, Dundee, Perth—nearly every place of note north of Tay declared for the rebels. If Drummond and his Jacobite conspirators had succeeded in climbing the castle rock of Edinburgh, as they had planned to do, at nine on a September night, the beacons blazing northward from hill to hill would have brought Mar down like a thunderbolt upon the fair city by the Forth. But a lady disclosed the secret to the Lord-Justice-Clerk, and the garrison was warned before the climbers came. Even this would not have hindered the attempt, for the letter of disclosure was late; but some of the attacking party lingered two hours at a tavern, engaged, as the landlady phrased it, "in powdering their hair." The sentinels, who had agreed to draw up the scaling ladders, let go the ropes, and all was lost. The Duke of Argyle then took the command in Scotland, Stanhope directing the general preparations for meeting this dangerous crisis. On the 28th of September Mar with five thousand claymores entered Perth, and might, had he pushed southward, have swept the scanty forces of the English beyond the Cheviots. But he lingered at Perth, waiting for something to happen in England, while Argyle collected troops from Ireland and other places to swell his army at Stirling.

Mar did not move from Perth until the 10th of November. With nearly ten thousand men, not unlike Falstaff's celebrated corps in appearance though not in spirit, he pushed on through Auchterarder to Ardoch. Argyle marched out to Dunblane. Upon the Sheriff Muir¹—a scene devoted to militia drill—the armies met in battle on Sunday the 13th of November. Great was the tossing up of bonnets and loud the Highland cheering in the **Nov. 13,** weary ranks of Mar, when the resolve to fight was announced. The **1715** battle began by a discharge of muskets from the left wing of the **A.D.** rebel army. Argyle, despatching a squadron of cavalry over a frozen swamp on his right, fell upon this motley mass of musketeers with a double rush of horse. Ten times did the fragments of the gallant Highland array

¹ *Sheriffmuir*, a tract of country between the Ochils and the river Allan, about three miles north-east of Dunblane.

reunite and strive to stand, as the sweeping flood of dragoons bore them back upon the Allan. All in vain. The left wing of the rebel army was completely broken. Singularly enough, what a brilliant cavalry charge had thus achieved, was repeated in reverse order on the other side of the field. There Mar and his claymores, undismayed by the sharp English fusillade, had broken and scattered the left wing of the royal army. The two victorious right wings reached the Sheriffmuir so exhausted by pursuit that they did not renew the fight. While Argyle waited the attack in a position of some strength, the sound of Mar's bagpipes, growing fainter and fainter, told him that the field was his.

The English outburst of Jacobitism was trampled out at Preston on the very day of Sheriffmuir. Vigorous measures on the part of the Government had prevented the heat from becoming actual flame anywhere but in the North. There Forster, a Protestant member of Parliament, aided by the Earl of Derwentwater, a young Catholic nobleman, collected a few rebels at Greenrig. At Warkworth Lord Widdrington joined them; and, when they reached Morpeth, their numbers had swelled to three hundred, all horsemen. Lord Kenmure meanwhile had risen on the Scottish side of the Border, and had attracted to his ranks the Earls of Nithisdale, Wintoun, and Carnwath. Amounting to three hundred horse, this band of dalesmen passed the Cheviots to join "the handful of Northumbrian fox-hunters" at Rothbury. There soon came a third accession of force. Brigadier MacIntosh, sent by Mar over the Frith of Forth with nearly two thousand men to threaten Argyle in the rear, failing in his designs on Edinburgh, abandoned the citadel of Leith which he had seized, and made his way from Seton Castle across the Lammermoors to Kelso. There he effected a junction with Forster and Kenmure, who had come to meet him. The united force now amounted to about two thousand men. It soon appeared that this little army contained varieties of metal that never could amalgamate. The Highlanders would not leave Scotland; the northern English would not stay in that land. Marching in a silly way along the north slope of the Cheviots, some of them—five hundred Highlanders deserting near the Solway Frith—entered England and pushed down to Penrith, to Kendal, to Preston, where a mob of people, with scarcely one weapon in a dozen, joined them. But a couple of old soldiers—Peninsular veterans—were in the track of these discordant warlike amateurs. General Carpenter was following them from the North. General Wills was moving up from Manchester. Madly neglecting the defence of the bridge over the Ribble and of the pass which led from the bridge to the town, Forster merely threw up some barricades in the streets. Wills, attacking these, met a hot fire, which caused him to withdraw at nightfall. But the arrival of Carpenter with some cavalry struck so great a panic into Forster's heart, that he offered to surrender. There was then nothing for the brave chieftains, who fought under his command, but to succumb. Eight Lords—Derwentwater, Widdrington, Nithisdale, Wintoun, Carnwath, Kenmure, Nairn, and Charles Murray—

were at the head of the fourteen hundred men, taken in this ignominious way. It was the end of the English insurrection.

A few scenes of the farce remain, not without a mingling of tragedy. Mar fell back from Sheriffmuir to Perth, where his Highland army dwindled daily. Argyle in his old quarters at Stirling still guarded the line of the Forth, but with forces continually increasing in number. Such was the state of things, when the Pretender, James Stuart, landed at Peterhead on the 22nd of December with a suite of six officers. Mar, the Earl Marischal, and others, riding to greet him at Fetteresso, accompanied him on his public entry into Dundee where the people crowded to kiss his hand in the market-place. Established at Scone, he gave himself up to the delights of playing at King. He issued six proclamations and prepared for a splendid coronation. Great was his chagrin, when he saw that the scanty files of the clansmen were too thin to risk the exposure of a public review. They on the other hand were equally disappointed, having been led to expect a great train of officers and a heavy purse of money. He had brought neither. Even the look of this meagre pale leaden-eyed prince did not inspire confidence or hope. When a stir arose, portending the advance of Argyle, the Pretender's council resolved on a retreat. Over the frozen Tay and along the Carse of Gowrie, locked in the iron sleep of winter, a sullen mass of troops defiled towards Dundee. From Dundee the march turned northward to Montrose, and there the Pretender clearly showed his title to this awkward name. With sentinels pacing at his door, and lies of all sorts set afloat regarding his future plans, **Feb. 4,** he stole out of a back-door, picked up Mar at his lodgings, and was **1716** soon running in a little French ship under full sail out of the Basin **A.D.** of Montrose. Seven days brought him to Gravelines. Straggling northward to Aberdeen, the deserted army melted away into the fastnesses of Badenoch and Lochaber. In spite of the extraordinary efforts made to procure their pardon, Lords Derwentwater and Kenmore went to the block on Tower Hill, Walpole crying loudly for their rebel blood. Nithisdale, doomed to suffer with them on the 24th of February, managed to escape in his wife's clothes, she staying behind in his stead. Forster, MacIntosh, and Lord Wintoun also escaped. On the whole only six-and-twenty were added to the deaths already noticed.

The passing of the Septennial Act was the great constitutional event of the year. A Triennial Bill had become law in 1694, but twenty years had proved the device a bad one. The first of the three years allotted to a Parliament went in fighting over the late election; the second in preparing for a little business; the third in looking forward to the coming struggle. **1716** So the wheels of the country, always violently revolving, never made **A.D.** much progress, but suffered sadly from friction. Brought into the Lords by the Duke of Devonshire, the Bill passed without much difficulty. The fight was hotter in the Commons. But there too it triumphed, being read a third time on the 26th of April. That very day the great Somers died.

How this able Whig had won his way from the obscure household of a Worcestershire attorney to the Presidency of the Council may be judged from the scattered glimpses of him given in preceding pages. It is said that mental light came at evening to the gentle old man, smitten with withering paralysis; for he spent some of the latest breath he drew in congratulating Townshend upon the repeal of the Triennial Bill, a measure which, he said, he had never liked.

Walpole, rising from a sickbed that looked at one time like a deathbed, found the Septennial Act an accomplished thing. Townshend and he had a powerful clique to fight against in their management of affairs. The two mistresses of the King—Schulenberg and Kilmansegg, or, to call them by their English titles, the Duchess of Kendal and the Countess of Darlington—twined George round their fat forefingers, as did also Bothmar and Bernsdorf his confidential advisers, his French secretary Robethon, and a couple of Turkish servants, of whom he was very fond. The King's love for Herrenhausen and its linden trees being still unchanged, he managed to have that clause in the Act of Settlement, relating to foreign trips, repealed, and went, hurrying like a great schoolboy uncaged, across the sea to Hanover. This he did several times before the last fatal journey.

Clouds began to grow thicker round the administration of Townshend and Walpole. The Maypole and the Elephant hated them; so did the other foreign hangers-on of George. The Prince of Wales, going into Opposition, disliked them because they advised his father. The foreign politics of England were so distorted by the King's desire to aggrandize Hanover, that the ministers could not help condemning the movements, which embroiled them with Sweden and might have embroiled them with Russia. The King of Denmark, having taken the Archbishopric of Bremen and the Bishopric of Verden with other possessions from Sweden, whose they had been since the Treaty of Westphalia, gave them up to the King of England for a sum of £150,000, on condition that England should declare war against Sweden. Solely for the benefit of his German state, George agreed to the terms, and in 1715 sent a British fleet to the Baltic. This was the beginning of a war, which might have proved a very serious one, but for the death of Charles XII. Sunderland, the son of that old fox we knew in the reign of James, taking advantage of the King's absence in Hanover, went over there, **1717** ostensibly to drink mineral waters, really to attempt the ousting of A.D. Townshend. In this, having intrigued with Stanhope and the Hanoverian Junto, he soon succeeded. Walpole, who had been latterly devoting all his energies to the framing of a plan for the reduction of the national debt by means of a *sinking fund*, resigned and went into Opposition.

A daring and unscrupulous adventurer was then controlling the destinies of Spain. Born in the cottage of a village gardener and entering life in the humble garb of a country curate, Giuglio Alberoni, a native of Piacenza, climbed by

various intrigues to be Prime Minister of Spain. He possessed the whole confidence of Elizabeth Farnese, the Queen of Philip V., since his management had secured for her a seat on the Spanish throne. Resolving to raise Spain once more to her old position among European States, he instituted a system of rigid economy and order in the trade, the finances, the army, and the navy of the kingdom. Driven by circumstances into war, he made a bold dash upon Sardinia, then belonging to the Emperor. England and France, bound together by a Triple Alliance, which they and Holland had concluded at the beginning of this year, interposed; but Alberoni merely grew more active in pushing his secret mines of intrigue into all the principal states of Europe. Wherever there was dissatisfaction with the government, there were his emissaries blowing embers into flame. And he surely did not overlook the chance, which Jacobite plottings gave him of making a deadly thrust at England.

But the bare rocks and swampy valleys of Sardinia were not what Alberoni chiefly aimed at. It was shrewdly suspected that he had a covetous eye on Sicily, whose volcanic soil teems with vegetable wealth and whose position gives it a central command of the Great Sea. Startled by the news that a large fleet was assembling in the Spanish ports, the Great Powers—England, France, the Emperor, and afterwards Holland—signed the Quadruple Alliance in August 1718. War was not yet regularly declared; but England thought it right to send Sir George Byng with a fleet into the Mediterranean. The precaution was not useless. Antonio Castaneta—who knew more about ship-building than naval warfare—led a fleet of thirty Spanish war-ships to the northern coast of Sicily and poured upon its fertile shore—twelve miles from Palermo—a huge army under De Lede a deformed Fleming. The capital, unprepared for attack, fell an easy prey to the invaders. Messina was the next great object of assault. Trenches were soon opened against its stubborn citadel, and all the horrid enginery of a siege-train began to ply, when Byng came sailing from Naples down the Faro in search of the Spanish fleet. Rejecting a sensible plan proposed by one of his officers, the Spanish admiral stood out to sea: and off Cape Passaro the fleets engaged. There seems to have been on the Spanish side no plan of action. The English line came bearing down under easy sail, and, going right in among the Dons, blew them nearly out of the water, with the loss to themselves of only one ship (August 11, 1718). Alberoni furiously plunged into a British war, sending his drummers through the streets of Madrid to forbid all persons from speaking of the Passaro affair. His scheme of vengeance grew speedily ripe; it was no other than to send a second Armada against the English shores. It would have been well for Giuglio, had he pondered the story of the first Armada, before committing his fortunes to the storms of the Biscay seas.

A sharp conflict took place during this year (1718) in the British Parliament, which I may notice before narrating the dispersion of the second Armada. Two Acts, added to the old Test Act—the Occasional Conformity Bill of 1711 and the Schism Bill of 1714—had been pressing with triple

weight upon Protestant Dissenters. Stanhope set himself to relieve that loyal and important section of the nation. Introducing a Bill into the Lords for the repeal of these two Statutes, he carried it through both Houses in triumph after a hard fight with Walpole and others. The Test Act was left behind—to be broken like a rusty sword early in our own century.

Alberoni tried to make the Pretender his means of revenge on England. Having collected an armament at Cadiz, he sent off to Italy for James, who was then contracted in marriage to Clementina Sobieski, grand-daughter of the famous John. James sailed over and entered Madrid in triumph. But the waves of Biscay proved too fierce for the fleet, bound for the English seas. Off Finisterre a twelve days' storm completely broke the power of the expedition. Two frigates, struggling through the storm, reached Scotland. The Marquis of Tullibardine and the Earls Marischal and Seaforth were on

board with about three hundred Spaniards. Landing (April 10) at 1719 Kintail in Ross-shire they gathered round them a few hundred plaids, A.D. and lay waiting the turn of fortune for some weeks. The Pass of

Glenshiel¹ witnessed the fate of this fragment of the expedition. There General Wightman with a thousand men attacked the position of the rebels one evening in June and forced their rocky stronghold. The Highlanders escaped easily. The Spaniards surrendered and went to prison at Edinburgh. The three Lords lurked among the Hebrides, until a ship took them in disguise to Spain.

The capture of St. Sebastian by Marshal Berwick and his French army and the fall of Vigo before an English force under Cobham hastened the ruin of England's arch-enemy, Alberoni, who hid his diminished head in Italy. Spain then made peace with England and with France.

In the Parliamentary proceedings of 1719 there was a struggle of considerable importance. It was the battle of the Peerage Bill, a measure due to the united efforts of Stanhope and Sunderland. The creation of twelve peers during the administration of Harley, in order to form a majority for Government in the Upper House, had created a feeling that this branch of the royal prerogative might be greatly abused. Being intended principally as a curb upon the Prince of Wales, the Peerage Bill did not displease old George, although it aimed at plucking a fair jewel from his crown. He consented to its introduction and it passed the Lords. There eleven clauses were agreed on as the groundwork of the measure. These provided against the increase of the Upper House by more than six new peers, and arranged that there should be only one creation for each extinction. During the interval between the sessions, while the Bill hung still in the Lords, there was a great pen-war upon the subject. Arrayed on rival sides we see those great masters of English prose, who had united nine years earlier in depicting the character of Sir Roger de Coverley upon the imperishable pages of the *Spectator*. Addison's pamphlet, called "The Old Whig," drew forth from Steele a power-

¹ *Glenshiel*, a pass between Inverness-shire and Argyleshire.

ful reply entitled "The Plebeian." Years had done their work on the old friends. Joseph was dying in the gilded cage of Holland House. Dick, Sir Richard rather, was blazing away at Bloomsbury upon borrowed money or credit that was swiftly coming to an end. Steele's side won in the Peerage fight. As I have said, the Bill passed the Lords; but in the Commons Walpole sealed its fate by a speech of uncommon power, and, for him, uncommon classic grace. On the second reading it was lost by 269 to 177 (Dec. 8, 1719).

The year 1720 was filled with the great commercial tragedy of the South Sea Scheme. This ill wind, blowing destruction and disgrace to so many, blew Walpole to the pinnacle of power. In the fertile brain of Harley the idea of this scheme was first hatched; and a company was formed for the purpose of trading to the South Seas. By-and-by, when the grand problem of paying off the National Debt, at this time up to more than fifty millions, began to attract the minds of speculators, Sir John Blunt proposed on behalf of the South Sea Company to redeem the public debt in twenty-six years, if Parliament would grant them a monopoly of trade. Aislabie, Chancellor of the Exchequer, followed by Secretary Craggs, pressed the proposal strongly on the House. Awed by the magnitude and vagueness of the transaction, the members sat silent for a quarter of an hour. Among the speakers who then found voice was Walpole, who agreed in the main with the proposal, but expressed a feeling in favour of a competition with other companies. Then began a bidding of the Bank of England against the South Sea Company, the latter gaining the job by offering a gift of £7,530,000 to the public. Walpole had already seen through the glittering bubble to its hollow centre. Weightily he spoke in warning against the delusions of this dream. But his warnings only evoked sarcastic allusions to Cassandra. Earl Cowper in the Upper House, looking to the probable results of the Bill, aptly recalled the story of the wooden horse that overthrew Troy. The fatal Act was notwithstanding passed.

A coalition with Sunderland admitted Walpole and Townshend once more into the Government. Early in June 1720 the former became Paymaster of the Forces; the latter President of the Council. A reconciliation between the King and the Prince of Wales, effected principally by Walpole, had preceded this return to office. Among the trees and pastures of Houghton Walpole spent the summer in a roistering way congenial to his taste. Wonderful and then suspicious news came down from the capital. With the heat of the dog-days a fever of gambling had come upon the people. False reports, cooked statements of income, fraudulent declarations of enormous dividends, rising to fifty per cent, had set London in a blaze. Hard gold, houses and lands, property of every kind flowed into this melting pot in Change Alley to be converted into South Sea stock. The shares rose from £126 to £1000, reaching this extraordinary price on the 4th of August. Into the crop of minor bubbles, springing round the great one, as has been well said, "like mushrooms round a rotten tree," most

1720
A.D.

of the leading men of the day dipped pretty deeply. The Prince of Wales became Governor of a Copper Company; but, being warned that prosecution and exposure in Parliament would ensue, he withdrew his name, having netted however *only* £40,000. A blow, which the South Sea Directors aimed at these rivals, knocked their own Company to shivers. Putting an end to the mushrooms by writs of *scire facias*, they caused the deluded public to suspect that perhaps the big tree was rotten. And so it proved. Down, down went the stock in three weeks to £400. Tumbling like the house a child makes of cards, the air-castles of Blunt and Aislabie came down with the falling shares. Merchants, bankers, traders of every sort broke and fled. A temporary palsy fell on the commerce of the nation.

There seemed to be only one man in the kingdom able to face the crisis. Called from Houghton to the capital, Walpole looked round on the heaps of ruin and bethought him of a plan to save something from the wreck. But the cry for vengeance was so loud that the House had no ear for anything else. Lord Molesworth declared that the Directors should be sewed in sacks and thrown into the Thames. Sir Joseph Jekyll pressed hard for a Committee of Investigation. The news that Knight the cashier had fled from England with a register, called the Green Book, threw the House into a panic lest the delinquents might all escape. And, when the black business was publicly dissected, it was found that the principal statesmen and courtiers—not forgetting the huge mistresses of George—were implicated deeply in the nefarious proceedings. The names of Sunderland, Aislabie, Stanhope (written *Stangape* for concealment), and Craggs were prominent in the distribution of spoil. Stanhope died of a fit of rage, brought on by the Duke of Wharton's attack on him in the House. Craggs died of small-pox, aggravated by anxiety. Aislabie was expelled and imprisoned in the Tower. Sunderland underwent a trial, but was acquitted through the skilful manner in which Walpole threw discredit on the evidence. His public life however was at an end. **April 2,** Walpole, who had already assumed Aislabie's post at the head of **1721** the Exchequer, now became First Lord of the Treasury and Prime **A.D.** Minister of England, Lords Carteret and Townshend acting in concert with him as Joint Secretaries.

The plan, which Parliament finally accepted for remedying the national disaster of 1720, proved Walpole's grasp of financial difficulties. It consisted chiefly in remitting more than £5,000,000 of the bonus promised by the Company—applying the forfeited estates of the Directors to pay off the debts—and dividing £33, 6s. 8d. per cent. of the capital stock among the proprietors. It may be added, as a qualification to the benefits thus conferred by Walpole on the nation, that he was not free himself from the suspicion of having dealt largely in South Sea stock. An important difference between him and some of his colleagues was, that he sold out when shares were near their highest mark.

For nearly twenty years Walpole then continued to direct the Government

of Great Britain. Love of power was his engrossing passion, and bribery his great engine of government. "He governed, however, by corruption, because in his time it was impossible to govern otherwise." It was in debate he chiefly shone, and no man of his day knew better "what it most concerned him to know, mankind, the English nation, the Court, the House of Commons, and the Treasury." His bluff good-humoured countenance, of the John Bull type, when lighted up with the wine of which he was very fond, glowed from under his huge periwig with the spirit of coarse and noisy mirth. Houghton in vacation-time became a scene of the wildest revelry and riot, growing at times to such a pitch of scandal, that quiet Townshend was driven, blushing for his brother-in-law, from the neighbouring manor of Rainham. The power of Sir Robert Walpole may be best understood by considering the remarkable character of the Opposition, against which he fought undauntedly. In addition to the names of statesmen such as Bolingbroke, Carteret, Chesterfield, Argyle, Pulteney, and Pitt, we find there the pens of Pope, Swift, Gay, Arbuthnot, Fielding, Johnson, Thomson, Akenside, and Glover.

Francis Atterbury, the restless and intriguing Bishop of Rochester, who had stood by Sacheverell during the crisis of his trial, entered now into a plot in favour of the Pretender. Distinguished through all his career by a strong attachment to Tory principles, this prelate refused upon the accession of the Brunswick sovereign to sign the address of the Bishops to the Crown. The Jacobites asked aid from the Regent Orleans, who betrayed their intentions to the British Government. Walpole, on receipt of this information, proceeded to take active measures, levelling his chief energy against the conspirator in lawn sleeves. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended. A Bill of Pains and Penalties passed through both Houses, sentencing Atterbury to deprivation and exile. It was thought that his embarkation in the ship, which was to bear him into exile, would excite a great Jacobite riot. But nothing occurred, except the crowding of some boats around the vessel's side. So passed from England to comparative obscurity and narrowness of means this pillar of the Jacobite hopes. The last years of his life, spent at Paris and Montpellier, were devoted to moling and ferreting both in favour of James and in favour of his own return to England. Soured and baffled, he died at Paris in 1731 in the seventieth year of his age. What living he sought in vain, was not denied to his remains, for they crossed the sea to find a tomb in Westminster Abbey.

There was in the Cabinet a statesman, who never really joined hands with Walpole and Townshend, a man too of the greatest learning and eloquence. John Lord Carteret had succeeded Sunderland as one of the Secretaries of State, and had devoted himself to the maintenance of Sunderland's policy. From Westminster, and Christ Church, Oxford, he had brought away, as Swift slyly said, "more Greek, Latin, and Philosophy than became a person of his rank." Bentley was his familiar friend. But his acquirements did not stop with the dead languages. He could talk French, Italian, and Spanish

with fluent grace, and made a point of learning German for use in the Council meetings. His knowledge of the last tongue made him a special favourite with George, who could not speak English, and could with difficulty understand the queer Latin of Walpole. It would not have required the gift of prophecy to foretell a rupture between Carteret and Walpole. One was too accomplished, the other too ambitious, to pull long together.

The schemes of wily Bolingbroke to get back to England put Walpole in a most unpleasant position. Pushed on by the King, who was influenced in his turn by the bribed Duchess of Kendal, the minister lent his name to the reversal of the exile's forfeiture, little dreaming that he was preparing a dagger to wound himself. To bind a statesman so slippery as the infidel libertine was impossible. Throwing himself headlong into the Tory Opposition, he began under the name of Humphrey Oldcastle to write the bitterest articles against Walpole in the columns of the *Craftsman*. But Walpole's mail proved too strong for these venomous shafts to pierce. In vain Bolingbroke waited for a change of ministry, a move in affairs which came too late to serve *his* purpose. In English villas at Dawley and Battersea and a French chateau in Touraine the sword rusted and chafed in its scabbard till 1751, when it broke.

During the year 1725 Ireland and Scotland were convulsed by two questions, fanned by demagogues into gigantic dimensions. Halfpence tortured Ireland; beer threw Scotland into fermentation. The Duchess of Kendal (how often the name rises, fraught with mischief, during this reign!) having obtained from Sunderland a patent for supplying Ireland with copper coin, sold it to an iron-master and mine-proprietor named Wood. Under the viceroyalty of the Duke of Grafton, Wood, armed with the patent, proceeded to send his coin across the Channel. Out came the Drapier Letters from the vigorous pen of the Dean of St. Patrick's. Carteret, succeeding Grafton, tried in vain to force into circulation these halfpence, which were not at all so bad as Swift represented them to be. But ultimately peace could be restored only by quashing the patent, and compensating Wood by a pension. The Scottish disturbance, caused by the imposition of sixpence on every barrel of beer or ale, looked alarming enough, when the brewers of Edinburgh leagued together in opposition to the tax. But the firmness of Lord Islay, a keen partisan of Walpole, sufficed to break the power of the disaffected, and to smooth away all symptoms of sedition.

The Treaty of Vienna (1725), formed between those quondam enemies—the Emperor and the King of Spain—caused England and France to unite in concluding the defensive Treaty of Hanover. The war, which followed, was as brief and eventless as any in our history.

A notable domestic event of the latter years of George I. was the trial of Lord Chancellor Macclesfield for corruption and extortion in the discharge of his high office. Impeached at the bar of the Lords and declared guilty, he was fined £30,000 and sent to the Tower till the fine was paid.

It was the fortune or misfortune of Robert Walpole to estrange from his Government and party many of the ablest men of the day. In fact, his ambi-

tion could not tolerate anything approaching to equality of power on the part of a colleague. William Pulteney, doubly armed with great riches and great rhetorical power, followed his star consistently and long. But, when he found that his devotion was rewarded on Walpole's accession to power merely with the second-rate post of Cofferer to the Household, he grew cool towards the Premier, and in 1725 flung himself into the ranks of the Opposition, where he became the head of the party, known as the Patriots and formed of those Whigs who dialiked the policy of Walpole.

The death of George I., who was seized with apoplexy while travelling in his coach to Osnabruck, caused a seeming hitch in the stability of the Walpole administration. In fact the Premiership was offered to **June 11**, and declined by Sir Spencer Compton. But Walpole found in the **1727** new Queen, Caroline of Anspach, a witty accomplished and handsome **A.D.** woman, a friend and supporter who remained true to him till her death. By her influence over her husband—punctilious and commonplace little George II.—she succeeded in retaining for the country the services of a man, who knew the temper of the nation better than any of his contemporaries.

George II. was forty-five years of age at the date of his accession, and had at least this advantage over his father, as a King of England, that he could speak the English tongue. With that father he had been nearly always on bad terms, for he sided with his poor mother, Sophia of Zell, who, for an alleged amour with Königsmarck a Swede, had been shut up for thirty-two years in the castle of Ahlden on the Aller.

In the new Parliament, which met in January 1728, there was much sharp fencing between Walpole and Pulteney on the subject of the reduction of the National Debt. The latter contended that the sinking fund, on which Walpole had so greatly prided himself, was a mere sham, since the debt was actually increased. The charge of £250,000 for secret service money appeared to the Opposition so suspicious an item, that the King was addressed on the subject: and an answer was received to the effect that a specific account could not be given without injury to the public service. Thus it was that Walpole was able to make golden bids for members' votes.

The Treaty of Seville, concluded on the 29th of November 1729 between Spain on the one hand and Great Britain and France on the other, left Walpole unhampered by a foreign war. Ripperda, an intriguing Netherlander, who had climbed to the chair of Alberoni after that minister's fall, had himself fallen, and had previously sought an asylum in England. Sorely against his will this Treaty was made. The door of vengeance on Spain being thus closed in England, he sought a means of wounding the land that had flung him off by taking service under the Moorish Emperor: Created a Bashaw, he lived at Tetuan until 1737.

A breach between Walpole and Townshend split the Cabinet in 1730. Many little disagreements, edged with jealousy on the part of Townshend, gradually swelled into an estrangement. The favour of the Queen—the peerage

granted in 1724 to his son—the riotous splendour of his establishment at Houghton, where rich wines shone in the glasses and costly pictures lit the walls—and his own remarkable force of character and knowledge of human-kind—gave Walpole decided advantages over his dictatorial and less agreeable brother-in-law. Lady Townshend kept the peace for a while between

1730 her husband and her brother; but after her death they actually on

A.D. one occasion in a friend's house griped each other by the throat, and a duel would have followed, but for the interference of the company. After this collision Townshend found it necessary to resign his office, and went to spend the quiet evening of his days at Rainham.

The chief battle of Walpole's administration was for his pet scheme of Excise. Tobacco and wine, being the commodities in which most smuggling business was done, attracted his attention especially. The notion of Excise had been always, from its earliest mention in the reign of Charles the First, repugnant to the feelings of the people. Loud and fierce then was the cry, when Sir Robert, undaunted by what he considered mere noise, disclosed his intentions to the House of Commons on the 14th of March 1733. Already

March 14, Pulteney, the leader of the Whig Opposition, had declaimed against

1733 the monster, which was about to be paraded in their view. Re-

A.D. counting several cases of the grossest fraud on the part of tobacco dealers, Walpole, confining himself to a single commodity, that he might feel the pulse of the nation, proposed that the duty on tobacco should be reduced from something over sixpence to fourpence three-farthings, and that this sum should not be levied until the tobacco was sold for home consumption. A merchant, storing tobacco for exportation, would thus be enabled to reload his ship without any payment of duty. The grand result of the measure, according to its author, would have been to make London a free port and the market of the world. Having already trotted out the famous wooden horse of Troy, the Opposition were thrown back upon other allusions in the progress of debate. Pulteney, jeering at the proposed reduction or abolition of the land-tax, quoted Sir Epicure Mammon in the *Alchemist*, who got a little salve for the itch instead of the philosopher's stone, for which he had paid his money. Wyndham spoke in a menacing tone of Empson and Dudley, whose extortion for a father had cost them their heads under his son. Walpole, having asked the Attorney-General, who sat behind him, who Empson and Dudley were, retorted boldly enough. The debate lasted till two in the morning, during which a furious mob assailed the doors. While Walpole was going to his coach, rude hands were laid on his cloak, and he might have been hurt, but for his friends. Upon the first reading of the Bill (April 4th) the minister had a majority. But this majority grew less after several votings on different points. The Common Council of London and the corporations of Nottingham and Coventry petitioned against the Bill. Walpole, able like Elizabeth to detect danger in the political horizon and to withdraw his obnoxious measures in time to avert the menacing mischief,

moved that the second reading be postponed to the 12th of June. Since the adjournment of the House would probably precede that date, this amounted to the shelving of the measure. Most of Walpole's supporters were for fighting still; but, knowing better, he met them promptly with the assurance that if they persisted in such a course he would ask the King's leave to resign, for he would not be the minister to enforce taxes at the price of blood. A wise and manly speech, which places him in favourable contrast with many English statesmen! When the 12th of June came, the House, not yet ready for vacation, just skipped a day, and so was an end of the Tobacco Bill. The Wine Bill was never broached. All over the country bonfires and cockades testified the feeling of the people at the defeat of the Excise Scheme. The Oxford gowamen, probably feeling a peculiar interest in the two commodities in debate—tobacco and wine—launched out into three days' Saturnalia. But Walpole did not lightly pass over those traitors in his camp, who had opposed his favourite scheme. Several pens were driven into the ranks of Opposition, whither Carteret had already carried his knowledge of many tongues. From Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, chief of these, the white staff of the High Stewardship was taken. We learn Walpole's spirit from such a step as this, for Chesterfield was an important ally, being a recognized leader of *ton* and a man of considerable literary power. Thus one by one the ablest men of the day were breaking with the sturdy lord of Houghton, leaving him to fight almost alone. Death had not yet however taken his truest friend away.

The choking of the Excise Bill encouraged the Opposition next year to attempt the repeal of the Septennial Act. But in this they failed. The dissolution of the Parliament following immediately, the country was plunged into the turmoil of a general election, which is said to have cost Sir Robert £60,000. And yet the muster of his supporters was considerably weaker than in the old House.

The notorious Porteous riots occurred in Edinburgh during the autumn of 1736. Enraged at the execution of Wilson a smuggler, who had given his accomplice Robertson an extraordinary chance of escape, the mob in the Grassmarket began to pelt the soldiers. Captain Porteous rashly ordering his men to fire, some of the crowd of onlookers were killed. For this he was tried and condemned, upon which the Queen sent down a respite for six weeks that the matter might be fully investigated. But the lower classes of Edinburgh resolved to make a terrible example of the man. Mustering therefore with drumbeat at ten on the night of the 7th of September, they barricaded the Ports, disarmed the City Guard, and, having forced the keeper of the Tolbooth to give up his keys by heaping fire against the oaken door, dragged the unhappy Captain from his hiding-place in the chimney. Having hauled him to the Grassmarket, they got a rope and hanged him over a dyer's pole. Islay, noted in the beer question, was sent down to Scotland to bring the ringleaders to justice, but could do nothing of the kind.

There was much talk of this affair in Parliament during the next session (1737). A Bill was brought in to punish Edinburgh, by displacing Provost Alexander Wilson from the magistracy of Great Britain, abolishing the town-guard, and taking away the gates of the Nether Bow. Met by the keenest opposition from the Scottish members, among whom Duncan Forbes the Lord Advocate was prominent, Walpole with his usual prudence agreed to file the sharp points off the Bill before it passed. The clause against Wilson remained intact, but a fine of £2000 for the widow of Porteous was substituted for the other obnoxious parts of the measure.

A quarrel and a death made the year 1737 memorable in the history of Sir Robert Walpole. Frederic, Prince of Wales, who had in the previous year married Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, split with his father on the subject of an increased allowance. His cause being warmly espoused by the Opposition, Pulteney in the Commons and Carteret in the Lords made motions to the effect that £100,000 a year should be settled on the Prince. Both motions were negatived; but the Prince joined the Opposition, and henceforth fought bitterly against Walpole. This would have mattered less, had Queen Caroline lived. But an internal rupture, which she foolishly concealed, removed that amiable and clever woman on the 20th of November to the intense grief of the King and the great loss of Robert Walpole. To the latter, as she lay dying, she recommended her bereaved husband, saying, "I hope you will never desert the King."

Not very long after she expired, the question of a Spanish war began to agitate the nation. Spain's old claim to the *whole* of the New World was naturally set at naught by other great maritime powers in Europe, and, when the Dons resented this, there were frequent skirmishes in the West Indian seas even during times of peace. A system of smuggling having been long in existence on these shores, the Spaniards claimed the right of searching every British ship found near their American harbours, and accordingly ordered their cruisers to board all vessels. These *guarda costas* acted insolently and cruelly towards many British crews in exercising this pretended right. Merchants at home grumbled loudly at the losses they sustained, and the statesmen of the Opposition keenly took up the cry of dishonour to the English flag. Other causes of quarrel aggravated the bad feeling between London and Madrid. The right of Britons to cut logwood at Campeachy and to gather salt at Tortuga, and the exact line which bounded Carolina and Georgia on the south grew also into national questions. Pulteney spoke out, insisting that Spain should not be permitted to trample upon Britain. The voice of almost the whole nation seconded his demand. Walpole thought

that, if an amicable adjustment of the points in dispute could be managed, it would be a better plan than rushing into war. Negotiations were entered into, but they proved fruitless, and war against

Spain was formally declared (Oct. 19, 1739). Every bell in London tongued out its joy, while the Prince of Wales, going into the City with the

Oct. 19,
1739

A.D.

heralds in their finery, stopped at the door of the Rose near Temple Bar to drink a toast to the success of the war. Walpole meanwhile made a bitter pun, as the noisy bells caught his ear,—“They may ring their bells now, but they soon will wring their hands.”

The debates on the Spanish war cost Walpole the last of the great statesmen, whom his policy estranged and drove into Opposition. Pulteney, Carteret, Townshend, Chesterfield had gone. John, Duke of Argyle, whom we saw victorious at Sheriffmuir, now grew disgusted with the turn of affairs, and broke with Sir Robert, closing the list of eminent orators, whom the intrepid Premier threw over rather than deviate an inch from the line of policy he had chalked out for himself.

A rude sailor, called Admiral Vernon, having blurted out one day in the House of Commons, where he sat as member for Portsmouth, that he would undertake to reduce Portobello¹ on the Spanish Main with six ships, was taken at his word. Sailing from Spithead on the 23rd of July 1739, he actually succeeded in making good his random boast. As he belonged to the ranks of Opposition, his name was cried up by the chiefs of the Tory faction, who ranked him with the great sea-kings of former days. Aid was sent out to him without delay. During the year 1740 Commodore Anson set out with a few ships for the South Seas, having received orders to communicate with Vernon across the isthmus. And within the same year a greater expedition was prepared, consisting of a considerable land force under Lord Cathcart and a fleet of twenty-seven first-rates under Sir Chaloner Ogle. They joined Vernon at Jamaica. The united forces made a splendid show; thirty ships of the line, and ninety other vessels bore 15,000 sailors and 12,000 soldiers. Cathcart having died of fever, General Wentworth took his place. And then the fatal bickering began. Vernon hated Wentworth, who was not slow to respond. Whatever went wrong, was blamed by each upon the other. After hovering aimlessly about the Caribbean Sea, Vernon resolved to attack Cartagena,² and, having anchored off its batteries, lay stupidly looking on for five days, while the Spaniards added treble strength to their works. The capture of an outwork, when he *did* begin, completely turned his head. Then he and Wentworth hung back, each waiting till the other stormed the town. Soldiers without powder were landed to lie on the swampy ground and be shot at. Sailors lounged inactive on the fore-castles. Wentworth at last resolved to make an attempt on Fort Lazaro. It was the only dashing thing during the whole affair. But it too was unfortunate. Some Spanish guides, either ignorant or treacherous, led the attacking party to the strongest part of the wall. Arrived there, it was found that their ladders were too short, and in the midst of their perplexity the sun rose with tropical swiftness. Shot at from above and falling in dozens, the brave

April,
1741
A.D.

¹ Portobello or Puerto Velo, on the northern or Atlantic side of the rocky isthmus of Panama.

² Cartagena, a seaport of New Granada in South America, seventy miles south-west of the mouth of the Magdalena.

fellows tried to scramble up the wall. Grant and his grenadiers actually succeeded in gaining the top, but, a ball having struck down the gallant Colonel, his followers lost heart and were driven down. So vigorous was the struggle of the English, that six hundred men lay dead or wounded before they thought of a retreat. Vernon, it is said, looked coolly on with his hands in his pockets, and sent aid only when aid was useless. Rain and fever made short work of those on shore, who had escaped the Spanish bullets. There was no use in staying at Cartagena after this repulse, and the relics of the expedition retreated to Jamaica. New succours came from England, only to be smitten by the blight, which incompetence and ill-feeling had brought upon a noble fleet and army. The Admiral and the General vainly tried to shift the blame of the disaster to the shoulders of each other: History condemns both, especially the former.

Let us now take a glimpse of a movement, more grave and lasting in its results than any warlike undertaking, which at this time began to sweep England like the tempest of an angel's wing. Dry cold assent or open scoff or flippant levity had come to mark the treatment of religious subjects in our island. The frost of fashion and the blight of libertinism, long breathing over the waters of the Channel from the Court and society of France, had mainly caused this unhappy state of things. Heaven sent two men, who did more than any of their century, to unlock the icy fetters and breathe a new and earnest life into the religion of the English people. They were George Whitefield and John Wesley. The latter, born in 1703, went from the Charter-house to Oxford, where two books, *De Imitatione Christi* and Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, produced a powerful effect upon his mind. When he went back to college after acting as his father's curate, he joined a little knot of students who met at stated times for religious worship. Whitefield, an innkeeper's son, who had come to Oxford as a servitor, was one of the set. Out of these meetings in college-rooms grew the great Methodist body, which like the Puritans of an earlier day, splitting from the parent Church, took root by itself and grew into a fair and stately tree. The preaching of Whitefield was something marvellous. The rush of his eloquence bowed the hearts of the crowds that flocked to hear him, like a storm on a field of ripening grain. Wesley too preached, wrote hymns, and rode over all the land, scattering fire as he went upon the formalism that held its stony reign everywhere. Open-air preaching was the grand instrument in this good work. Whitefield, beginning at Bristol in 1739, preached also at Moorfields, Blackheath, and other places in the neighbourhood of London, drawing huge crowds round the rude extemporized pulpit, that supplied the place of the carved oak, from which he was shut out by offended churchmen. The Countess of Huntingdon invited Whitefield to preach in her house at Chelsea, where the courtly Chesterfield and cankered old Bolingbroke listened to his words of flame. Let us hope the sermon did some good to the lordly pair. But Methodism, spreading faster than ever leaven worked among the various strata of the middle classes, took

no permanent hold upon the aristocracy. Whitefield broke down much sooner than Wesley, who, although they had differed much in life, spoke tender and affecting words in reference to the great orator's death. That event took place in 1770 near Boston in America. Wesley survived till 1791.

Before the fatal business at Cartagena the enemies of Walpole, having duly prepared their batteries, opened fire on him in both Houses. Sandys, nicknamed "the motion-maker," stood up in the Commons (February 13, 1741,) amid a great crowd of members, some of whom had taken their seats at six in the morning, and, after reviewing the entire policy of Walpole at home and abroad, moved "That a humble address be presented to his Majesty that he would be graciously pleased to remove the Right Hon. Sir Robert Walpole from his Majesty's presence and counsels for ever." Pulteney, Pitt, and others supported the motion. Rising to defend himself from this grand assault, the minister went step by step over all his great transactions, flinging out now and then a burst of indignant sarcasm which must have scorched like vitriol. Patriotism had been much talked of by the attacking band. "A patriot, sir," said Walpole, "why, patriots spring up like mushrooms. I could raise fifty of them within the four-and-twenty hours. I have raised many of them in one night. It is but refusing to gratify an unreasonable or an insolent demand, and up starts a patriot. I have never been afraid of making patriots." This motion was defeated by 290 against 106. And the same motion, made in the Upper House by Lord Carteret on the same day, met the same fate, although the fight was keener.

Yet the day of Walpole's fall was not far off. Smaller and smaller grew his majorities in the House, until the session and the Parliament ended. Either from over confidence or the loss of hope and spring Walpole suffered the elections to take in many cases an unfavourable turn. And, when the new House assembled, its temper was decidedly against his ministry.

A vote upon the Chippenham election, leaving the ministry in a minority of sixteen, decided the fate of Walpole. This reverse occurring on the 2nd of February, 1742, the King created him Earl of Orford on the 9th, and on the 11th he resigned office.

Lord Wilmington (the Sir Spencer Compton to whom Thomson Feb. 11, dedicated *Winter*) became Premier, Carteret acting as Foreign Secretary, and Sandys as Chancellor of the Exchequer. But Carteret was 1742 A.D. the ruling spirit of the new Cabinet, which did not hold together long.

As Walpole now fades out of English history, I may here anticipate so far as to bring his story to a close.

A Secret Committee, appointed by Parliament, having gone into the case against the Ex-premier, brought against him charges reducible under three heads. (1.) Undue influence in elections. (2.) Granting fraudulent contracts. (3.) Peculation and profusion in the expenditure of the public money. But the House rejected the accusation. Though stripped of office, Walpole retained the confidence of George, who, displacing Carteret in 1743, raised Henry

Pelham to the head of affairs. This arrangement, due partly to the quiet scheming of Walpole, struck a heavy blow at the ex-minister's most restless foe—Pulteney, now Earl of Bath.

Walpole presents the picture of a fat blustering jolly squire, fond of coarse joking and deep drinking, rollicking about Richmond Park at the heels of his beagles, or startling the quiet Norfolk woodlands with the roar of his tipsy Whigs. Loving field sports passionately, he liked better to be painted in his shooting-jacket than in a courtly dress. After his retirement his plantations and his pictures absorbed most of his abundant leisure.

He died on the 18th of March 1745 in the sixty-ninth year of his age, after suffering severe tortures from internal disease.

CHAPTER VI.

DETTINGEN AND FONTENAY.

The Pragmatic Sanction.
Maria Theresa.
George in the field.
Cumberland.

Dettingen.
Treaty of Worms.
The Pelhams.
A lucky storm.

Return of Anson.
The Broad Bottom.
Fontenay.

THE Emperor Charles VI. published an ordinance, called the Pragmatic Sanction, in terms of which his daughters were appointed to succeed him, if he left no sons behind. This will, made several times, was confirmed or guaranteed by all the principal European powers. But, when the eldest of his daughters, celebrated under the name of Maria Theresa, proceeded after his death in 1740 to assume the crown of the Austrian dominions, a vast Coalition rose for the purpose of wresting these possessions from a seemingly weak and defenceless woman.

Into the details of the struggle I shall not enter, having to deal merely with its relations to the history of England. Only to the Hungarians, whose swords were bared at once in her cause, and to the English, whose gold was ready for her service, she could look in this hour of peril. In 1741 England made a treaty with her and sent her several hundred thousand pounds.

But it was not pure chivalry that prompted England to the war. France and she, like two fire-charged clouds drifting ever nearer, had been looking at each other over the narrow sea with eyes that grew darker every year. And, when this great apple of discord rolled out from the banks of the Danube, France and she naturally fell into opposing ranks. While England aided the Empress, France backed Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria, who had been elected Emperor.

Carteret, now Premier of England, for Wilmington was never more than a puppet, sent sixteen thousand men over into Flanders to support Maria's cause. These however, unaided by the Dutch, could do nothing; and, to relieve the

monotony of inactivity, they got into various quarrels with the inhabitants. The year 1742 having thus gone by without a single blow on the part of England, it became necessary to do something to the purpose. Accordingly the King, his soldier-son Cumberland, and his Secretary of State Lord Carteret set out for the Continent in the spring of the following year.

The Duke of Cumberland, whose name becomes prominent in the Forty-Five, was the second son of the King. His fat figure and furious temper caused many to laugh at and dislike him. But no one could refuse him the credit of knowing a good deal about the profession to which he belonged.

The Duc de Noailles with a French army, and the Earl of Stair with a force of English and Germans manœuvred about the basin of the Maine, until the latter was cut off from Hanau, where his provisions lay. Shut into a groove through which the Maine runs from Aschaffenburg to Dettingen¹—a locomotive now thunders through the pass—the Allied army was reduced to great straits for want of food, when the illustrious tourists from England entered the camp. Noailles made sure of his prey. To secure the success of the dash he meant to make, when they were fairly in the trap, he erected batteries on the opposite side of the bank. And he also sent his nephew, the Duc de Grammont, to fill the Dettingen valley, so that the road to Hanau might be securely blocked up. George meanwhile had made up his mind to fight rather than perish of starvation. Moving therefore in two columns up the stream, and feeling his way, as he advanced, by means of outposts, he faced the French in the defile. Aschaffenburg behind him had been pounced June 27, on, and his destruction seemed inevitable. Just then occurred one 1743 of those mistakes, which often ruin the best-laid plans. Grammont A.D. had been told not to stir—a very simple order to understand and obey. But his hot blood urged him to the attack. Unable to withstand the sight of foes, he charged with a whirlwind of horse. The noise frightened George's horse, which ran off towards the wrong side. Fortunately the King managed to pull up in time, drew his sword, and made a telling little speech to his soldiers. Both he and Cumberland smelt powder in earnest on that day, the latter being wounded in the leg. With a rapid rush of infantry he drove back Grammont's horse at the point of the bayonet, winning the battle, as Britons have often since done, with the cold steel. The bridges over the Maine were choked with the flying French; its current washed many a corpse miles away. The losses were six thousand on the French side—two thousand on the English. The victors were too hungry to pursue. Pressing on to Hanau, they found consolation for their toils in an abundant meal, regardless entirely of the wounded whom they had left writhing, swooning on the red glue of the battle-ground.

In the following autumn the Treaty of Worms, which Carteret induced George to conclude with Austria and Sardinia, strengthened considerably the interest of Maria.

The death of Wilmington in July 1743 caused a vacancy in the Cabinet and

¹ *Dettingen*, a small village in Bavaria on the Maine, sixteen miles south-east of Frankfurt

permitted the introduction of two brothers, who soon took the reins and held them long. These were the Pelhams—the absurd Duke of Newcastle, who became Secretary of State, and the business-like Henry Pelham, who found a sphere for the exercise of his financial talents in the office of Paymaster-General.

A fourfold alliance, concluded by England, Austria, Saxony, and Holland, opened the year 1744. Meanwhile the great event of the next summer was casting its threatening shadows forward.

Seven noble Scottish Jacobites having through their agent Drummond of Balhaldy communicated with the Pretender at Rome and stirred up the French to attempt the invasion of England, young Charles Edward left Rome in January 1744 and travelled secretly to Paris. A plan had been already arranged: three thousand men were to be landed in Scotland, while ten thousand, led by the famous Marshal Saxe and accompanied by Charlie, would land near London. Lurking at Gravelines, the young Pretender waited for the sailing of the fleet. Roqueseuille peeped into Spithead, and, seeing no ships, he sent word to Saxe that he might get his army on board. It was done. The sails were actually spread, and the waves were snoring round the cutting prows, when so great a storm came on, that the ships of Saxe were actually blown either to the bottom of the sea or back to the haven of Dunkirk. The Chevalier Douglas, as Charles called himself, continued to live unknown at Gravelines, cheapening fish in the markets and grumbling over the number of letters he had to write.

The departure of Anson for the South Seas was mentioned in the last chapter. Storms shattered his little squadron, while he struggled round the Horn, and he was ultimately reduced to one ship, the *Centurion*, scarcely half manned with a scurried crew. Yet he worked steadily out the bold resolve, which he had formed when news of the Vernon failure reached him. This was to follow the course of Drake over the broad Pacific in the hope of intercepting the great silver-ship, which annually sailed from Manilla to Mexico. Fortune favoured the daring enterprise. Battering away at the galleon from the decks of the crazy *Centurion*, which could scarcely bear the recoil of her own guns, he succeeded in capturing the rich prize. His homeward voyage round the Cape was not free from peril. In the English Channel he passed right through a French fleet under cover of a friendly fog. His landing at Spithead (June 15, 1744) was celebrated with much rejoicing, and the crowded Strand roared loud-voiced praise, as thirty waggons chinked along to the Tower with their precious burden.

The influence of the Pelhams gradually strengthened in the Cabinet, until there came a day, on which they bluntly told the King that either Carteret (now Earl Granville by his mother's death) or themselves must go. The weaker party went, for Orford (old Walpole) urged the King to force the linguist's resignation. And thus was formed the Broad Bottom Ministry, which had the singular good fortune of being for many years almost free from even the shadow of Opposition.

The war went on, the Low Countries now taking their turn as the theatre of blood. Marshal Saxe, a brave old soldier, so worn with sickness that he could not sit his horse, commanded a fine army of seventy-six thousand men in Flanders. To him was opposed a motley Allied force, containing twenty-eight thousand Englishmen, and amounting in all to not quite twice that number. A pack of lazy and cowardly Dutchmen clogged the movements of our army, and, when the critical moment came, refused to fight or ran away. When by a sudden movement the French invested Tournay, a most important post, the Allied army under Cumberland advanced to the rescue. Posted on some gentle heights between Fontenoy¹ and the Scheldt, the army of Saxe stood resolutely blocking up the way to Tournay. A wood guarded his left flank; the river swept his right. An attempt to penetrate the wood failed, owing to the stupidity of a British officer, who mistook some sharpshooters for a vast body of defenders. The Dutch prudently moved out of shot; some of them, to make sure of being beyond cannon range, rode twenty miles away. The whole brunt of the conflict fell on the British and Hanoverian troops. **May 11, 1745** Without their cavalry, who could not act on the rugged ground, painfully dragging cannon up rocky steeps, pierced by a deadly cross **A.D.** fire from batteries on right and left, they advanced through the wooded gorge with the slow certainty of a gigantic lava stream, withering every obstacle as it flows irresistibly along. If the Dutch had fired a shot at this eventful moment, the victory was ours. But the last desperate rush of the French broke the advancing, and, up to this moment, victorious column. Four guns blazed death into their very teeth. The Household Troops of France, and the Irish Brigade, composed of exiled soldiers, dashed on the exhausted and blinded ranks in a fresh and continuous torrent that nothing could withstand. There was no flight; but a steady and masterly retreat began. Cumberland, riding in the rear, brought the army in comparative safety off to Ath. Tournay, Ghent, Bruges, Oudenarde, Dendermond, one after another, fell into the hands of the French, while the Allies could merely stand on guard, covering Brussels and Antwerp.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FORTY-FIVE.

Preparing.
The voyage.
The red flag.
March to Edinburgh.

Prestonpana.
To Derby.
The retreat.
Falkirk.

Culloden.
Wanderlinga.
Later days.
Aix-la-Chapelle.

THE last invasion of Great Britain forms a romantic episode in her history, extending over scarcely fourteen months. Weary of waiting for French aid,

¹ *Fontenoy*, a Belgian village in the province of Hainault five miles south-east of Tournay.

which dissolved into thin air whenever he tried to grasp it, Charles Edward Stuart resolved to fling himself and his father's cause upon the devotion of the Scottish Highlanders. Borrowing 180,000 *livres* from two friends and writing to his father to pawn his jewels, he secretly collected fifteen hundred muskets, twenty small cannon, eighteen hundred swords, and a quantity of ammunition, which he managed to stow on board an armed privateer of sixty-seven guns, called the *Elizabeth*. Embarking himself in the *Doutelle*, a fast brig of eighteen guns, he pushed out of the mouth of the Loire and joined the *Elizabeth* off Belleisle. They sailed on the 13th of July 1745.

Meeting a British ship, the *Lion*, a fight of six hours took place between it and the *Elizabeth*, during which both suffered so severely that they had to return to their harbours. The *Doutelle* went on alone, and but for her swift sailing might have been caught by another British cruiser. The islet of Erisca, between Barra and South Uist, was the first Scottish land pressed by the Pretender's foot. An eagle came wheeling out from the craggy shore as they approached, an omen upon which Lord Tullibardine congratulated the delighted Prince. It was not until the *Doutelle* entered that loch of Inverness-shire, which lies between Moidart and Arisaig, that he could persuade the Macdonalds to join him in what they thought a hopeless enterprise. At last they took fire, and soon glowed white-hot with warlike ardour.

Attended by the "seven men of Moidart," among whom Tullibardine was prominent, the Prince landed, and went to the farm-house of Borodale, from which however he soon shifted his quarters to the more
July 25,
1745 convenient house of Kinloch Moidart, seven miles off. Alarmed

A.D. by some vague hints of what had happened, the Governor of Fort

Augustus sent two companies to strengthen the garrison at Fort William. The Highlanders met them at Spean Bridge, and, after shooting a few, took the rest prisoners. Small as the triumph was, it fanned the flame of rebellion. Having tasted blood, the clansmen grew wild with the fever of war. And, when on the 19th of August the banner of red silk, with a white centre for the words *Tandem triumphans*, rolled out on the breeze that swept the bracken and the rocks of Glenfinnan, the muster was encouraging enough, for it amounted on the following day to sixteen hundred men.

On that very day Sir John Cope, the Commander-in-Chief for Scotland, left Edinburgh. Moving northward by way of Stirling and Crieff, he found the rocky steps of Corry Arrack, leading to Fort Augustus, in the possession of the clansmen. This diverted the General from his intended course. With the prospect of joining the loyal clans of the north, he turned aside towards Inverness, expecting to draw the insurgents after him. It was a false move, leaving the road to the capital open and undefended.

Through wild Badenoch and lovely Athol the gathering band of tartaned men marched towards Perth, fascinated more and more every mile with the frank demeanour and Highland enthusiasm of their handsome Prince, whose stature out-topped them all. On the 4th of September he entered Perth, where he

found but one *Louis-d'Or* in his purse. Some grants and gifts however soon repaired the deficiency. Opposition melted before him, as he pressed on towards Edinburgh, his great centre of attack. Crossing the Forth at the Fords of Frew, eight miles above Stirling, he marched past that rock-built town, whose guns sent a few ineffective balls whizzing at the rebel array. Over the classic sod of Bannockburn he then proceeded to Falkirk, and next day (15th) took possession of Linlithgow. His vanguard soon reached Kirkliston, eight miles from the capital.

An amusing incident occurred, when a body of the invader's horse rode up to reconnoitre Gardiner's Dragoons and the Edinburgh Town Guard, who had taken post at the Colt Bridge to defend the approach to the capital. The cavalry fired a few pistol-shots, which struck so violent a terror into the breasts of the dragoons, that they galloped away to Edinburgh, dashed past the Castle and Arthur's Seat, never staying spur until they reached Preston. A further alarm sent some of them as far as Dunbar. The ride has been dubbed "The Canter of Coltbrigg."

A band of Camerons under Lochiel, having surprised the gate of the Nether Bow, secured the various entrances of the city. King James the Eighth was proclaimed at the Market Cross by the heralds in all their finery, **Sept. 17,** amid the music of bagpipes and sweeter sounds, and the flutter of **1745** white kerchiefs waved by whiter hands. On the same day the **A.D.** Prince, dressed in tartan and wearing a white cockade in his blue bonnet, passed through the Park to Holyrood, which a ball from the Castle struck as he was just about to enter.

The same day Cope, having sailed southward, was landing his troops at Dunbar with the intention of marching upon Edinburgh. Charles resolved to give battle at once. Moving therefore with a force of twenty-five hundred men, he had reached the brow of Carberry Hill, when he saw the Royalist army in the narrow plain next the sea. Cope's men were full of ardour; the dragoons especially burned to wipe out in Highland blood the disgrace of Coltbrigg. The Highland army, broken into irregular masses corresponding to the clans which composed it, lacked weapons for uniform fighting. The common men had often nothing but a scythe-blade on a pole. Yet they longed to rush upon the enemy from the moment that the armies came in sight, and with much grumbling lay down among the pease and corn to wait for another dawn. The great difficulty was the passage of a deep morass, which spread between the hosts. In the middle of the night however a gentleman in the Pretender's army recollected a pathway at Ringan Head which avoided the difficult bits of swamp. In the darkness the Highlanders followed this guide, and reached firm ground without sinking beyond the knee. The white mists of an autumn frost curled up after dawn to show the royal army the meaning of the sounds their outposts had heard through the night. The armies now faced each other on the same firm and level field, undivided by any morass. And in about six minutes more the Highlanders had won the battle of Prestonpans, or Glads-

muir, as the Jacobites preferred to call it. One rush did all. Maddened by the screaming of the pipes, they burst into a yell, flung themselves **Sept. 21,** right on the half-dozen cannon that grinned in front, frightened **1745** the dragoons with the lightning of wheeling claymores, and then, **A.D.** unbroken by the murderous fire of the infantry, caught the bayonet points in their targets, and hewed bloody gaps in the thick red lines. Driven back to the wall of Colonel Gardiner's park, the royal army broke in two, some dragoons racing off to alarm the High Street of Edinburgh, as they clattered up to the Castle, into which they could not get admission,—the main bulk of the army fleeing, with Sir John at their head, to the shelter of Berwick walls. We may judge from the incidents of the plundering how little Highlanders of that day knew of civilized life. Chocolate was cried in the streets of Perth as "Johnnie Cope's salve." A mountaineer, who had picked a watch from some dead man's pocket, complained that "the creature tied the tay after he caught her." The fine clothes of the garrison dandies adorned the gaunt limbs of numberless Donalds and Duncans. Charles got the military chest, containing £2500, as his share of the *loot*.

After the victory of Preston Charles lay forty days at Edinburgh, receiving accessions of force from various quarters, raising supplies of money in various ways, and drilling his irregular host, which lay in tents at Duddingston, into some semblance of military discipline. The last was not an easy task. The jails having been flung open, desperadoes of all kinds mounted the cockade, and it was no uncommon circumstance for some stout grocer of the Canon-gate, covered with the muzzle of a Highland musket, to have to purchase life at the cost of a *lawbee*. The Prince held councils during the day, messed with his officers, rode out to Duddingston to review his increasing force, and danced the evening away in the long oaken gallery of Holyrood. So passed precious time, during which the Brunswicks were drilling and mustering and straining every nerve for the defence of their throne. During this interval of comparative inaction Charles began the blockade of Edinburgh Castle, but gave it up, when General Guest the governor threatened to lay the town in ruins.

At six on the evening of the last day of October Charles left Holyrood for the purpose of invading England. He had then mustered nearly six **Oct. 31.** thousand men, of whom five hundred were cavalry. The first move was to Kelso, from which he struck at an angle along the north slope of the Cheviots, and so through Liddesdale to Carlisle. The siege of this ancient town occupied some days. After its capture the southward march was resumed in two bodies—one under the Prince himself, the other under Lord George Murray. No sign of an English rising greeted the invaders as they passed through Penrith, Kendal, and Lancaster on to Preston. There the first few recruits were obtained, and the popular English delusion, that Highlanders lived on babies, began to disappear. Manchester broke into joybells and illuminations at the Pretender's approach, and so many joined his flag that a

Manchester regiment was organized under the command of Francis Townley, a gentleman of Lancashire. But now the enemy began to stir. Marshal Wade, whom they had tricked by entering at the Solway side of the Border, was marching down through Yorkshire; Cumberland, lying at Lichfield with eight thousand men, blocked the southward path; while George himself, whose Dettingen laurels were still green, covered London with another force. Crossing the Mersey near Stockport, the Prince led his "petticoat-men," as the English called them, to Macclesfield. But the hoped-for rising was receding like a *mirage*. A skilful move of Murray led Cumberland towards Wales, which enabled the Prince to march unmolested to Derby. Entering that town on the 4th of December, he thought with exultation how London now lay only one hundred and thirty miles away, and how daring and skill had enabled him to outmarch and outwit those Generals, who ought then to have been blocking his path. His gaiety at supper that night was remarkable; next morning saw all his bright dreams marred by an unexpected cloud. Murray and the chief officers came then to his quarters to urge an immediate retreat. We invaded England, they said, in hopes of either an English rising or a French descent—neither has happened. Three armies, numbering thirty thousand, hem in our little force, now dwindled down to scarcely five thousand. Advance is suicide. An army of fresh levies awaits us in Scotland. Let us go back. Raving, reasoning, imploring, Charles endeavoured to shake their resolve. All would not do. Vainly the grindstones of the Derby cutlers new-edged the claymores of the rank and file. To the great indignation of the clansmen the retreat to Scotland was begun on the 6th of December. Homeward in straggling and soured groups they pressed by the same route they had so lately followed. Bare-backed horses, guided by means of straw bridles, carried the wretched remains of the cavalry. Cumberland, following hard at their heels, came up with Murray by moonlight upon Clifton Moor near Penrith, where a skirmish took place in which the claymore was victorious. Still following the trail, Cumberland made himself master of Carlisle before the new and fatal year had dawned. On the 20th of December **Dec. 20.** the Highland army struggled arm-in-arm through the swollen current of the Esk and stood once more on Scottish ground.

The career of the Pretender between this passage of the Esk and his final defeat at Culloden may be more briefly given. After eight days' rest at Glasgow Charles marched to Stirling, round whose embattled hill he was now able to concentrate nearly nine thousand men. General Hawley, a cruel veteran, advanced to raise the siege. A battle took place on Falkirk Moor, in which the English army, blinded by rain driving fiercely in their faces, broken by the Highland fire and the Highland rush, were ignobly defeated (Jan. 17, 1746). Again George Murray wielded a secret lever, which he well knew how to work. Meeting with the officers, he induced them to petition the Prince to retreat at once into the Highlands. A scene similar to the Derby Council was enacted; but it was a case, where petition meant command. Spiking

their cannon and blowing up their powder (if a church and a few people went also in the explosion it did not seem to matter), they turned their faces northward and made a rush for the hills. Cumberland—known by the unenviable name of Butcher—had already come to Scotland to conduct the war. A body of Hessians, landing at Leith, enabled him to gather a considerable force for the Highland expedition. Perth became his head-quarters. Meanwhile Charles approached Inverness by way of Moy. Half-a-dozen Macintoshes distinguished themselves by yelling so frightfully in the woods of Moy and firing so many shots in the dark, as to frighten into retreat Lord Loudon, who was moving to surprise the Pretender. The Rout of Moy has not been forgotten at Inverness. After capturing the citadel of that town Charles found it very difficult to support his troops. A handful of meal and some cabbage-leaves were not unfrequently the dinner of a leading officer.

The battle of Culloden decided the fate of this ill-starred invasion. Marching from Aberdeen with eight thousand foot and nine hundred horse, the Duke of Cumberland skirted the coast, until on the 14th of April he reached Nairn. The passage of the Spey was unopposed. At Culloden House, where the Lord-President Duncan Forbes used to reside, Charles fixed his head-quarters, and there he heard that Cumberland's army at Nairn had given themselves up to revelry in honour of their commander's birth-day. Murray and the Prince agreed in suggesting a night-march and a surprise. But hunger had scattered the Highland army, and it was hard to muster the men. When the march began, the darkness of the night misled and impeded the starving Highlanders. Two o'clock came, when they were still four miles from the foe, so that the intended surprise could not be managed. Falling back, the poor rebels, to whom a good meal had been long unknown, drew up in line of battle on Drummossie or Culloden Moor.

The Athol brigade, the Camerons, and the Stuarts formed the main portion of the right wing; the Macdonalds, sulking at the loss of what they considered the ancestral privilege of their clan, mustered gloomily on the left. At eleven the coming foe began to show in black masses on the horizon. Cumberland

had drawn up his men with great skill in three lines, with cavalry on April 16, each wing, and artillery peering out through gaps in the front line.

1746 In the opening cannonade the royal army had greatly the advantage.

A.D. Impatient under the fire, Murray got leave from the Prince to make an onset with the right and centre. Round shot and grape could not stay the whirlwind of their attack. Right through the regiments of the front line the Highlanders went, like one of their own brown streams in *spate*; but beyond the broken array they rushed on a wall of men, which burst into a sheet of flame at their approach and hurled them scorched and reeling back. Following up the effect of their volley, the royal troops rushed on the spent rebels and swept them in pitiable rout from the scene of their short success. So much for the right and centre. On the left stood the angry Macdonalds watching with sullen brows the carnage of their countrymen. Refusing to fight,

although Keppoch rushed forward in their view, till bullets riddled him with many mortal wounds, they fell back to the fragments of the second line. The battle was over. A faithful adherent, named O'Sullivan, seizing the bridle of the Prince's horse, forced him to leave the hopeless scene. One portion of the defeated army surrendered at Inverness; the other melted away into the glens and corries, from which its motley materials had come.

At dawn on the 17th Charles was sleeping in his clothes on the floor of Invergarry Castle, which he had reached in a state of miserable exhaustion. And a little afterwards the salmon, off which he was to breakfast, was dragged from a neighbouring pool. Eight days later he put to sea in a small boat, which storms buffeted hither and thither, until he made South Uist. It proved a place of danger. From the keen search of two thousand men he was saved by the devotion of Flora Macdonald, who took him over to Skye in the disguise of her servant Betty. Betty however managed her skirts so unskilfully in crossing fords, that a man-servant's dress was substituted, before the Prince crossed to Rasay. Going thence to the mainland, he endured miserable hardships for some months. Once he saved himself only by creeping in the dark down among the boulders of a rocky river-bed, whose banks were alive with sentinels. On another occasion he lived for three weeks in a robber's cave at the mercy of wild men, who, instead of giving information and securing the offered reward of £30,000, used to bring him gossip, a newspaper, or a cake of gingerbread, when they came back from a visit to Fort Augustus. While living with Cluny and Lochiel in a curious tree-hidden cave on Mount Benalder, called the Cage, he heard that two French ships had arrived in Lochnanuagh, and were waiting there to take him off. Hurrying away and travelling only in the dark, he reached the shore in safety, and on the 20th of September—more than five months after Culloden, and not quite fourteen months since he had sprung ashore at the same place with the Men of Moidart—he gladly reëmbarked for France. Running in a fog through the English cruisers, he landed on the 29th at Roscoff near Morlaix.

Chief of those, who suffered for a share in the rebellion, were the Earl of Kilmarnock, Lord Balmerino, and Lord Lovat. Kilmarnock repented of his folly; but to the last Balmerino cried, "God save King James." Tried at Perth, they underwent their doom on Tower Hill (August 18th, 1746). Lord Lovat, who had played a strange double part, was not tried till '47. Convicted then upon the evidence of Murray, the Pretender's secretary, who had turned approver, he followed the other "martyrs," as Jacobites call them, to the block.

It remains to paint in the fewest words the later days of Charles. The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle flung him homeless upon Europe. Neither France nor Spain would give him shelter. For many years he moved about like a cloud, finding his way more than once, it is thought, across the sea to England (in 1750 and 1752 or 3), drinking himself ever deeper into the red and bloated figure he presented at Rouen in 1770. The fair face grew pimply—the blue eyes blood-shot—the tall figure stooped and broken. A Miss Walk-

inshaw, his mistress, obtained complete control over him. His marriage at fifty-two with a girl of twenty did not mend matters, for after eight years of domestic misery and broil the Duchess of Albany left her drunken Duke for the more agreeable society of Alfieri. The box of sequins, which this poor besotted man kept always under his bed in readiness for the expected journey to England, never served that purpose. Paralysis smote him with a mortal blow at Rome in January 1788. His brother Henry, Cardinal of York, who claimed the English crown after the death of Charles, outlived him nineteen years.

Here I may most conveniently wind up the story of the war, in which the Forty-Five was a romantic episode. In the autumn of 1746 the accomplished and worldly Earl of Chesterfield became Secretary of State with a view of bringing round a peace. He had already won diplomatic renown as Ambassador to Holland, and the higher fame of governing power in the Viceroyalty of Ireland. Two naval victories, one of which was gained off Finisterre by Anson, and the other off Belleisle by Hawke, did a little to shake the power of France. But Cumberland was beaten by Saxe at Lauffeld before Maestricht (July 2), just as he had been beaten at Fontenoy—owing to the defection of the Dutch. The strong fortress of Bergen-op-Zoom also yielded to the French arms. And when, in the spring of the following year, they drew a line of fire round Maestricht, which seemed doomed to a speedy fall, the British ministry, acting out Chesterfield's plans, although disgust had already driven him from Cabinet-toils to his books, hastened to conclude the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle.

The Articles of this Treaty, which most concerned Britain, were:—

1. The mutual restitution of conquests in every part of the world.¹
2. The sea-fortifications of Dunkirk to be demolished.
3. The Articles in the Treaty of 1718, about the guarantee of the Protestant succession and the exclusion from France of the Pretender and his family, to be confirmed and executed.
4. The Emperor to be acknowledged by France in his imperial dignity, and the guarantee of the Pragmatic Sanction to be renewed.

Thus had Europe a little time for rest after the toil and bloodshed of an arduous conflict, which left matters precisely where they were at the drawing of the sword. But it was nevertheless a war memorable and useful in the history of Britain, for it proved to the exiled Stuarts how hopeless a thing was the invasion of England, and it ended in a treaty, completely severing that old tie which had bound the exiles to the French throne ever since James II. fled to the palace of St. Germain.

¹ The events of this war, which belongs to the history of our American Colonies, are given in the Colonial Section of this book.

CHAPTER VIII.

LONDON LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The Streets.
 Mohocks.
 Hoop—Fan—Patches.
 The Toy-shop.
 Snuff-box and Wig.

The Coffee-house.
 Promenades.
 The Theatre.
 Cards and Dice.
 Duels.

At Church.
 The Watering-places.
 Literary Life.
 Citizen Life.

Out of almost every window and door in the London of a hundred years ago jutted a pole, from which hung creaking in the breeze a painted sign. Black Lions and Blue Boars, Golden Keys and Saracen's Heads shone out in gaudy rows, to direct and amuse the bewildered stranger. The streets were whity-brown with summer dust, or ink-black with the mud of winter. Down the centre of the causeway and in the kennels on each side an unsavoury puddle flowed, thick with rotten vegetable-parings and not a few departed cats. A row of wooden posts separated the side-walks from the street, along which the heavy hackney-coach rumbled at the heels of its starveling horses. Swinging along with their scented fare, a couple of brawny chairmen now and again bore past the convenient and cheaper sedan. At the river-stairs a pair of oars could be got for a few pence to carry passengers up or down the water. Eager lawyers bound for Westminster, or roistering citizens bent on a day's junketing in the Folly at Blackwall, shot up and down, impelled by stalwart arms, rivalling in thickness of muscle the chairman's iron calf. The streets swarmed with hawkers of both sexes, whose varied cries rang through the roar of traffic. Thimble-riggers had then no fear of the police, but plied their cheat fearlessly at every corner. A wheel-barrow full of mouldy apples had scarcely passed, when a red-faced fellow came trundling a hand-cart, on which gin and ale stood in jars to tempt the weak street-lounger. Passing a mercer's shop, one might see a straight-limbed apprentice in bob-wig and fashionable dress, displaying a new brocade for waistcoats—green flowered with gold, or sky-blue shot with silver—and putting forth all the tricks of his tailoring eloquence to persuade a passing beau into an order for the novelty. During the early years of the century Soho Square and Bloomsbury were fashionable localities. Lincoln's Inn Fields, alive with beggars by day and footpads by night, had a very bad name after dark. Rows of oil-lamps twinkled feebly along the principal streets until midnight in winter; in summer the city lay in darkness. To aid those, whom business or pleasure took abroad after nightfall, there was a class of street-prowlers, called link-boys, upon whose honesty however complete dependence could not be placed. Enticing their employers into some lonely corner, they would often suddenly put out the light and leave the poor man to be plundered by a gang of thieves, on whose booty they levied a percentage. It was therefore a difficult and dangerous thing to walk London.

streets by night in those times. But thieves were not the only terrors of the night. From the coffee-house in Tilt-yard and other resorts where the bully-beaux, clad in scarlet and Ramlies wigs, congregated to ape military airs and storm the air with bushels of oaths and boasts, darkness brought a flood of desperadoes upon the streets, who varied their devotions to the dice-box and the bottle with a raid upon those weak and inoffensive wayfarers, who had the misfortune to be abroad. Known by many names at various times, they became objects of especial dread under the name of Mohocks, which they borrowed from the savages of America. Nor was it an unworthy designation, as we find by reading the account of their exploits. Having caught a wretch, they proceeded to "tip the lion" by pressing his nose down flat and scooping out his eyes with their fingers. Or, bent upon a "sweat," they gave chase to a loiterer, and, having run him into a corner, they surrounded him in a circle with their drawn swords. A smart stab behind made the poor sufferer wheel round; but there was a point always ready for him, and so he revolved, wincing and bleeding, until his tormentors thought that he was perspiring with sufficient freedom. The brutes spared not even the gentler sex, for it was a pleasant joke with them to put a woman in a barrel and roll it down Snow Hill. Rejoicing in the slang name of Nickers, other hands used to go about at night, breaking with handfuls of halfpence the windows of such shopkeepers as were most pressing for the amount of their bills.

For the various phases of life at this time the poems of Pope and Gay, the papers of the *Spectator*, the comedies of men like Cibber, and the paintings of inimitable Hogarth are among the most accessible authorities.

The introduction of foreign woods, especially mahogany, as the chief material of furniture—the general use of carpets, for the manufacture of which Kidderminster and other places now became noted—the improvements in the quality and appearance of both glass and pottery, especially when Josiah Wedgwood invented his shining white and creamy ware—made the still life of an English household in the last century not unlike what surrounds us now.

About twelve o'clock the belle or beau awakened to begin the whirl of a new fashionable day. Politely let us accompany the lady first. A foaming cup of chocolate or coffee refreshes the scarcely rested beauty, before she faces the serious ceremonies of the toilette. Pope's Belinda, awakened by the tongue of her lap-dog Shock, opens her eyes upon a billet-doux, full of "wounds, charms, and ardour." To trace with any vividness the dissolving views of dress during a century would exceed my power and my space. Some distinctive touches, suggesting description rather than giving it, must suffice at present. A belle in the *Spectator* days was distinguished especially by her *Hoop*, her *Fan*, and her *Patches*, points in her portrait, which lasted with slight variation until the century was well spent. When fully rigged with all her colours up, each fair craft sailed to conquest with a skirt which covered several square yards. Nor was this monstrous garment always conical; at

one period it resembled a broad barrel, at another a flattish bell. The brocade, which covered the interior structure or scaffolding, was generally flowered on a white ground and plentifully spangled with gold or silver thread. But minute description of the hoop is unnecessary during the fatal reign of crinoline and steel. One of the papers of the *Spectator* gives an amusing account of an academy, supposed to be set up for teaching ladies the use of the Fan. Armed with this "little modish machine," a girl might show off all her graces and express most of her feelings in the most fascinating and effective way. The first exercise consisted in "Handling the shut Fan," which required the weapon to be shaken with a smile, to be applied smartly to a bystander's shoulder, and then to be rested gently against the lips. The "Cupids, garlands, birds, beasts, and rainbows," shed a sudden flush of colour from the unfurled Fan. But the "Fluttering of the Fan"—angrily, modestly, timidly, coaxingly—according to the designs or feelings of the pretty owner, formed at once the most difficult and (to onlookers) the most dangerous part of the drill. Black patches, coquettishly placed everywhere, as Goldsmith's Chinaman slyly observes, except upon the tip of the nose, formed a very important part of the female equipment. At one time, when the Whig and Tory fight was raging hotly and the ladies took sides in these political questions, the manner of spotting the face came to betoken a certain sort of party-feeling. The dress-circle in the Haymarket theatre was thus divided into hostile camps. Whigesses, patched on the right temple, darted flashes of bright scorn across the pit at Amazons of the other creed, on whose left eyebrow the significant dot was seen. The Trimmers, or the ladies who came to enjoy the opera, not to advertise their politics, sat between with faces spotted as fancy might dictate. The case of a beautiful Whigess, who had a mole on the Tory side of her face and who could thus deceive unwary Tory beaux into a clear expression of their views, affords a sly satisfaction to the observer of these womanish whims; while with serio-comic sorrow he bewails the misery of a lady, who was perforce a traitor to the Tory side, because an ill-conditioned pimple in the Whig region obliged her to conceal its ugliness with a patch of black. When hoods of various colours—pink, pale green, yellow, blue, and so forth—came into fashion in 1711, the hue of this head-dress also became significant of political leanings.

In the rush, which a lady of fashion made through the town before dinner, the Toy-shop, where old china, curiosities from India, Japan monsters, fans, shawls, perfumes, and all such things were sold, formed a principal centre for time-killing and tittle-tattle. A short row on the river, or a turn through the Mall in St. James's Park served to create at once an appetite and a complexion.

But before entering the resorts of fashion we must see how the beau constructed his apparatus of conquest, and what sort of picture he presented in full dress. Various as the colours and patterns of such water flies have been the names by which social history knows them. The Carpet Knight of feudal

days—the Gallant of Elizabeth's reign—the Beau of Anne—the Macaroni, the Buck, the Blood, the Dandy—have been all ancestors of the thing called "Swell" in Victoria's reign. What the Fan was to the Belindas of this time, the Snuff-box was to Sir Plume. Armed with this toy, full of perfumed snuff, he rapped its lid adorned with a picture or a jewelled design, and inserting his thumb and forefinger in the most elegant manner, could run through all the gamut of feeling, as he conveyed the grains to his nose and daintily dusted his fingers in the air. The pinch nonchalant—the pinch angry—the pinch scornful—the pinch surly—with endless other shades of expression were at the finger-ends of an accomplished artist. The periwig also during some decades of the century elevated its bush of borrowed hair on the crania of the beaux. The visitors of a man of quality, who flocked to his bed-room at ten, saw the costly thing, all newly powdered and arranged, lying in state by his bed. To comb the wig in public was at one time a fashionable trick. White hair was most prized—then light grey became so modish, that the scanty locks of some venerable dames sold after their deaths for sums like £50. The queue with an enormous bow behind by-and-by superseded the great flood of false hair, which had formerly rolled down on well-dressed shoulders. But the century had not grown very old, when some men of sense rested content with their natural locks, over which they sprinkled a little powder to avoid the appearance of singularity. The velvet coat of many colours—claret and sky blue being the favourite—with its broad buckram skirts and heavy bordering of gold or silver lace—the vest of flowered silk flapping far down the leg—the little cocked hat, carried under the arm so long as periwigs towered on high and squeezed by changing fashion into every conceivable set of angles—the knee-breeches, silk stockings and buckled shoes—the clouded cane and tasselled gloves—the amber snuff-box, and silver-hilted small-sword made up the elements external of the beau. About the middle of the century instead of swords men about town began to carry huge oak staves, four or five feet long, with an ugly face carved on the knob. Many parts of a modern footman's dress have been retained from the fashions of 1750. Take a flunkey—any John Thomas from Belgravia will do—and give him a frock coat, whose skirts have been expanded by an imperfect kind of crinoline, and you will have a giant butterfly not unlike the kind I am describing. It was not to be expected that a lay-figure, so brilliant in colour and so affected in every gesture and step, should speak as common mortals do. We have lately got Lord Dundreary to typify the brainless maundering "swell" of the Victorian age. A comedian of the past century gave us, to represent a similar character then existing, the picture of Lord Foppington, who prefaces his drivel with "Stap my vitals," and announces to the admiring company "It's nine a'clock—naw I'm going aut."

The coffee and chocolate houses were the especial resort of the men, where they discussed news and circulated gossip. First started in 1652 by a Greek, who opened shop in George Yard, Lombard Street, these places of meeting

had come at the beginning of the eighteenth century to enter very largely into the everyday life of London. John Dryden, sitting pipe in hand at Will's in the chimney corner or on the balcony according to the season, and laying down the literary law to a crowd of admiring visitors, who had come to see the old lion and hear him roar, has made the coffee-house classic ground. As in our modern clubs, which are indeed the lineal descendants of the coffee-house, politics and professions made considerable differences in the frequenters of these places. The Tories sipped their chocolate and praised Sacheverell within the bar of the Cocoa Tree; the Whigs planned their Anti-Jacobite movements, inspired by the roasted berry at the St. James's. The citizens too had their coffee-houses; and for the artisans and lower orders there sprang up a crop of mug-houses, where ale flowed instead of the fragrant Eastern drink. Clubs of more or less celebrity flourished during this century; the most celebrated being the Kit-Kat, of which Addison, Steele, and Garth were distinguished members, and which took its name from a cook, Master Christopher Kat, who used to make mutton pies for the members.

After dinner, which was generally taken between two and five, the fashionable evening began. In fine weather the open air had preference. The Mall in St. James's Park—Spring Gardens, which afterwards turned into Vauxhall—and the Mulberry Garden, standing on the site of Buckingham Palace, were crowded with masks in the soft twilight of spring and summer. Seven was the modish hour for a lounge upon the Mall. Boundless facilities for intrigue and licentiousness were afforded by the fashion of wearing masks and the free and easy way in which acquaintance was begun. No ceremony of introduction was necessary. Everybody spoke to everybody else, and a constant fire of repartee and what we significantly call "chaff" sparkled through the scented dusk. Wit grew sharper, to be sure, but feminine modesty lost its bloom in these exchanges of raillery. Ladies of quality had their little black footboy, or a solemn powdered lackey as their escort on the fashionable promenade. Nothing showed want of spirit or of *ton* so much as to be seen abroad in the company of one's own husband. The false ideas of duty and morality, growing out of this life, and the numberless cases in which Hogarth's *Marriage a la Mode* proved to be sad and stern truth, may easily be guessed at. It is scarcely going too far to assert, that the reigns of Anne and the Georges First and Second were socially as rotten at the core, though not so brazenly immodest, as the much belaboured reign of the Second Charles.

Ranelagh proved a formidable rival of Vauxhall in the latter half of the century. A great Rotunda for the dance, cascades and fountains glittering in the sun, shady alleys and bowers, fireworks at night, and trees hung with coloured lamps drew crowds of the quality in summer time, when the *ridottos* and *drums* of Soho and Bloomsbury did not hold out superior attractions. There Sir Charles Buckram and Belinda Brocade walked those stately minuets, in the rhythm of whose music we can still detect some echo of the formal airs and graces of the pair. The formalism, which radiated from the brilliant iceberg

at Versailles, fixed its frost upon our gardens, our houses, our dances, our dress, our books, and our manners, giving to each and all a stiff artificiality, which it took many years and much instinctive struggle to thaw and fling away. If the Round House of Ranelagh and the music of Vauxhall ceased to charm, there were the puppet-show in Covent Garden, and, more attractive still, the theatres, of which four flourished—Drury Lane, Covent Garden, the Hay-market, and the Italian Opera House. With all of these, especially the first, some great histrionic names are associated, for Cibber, Garrick, Sheridan, Siddons, Kemble trod the boards within the limits of the eighteenth century.

Soon after four o'clock the theatre began to fill. Pit, boxes, and gallery occupied much the same relative positions as at present. The actors did not dress in character, but wore fashionable clothes of the same kind as the audience, a custom which must have interfered greatly with the effect of the play. The tragic hero sported a towering plume, which in the wildest bursts of passion he was obliged to balance carefully on his head; the princess drew a sweeping train behind to mark her rank, and it was well, if her majestic grace of motion did not end in a trip and a tumble. The difficulty, which still exists, of representing armies or bodyguards upon the stage, troubled the managers of this past time. A few scene-shifters, candle-snuffers, and porters in red, carrying halberts and axes, represented a mighty host. In the mechanical arrangements many improvements were introduced, to which the *Spectator* sarcastically refers. Thunder, snow, cascades, and storms locked up in chests, as if in the cave of Æolus, formed very novel and valuable properties. And, where groves filled with singing birds were supposed to form a portion of the scene, a flock of sparrows flitted and chirped among the painted foliage, while the fifes of the orchestra imitated the sweet woodland strains. The worst result of this innovation was that the sparrows, once admitted to the theatre, would not be displaced, but, taking possession of the loftier parts of the building, insisted on making their appearance at most inconvenient times, perching perhaps on the corner of a throne or pecking at nothing among the gilded emptiness of a pasteboard banquet. So much for actors and for stage. I have already described the way in which ladies aired their politics in public. Similarly the beau asserted his right to be considered a dramatic critic by smearing his upper lip with snuff. It looked, he thought, so knowing and sagacious, although the mystery of its meaning is lost to us. Duly dirtied, he went from his coffee-house to the pit, where he stood up to display his butterfly finery and to survey the audience. To mind what was going on upon the stage proved at once vulgarity and want of spirit; to make himself the target of many eyes formed the prime ambition of the true exquisite. Of course it was not to be expected that he could remain still. Ever on the wing he moved from pit to boxes, from right to left, sometimes leaping on the stage, poking at the curtain with his cane, and grimacing for the amusement of the audience, before he disappeared behind the scenes—acting, in fact, in such a way as would now secure for him the immediate attention of the police. The

noise of catcalls meanwhile resounded loudly through the house; and, when a song was finished, the fashionable cries of "Altro Volto" and "Ancora" announced the wish of the audience to have it repeated. The masks abounded also in the theatre; it was a common thing for ladies, who did not like to risk their reputation for modesty, to go masked on the first night of a new piece that they might know whether it contained any improper passages or not. The top-gallery was reserved for the footmen, who escorted the people of quality to the house. Massed together and quite free from all control, they at last used to behave so badly that a courageous manager shut them out, and with the help of soldiers contrived to prevent them from getting a footing there again.

During all this century gambling was the great vice of English society. Under various names—bassett, ombre, tic-tac, crimp, quadrille—cards slew time and happiness and character and fortune. Forests of timber, acres of rich plough-land, chests full of red guineas melted into nothing from the grasp of poor wretches, fascinated by the deadly rattle of the dice-box. At nearly all the places of public assembly, especially at the sinks of iniquity called "Midnight Masks," there were great facilities for gaming, in which both sexes took a very eager part.

Scenes like the last were the most fruitful in duels. Every morning saw steel glitter and blood flow behind Montague House, in Hyde Park Ring, or away at Barn's Elms. The pistol had not yet come into vogue as the instrument of honourable murder. A man was then obliged to fence his way to success with the slender small-sword, hanging at his side and whipt fiercely out on the smallest possible pretext.

The fashionable people or persons of quality, as they then called themselves, went to church of course; but devotion was far from their thoughts on any Sunday in the year. A lady came to stare about her, to make grand courtesies to all her modish acquaintances, to let her knowledge of the Opera show itself in the melodious excursions she made from the solemn music of the Psalms, to flirt her fan and wink at some very intimate friend, who happened to be extra well dressed. A beau would saunter in, when prayers were half over, look into his hat for some minutes, bow to every one he knew, and then refresh himself with a pinch of snuff, before settling down into a nap. This languor and indifference, however bad, were scarcely so offensive as the behaviour of fellows, who banded together under the name of the "Rattling Club," and whose mode of action was as follows. Having collected in a certain pew, they would wait till the preacher made some stronger statement or took some higher flight than usual, and then, bending their heads together, they would start up and begin to discuss the point in clamorous tones, disturbing everybody in the church, and continuing their noise all through the remainder of the service. The loud "Hum-m-m," with which a congregation expressed its pleasure when the preacher concluded an eloquent passage or made some good political hit, was still in vogue during the opening decade of the century.

The great world went out of town of course, when drums and theatres palled upon the jaded appetite; but it did not then, as now, sprinkle itself in brilliant fragments on the banks of the Rhine, the Tiber, and other Continental streams. War and the difficulties of travel caused the Continent to remain a sealed book to the majority of Britons. Shut up within the circle of the sea, the persons of quality went off to drink the mineral waters of Bath, Epsom, or Tunbridge Wells, there to rehearse in somewhat fresher air the frolics and follies of the life they had left behind. Raffling, hazard, masquerading, junketing, intriguing went on at the Wells as madly as in the dingy brick labyrinth by the Thames. The faded beauty, who had come down to seek real roses for her cheeks, found a touch of carmine still necessary in the morning to conceal the pallor of the previous night's exhausting excitement at the card-table. And the beau, who thought to pick up an heiress or at least to quarter himself on some rich pigeon, whose plucking would form an agreeable and profitable pastime for the autumn months, had often to flee the splendours of the watering-place, carrying with him an empty purse and leaving behind a score of unpaid debts.

I have elsewhere sketched the literary life of this period. There was no medium between splendour and grinding want. An author was either a Secretary of State, or a miserable hack, slinking about in gin-cellars and tripe-shops and huddling at night under a scanty coverlet in the attic of a Grub Street den. The great engine of the newspaper press was only in its infancy, and the demand for books had not yet set in.

In citizen life there was less change than in the idle world above. Dressed in clothes which were a sombre reflection of those lately described, the worthy shopkeeper did his honest day's work, dined at two off knuckle of ham or marrowbones, took an apoplectic nap, went off at six to the club to smoke Virginia and drink purl, and turned in regularly and soberly at ten o'clock. The Supplement and Daily Courant supplied food for his grave political speculations about the doings of the Grand Vizier and the price of stocks. His clergyman was often the leader of his opinion and the unfailing oracle, to be consulted in every domestic difficulty and to be asked to dine on days of extra cookery. Thus did John Gilpin live his quiet days, stirred by nothing stronger than a review of the trainband, until he borrowed that vicious horse and galloped off to fame.

THIRD PERIOD.—THE SECOND STRUGGLE WITH FRANCE.

FROM THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN IN 1746 A.D. TO THE
BATTLE OF WATERLOO IN 1815 A.D.

CHAPTER I.

THE GREAT COMMONER.

Early life.
Climbing.
Paymaster of Forces.
Eight quiet years.
Pitt and Fox.
The New Style.
Henry Pelham dies.
Pitt dismissed.
Clouds of war.
The Devonshire Cabinet.

Minorca and Byng.
Pitt Secretary of State.
The War.
A great Canal.
Minden and Quiberon.
Death of George II.
Jackboot.
Temple and Pitt resign.
Popular rage.
The Spanish war.

Peace of Fontainebleau.
The Grenville Cabinet.
John Wilkes.
Stamp Act.
The Rockingham Cabinet.
The "Mosaic" Ministry.
Great Commoner, no more.
Eclipse.
A last speech.
Death.

BORN—Nov. 15th., 1708—at Bocomnoc in Cornwall—educated at Eton and at Oxford—and allowed a glimpse of foreign life during a tour in France and Italy, William Pitt entered life as a Cornet in the Blues. His grandfather, the Governor of Madras, had made a fortune by selling a remarkable diamond to the French Government. Racked even in boyhood with the gout, the grandson of the diamond-merchant was forced to leave college without a degree. But drill and stable-duty, with an occasional review, did not satisfy the aspirations of the youth, who in 1735 found an entry into political life as Member for Old Sarum, a family borough of questionable fame.

Eleven years elapsed between the taking of his seat and his admission into office. Joining the Boys, as Walpole jeeringly called the brilliant constellation of young talent which sparkled in the ranks of the Opposition, he sat, voting dumbly, for a session. His maiden speech, seconding Pulteney's motion of congratulation on the Prince's marriage (April 29th, 1736), sealed his political destiny, for it cost him his commission in the army, but gained for him a groomship of the chambers in Frederic's household. Having found the power of his tongue, he took a lead in the movement against Walpole, during the course of which conflict he rebuked the elder Horace, brother of the minister, in that famous speech, whose antithetical sting however is probably rather due to the pen of his reporter—a not unknown man, called Samuel Johnson. The style of his oratory was not of the highest, but it was certainly of the most telling kind. Crutched and flannelled though he often was, there would come from the feeble man a sudden flash of electric fire or a dart of venomous point, which made him the terror of every antagonist in the House. A ready debater

he assuredly was not, an affected and often pompons declaimer he certainly was; but there were times—not infrequent—when the inner fire of the man fused away the starch and ice of his delivery, and carried his whole audience with him in a blaze of sympathetic ardour. The Walpole business does not much redound to Pitt's credit, since we find him playing fast and loose with that statesman, at first offering to avert the impending prosecution, if he would secure an entry into office, then inveighing bitterly against him, and urging the appointment of the Secret Committee. But Carteret too came in for a heavy share of Pitt's invective; the orator's favourite theme being the undue fondness for Hanover, which disfigured the British policy of that time.

An unexpected legacy changed the direction of his manœuvres. The old Duchess of Marlborough, dying in 1744, left him £10,000. And he then set himself to crush or melt down a great dislike, which had been growing in the King's mind towards him in consequence of his Anti-Hanoverian speeches. It took considerable time to soften this feeling, for George had much German obstinacy. Although Pitt resigned his groomship, the Pelhams could not secure a corner for him even on the wide surface of the Broad Bottom. Nor was it, until the country was shaken by the strong convulsions of the great Jacobite rebellion, that the aspirant found his way to office. The Pelhams resolved to force this leading commoner into the Cabinet; but the King held sturdily out against his admission. Secure in their own strength, they resigned with nearly all their colleagues. "White staves and gold keys" came pouring in. Aghast at the sudden and daring move, George summoned Lord Bath, the Pulteney of old; but he could do nothing to form a new Administration. There was nothing for it but to recall the Pelhams and accept Pitt. A minor post—Vice-Treasurer for Ireland—was at first conferred on him, but

May 6, he soon afterwards received the rich office of Paymaster of the Forces, **1746** in which any man but one of extremely delicate honesty might feather **A.D.** his nest very handsomely; and here there was room for Pitt to display a feature in his character, then extremely rare. Rejecting all the perquisites of his post and all presents from subsidized sovereigns, he rested content with the small salary attached to the office he administered.

The eight years which followed are very barren of incident—no bad sign of the quiet working of the political machine. Appearing as member for Seaford, one of the Cinque Ports, Pitt began to undo a good deal of his former work. The great Cerberus, who had barked at Hanover so long and loudly, now sat quiet with a cake between his jaws. Opposition melted away almost to nothing, dying outright when Prince Frederic died in 1751. The debates on the Regency Bill, following this event, brought Pitt and Henry Fox, Secretary at War, into direct collision. The fathers rehearsed in this generation a rivalry, which their eminent sons inherited and increased. The coarse exterior and ungainly address of Fox did not prevent him from excelling as a debater, in which he decidedly surpassed Pitt. Backed by Bedford and Cumberland, the Secretary at War made a vigorous resistance to the Pelham policy, as adminis-

tered by Paymaster Pitt; but the genius of the latter triumphed in the strife. The Princess-Dowager of Wales was appointed Regent, in case George II. might die before the heir reached eighteen.

The adoption of the Gregorian Calendar came into operation in 1752 under the name of the New Style. There were many ignorant people in the country, who could not see the necessity of any change. Newcastle was one of them. And silliest amongst all the silly cries ever got up against a Ministry was that of the mobs, heard soon after—"Give us back our eleven days."

The death in 1754 of Henry Pelham, an able man, gave a fatal shock to the interest of that great family, for Newcastle was a mere driveller in comparison. The rise of the Duke to the head of the Treasury plunged the King into great perplexity, there being no man of talent disposed to lead the Commons on the terms offered by this absurd Premier. A nobody called Sir Thomas Robinson was at last selected. "The Duke might as well send his jackboot to lead us," said indignant Pitt to sympathetic Fox. Fox however was induced to help the Jackboot, which managed thus to wade through the session with tolerable ease. This did very well in a time of peace; but clouds of war were fast blackening on the horizon, ominous of a coming storm, which would test to the very bone all the energies and skill of those, who steered the vessel of the State. War indeed had never ceased in our distant possessions beyond Atlantic and Indian seas.¹ France and England were striving there for the foundations of a great Colonial Empire.

At last came a time of change. When the Parliament met in November 1755, a debate on the Address took place, which resulted in the dismissal of Pitt, and Legge, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. From three in the afternoon till five next morning the cannonade of sharp and thunderous debate pealed through St. Stephen's. But the Opposition were worsted, and the bolt of vengeance fell. Subsidies to buy the safety of Hanover formed the chief subject of debate. There was no man more popular in England than William Pitt, who in this respect had a great advantage over his rival Fox. And deep in the heart of the whole nation burned a feeling, that the only man fit to steer the country in a time of peril had been driven from the wheel.

The war was formally declared in 1756; and, before May had blossomed into June, the flag of Britain had received a great and humiliating stain. The Duke of Richelieu, having made a swoop with 16,000 men upon our island of Minorca, blockaded stout old Blakeney in the fortress of St. Philip. Byng was despatched with ten ships, not in the best order, to the relief of the English garrison. A French fleet also cruised off Port Mahon, and to beat this formed another part of the Admiral's duty. He neither fought the fleet nor succoured the garrison, owing probably to want of trust in his ships or himself. After a few aimless shots the French fleet got off to Toulon; and he went back to Gibraltar. Blakeney was forced to surrender, being fairly starved out. A cry so great and angry broke from the English people, when

¹ Some details of these wars will be found in the Colonial Section of this book.

the news of these things came, that it was evident some victim would be needed to appease the popular fury. The Newcastle Government fell to pieces; and, Pitt having pointedly refused to act in concert with Fox, it became necessary to apply to the Duke of Devonshire to form a Cabinet. In this short-lived Administration Pitt became Secretary of State; Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Temple and the Grenvilles, George and James, all three brothers-in-law of Pitt, receiving office in the Admiralty and Treasury.

Lasting not quite five months, this Devonshire Ministry, in which Pitt really directed affairs, signalized itself by shooting Admiral John Byng. A want of decision rather than a lack of courage seems to have been this officer's greatest crime. It is said that Pitt protested against the death of Byng, yet he did not seem inclined to risk his popularity by forcing his objections to the extreme. On the 14th of March 1757 on the quarter-deck of the *Monarque* at Spithead Byng sat down on a chair to be shot. Blindfolded with a white cloth, he flung up his hat, and next instant received the fire of two files of marines.

The King was no friend to the leader of his present Cabinet, but he could not endure the flippant impertinence of Temple. When the dismissal of Temple caused the resignation of Pitt, Newcastle tried his hand again at Cabinet-making. But the temper of the people showed itself so plainly in the presentation of addresses and the voting of gold boxes to Pitt, that it was evident he must form a component part, and that the chief, in any new Administration. From April to June negotiations went on, until they resulted in a coalition between Newcastle, whose family influence formed his strength, and Pitt, who was the darling of the people. Newcastle **1757** became first Lord of the Treasury, but only nominally Premier.

A.D. Pitt, as Secretary of State and leader in the Commons, undertook the conduct of the war and the general business of the Foreign Office. Fox appears as Paymaster, a post for which his poverty made him anxious enough. During this Administration of four years more was done to establish the foundations of our Transmarine Empire than had been done in all the centuries before. But this was done at the price of an enormous increase to the national debt.

At first indeed the war seemed full of blunders. Hawke and others took at a great expense of powder the useless island of Aix off the French coast, and did not take Rochefort, against which the expedition was aimed. Then too at Kloster-Seven Cumberland was forced into a corner and a capitulation by the able strategy of his French adversary. But away among the rice-fields by the Ganges Clive, taking righteous vengeance on the butchers of Calcutta, was making the field of Plassey a memorable name in the history of India.¹ And the following year produced a series of brilliant successes, which caused men utterly to forget Aix and Kloster-Seven. A blunder however marked also the opening of the war in 1758. Admiral Howe led to the coast of

¹ See Colonial Section.

France a great fleet, which spent almost the whole season in absurd attempts on St. Maloes and the capture of a few brass cannon at Cherbourg. But across the Atlantic Cape Breton became ours, and some French islands in the West Indies—Guadaloupe among them—were also taken. Even on the African coast victory crowned our flag at Goree and the forts by the Senegal. Hanover too was saved by Ferdinand of Brunswick, who drove the French over the Rhine and defeated them at Crevelt.¹

In pursuance of my plan, which deals not alone with wars and rumours of wars, but also with the lovely victories of peace, I turn here to notice a great event in the progress of British engineering. A Derbyshire millwright, named James Brindley, born in 1716, having distinguished himself greatly in the improvement of mill machinery, received an introduction to that shy *savant* known as Francis, third Duke of Bridgewater. His Grace was very anxious to supply Manchester with coal from his pits at Worsley. Would Brindley construct a road of water for the purpose? Purse and brain thus uniting achieved that great canal of twenty-seven miles, which bears the name of the nobleman, whose munificence called it into being. Leaping other streams by means of a far-stretching aqueduct, flowing in tunnelled caverns deep under ground, the watery road—the first of its kind in Britain since Roman days—remains a remarkable memorial of genius and scientific skill. Begun in 1758, the work occupied about five years, during which Brindley directed nearly all the operations.

Great but very costly glory gilds the year 1759.* First in order of time came the battle of Minden,² won by Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick over the French, then again threatening Hanover. From dawn to noon—July 31st—the battle roared, English guns and bayonets contributing much to the defeat of the enemy. English sabres too would have been reddened that day, but for some unfortunate misunderstanding between the Prince and Lord George Sackville, the latter of whom was puzzled by the receipt of two contradictory orders. Some blamed Sackville with cowardice; others said that the Prince, in an unfriendly spirit, had sent intentionally misleading orders to a man he did not like. On the 18th of August Admiral Boscawen shattered the Toulon fleet in a naval action off Cape Lagos,³ as they were trying to effect a union with the Brest squadron under Conflans. The crowning victory of the year was that sealed with the blood of Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham, a victory which resulted in the conquest of all Canada. And then to close a heroic season came the wild daring of that tempestuous November night, when Sir Edward Hawke, who had been watching Nov. 20. the Brest fleet, swooped upon Conflans at Quiberon Bay in spite of the ragged teeth of the French rocks which showed dark through the roaring

¹ *Crevelt* or *Crevelt*, in Rhenish Prussia, lies ten miles north-west of Düsseldorf.

² *Minden*, a town in Prussian Germany, on the left bank of the Weser. It lies close to the frontier of Hanover, only thirty-five miles south-west of the city so called.

³ *Cape Lagos*, a cape and port in Algarve in the south of Portugal, forty-five miles west-north-west of Faro.

surf of a lee-shore, and with only a dozen of his ships so mauled and riddled the French vessels, that but a remnant of the fleet found refuge in the neighbouring rivers. Clive and Coote were meanwhile victorious in India. And yet, amid all these red clouds of war and the great drain upon our national resources, our cities were making great strides in commercial prosperity.

Before the blaze of these glories had grown dim, George II. fell dead, the ventricle of his heart having suddenly broken. His grandson **1760** George then ascended the throne. The very shadow of Opposition **A.D.** had melted away; the people rejoiced in the accession of a young Prince of English birth and speech and associations; all looked fair and promising, when signs of coming change began to speckle the political horizon. It soon became clear—indeed the visitors at Leicester House had known it long ago—that the Princess-Dowager of Wales and the Groom of the Stole, Lord Bute, had complete ascendancy over the young King's mind.

A petticoat and a *jackboot* symbolized this worthy pair in the rough masqueradings of the London mob, the latter forming a rude pun on Bute's Christian name and title. John Stuart, third Earl of Bute, born in 1713, distinguished himself more in private theatricals than in any other sphere. His good figure, especially his well-turned leg, answered capitally for the display of a splendid dress. He had moreover many accomplishments, and a smattering of several sciences. As head tutor to the Prince, he directed the machinery of Leicester House entirely to the satisfaction of the Princess, who consulted him in everything.

An accommodating Secretary of State resigned in order to give Bute a seat in the Cabinet, whose stability he began at once to sap. Indeed a widening split was already visible in the camp; else the quondam friends might have united against the interloper. Pitt the orator and Grenville the financier, although tied by marriage, had come to look on public questions with very different eyes. As Macaulay finely puts it, in relation to the war,—“Pitt could see nothing but the trophies; Grenville could see nothing but the bill.” And so Bute's influence grew daily stronger. Legge was the first to go. Then arose the question of a new war, which ended in the resignation of Temple and of Pitt.

That remarkable secret treaty, the Family Compact, made between the Bourbon monarchies of France and Spain, had become known, in its drift at least, to the sharp-eyed Minister of England. Foreseeing an inevitable war, he boldly proposed to strike the first blow against the colonies of Spain, selecting three points—Havannah, Panama, and Manilla—as the fittest

1761 centres of attack. Bute, and of course the King, refused to follow **A.D.** his advice; and then (Oct. 6) Pitt resigned his seals, Temple following suit at once. The young King spoke so kindly in the closet, that Pitt's eyes filled. The statesman would accept nothing for himself, but gladly received a peerage for his wife and a pension of £3000 a year for three lives.

The people took a public opportunity of showing their feeling in the matter. Scarcely casting a look at George and his young bride, as they went in state to dine at Guildhall on Lord Mayor's Day, they overwhelmed the great Commoner with acclamations, some going so far as to kiss the horses that drew their favourite. Bute could find safety only by surrounding his coach with a crowd of noted bruisers, whose fists however could not save him from a storm of howls and jeers. It is said that Pitt regretted this public display of feeling, as a thing somewhat slighting to the King.

The Spanish war went on; everything proposed by Pitt being undertaken and accomplished. Bute was evidently living on the great man's ideas. Martinique, Havannah, Manilla fell; and the American bullion, talked of by Pitt with a view to capture, slipped through the feeble fingers of Bute, safe into the coffers of Cadiz. Yet Pitt suffered neither this plagiarism of his plans nor the petty stinging of pamphleteers nor the racking pangs of gout to ruffle the serenity of his patriotism. He steadily refused to enter into any squabble with the Ministry, from which he had separated himself. Bute did not rest content with Pitt's removal, while Newcastle remained. Ignored and insulted, the old man, who had grown by habit into the routine of Premiership, was forced at last to retire to Claremont. Bute remained master of the field, and the Tory flag waved high above the lowered colours of the Whigs.

A Treaty was at once framed at Fontainebleau, chiefly under the direction of the Duke of Bedford. We obtained from France an acknowledgment of our right to Canada, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, and part of Louisiana—the islands of Tobago, Dominique, St. Vincent, and the Grenadas—the settlement of Senegal, and the island of Minorca. We gave up to our powerful neighbour Martinique, Guadaloupe, Goree, Belleisle, and other islands. The fishing grounds of Newfoundland were distinctly marked off. From Spain we received Florida, and the settlements between it and the Mississippi, by which our territory was made to stretch in an unbroken line of valuable shore between the mouths of the two grand rivers of North America. Getting back Havannah and the Philippines, Spain was only too glad to waive all old claims and obstructions about codfish and logwood. On the whole this Treaty of Paris worthily crowned a very glorious war. But it was not signed without a struggle. The unpopular favourite, in honour of whom several dozen jackboots in company with various petticoats suffered martyrdom, began through Henry Fox to bribe on a scale at which Walpole would have blushed purple. It was necessary to consolidate the Ministerial Party in this way. And in this way only did he tide over the critical debate on the Treaty. Carried down to the House, a mere bundle of flannel and pain, Pitt managed to reach the help of friends, and spoke vigorously for more than three hours for the Peace. So exhausted was he that he could not stay to see the Treaty approved, but had done its corrupt work successfully. But then came an

which a proposal to tax cider was laid before the House. The apple counties burned with rage. In speaking against the expense of the war and the need of raising a tax, George Grenville cried, "Where will gentlemen have a tax laid; tell me where?" Echoing this last question several times, he goaded Pitt into a snatch of song, delivered in a tone imitative of his own. Chanting out, "Gentle Shepherd, tell me where," Pitt made a low bow, and hobbled off with the victory.

Bute's resignation soon became a necessity. George Grenville, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, then assumed the toils of Premiership, (April 8, 1763). The new Prime Minister plunged at once into the prosecution of John Wilkes. This man, the dissolute son of a Clerkenwell distiller, had been returned in 1757 for the borough of Aylesbury. For ribaldry and vice his character in London soon stood deservedly high. Nothing sacred or exalted was safe from his bitter tongue and pen. Having started a paper called *The North Briton* in opposition to Lord Bute's organ *The Briton*, he exceedingly reviled the Scotch nation, but took a more daring flight in No. 45, in which he charged the King with having told a lie, while speaking from the throne at the prorogation of Parliament. A general warrant, i.e., a warrant naming nobody, was issued against the authors, printers, and publishers of this libel; and in virtue of this warrant Wilkes was arrested and sent to the Tower. His papers too were seized. When a writ of *Habeas Corpus* led to his appearance at the bar of the Common Pleas, Chief-Justice Pratt declared him free, because a Member of Parliament could be arrested only for treason, felony, or breach of the peace. His first act on recovering his liberty was to write a plain short letter to the Secretaries of State, charging them with the possession of goods stolen from his residence, and insisting on the return of these. An action for libel, founded on No. 45, was then begun against him, and he lost his Colonel's commission in the Bucks' Militia. When Parliament met (Nov. 15, 1763), a licentious poem by Wilkes, of which a few copies had been printed for use in the orgies he loved, was laid before the House to the infinite terror of a number of the author's worst boon-companions. Just at this crisis he received a bullet in the side, while fighting a duel with Martin, a hanger-on of Bute, whom he had assailed in the notorious paper. The mob to a man roared in favour of Wilkes. But he depended not on the roars of the mob. After tricking the House by sending, in answer to their summons, repeated medical certificates, he went to spend the Christmas at Paris. Furious, the Commons condemned No. 45 as a wicked libel, and expelled its author from his seat. He was soon afterwards declared by the King's Bench guilty of the publication; but this was balanced by the Chief-Justice's decision against general warrants as illegal.

About this time Pitt received a legacy of £3000 a year from a veteran baronet of Somersetshire, who wished to console the statesman for his fall. But wealth could not bring rest to the victim of disease. During all the session which began in January 1765 Pitt appeared only once in St.

Stephen's. Shut up in his bed-room at Hayes, he heard the sounds of the tossing political sea, only as a dull and muffled murmur. During this withdrawal of the great man from active life his kinsman George took that fatal step, which led to the loss of the American Colonies. A Bill for laying upon the Transatlantic settlements the same Stamp-duties, as prevailed in England, passed into a law (March 22). Benjamin Franklin, a Chandler's son and once a printer's apprentice, but now as agent for Pennsylvania a politician of no mean mark, warned the Government that the colonists would never submit to bear this burden. The battle of the Regency at this time, though of infinitely less importance, excited more interest. A slight attack of that mental malady, whose clouds afterwards so sadly thickened, made it necessary that this matter should be arranged. The chief quarrel was about the insertion of the Princess-Dowager's name. The Government had actually led the King to consent to her exclusion, when a reaction, brought round by Bute and his friends, caused her name to be placed on the list. Furiously angry, the King then sought to be delivered from the bondage of Grenville's Cabinet. His brave uncle Cumberland, coming to the rescue, tried thrice to coax Pitt out of seclusion into office. But in vain. A new Ministry of leading Whigs was then formed under the Premiership of the Marquis of Rockingham, an able rich and influential member of the Upper House. General Conway and the Duke of Grafton became Secretaries of State, while poor old Newcastle got the Privy Seal. The Stamp Act, fruitful in discontents on both sides of the Great Water, surged up to the surface of debate at once. There were three opinions prevailing on this celebrated question. Grenville and the King, although a gulf now severed them in other things, thought steel and powder the true way of dealing with the refractory colonists. Pitt thought the Act a flagrant breach of the Constitution. Rockingham held that, while Parliament had an undoubted right to tax the colonies, this Act was "unjust and impolitic, sterile of revenue and fertile in discontents." The private Secretary of Rockingham, who had lately entered Parliament for Wendover in Bucks, adopted the last view and enforced it with striking eloquence. He was an Irishman of thirty-five, named Edmund Burke, who, born at Dublin and trained in the University of that city, had studied law for a while in the Temple, and had afterwards devoted himself to a literary life. Macaulay, in the second of his noble essays on the elder Pitt, draws attention to the fact that this Session of 1765 witnessed the opening of Burke's career in the Commons, and the close of Pitt's oratorical triumphs in that illustrious arena. "It was indeed a splendid sunset and a splendid dawn."

The Stamp Act was ultimately repealed; but in addition to this boon the Commons were led by Rockingham's Cabinet to condemn general warrants as illegal, and to forbid the seizure of papers in cases of libel. This Ministry has been blamed as very weak—a defect which may perhaps be ascribed to its freedom from the corrupt practices, so largely carried on by preceding Premiers. Rockingham bought no votes; and therefore all the jobbers and

hangers-on united with his conscientious opponents in pushing him out of office.

Pitt then undertook the formation of that "Mosaic" Ministry, which Edmund Burke has so graphically painted. The Duke of Grafton became First Lord of the Treasury; witty Charles Townshend took **July,** the Exchequer; General Conway and Lord Shelburne acted as **1766** Secretaries of State. The Great Commoner himself ceased to be **A.D.**

His turn for death was not yet come; but an Earl's coronet dropped upon him like an extinguisher, and, to quote Chesterfield's apt expression, "he fell up stairs" into the House of Lords. As Earl of Chatham he received the minor office of Privy Seal, which exempted him from almost any share in Cabinet toils. The truth is, the great orator's mind became unhinged about this time. Gout and the excitement of public life had done an evil work upon him. Before sinking into the long eclipse, which clouded nearly three of his years, he spoke in the Lords to defend the embargo on wheat and wheat-flour, which the King had thought it necessary to impose in consequence of the scarcity of food. The old fire however was gone, or had had its glow quenched in the icy air of the Upper House. The Embargo debate ended in an act of indemnity to all concerned in the affair.

Hypochondria then deepened upon Chatham's mind. He could bear no noise. Houses all around his villa at Hayes or Hampstead were bought up that he might be muffled in silence. He took odd fancies. At one time he could not find cedars enough in Somersetshire to plant the grounds old Pynsent had left him. Trees came down from London to be planted by torchlight. The cooks in his kitchen needed always to keep the spits going, for they did not know the second when a dinner might be called for. In the Castle Inn at Marlborough he dressed all the waiters in his livery in a freak of extravagance during a journey to London. From these fantastic humours and the deep gloom which followed them a sharp fit of gout set him free. But he had then (1768) resigned the Privy Seal.

The affairs of that firebrand John Wilkes now came again to the surface to excite riot and dispute. Taking advantage of a general election in 1768, he came over from France and stood for London. Rejected there, he carried the election for Middlesex. But his outlawry stood in his way. After he had been two months in prison the Court of King's Bench decided on reversing his sentence, but inflicted on him a fine of £1000 and imprisonment for two years. Previous to this, while riotous mobs were roaring out his name and pelting the military, a young man had been shot in St. George's Fields. This excited the people to a frenzy. As often as the Commons expelled Wilkes, the electors of Middlesex returned him for that shire. And, when a Colonel Luttrell attempted to oppose him, and the Commons decided that the Colonel, although he got fewer votes, ought to have been elected, every tongue and pen, from Chatham in the Peers down to Junius in the *Public Advertiser*, fought for the freedom of election. And so dear did Wilkes in his prison become,

that wine and gold flowed lavishly into his cell from admirers without, and his comical squint adorned every shop window and creaking sign-board. Before he came out of jail in 1770, Wilkes had obtained damages in the Common Pleas for £4000 against Lord Halifax, for false imprisonment and illegal seizure of papers. As Alderman, Sheriff, and Lord Mayor of London he ran the round of civic splendour, and continued to represent Middlesex in the Commons for many years. Long before his death in 1797 he had been supplanted by newer idols, glittering in the public gaze.

The last decade of Chatham's life (1768-76) was big with fate. The American question, growing more gigantic every year, called forth the latest gleams of his eloquence. 'Twas it that killed him. At first he declared the impossibility of conquering America; but, when France recognized the daring young Republic that was rising across the sea, whose Declaration of Independence had come thundering on the west wind, whose trappers and wood-cutters had forced Burgoyne into surrender at Saratoga, he caught fire from the memory of those old days, when he had humbled France; and he spent his last strength in a speech opposing the Duke of Richmond's motion, that the King should be asked to break off the war. The old man came down to the House, carefully dressed in velvet but with the old wrappings round his tortured limbs. Aided by his crutch and the ready arms of his son and his son-in-law, he crept like a shadow to his seat; and then in feeble tones with many wanderings and hesitations he made his last speech. Richmond replied gently and kindly. Up rose the veteran to reply, but words failed him; he pressed his hand upon his breast, and fell, struck with a fit of apoplexy. Some weeks afterwards (May 11, 1778) he died at his villa of Hayes, and was buried with honour in Westminster Abbey. A son of brilliant genius remained to revive the glory of that famous name, for which the coronet of Chatham proved but a poor exchange.

CHAPTER II.

HEROES OF THE COTTON MILL.

Wool deposed.
James Kay.
Hargreaves.
The spinning-jenny.

Arkwright a barber.
The water-frame.
Grows wealthy.
Crompton's mill.

His ill luck.
Parson Cartwright.
The power-loom.
Results.

THE old English staple, Wool, gave way in the course of the last century to a foreign intruder, called Cotton. Instead of the snowy fleece, so long associated with our national wealth and affording so easy a bit of plunder to any light-fingered and lighter-pursed Plantagenet, the down of a tropical pod came to be the leading material of our insular manufacture. It took little hold at first, since no cotton thread could be made strong enough to form the entire

fabric of a stuff. Calicoes therefore were a kind of mongrel cloth made of both linen and cotton thread. When Sir Robert Walpole was fighting for Excise, the spinning and weaving practised in Britain were of the simplest kind, the finger and thumb rolling the thread in the former process, a loom and hand-shuttle combining these clumsy threads into cloth. I have called the men, to whom we owe the mighty change since accomplished, "Heroes of the mill," because they displayed heroic fortitude in fronting the calumny and loss, which descended upon them all in the ungrateful generation they adorned. And to these "Heroes" I give a prominent place in the story of our nation, because to the wealth they created we may certainly in great measure ascribe that national strength and depth of resources, which kept us afloat during the Napoleonic storm, and have since enabled us to bear with Atlantean shoulders a load of debt, which would have crushed any empire but our own.

James Kay, a loom-maker of Colchester, made a *Fly-shuttle* worked by a spring, which formed the first in a series of mighty inventions, all met on their first appearance with a whirlwind of rage among those who lived by the labour of the hand. Bullied by weavers, cheated by their masters who wanted to use his ideas without paying for them, and ground in the slow torture of expensive lawsuits, Kay was glad to leave his ungrateful country and found a wretched grave in Paris.

James Hargreaves, a weaver of Standhill near Blackburn, was sitting idle for want of cotton weft one day, when his wife Jenny's spinning-wheel cap-sized, and the wheel, lying on its side, continued to revolve. A bright idea struck him, resulting in a spinning-frame with eight spindles and a horizontal wheel. The *Spinning-jenny*, as he named it after his wife, raised a tumult in the place. A crowd of spinners smashed the machine, and drove the inventor to Nottingham. In vain he struggled there; rich men combined to crush the penniless genius, and soon his death gratified their malicious wish. So perished the leaders of the forlorn hope in this unequal strife.

The names of Richard Arkwright, Samuel Crompton, and Edmund Cartwright mark the victories, by which the present magnificence of our cotton manufacture was achieved. Few lives present nobler lessons of endurance and upward striving by dint of brain than that of Richard Arkwright. The family of a Preston operative received its thirteenth blessing in 1732, in the person of a little boy, christened Richard, who, so far as we know, never went to school, and blossomed by-and-by into a "subterraneous" barber, shaving people in a dingy cellar for pence and halfpence. Sick of this, he took to dealing in human hair, which he dyed and dressed for the wigmakers. The scanty leisure of his married life was devoted to mechanical experiments, especially to the means of securing perpetual motion. An inward glance at his own brain-work would have shown him something more like the solution of this problem than any machine he could invent. The want of cotton weft, that is, yarn to be woven into cloth, pressed heavily on all the weavers of the country side, who were often obliged to spend precious time, gathering weft from house to

house, as the groaning Hebrews gathered stubble for their bricks. Arkwright thought of this, as he tramped in search of hair, and shaped out a thought, which a working clockmaker, called Kay, enabled him to put into the form of a model. The hair-business fell off; and his angry wife broke the models, that pinched their meals. His wife then left him—his clothes went to rags—his money melted into a few halfpence—before the proud day came, when the completed model of the spinning-machine stood before him. Shaking off the dust of his native town, he travelled to Nottingham, where 1768 after a fight he secured a partnership in the firm of Need and Strutt, A.D. stocking-weavers. The battle was not over, but the breach was made and Richard Arkwright was not the man to flinch at this crisis. The taking of a patent in 1769 plunged him into a sea of lawsuits, for charges of plagiarism flew thick against him from malicious lips, and his right of patenting was hotly contested. The perfect form of his invention, which is called the *Water-frame*, may be assigned to the year 1771, when the firm to which he belonged built a spinning mill, worked by water, at Cromford in Derbyshire. For five years little or no profit resulted from the working of the water-frame; but then the tide turned in spite of renewed attacks and multitudinous lawsuits, and wealth began to flow in upon Arkwright. When jealous manufacturers would not buy his yarn, he made it into stockings and calicoes, deriving a new source of profit from their very jealousy. The idea of Arkwright's machine was this: A soft riband of cotton wool, being flattened by passing between two revolving cylinders—the lower one fluted, the upper sheathed in leather—passed then between a second pair, whirling a good deal faster, and was thus stretched and hardened into firm thread. Arkwright, who was knighted in 1786, became High Sheriff of Derbyshire and died at Cromford in 1792, aged sixty. His fortune of more than half a million was trebled by his son. A man of great tenacity and strength of brain was this inventor, who at fifty gave two hours of his busy day to the drudgery of grammar and penmanship—branches which the sordid life of his childhood had prevented him from acquiring.

We turn now to a man less successful, if we measure success by money-making. A struggling widow, named Crompton, living in a farm-house, Hall-in-the-Wood near Bolton, had a son Samuel, whom she kept tightly to the loom. Sam loved fiddle-playing, and was vexed by the breaking threads which often kept him from his music. The idea of doing something to expedite his work led him to stay up whole nights in his little room, working with wood and iron. Silly people thought his candle was a dead-light, and, when they found that it was not, revenged themselves by calling him a conjurer. He worked away, until he had completed the *Mule*, a machine improving on those of Hargreaves and Arkwright. His fame spreading, some 1779 friendly blockhead advised him to publish the invention by subscription. A.D. Only £60 came out of the affair, barely enough to make a new machine. This shy and gloomy man of talent never rose above the rank of a

petty manufacturer. Ill luck pursued him to the last. Perceval had just promised him to propose a grant of £20,000, when the fatal shot struck the minister down. The £5000, which Crompton got in course of time, scarcely paid his debts and losses; even an Inspectorship of Factories was given past him. Dying in 1827, aged seventy-four, he added another to the long list of men, who have suffered martyrdom in the cause of art.

A very different man from any of these now rises as the inventor of the *Power loom*. Edmund Cartwright, born in 1743 at Marnham in Nottinghamshire, went from Wakefield School to Oxford, where he studied at University College and became a Fellow of Magdalene. The duties of his cure as a clergyman at Goadby-Marwood in Leicestershire and other places did not prevent him from cultivating his poetic talent and contributing to the *Monthly Review*. There was nothing in the even tenor of his life to suggest the remotest hint that it would be otherwise to the end of the chapter. Nothing certainly was farther from this parson-poet's thoughts than that he should enroll his name in the list of great mechanical inventors before he died. But he took a certain journey to Matlock and there went to a certain dinner party. The talk, turning upon spinning-machines, which were then creating considerable wonder and disgust, struck out a spark of thought from Cartwright to the effect, that he did not see why weaving as well as spinning should not be done by machinery. The walk home deepened his belief that this was practicable. For weeks he paced the room, working imaginary shuttles with jerking arms, until his family feared that his mind was giving way. The result of his ponderings and plannings appeared six months later in a clumsy piece

1784 of carpentry and smith-work, which contained the germ of the power-
 A.D. loom. Preaching, poetry, all old pursuits were then abandoned by

this giant of resolve, who cut himself adrift from the past, and flung all his time, strength, and money into the battle of the machines. He was not exempt from the fate, which dogged such benefactors of their race. Having established some mills at Doncaster, he endeavoured to give England the benefit of his invention. But all the spite and malevolence of the weaving fraternity—alike men and masters—rose like the hissing of trodden snakes. They burned his mill; they infringed his patent; they damaged his goods. Thousand after thousand of his fortune was woven away into gossamer, not gold; and finally his pen alone was left him as a means of support. The brave heart, the teeming brain never failed. He bore his narrowed circumstances without a murmur, and went on inventing, literally until the day he died. A grant of £10,000, made by Parliament in 1808, saved him from want or the need of toil during the evening of his life, which closed in 1827.

Many inventors and improvers added to the works of these great men. Old Robert Peel discovered a way of printing calico with colours, which gave a finishing touch to this attractive and very cheap article of clothing. And then steam began to roll the spindles and work the reeds at a surprising rate, which multiplied the produce of the mills beyond all anticipation, enabling

the country to bear its gigantic burdens with the greatest ease. From being a wild moorland tract Lancashire has become full of industry and wealth, the parent cities presiding over a host of independent and very thriving towns of minor note. The streams, to be sure, do not flow with such crystal purity—Irwell is an inky ditch—nor is the sky undimmed with smoke. But wealth and work go hand in hand from the Ribble to the Mersey, nor is Manchester wrongly called among English towns the Queen of Cottondom.

CHAPTER III.

BURKE—NELSON—PITT—FOX.

Earlier lives.	French Revolution.	Union of Ireland.
Janius.	Quarrel of Burke with Fox.	The Addington Cabinet.
The North Cabinet.	Wilberforce.	Copenhagen.
America.	St. Vincent.	Treaty of Amiens.
Gordon riots.	Nelson.	Threatened invasion.
Economical reform.	The Mutiny.	Pitt again in office.
Rockingham Cabinet.	Death of Burke.	Trafalgar.
Shelburne Cabinet.	Camperdown.	Death of Pitt.
Coalition Ministry.	Irish Rebellion.	Grenville Cabinet.
Pitt Premier.	The Nile.	Death of Fox.
Trial of Hastings.	Acre and Abercromby.	

THE four illustrious men, whose names form the heading of this chapter, filled with their achievements and their fame the last quarter of the eighteenth century, three of them living past the turn of the hundred years.

I have already alluded to the first appearance of Edmund Burke on the floor of the Commons. Born in Dublin on New Year's Day 1730, this second son of a thriving attorney went to school at Ballitore in Kildare, where Abraham Shackleton a Quaker taught skilfully and kindly. Some years at Trinity College, Dublin, prepared him for entering on the study of the law. His pen however formed his chief resource for many years. An appointment, retained only for a short time, as secretary to the Chief Secretary for Ireland, gave him a glimpse of official existence, which seemed hardly agreeable to his free and ardent soul. Returning to London, he accepted a similar post under Rockingham, and, as Member for Wendover, found his way into St. Stephen's.

Charles James Fox, unequalled in the tactics of Parliamentary debate, though considerably younger than Burke, entered the arena of political gladiatorship only three years later. Born in 1749, he was "rocked and dandled into a legislator," for he lived in a very hothouse of political intrigue. His father Henry Fox—Lord Holland after 1763—sent him to Eton, to Oxford, and to the Continent, schools of life in which Charlie learned several lessons, especially the perilous arts of dice and cards. While absent on a tour in Italy, the youth of nineteen was elected Member for Midhurst.

William Pitt, the second son of Chatham, came much later on the stage.

Fox, who acted for six years under the wing of his crafty old father, spoke his maiden speech against the election of Wilkes for Middlesex, supporting Luttrell the rival candidate. He had attached himself to the Ministerial party, presided over by that Duke of Grafton, whose memory the pen of Junius has covered with ignominy. Junius deserves a word in passing. In January 1769 a letter appeared in the *Public Advertiser*, directed against the existing Government, and for four years rocket after rocket continued to break upon the startled gaze of the public, scorching where they meant to scorch and gleaming always with the scattered stars of a brilliant and prolific genius. To this day it is uncertain who wrote the letters. There is indeed one name, to which the evidence we have seems to point with some clearness—Sir Philip Francis. Like Burke a native of Dublin, this man, whose father had translated Horace, held several secretariats before finding his way into the War Office, where he served during the appearance of the Letters. Afterwards appointed Member of Council in Bengal, he fought a duel with Warren Hastings, got a bullet through his body, and came home, to sit in Parliament and uphold Whig principles. In 1818 he died, aged seventy-eight.

Burke's name too was connected with these brilliant letters, and he was in Opposition at the time. But few now believe that Burke was Junius. How Edmund got the money to support his considerable establishment is a mystery untold. Some writers tell us of £20,000 received at various times from his father; others suggest that a stockjobbing brother aided him with money and valuable shares. One thing is certain. He had money, part of which he invested in the estate of Beaconsfield, where he gardened and farmed in the intervals of toil. In town his dearest associates were Johnson the critic, Goldsmith the poet and novelist, Reynolds the painter, and Garrick the actor.

Grafton having resigned in 1770, a new Ministry was formed by Frederick, Lord North, a shambling thick-tongued hare-eyed nobleman, in face remarkably like the King. Fox took office as a junior Lord of Admiralty, and Edward Thurlow became Solicitor-General. On the whole the Cabinet contained almost the same men as had served under Grafton.

Four grand subjects occupied the mind of Burke during all his life. The first of these—America—was associated with the very opening of his Parliamentary career, and the moment was now at hand, when he must speak out his burning heart more fully and decidedly, as became the crisis of the time. Sympathy on this great question drew together and fused into friendship the giant minds of Burke and Fox.

A dispute of no small importance raged during the early part of 1771 between the House of Commons and the London printers, who had begun to publish the speeches and debates of the House. Many a literary man had previously earned his dinner by casting the substance of delivered speeches into a popular form. The reputation of certain orators rests thus upon uncertain ground,

since, even in the case of Chatham, we can trace the evident work of Samuel Johnson's pen. A Colonel Onslow, stung by certain nicknames, called the attention of the House to the reporting of debates, which had been already (1728) declared a punishable offence. Burke, looking with a larger view, calmly told the House that such things were natural and must go on. The Sergeant-at-arms was nevertheless sent into the city to seize the printers, but some could not be found. And, when one named Wheble was carried before Alderman Wilkes, that man of brass dismissed the charge. Alderman Oliver and the Lord Mayor following this audacious example, the wrath of the Commons was roused, and the two last were sent to the Tower. The Government was afraid to meddle with Wilkes. Finally the Commons beat an ignominious retreat, and the right of publishing the proceedings of Parliament has stood unquestioned since. Woodfall, the publisher of Junius, turned his surprising memory to good account in the *Diary*, by going to listen from the Strangers' Gallery and then transcribing all that he had heard.

Out of this disturbance grew a rupture between Fox and North. Owing to previous disagreement between the colleagues, Pitt had resigned his post in the Admiralty, but was again received into the Ministry as one of the Lords of the Treasury. Stung however at the weak dealings of the Premier with those audacious printers, who daringly published the speeches in Parliament, Fox proposed that Woodfall should be sent to Newgate. North, resenting this interference, sent Fox a note of dismissal. The death of his 1774 father Lord Holland in this year served still farther to cut Fox loose A.D. from the trammels, which had bound him to the Ministry.

Nearer and blacker grew the cloud, which at last burst into the American War. While the entire horizon gloomed under its shadow, Edmund Burke, who had since 1771 been Agent for the State of New York, uttered the thunders of his eloquence against the taxation of tea in the American colonies. The general election of 1774 having deprived him of his seat for Wendover, he entered the new Parliament as Member for Bristol, which was then the second commercial city in the land. Then it was, as representative of the great seaport, which owed her wealth to Transatlantic trade, that Burke addressed himself with the might of a giant to the task of inducing Parliament to conciliate the offended Americans. In this endeavour, which he called "laying the first stone of the temple of peace," he placed before the House thirteen resolutions, upon which he spoke with luminous elegance and convincing skill. His strength was wasted on the obstinate and the blind. Taxation went on. The Americans took up the rifle, and the disastrous war began. Strong in the justice of their cause and strung by a resolute hope of ultimate success, they issued in 1776 their celebrated Declaration of Independence. For a fuller account of the Eight Years' War I refer the reader to that part of the Colonial Section, dealing with North America.

Two years later (1778) Britain was embroiled in a war with France, owing to the aid afforded by the latter to the revolted Americans. Spain, charged

with grievances old and new, took part with France against us, and the two, backed by an *Armed Neutrality* formed by Russia, Denmark, and Sweden, put forth their entire strength in the siege of Gibraltar, which I have described elsewhere. (*See Colonial Section.*)

In June 1780 a most alarming outbreak, known as the Gordon riots, took place in London. Riots in Edinburgh had foreshadowed the coming storm, which was roused by some movements towards relieving Roman Catholics from the penal laws that pressed so heavily on them. A mad Scottish nobleman, Lord George Gordon, finding the majority in the Commons anxious for some change in favour of Romanists, prepared, as the head of the "Protestant Association," to present a monster petition against any such movement. Summoning a huge crowd to St. George's Fields, he headed a march of blue cockades sixty thousand strong towards St. Stephen's (June 2). "No Popery!" "Repeal the Bill!" resounded from all the streets of Westminster, blocked up by infuriated mobs; some of the strongest and most reckless fellows swarmed in the very lobby of the House. The debate was adjourned for four days. On that Friday night some chapels were burned. But it was not until Monday the 5th that the work of destruction really began. On Tuesday evening Newgate was burned and all the prisoners were freed. Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury suffered the same fate, his rich furniture and costly books forming a huge bonfire in the centre of the square. In vain the troops poured volley after volley into the thick-packed masses of mob. The rioters were too drunk with Lord Mansfield's wine and the gin torn from distilleries, to understand why their comrades fell writhing and bleeding. But, when the fury of the madness passed and the sad awaking came, what a miserable spectacle the city presented! No invading enemy could have defaced the capital so completely as the mob of drunken fanatics had done in three days. The Friday saw silent ruined streets; the Saturday saw Gordon in a Tower cell. How many of his wretched followers crept to die like rats in noisome holes, of some bullet wound or frightful scorching or excess of drink, we do not know; but the number must have been great.

In the early spring of this troublous year Burke laid before the House of Commons his celebrated scheme for the Reform of the Public Economy.

1780 Every department of the public service fell under his searching scrutiny, and in all—Ordnance, Mint, Exchequer, Army, Navy, Pensions, Household, and so forth—he found something that might be pruned away without injuring the system of Government. Fox lent his friendly aid and great forensic talent to the support of this measure, which however broke down in the higher stages. Before long many of Burke's ideas on this important subject worked their way into accomplished facts.

In February 1782 Lord North resigned, because an address to the King for the discontinuance of the war was carried by a small majority. A second Rockingham Ministry then sprang into being, in which Fox was Foreign Secretary and Burke Paymaster of the Forces. The latter however was not

admitted into the Cabinet. He ceased in this year to represent Bristol, the electors of which disliked his views in favour of Irish trade and the relief of the Roman Catholics. Falling back therefore on Malton, he continued to sit for that borough during the remainder of his life. If we needed proof of Burke's disinterested love of his adopted country, we might find it in his sweeping retrenchment, where his own profits were at stake. Going even farther than the Great Commoner, who simply refused the perquisites, Burke swept away the perquisites altogether, effecting a considerable saving to the nation, but condemning future Paymasters to live on a much smaller income.

When Rockingham died—only four months after taking office—the Cabinet dissolved, and the Shelburne Ministry took its place (July 10, 1782), William Pitt being called to fill the onerous post of Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Little more at that time than twenty-three years of age, he had already been sitting in Parliament for eighteen months. Born at Hayes in Kent, May 28th 1759, he enjoyed a careful training at home, and went afterwards to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where his precocious scholarship excited much wonder. A short stay in France was followed by a course of legal study, which qualified him for admission to the bar in 1780. In less than a year he took his seat in the Commons for the borough of Appleby, and displayed at once an eloquence which awed and dazzled even that distinguished audience. The sudden bursting of this new orator on the public gaze has been finely compared to the rising of the tropic sun. A session sufficed to make his fame and declare his powers so distinctly that the Budget was committed to his care next year.

The Rockingham Administration had enacted the independence of the Irish Parliament (1782), by repealing a former statute of dependence. It was left for the Shelburne Ministry to acknowledge the independence of the United States (Dec. 5, 1782).

By a Coalition of Whigs and Tories, meant to adhere only long enough to wreak a common grudge, the Shelburne Ministry was overthrown. Lord North and Fox, forgetting their old squabble, united to oust Pitt and his colleagues. In the new Cabinet, formed April 5th 1783, the Premiership was allotted to the Duke of Portland, but Fox and North were the ruling spirits of the band, the latter managing the Home, the former the Foreign Office. Burke took office in the Coalition as Paymaster of the Forces. This Ministry however did not live a year. When Parliament assembled in the following November, Fox brought in two Bills upon a subject, which rose with startling vividness before the public, after the American question had lost its novelty. That subject was the proper government of India, where plunder and misrule had been running riot for years. Proposing in one Bill to vest the territorial government of India in the hands of seven Directors, to be appointed at first by the Parliament but afterwards at intervals of four years by the Crown, and to place the commercial government of that golden dependency in the hands of nine Assistant-directors, Fox in the other Bill aimed at the suppression of tyranny, and the regulation of the powers exercised by the Governor-General and Council.

Burke supported the measures with all the might of his magic eloquence. And Pitt opposed them with all the energy of youth and the vigour of aspiration. Long the battle raged. Fox carried the first Bill through the Commons in triumph, but it was lost on the second reading in the Lords, the King having conceived or received the idea that the passing of the measure into law would place all Indian power in the hands of the Ministry. Thus the Coalition broke down.

At twelve one night (Dec. 18,) a royal messenger demanded the seals
 Dec 19, of office from North and Fox, and on the next day Pitt was appointed
 1783 First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. Fox
 A.D. naturally became leader of the Opposition, which assumed a portentous contrast to the handful, thinly scattered on the Ministerial benches.

The Coalition did not die without a struggle. But Pitt, backed by the King, won his way inch by inch against the majorities dwindling every night, until the dissolution of Parliament completed the ruin of Fox's party. One hundred and sixty retainers of Charles James lost their seats in the election scramble that ensued, retiring with the poor consolation of living in history as "Fox's Martyrs."

In 1785 a man landed in England, who might perhaps have displayed more wisdom by remaining in Bengal. Born in 1732 at the manor of Daylesford in Worcestershire, Warren Hastings had gone at the age of seventeen to hold a clerkship at Calcutta. As Diplomatic Agent, as Member of Council, as President of the Council of Bengal, as Governor-General of India, he displayed brilliant talents, serpent-like wisdom, and, where he found the field, pitiless cruelty. Burke, who knew the affairs of India even more intimately than he knew the affairs of America, burned in his righteous soul at the stories of fraud and tyranny, that came with hot and noisome breath from the wasted plains of the East. The various discussions on this subject in the Commons resulted in an impeachment. The trial began before the Lords on the 13th of February 1788, when a blaze of beauty, rank, and genius lighted up the sombre shades of Westminster Hall. The principal Managers of the impeachment were Burke, Fox, and Sheridan; Pitt having refused to be one of the band, and the good taste of the House having decided against the admission of Francis, a personal foe of the culprit. The eloquence of Burke,

1788 who opened the charges by displaying a colossal panorama of India
 A.D. scathed by the tyranny of Hastings, penetrated the audience like a magician's spell. One lady fell into a fit. Fox then spoke. The case of the Princesses of Oude fell to the advocacy of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who had in the previous session delivered a speech in Parliament upon the same subject, which Windham and Fox, excellent judges of such a thing, characterized as the finest ever spoken in the Commons.

This remarkable orator was born in Dublin in 1751. Educated at Harrow, he passed his youth at Bath, from which he ran off with a pretty singer. They were married in France, and then Sheridan began to write for the stage. *The Rivals*, *The School for Scandal*, and *The Critic* flowed in

succession from his brilliant pen. During this time he acquired some shares in Drury Lane Theatre, and through the influence of Fox was returned in 1780 for the borough of Stafford. Drink and debt struck their fatal talons into the peace of Sheridan's life: while his wit flashed, he was welcome to the orgies over which the Prince of Wales presided; but the broken-down spend-thrift, wasteful of genius as of guineas, receiving no pity, no help from selfish George, died almost friendless in 1816.

After the grand oration of Sheridan the trial of Hastings ceased to have much public interest; and other events of magnitude, rolling out as years went by, almost blotted it from public memory. Not until the spring of 1795 did the Lords pronounce judgment in this celebrated cause. The seven years, which had elapsed since its commencement, had gapped with quarrel the united band of Managers, and more than one third of the Peers, who walked in procession on the opening day, were resting in the grave. The accused was acquitted and discharged. But his fortune had melted away. In this crisis the East India Company came to his aid, by conferring on him a life-annuity of £4000, advancing ten years' income to meet his debts, and lending him £50,000 without interest. Trying to naturalize at Daylesford Indian fruits and Indian animals, he lived out his life in retirement until 1813, when a discussion upon Indian affairs brought him from seclusion to be fêted and cheered, but not, as he expected, promoted to the Peerage. He died in 1818, aged eighty-six years.

We now return to the year 1788, when the trial of Hastings began. The autumn brought the sad news that the mind of the King was deranged; and it became necessary to think of appointing a Regent. Upon this point Pitt and Fox wrestled during all the illness of King George; the former contending that Parliament had the right of settling the Regency, the latter standing up for the right of the Prince of Wales to govern during his father's incapacity. The fortunate recovery of the King prevented the question from coming to an issue then; but Pitt had decidedly the best of the struggle.

Greater far than all Regency squabbles or such minor questions was the colossal cluster of events, even then beginning to soak French soil with blood and to send out roots of war and change into all surrounding lands. And identified above all other Britons of his time with the subject of the French Revolution was our noblest statesman Edmund Burke. It seized his mind with a gigantic and engrossing grasp, so that he sought knowledge on the subject from every side. And then—1790—out of the depths of his teeming brain, decorated with rich and graceful flowers of fancy and lit from within by the steady glow of a great and kindly soul, came his celebrated work, *Reflections on the Revolution in France*—a work expressing his abhorrence and his dread of that Atheism, which he had long ago seen sapping the foundations of French society, and upon which he now looked as almost the sole cause of the frightful disorder reigning beyond the Channel.

His opinions upon this subject shattered his friendship with Fox. In a

debate upon the increase of the army in 1790 the old friends and fellow-statesmen took opposite sides, Fox praising the change effected in France and maintaining that we had no need of more soldiers. But the final breach took place in 1791. There is no disguising of the fact that Burke grew irritable and morbidly sensitive as he advanced in years. When speaking about the government of Quebec on this occasion, he introduced a fiery attack upon the Revolution party in France, to which Fox responded sharply

1791 A.D. enough by twitting the great Edmund with inconsistency, since he had upheld in the American quarrel the very principles he now condemned in France. Burke grew mad with rage. Whispers Fox, "There is no breach of friendship." "There is, there is," passionately exclaimed the goaded orator. "I know the price of my conduct. Our friendship is at an end." In this unhappy affair the Whig Club took Fox's part, upon which Burke and his friend Windham resigned their connection with the Club. The crimsoned history of the next few years in France showed that Burke saw with deeper insight into the tendency of the delirium, in which the unhappy country writhed.

In 1792 Fox gave his strenuous support to a measure for the abolition of negro slavery in the British Empire, a measure already for some years before the House, and destined to fight a hard battle before its final triumph. Identified with this question from its very birth is the honoured name of William Wilberforce, a native of Hull. Returned at first for his native town, he climbed in a marvellously short time to the top of the poll for the great county of York, a prominent Parliamentary position, which he retained to the close of his public life in 1825. His death took place in 1833, just when the noble object to which his whole life had been given was on the eve of accomplishment.

The neutrality observed by Pitt was broken by the knife, which beheaded Louis XVI. of France. In vain Fox, supported by Sheridan and Grey, tried to reason down the cry for war which broke from nearly all England. Burke blew a trumpet-note: Pitt and Windham saw no course but an appeal to arms. War was accordingly declared against the French Convention (February 11.) The domestic state of Britain at that time was far from satisfactory, but beyond some local riots the popular uneasiness took no unpleasant form. A Coalition of nations, including Austrians, English, Dutch, Spaniards, and Prussians, was formed to crush the daring French Republic. On the Rhine, in the Pyrenees, among the valleys of Savoy war burned fiercely. An English fleet under Lord Hood took Marseilles and Toulon, but the fine gunnery of young Bonaparte forced that nobleman to abandon his hold on Southern France.

The fear of invasion led about this time to the enrollment of Volunteers—an idea due, it is said, to the inventive mind of Henry Dundas, a friend of Pitt, who since 1791 had been Home Secretary. This eminent Scotsman, afterwards raised to the Peerage as Lord Melville, passed through the lower

offices of Lord Advocate and Treasurer of the Navy, before joining the Ministry of Pitt. He afterwards became Secretary at War. A naval victory won in the Channel by Lord Howe (June 1, 1794), another in the following year (June 22) gained by Lord Bridport off L'Orient, the capture of the Cape of Good Hope and some of the finest of the Antilles crippled severely the power of the French and their newly gained Dutch Allies.

Spain too broke off from the Coalition, and opened fire upon England. With how little profit we shall see. The French Directory sought to wound Britain through her turbulent sister in the west. Irish officers eagerly spurred on the thought of such a thing. A fleet, collected at Brest, really sailed in December 1796 with an army under General Hoche; but a storm—it is singular how storms have scattered the various Armadas launched against our shores—prevented the invasion by driving the ships far and wide from the appointed meeting-place in Bantry Bay. The *Légion Noire*—a band of blackguards dressed in black, the scum of the French galleys—made descents on Ilfracombe and Fishguard Bay, preparatory to their kind purpose of setting Bristol in a blaze: but, cowering at the sight of the red cloaks worn by the Welsh peasant girls, they yielded ignobly to Lord Cawdor.

The French Directory, intoxicated by the splendid successes of Napoleon in Italy, burned to make a descent upon England. In order to accomplish this it was arranged that the Dutch and Spanish fleets should effect a junction at Brest with the collected navy of France. The Spanish fleet under Cordova had passed the Straits of Gibraltar on its way to the place of meeting, when happily it was met by a British squadron from the Tagus under Sir John Jervis. The news that the Dons were under sail near Cape St. Vincent had been brought to the English Admiral by Commodore Nelson, who came opportunely with some ships from Elba. The Spaniard mustered twenty-five sail; Jervis commanded only fifteen. But a daring dash of the English ships through the hostile fleet, cutting off six vessels from the main body, reduced the fighting numbers to something like equality. Commodore Nelson covered himself with glory in the action that ensued. Aided by Collingwood, whose name is linked to his in undying glory, he Feb. 14, boarded, first the *San Nicolas*, through whose cabin window he 1797 sprang, and then the *San Josef*, a vessel of eighty guns, lying be- A.D. yond. As he jumped on the deck of the latter, his famous cry, "Victory or Westminster Abbey," rang clear above the din of war. Four Spanish ships struck in this battle of St. Vincent; several could hardly crawl away. A Peerage and a pension rewarded Jervis, while Nelson received knighthood and the Order of the Bath.

As the name of Horatio Nelson appears for the first time prominently in our history on the occasion of this battle, it is right that I should briefly sketch the earlier career of one, whom Tennyson justly calls "the greatest sailor since the world began." Born in 1758 at the parsonage of Burnham Thorpe in Norfolk, where his father held a small living, young Nelson

began his career of glory as a midshipman on board the *Raisonnable*, 64; of which his uncle Suckling was commander. When this vessel was paid off soon afterwards, the boy preferred the stirring life of a West Indiaman to the slow sameness of a guardship in the Thames. This taught him seaman-ship in a rougher and perhaps better school. A short stay on board his uncle's guardship revived his love for the Royal Navy, besides giving him a considerable and very useful knowledge of pilotage. Arctic ice, Indian hurricanes, South American fevers had their share in his education for greatness. The siege of Fort San Juan, Nicaragua, and the conquest of St. Bartholomew's added much to his reputation for skill and daring. After his marriage in 1787 he spent some years ashore. His appointment as captain of the *Agamemnon* (January 30, 1793) opened to him in the new French war that field of action, whose brightest laurels he plucked and wore. The western basin of the Mediterranean formed his cruising station for about three years. At Naples began that peculiar intimacy with Lady Hamilton, which gives an unpleasant colouring to all his later life. At Calvi he lost an eye, into which a round shot, striking the ground, violently drove a shower of sand. And from Elba he started on the cruise which resulted in the battle of St. Vincent.

The bright gleam of St. Vincent was succeeded by a gloomy time. A sudden drain upon the Bank of England occurring, it took all the sagacity and resolve of Pitt to stem the tide of disaster that seemed setting in upon the country. But by a prompt issue of bank-notes, which the leading merchants agreed to accept, the danger was averted. Mutiny in the fleet added much to the depression of the time. Through April, May, and June the fleets at Portsmouth and the Nore were in the hands of the seamen, who appointed delegates to make known to the Government their grievances and demands. Insufficient pay—unfair distribution of prize-money—and tyrannical treatment by their officers formed the groundwork of their complaints. The crews at Portsmouth, softened by concession, soon returned to their duty; but the mutiny in the Thames assumed a more formidable shape, owing to the levelling tendencies of its ringleader, Richard Parker, a native of Devonshire and a broken-down tradesman, who had taken to the sea as a last resource. Some idea of this man's spirit may be gathered from his device of hanging images of Pitt and Dundas on the yards of the vessels as targets for ball-practice. Lasting for about a month, this second and more dangerous mutiny melted away owing to various causes, of which the chief were the introduction of two severe Mutiny Bills by Pitt, the revival of loyal feelings on the King's birthday (June 4th), the tyranny of the upstart delegates, and the want of fresh water and food. Parker was hanged at the yard-arm of the *Sandwich* on the 30th of June. The death of Edmund Burke, which happened on the 9th of June at Beaconsfield, added much to the gloom of the season. That illustrious man, bleeding at the heart for his beloved son Richard, whom death had taken in the prime of life, mixed little in public affairs during his last three years. His *Letter to a Noble Lord*, defending the

grant of a pension to himself, and his *Letters on a Regicidal Peace*, hurling the old volcanic fire at the blood-stained Government of France, display his dying genius in its latest flashes.

Thus through clouds of danger and of gloom the year 1797 drifted wearily on. The retirement of Fox to the quietude of St. Ann's Hill, because he could not get his own way in the government of the country, and the conclusion of the Treaty of Campo Formio between France and Austria may be noted as adding to the great depression of the year. As St. Vincent had flung a sudden ray of gladness over its opening months, Camperdown tinged its autumn with a hopeful light. Fears of invasion from the Low Countries had been rife in Britain, and Admiral Duncan had been watching the mouth of the Texel most vigilantly. While he was refitting at Yarmouth Roads, De Winter, the Dutch Admiral, incited by the French Directory, slipped out to have a sudden dash at the few ships on guard. Duncan came down with swelling canvas, before the Dutchmen had lost sight of the low shore between Camperdown and Egmont. Onslow led the English van ; **Oct. 11,** Duncan in the *Venerable*, 74, sailed at the head of the second line. **1797** From noon to four the cannon roared, until the Dutch gave way and **A.D.** fled, leaving eleven prizes in the victors' hands. Duncan and De Winter took a hand at whist that night in the cabin of the *Venerable*, and the latter suffered a second beating of a different kind. The game is worthy to be classed with the famous match at bowls on the Hoe at Plymouth, and Napoleon's cool dramatic feat of chess among the flames of Moscow.

Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson lost his right arm about this time in an unsuccessful attack upon Santa Cruz in Teneriffe.

The Irish Rebellion of 1798 smouldered long before it burst into flame. A conflict, called the "Battle of the Diamond," fought in 1775 at Arinagh between the United Irishmen or Defenders and the loyal Protestant party, resulted in the organization of the Orange Society. The Earl of Moira strove in vain to mediate between the angry sections of the people. Lord Chancellor Clare, the real leader of the Government, condemned pikes and secret drilling as suspicious tokens of a spirit that could be won by conciliation. The rebels, looking to France, were wofully disappointed when they saw the sails of that armament, to which I shall presently refer, set for the far shores of Egypt. Many of their leaders were pounced on by the Government—five at Margate on their way to France—several in Dublin at a secret meeting—the noblest, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, a son of the Duke of Leinster, while lurking in a feather-dealer's house in Thomas Street in the same city. Lord Edward died of his wounds. The stoppage of the mail-coaches in various parts of Leinster began the bloody work. The massacre of Prosperous, seized by the rebels at midnight, rivals in atrocity the horrors of Cawnpore. Connaught remained quiet ; Ulster, in which the great preliminary noise had been made, was agitated only slightly. In the county of Wexford the pike and green flag grew red with brutal triumph for a while. Under a rascally priest, who pre-

tended to catch the bullets as they flew past, a huge mass of men rolled in a destructive tide through Ferns, where they burned the episcopal palace, on to Enniscorthy, whence they drove a garrison of Royalist troops. Wexford was then abandoned to their rage. Clustering to the number of fifteen thousand on the slopes of Vinegar Hill, an eminence which fronts Enniscorthy on the opposite bank of the Slaney, they began to show some rough semblance of military discipline under the conduct of their leaders, of whom a Protestant gentleman, Bagenal Harvey, was chief. The daily amusement of the rebels

consisted in the torture and execution of their prisoners. General
June 21, Lake, seconded by General Moore, attacked the camp on Vinegar
1798 Hill with a body of thirteen thousand men. Scarcely a shot was
 A.D. fired or a pike levelled by the rabble that streamed away in flight

from the slopes of the hill. Lake had only one man killed. The Wicklow mountains sheltered thousands of the fugitives; but the insurrection gradually yielded to the conciliating spirit displayed by the new Viceroy Lord Cornwallis, who was seconded faithfully by young Lord Castlereagh, the Chief Secretary. Several of the leaders were executed; and Henry Grattan, the greatest Irishman of his age, although he had no share in the rising, suffered a taint from the suspicions of the time, and was struck off the list of Irish Privy Council.

This outbreak was seconded too late by a French force under General Humbert, which landed (Aug. 22) at Killala in Mayo. Lake tried vainly with a militia force to check Humbert's march at Castlebar. A scandalous flight, wittily styled "The Castlebar Races," left the field open to the invaders—for a time. Cornwallis, appearing with a large force, obliged Humbert and his men to surrender at Ballynamuck. A French fleet, which entered Killala Bay on the 11th of October, was driven off by a squadron under Commodore Warren.

Napoleon's secret expedition to Egypt started from Toulon on the 19th of May. The capture of Malta delayed the voyage for a time; but he poured his troops on the shore of Alexandria on the last day of June, having narrowly escaped the fleet, which Nelson led, on the southern side of Candia. The hot sandy march from Alexandria to Cairo was interrupted by a skirmish with the Mamelukes, vaingloriously styled the Battle of the Pyramids (July 21st). The victorious French occupied Cairo without delay. But in less than a fortnight the Egyptian sands were reddened with the glare of bonfires, telling the joy of Arabs at the result of a great naval conflict. Nelson, restlessly seeking the foe, whose destination he guessed but did not know, ran up and down the Mediterranean between Sicily and Egypt, little dreaming at the time that once a fog-bank off Candia alone separated him from the object of his eager hunt. At the Morea he caught distinct intelligence, and three days later (Aug. 1) sighted the French masts bristling like a pinewood in the Bay of Aboukir.¹ The French had thirteen ships of the line, four frigates,

¹ *Aboukir*, a castle, point, and bay about twelve miles north-east of Alexandria in Egypt.

and some gunboats ; the English had the same number of first-rates, and but one fifty-gun ship in addition. Anchoring his vessels inside the French line of battle, he opened fire a little after six o'clock, and through the summer dusk, deep into the midnight and on to the sudden dawn, the flashes of the cannon lighted up the curving shore. Hugest of all ships was the *Orient*, which bore the flag of Admiral Brueys and carried a hundred and twenty guns. Engaged during the action with two of the British vessels, it took fire owing to some oil-jars which the painters had left about. At ten o'clock the flames reached the powder-magazine, and a terrific explosion hurled the great vessel into burning fragments, which fell in a hissing shower over all the bay. Ten minutes of death-like stillness passed before a gun dared to break the awful pause. Nelson, whose forehead had been severely cut by a splinter, appeared with a bloody bandage round his head to direct our boats in their merciful attempt to save the poor scorched swimmers that dotted the surface of the sea. At dawn a few guns were fired, and then the battle was over ; and the French fleet then consisted of *two* runaway ships. The *Orient* was in pieces ; eight had struck their flag ; two were helpless on the shore. Unbounded joy filled Britain when the great news came. Nelson was created Baron Nelson of the Nile, receiving in addition a pension of £2000 a year for three lives.

Aug. 1,
1798
A.D.

Napoleon's conquest of Egypt thus ended in the capture of himself and army in a trap, his communication with France being completely destroyed. A few words will suffice to tell what happened next. The spring of 1799 saw him moving along the shore to Palestine, where Djezzar Pacha shut himself up in Acre and soon secured the aid of some English blue-jackets under Sir Sidney Smith. For sixty-one days the French tried every way of reducing this stronghold. Baffled and dispirited, the Corsican returned to Egypt, where he soon had the satisfaction of scattering a badly organized Turkish army at Aboukir. He panted however for France, and stole away at midnight in one of his frigates (Aug. 22). Clearing out the effete and unpopular Directory at the point of the bayonet, he then lifted himself to the post of First Consul. Kleber held Egypt for the French until an Arab knife cut short his command. Menou, then becoming leader of the French army, continued to hold the Delta until 1801, when an English force under Sir Ralph Abercromby and Sir Sidney Smith made a descent upon the shore of Aboukir Bay and won the battle of Alexandria (March 21st, 1801). A wound from a musket-ball in the thigh caused the death of veteran Sir Ralph a few days later. The capitulation of Cairo completed the restoration of Egypt to the Turks.

Before the close of 1798 Pitt had struck out the rough draft of an Act of Legislative Union for Ireland, and had desired Cornwallis the Lord Lieutenant to prepare the way for this only cure of a distempered land. To the same session is due the great minister's scheme of Income Tax, which passed the Houses in triumph. Beginning with smaller rates on incomes of £65

a year, it imposed upon those amounting to £200 or upwards a charge of ten per cent.

An expedition to Holland, commanded by the Duke of York, under whom Pitt's brother, Lord Chatham, acted as a Major-General, ended all in smoke, his Royal Highness returning without a solitary leaf of laurel.

The First Consul of France took the liberty of writing in autograph to the King of England, proposing a negotiation for peace, and was quietly snubbed by receiving from his Foreign Minister Talleyrand a reply from the pen of Lord Grenville, addressed not to the chief but to the subaltern. Baffled but not foiled, the Corsican then bent his mighty energies to a prosecution of the war in Italy. The Alps were climbed. Milan was entered. Marengo was fought. The Austrians were swept from Lombardy. The victory of Hohenlinden in Bavaria added the last drop to the cup of humiliation given to the lips of the Hapsburgs, who gladly welcomed a cessation of the war in the peace of Luneville.

Discussed in both the British and the Irish Parliaments, leavening the public mind, in Ireland at least, almost to the exclusion of every other political topic, the Union question meanwhile worked its way onward to completion. It received its final shape during the year 1800. As was natural, the bare mention of such a thing excited a whirlwind of opposition in the Houses of Parliament by the Liffey. Henry Grattan, who had paid more than £2000 for the right of representing Wicklow, crawled to his seat, when worn with severe illness, and spoke with more than his wonted fire against the measure, attacking especially the published speech of Pitt in its defence. Isaac Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer, replied to him: the debate of eighteen hours ended by a division in favour of Union. In the British Parliament the opposition to the measure was very slight. Fox objected to it, but did not leave

St. Ann's to give an opposing vote. Receiving the royal assent
Jan. 1, on the 2nd of July, this important and most beneficial Act came
1801 into force on the 1st of January 1801, after which the King
 A.D. met a three-fold Legislature, entitled the Imperial Parliament.

Four spiritual Peers by rotation of sessions—twenty-eight temporal Peers elected for life by the Peers of Ireland—and one hundred Commons (increased to one hundred and five by the Reform Bill) were appointed to represent Ireland in the Imperial Parliament. The Church of Ireland, established upon an Episcopal basis, was united to the Church of England by agreement in doctrine, worship, and discipline. The privileges of trade and navigation, enjoyed by British subjects, were extended to Irish merchants also. The taxation and expenditure were henceforward to be levied and defrayed according to a certain regular proportion. And all laws and courts were to remain as before in both kingdoms, subject to any alteration which Parliament might enact.

A question connected with the Irish Union now arose, which overthrew the long Ministry of Pitt, and continued to convulse the Legislature at intervals

for nearly thirty years. It consisted of a claim in favour of relieving Roman Catholics from the heavy penalties and close restrictions, under which the Test and other Acts had placed them. They had given generous support to the Irish Union, buoyed up, although there seems to have been no pledge, by the hope that the Ministry would do something for them in return. Pitt justly thought that they deserved it, and that the Union would be cemented by an Act of Emancipation. But the King doggedly set himself in opposition to any measure of the kind, leaving the Minister no resource but resignation of the high office he had held for seventeen years. Mr. Addington, the Speaker of the Commons, was then intrusted with the formation of **Feb. 5,** a Government, in which process he did little more than bring into the **1801** front rank of the Cabinet those who had been subordinates with Pitt. **A.D.** In fact the Addington Ministry was but a decent puppet-show, worked by the hidden hand of the Ex-premier.

The peace, to obtain which the New Cabinet was put together, was advanced by the turn things took in Northern Europe. Two blows broke up the threatening might of the Armed Neutrality among the nations that surround the Baltic Sea. These were the battle of Copenhagen and the murder of the Czar Paul. A fleet of eighteen sail under Sir Hyde Parker and Admiral Nelson left Yarmouth Roads for the Sound on the 12th of March. Sir Hyde was a nervous undecided man. But his colleague was made of sterner stuff. Nelson undertook to reduce the batteries of Copenhagen with ten ships, and, having got twelve, proceeded to take soundings and lay down buoys in the winding channel which led up to the Danish position. In the thick of the cannonade a signal fluttered on the topmast of Parker's ship, com- **April 2,** manding Nelson to leave off firing. The hero looked at the cowardly **1801** bunting with his sightless eye, and went on with the attack, desiring **A.D.** his own signal for "closer action" to be nailed to the mast. At about two in the afternoon of that glorious April day the Danish fire slackened and ceased. Some of the ships that had struck fired on boats pulling to take possession of them, upon which Nelson wrote as follows to the Crown Prince:—"Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence, which covered her shores, has struck to the British flag; but, if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies of the English." This humane and dignified remonstrance had its effect. A flag of truce came off the shore, and next day the victor landed to tell the Crown Prince, why the battle had been fought. This "glorious disobedience" was rewarded, not with hanging, as he comically suggested that it might, but with promotion to the rank of Viscount, beyond which he did not rise, the Peerage won at Trafalgar being of another kind.

This victory and the accession of Alexander to the throne of the Czars com-

pletely dissolved the Northern Confederacy, for the new monarch eagerly sought peace with England.

The way being thus smoothed for peace, preliminaries were arranged, and Amiens was appointed as the place for their discussion. Thither went Lord Cornwallis, Joseph Bonaparte, and ministers from Spain and Holland, the latter of which was at that time called the Batavian Republic. After some wrangling about Malta the Treaty of Amiens was brought to a conclusion on March 27, the 27th of March 1802. A shallow pretence it was on the First 1802 Consul's part, deserving the name of Armed Truce rather than of A.D. Peace. But, short as the breathing-space turned out to be, both the combatant nations hailed it with joy.

Pitt, always a delicate man, fell at this time into very bad health, which compelled him to spend a considerable part of the season at Bath for the purpose of using its mineral springs. This year also witnessed the elevation to the Peerage, under the title of Lord Melville, of his Scottish ally and intimate companion, Harry Dundas.

In the course of the following year it became clear that the First Consul meant war. Instead therefore of giving up Malta to the Knights of St. John, the British Government, quite aware that Bonaparte only waited for their evacuation of the place to seize it for himself, proposed to hold it for ten years and then restore it to the natives. This *ultimatum* being rejected, war with France was declared by the King on the 18th of May 1803. Four days later, a decree of the First Consul flung into long captivity several thousand English tourists, whom the Peace had induced to take a trip among the vineyards. This piece of narrow spite suited ill the prestige of a hero and a conqueror.

In Ireland an outbreak, which might have been serious, had it not been premature, took place on the 23rd of July. Beyond a doubt the renewal of war with France hatched this conspiracy into a sudden life. Its leader was Robert Emmett, a Protestant, round whose unhappy fate a love story, celebrated in poetry and romance, hangs its pathetic light. A store of gunpowder having exploded, the rebels were forced into unripe action, and, breaking into various bands in the streets which branch from the Castle of Dublin, were dispersed by the fire of the military and the police. The murder of Chief-Justice Kilwarden degraded their pseudo-patriotic enterprise. Seized in his lurking-place amongst the hills of Wicklow, Emmett was brought to trial, condemned, and executed,—a doom which righteously fell on seventeen of his accomplices.

The great bugbear of a French invasion, which had been looming on the opposite shore of the Channel since the Revolution, frightening old ladies in Dover and Southampton and supplying alarmists with an exhaustless stock of gossip, took a very distinct shape in the summer of 1803. At last the *Armée d'Angleterre* seemed really to be destined for the English shore. One hundred thousand men lay camped at Boulogne, and the wings of this great central body spread to the number of fifty thousand more from Brest on the one hand to Antwerp on the other. The clattering of hammers, building boats

to carry the troops over, never ceased along the whole line of coast. Quietly and resolutely Britain collected her energies for the conflict. Money, soldiers, sailors, ships, but above all, memorable as a lesson and a warning to future dreamers of invasion, Volunteers begirt her with a ring of defence reliable and solid. Civilians to the number of three hundred thousand went to drill and learnt the use of arms, exactly as we saw a greater number do under similar circumstances in 1860. Gunboats also clustered in sharp-toothed rows along the line of the Cinque Ports, ancient enemies of France.

The Addington Ministry breaking down in 1804, the King commissioned Pitt to form a new Cabinet, under the special condition that Fox was to have no place in it. Receiving the seals of office on the 10th of May, he constructed a Government, in which Melville was First Lord of the Admiralty, and Castlereagh President of the Board of Control, while he took the Exchequer for himself. The Treasurership of the Navy was given to George Canning, a young statesman of rare wit and eloquence, who, as Under-secretary, had been a valuable member of Pitt's earlier Administration.

Descended from those old Bristol Canyniges celebrated by the brilliant forgeries of Chatterton, George Canning owed his start in life to the kindness of an uncle, Stratford Canning, the banker, at whose house he met Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and other notable men. The statesman's father was a literary adventurer, whom debt and failure sent to an early grave; his mother, braving the risks of a theatrical life, became a manager's and then a mercer's wife. At Eton George distinguished himself by his verses. A little weekly paper called the *Microcosm*, which flourished for about a year, owed its birth to his literary taste, and most of its best matter to his pen. His reputation preceded him to Oxford, where in 1788 he entered Christ Church College. His *Iter ad Meccam* is said to be the best prize poem, which that great school has ever produced. Pitt, who watched the rising talent of the day with eagle eye, lured this ardent young Whig, who had breathed a Whig atmosphere from boyhood, across to the Tory ranks, of which he became a champion and a crown. Entering Parliament in 1793 as Member for Newport in the Isle of Wight, he sat for a session quietly watching the House he was destined to command, and then, when he knew his ground, startled the House with a speech so logical and well-jointed as to defy all attempts at dissection. In 1796 Canning, having accepted office as Under Secretary of State for the Foreign Department, took his seat as Member for Wendover in Bucks, Burke's old borough. His rare power of epigram found a channel in the sheets of the *Anti-Jacobin*, which first appeared, with Gifford as editor, in 1797, expressly for the purpose of meeting the spread of French principles with the vitriolic force of ridicule. Canning went out with Pitt in 1801, to return to office as Treasurer of the Navy in the last Cabinet formed by his Mentor. The fortune of his wife, a plum of the largest size, made him independent of office in 1800; but his spirit was already limed with the perilous charms of political power.

The year 1804, beholding Pitt's return to power, beheld also the elevation of Napoleon to the imperial throne of France. It was clear that a furious and wide-spread war was not distant; the army and flotilla still hung charged with desolation on the shore opposite to England. Meantime a soldier, destined, after Nelson had fallen, to do upon land what that great sailor did by sea, and finally to shatter the gigantic despotism beyond repair, was winning his Indian laurels on the battle-fields of Assaye and Argaum, preparing himself, all unconsciously as every man must do, for the unknown life-work that lay wrapped in futurity. When Spain, swayed by the potent influence of the Tuileries, declared war against England in December 1804, it was evident that the plot was thickening fast. Already Pitt with his customary promptitude had taken vigorous measures to meet the rising emergencies.

The year 1805 is not marked in our domestic history by any event of remarkable importance. A death brought Pitt and Addington again into friendly relations, which resulted in the return of the latter to office as President of the Council and his elevation to the Peerage as Lord Sidmouth. A serious charge of appropriating the public money in his capacity as head of the Admiralty was brought against Lord Melville by his opponents. To this I shall refer a little further on. We also concluded a Treaty with Russia.

But what gave undying lustre to the year was the victory of Trafalgar, which was by sea the equivalent of Waterloo by land—a death-blow to one great branch of the Napoleonic scheme. The resolve to curb this modern giant of tyranny was Pitt's strongest passion. Relying for defence, as he well might, upon the wooden walls, which floated along the threatened seaboard of our island, he bound together in a Coalition—the third he had formed—the three great powers, Russia, Austria, and Sweden, with the design of meeting the *parvenu* Emperor in the heart of Europe. Napoleon, on the other hand, meditated a swift blow at England, and then a rapid move against the gathering Austrians. Eagerly he wished and schemed for twenty-four hours' command of the Channel, that he might pour his invaders on the English shore. To accomplish this he directed Villeneuve to slip out of harbour at Toulon, effect a junction with the Spanish Admiral Gravina, and threaten the West Indies with the united fleets. His hope was that this feint might draw a large part of the English navy from their dragon-watch in the Channel, and that a sudden return of his ships to European waters would give him the desired chance of invading England. Villeneuve went to the West Indies, where he did little beyond the capture of a few merchantmen. Thither Nelson chased him; but a false report turned our Admiral towards the mouth of the Orinoco, and enabled the enemy to do exactly what Napoleon wished by re-crossing the Atlantic. Nelson stayed not long behind, but missed the fleet in this exciting ocean chase. Had he overtaken his quarry, the eleven ships sailing under his flag would certainly have engaged and probably beaten the combined fleets of twenty sail. Sir Robert Calder with an inferior fleet encountered Villeneuve and

Gravina near Cape Finisterre (July 22), and after a day's fighting took two Spanish ships. Villeneuve edged off next day, and then, instead of obeying the orders he got from headquarters, which required him to join the Brest fleet and enter the English Channel, he turned in the opposite direction and packed his ships into Cadiz harbour. There Collingwood kept him trembling by a simple trick, which consisted in making continual signals to an imaginary fleet, supposed to lie within sight of a vessel stationed in the offing. The retreat of Villeneuve to Cadiz threw into a fury the Emperor Napoleon, who had spent long August days in pacing the Boulogne sands and sweeping the sea with an anxious glass. His long cherished project of an invasion, which seemed just on the verge of accomplishment, had slipped again into the uncertain distance; and soon the annihilation of his navy slew it for ever. But before the sunset of the very day, on which the vexing news arrived, he had chalked the outlines of the campaign of Austerlitz. The news, which had brought rage to Napoleon's breast, shot a sudden thrill of exultation and unrest through the heart of Nelson, who had landed to repose his weary body for a week or two at Merton. Hastening to Pitt, he announced his intention of destroying the Allied fleet. On the 14th of September his flag ran to the topmast of the *Victory* in Portsmouth Roads and fluttered out its gay signal that the Admiral was again on board. A fortnight later he was within easy sail of Cadiz, with his old ships patched up for action, and his whole spirit strung with a resolve to strike a blow, which should reward him for his two years' hunting after the fleet at last run to earth. Hiding behind Cape St. Mary—twenty leagues west of Cadiz—he watched the foe by means of a few frigates, as eagerly, to use his own phrase, "as a cat watches mice." Not until the 19th of October did Villeneuve steal out with the hope of passing the Straits and getting ultimately into Toulon. At first Nelson feared that his prey had escaped him. But, when the autumn daylight shone grey upon the sea on Monday the 21st of October, the low dark headland of Trafalgar¹ breaking the south-eastern horizon twenty miles away, a huge line of vessels was seen riding on the heavy waves six miles off to the east. The longed-for day had dawned at last; before its sun went down, the distant sandhill was immortal, and Nelson was no more on earth.

The combined fleets of France and Spain amounted to thirty-three sail of the line, five frigates, and two brigs. Nelson had twenty-seven first-rates, four frigates, one schooner, and one cutter. A presentiment of death clouded the spirit of the hero, as he looked across the sea at the foe, whom he was rapidly nearing; and one of the first things he did, after giving the signal of approach, was to write in his diary a short prayer, and a request that Lady Hamilton and her daughter might be provided for by the nation in whose cause he was about to die. In two columns, the one led by Nelson in the *Victory*, the other by Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign*, each ship carrying

¹ *Trafalgar* (*Promontorium Junonis*), is a low sandy ridge of coast stretching toward Tarifa, on the coast half way between Cadiz and the Strait of Gibraltar.

one hundred guns, the British line of battle bore down upon the enemy, whose ships had drifted out of a straight line into the form of an irregular crescent. Words, which have come to stir the heart like a peal of national music, "England expects every man to do his duty," were signalled from the mast-head of the *Victory*, as the lines drew near each other. The French opened the action by firing single shots to try their range. At the cannon's boom every one of the Allied Admirals hoisted his flag with the remarkable exception of Villeneuve. There was no skulking on the part of Nelson, who paced the quarter-deck of the *Victory* in his well-worn frock, whose tarnished stars on the left breast displayed the decoration of the Bath. At ten minutes past twelve Collingwood reached the centre of the enemy's line, and engaged in a double duel the *Santa Anna* and the *Fougueux*, pouring into each, as he passed between, a broadside of double-shotted guns. For a quarter of an hour the *Royal Sovereign* was surrounded by five vessels of the enemy, which blazed away at her, and of course at one another in the most reckless and chivalrous style. Tiring soon of this and pressed by other British ships that followed their noble leader into the heart of action, four of these foreigners turned to defend themselves. The line of Villeneuve, though yet unbroken, was gashed and bent by this attack in a terrible and very confusing way. Then against one of the horns of the crescent, that pointing to Cadiz, into which the French Admiral had hoped to secure a loophole of escape, came Nelson in his stout old flag-ship the *Victory*. The *Santissima Trinidad* was the goal at which he aimed his course; and, as he bore steadily down, a most galling fire tore his rigging and raked his deck. Like his gallant second he bore the brunt of a cannonade from a round half-dozen of the foe. Men fell and splinters flew. Yet not a match was laid to touch-hole in the *Victory*, until she reached the *Bucentaur*, in which Villeneuve was thought to be. Then out burst from every port in the side of Nelson's ship a roar and jet of fire, hurling double and treble shot from iron lips into the devoted hull, which in two minutes swung a log upon the rolling sea. But the interest of the story deepened, when the rigging of the *Victory* got entangled with that of the *Redoubtable*. The latter shut her lower ports, lest boarders might leap through; and the ships, whose guns lay almost mouth to mouth, continued to crush and rip each other's oaken sides with solid shot. Every stage or cradle on the masts of the *Redoubtable* was filled with soldiers, who shot down at the officers and men on the decks of the *Victory*. The figure of a one-armed officer with stars upon his breast, walking on the quarter-deck of the English ship, attracted the eye of a musketeer in the mizen-top of the French vessel. He fired; and Nelson fell, shot through epaulette, shoulder, and spine. It was half-past one. Carried to the cockpit, our greatest sailor breathed his last words into the ears of Captain Hardy, and died about three hours after the fatal bullet struck him. Lady Hamilton, the Emma whose name is linked so unhappily with his, occupied his thoughts to the end, and with palsied

tongue he repeated what he had written in the morning, "that he left her as a legacy to his country." Meanwhile every captain in the British fleet had been keeping in mind the hint of Nelson, that no man should look for signals in the smoke, but that each should see that his vessel lay alongside one of the enemy. The result of this was that the wounded Admiral was cheered, before his spirit fled, with the glorious news of a complete victory. Ere the battle ceased, nineteen ships of the line had struck the French or Spanish flag.

So died Lord Nelson on the day of Trafalgar. The bullet, which struck his spine, only anticipated the work which constitutional decay would in all likelihood have done before many months had passed. For the Admiral, worn with toil and wounds, had for some time been breaking down in health—was in fact a confirmed invalid, when his burning spirit urged him from the repose of Merton to the bloody deck of Trafalgar. A grave in St. Paul's received the body of this great Englishman, while wealth and honour flowed in upon his kindred.

'Twas well for Pitt that the joyous news of Trafalgar, albeit much of sorrow darkened the victory, came at a time when the tidings of General Mack's surrender to Bonaparte at Ulm had filled his soul with sudden consternation for the success of his darling schemes. Trafalgar gave him a new lease of life, for it completely destroyed that French fleet, upon which the Emperor built so many vain hopes. So moved with mingled joy and sorrow was the great English Minister, that he rose and dressed on receipt of the news, although it was then three on a winter morning.

But soon there came other news, which killed him. The sun of Austerlitz was a baleful orb to him, for it burned up the links which bound together the Coalition, on which chiefly his hopes rested. The Treaty of Presburg declared the humiliation of Austria, and preluded the defection of Russia from the league.

Gout, his father's life-long enemy and his own tormentor, struck its fangs into a vital part of his body. Wasting to a shadow, he died at Putney on the 23rd of January 1806. Port wine and politics had done their life-destroying work, by so completely undermining the constitution of the statesman, that there is neither paradox nor bull in saying, as has been said, that "he died of *old age* at forty-six." A magnificent public funeral, a tomb in Westminster Abbey, and a grant of £40,000 to pay those debts, which his carelessness rather than his self-indulgence had caused to accumulate, attested the respect and the affection with which his generation regarded him. For nearly nineteen years Pitt had held the helm of government: they were years of peril, gloom, and change. Yet he had steered boldly and skilfully on the whole; nor is Canning's affectionate lyric, "Here's to the pilot that weathered the storm," an unmerited tribute to the achievements of the illustrious statesman.

On the 4th of February the list of the Grenville Ministry was complete. Lord Grenville took the Treasury, Fox was Foreign Secretary, and Sidmouth

Privy Seal. To this Ministry the nickname of "All the Talents" was applied, because it contained the leaders of nearly all the factions in the Parliament. Living little more than a year, it yet outlived its greatest member, Charles Fox. The last energies of the statesman were directed towards the accomplishment of two objects,—the suppression of slavery and the conclusion of peace. Wilberforce, whose whole soul was absorbed in the benevolent enterprise, had the satisfaction this year of seeing Fox in the Commons, and Grenville in the Lords, move and carry by considerable majorities a resolution agreeing to take measures for the abolition of slavery.

The impeachment of Melville, which Pitt could not prevent, resulted in the trial of that noble Scotsman before the Lords and Commons in Westminster Hall (April 29). The substance of the ten charges laid against him was that he had permitted his Paymaster, Trotter, to appropriate large sums of public money, and that he had derived private emolument from these speculations. Whitbread led the impeachment; Fox and Sheridan, though ranked among the Managers, hardly spoke a word. The result of sixteen days' uninteresting investigation was the complete acquittal of the Viscount. This terminated the official career of Harry Dundas, who spent most of his remaining days in Scotland, where he died in 1811.

The summer of 1806 brought symptoms of the end to Fox. Dropsy of the most obstinate kind setting in, he tried to reach the house he loved at St. Ann's Hill, but could get no farther than the Duke of Devonshire's house at Chiswick. Surrounded by kindest friends and but rarely visited by any of his colleagues, a loss he did not deeply feel, he lingered out the last painful days of his memorable life. On the 13th of September he breathed his last, being then in his fifty-eighth year. Scarcely seven months had elapsed, since he spoke words of sorrowful tribute over the early grave of Pitt, whose policy he had combated with all his might but whose genius his own noble soul forced him to admire. And now the roof of Westminster shadowed the sleeping dust, which had been himself.

So for a generation the rolling waves of time bear stars upon their crest, and then quench the waning lights. Burke, Nelson, Pitt, and Fox went down within a decade—the last three within the circle of a year. It is well that one generation nurses and trains the heroes of the next, who are to blaze and toil and die after the same law of steady progression. The events, political and military, which I have been describing, while wearing or striking down the glorious four whose names begin this chapter, had been shaping and strengthening the genius of George Canning and Arthur Wellesley, men who in their different ways gave a glory to their age. Reserving fuller details of Canning's career, I now proceed to trace the path of victory, which changed Arthur Wellesley into the Duke of Wellington and gave Britain a soldier's name greater than any in her glorious muster-roll.

CHAPTER IV

THE PENINSULA AND WATERLOO.

The Portland Cabinet.
 Arthur Wellesley.
 In India.
 Canning and Copenhagen.
 The Peninsula.
 Rolica and Vimiero.
 Corunna.
 Oporto and Talavera.

The Walcheren Misery.
 The Perceval Cabinet.
 Busaco and Torres Vedras.
 Burdett Riots.
 The Regency.
 Albuera.
 Badajoz and Salamanca.

The Liverpool Cabinet.
 Vitoria.
 Past the pines.
 American War.
 Four days in Belgium.
 Quatre Bras and Ligny.
 Waterloo.

Nor quite two years passed between the death of Fox and the beginning of the Peninsular War. They were years unmarked by any very great event in our domestic history.

Lord Howick succeeded Fox ; but the Ministry of "All the Talents" had lost its mainspring, and soon came to pieces. The Roman Catholic question, being sprung as a sudden mine by Perceval, sent the Cabinet to shivers. It happened thus :—A Bill for allowing Roman Catholics to serve as soldiers in England, and to attain the highest rank in both army and navy, stirred up that horror of Roman Catholics which was the strongest feeling of the King. The withdrawal of the Bill did not satisfy his Majesty, who insisted on Ministers pledging themselves not to attempt such a measure again. Refusing to give this pledge, the Grenville Cabinet gave way (March 1807) to an Administration, nominally headed by the Duke of Portland but really directed by Spencer Perceval, a barrister in considerable practice and a man of the sternest intolerance. Canning took the Foreign Office ; and to Ireland as Chief Secretary went the man who stands prominently out as the hero of his time, Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley.

The Hon. Arthur Wellesley was born in Ireland in 1769. There is some doubt as to the exact time and place. For the latter Dangan Castle, County Meath, and Mornington House, Dublin, have both been named. He was the third son of the first Earl of Mornington, and was really a namesake of the celebrated Methodist reformer, John Wesley. Having received his education at Eton, Brighton, and a military school at Angers, where his French instructors little dreamt that they were sharpening a sword to smite themselves, he entered the 73rd infantry as an Ensign (March 7th 1787). Rapidly, during the next seven years, running up the intermediate steps to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, he first smelt powder in 1794-5, when he commanded the 33rd in that useless expedition, which the Duke of York conducted in the Low Countries. His skill as a tactician showed itself very clearly during the winter march to Bremen. In 1797 he went to join his regiment in India, whither next year his brother the Earl of Mornington proceeded as Governor-General.

For eight years an Indian sun browned the eagle-face of this true man, and



rapidly ripened him into greatness. Leading a force, made up of British troops and a contingent furnished by the Nizam of the Deccan, into the highlands of Mysore, he took part in the siege of Seringapatam, the capital of brave Tippoo Sahib; and, when the stormers had succeeded in their attack, he was mainly instrumental in stopping the horrors of the sack (May 1799). For about four years he ruled Mysore with almost the power of a Viceroy. But, being promoted to the rank of Major-General, he won yet brighter laurels in the Mahratta War, overcoming Scindia in the two great battles of Assaye and Argaum (Sept. 23rd and Nov. 29th 1803). Of these some details will be found in the section on Indian history. His work of glory being thus achieved in one great Peninsula, he returned to Europe in the prime of his manhood to reap yet bloodier and more lasting laurels among the Sierras of another. Landing in England in September 1805, he went, two months later, in charge of an English brigade to Hanover, where he spent the winter. Although he had formerly held a seat in the Irish Parliament for Trim, his entrance on political life may be more accurately dated from 1806, when he entered the Commons as Member for the borough of Rye. I have already named his acceptance of the Irish Chief-Secretaryship in the Portland Ministry.

Canning, then directing our foreign policy, saw with alarm the ominous union of Napoleon and the Czar, who upon a raft in the river Niemen concluded the Treaty of Tilsit. Well aware what this meant, our Foreign Minister resolved to strike a sudden blow, which should defeat the designs of the conspirators against England. The famous Berlin decrees had been met by an order in the British Council, which permitted the capture of neutral vessels, engaged in French trade of any kind; but had been more completely baffled by a system of smuggling, which was irresistible, because connived at by the Continentals themselves. Canning knew that Napoleon meant to seize the fleets of Denmark and Portugal, and use them in his designs upon England. With all speed and secrecy therefore he prepared an expedition against Denmark. Admiral Gambier commanded a fleet of twenty-five sail of the line and forty smaller vessels of war; Lord Cathcart, at the head of an army of twenty-seven thousand men, enjoyed the valuable aid of General Wellesley. Caution was necessary, since a French army lay ready for action close to the Danish frontier. While the British got their batteries in order, Wellesley led some troops to Kioge for the purpose of dislodging an intrenched force of Danes. In this he was completely successful. And then, upon their refusal to surrender the fleet, a rain of red-hot shot and shell began to fall on Copenhagen with such devastating fury that the whole city seemed wrapped in flame. Opening on the 2nd of September 1807, the fire continued to roar till the evening of the 5th, when the Danish General agreed to give up the ships. Thus was Napoleon baffled. His rage, when he learned the clever trick that Canning had played upon him, passed all bounds.

The dealings of Napoleon with Portugal and Spain now require notice that we may understand how the Peninsular War arose. What the despot had so

bitterly blamed us for doing, under pressure of necessity, in the case of Denmark, he undertook himself in the case of Portugal. The weakness of that State and its friendliness to Britain at once allured and enraged him. So he patched up a secret Treaty with Spain, by which the Government of that country permitted him to send his troops through their territory to the inner frontier of Portugal. Godoy, the infamous favourite of the Spanish Queen and therefore the Prime Minister of Spain, connived at this, being tempted by golden bait in the shape of a Principality to be carved out of conquered Portugal. Heralded by the pompous declaration of the *Moniteur*, Napoleon's speaking trumpet, "that the House of Braganza had ceased to reign in Europe," Junot crossed the Bidassoa with thirty thousand men, and moved through Spain right upon Lisbon. When the invaders climbed the heights, on whose slope the fair city rises in terraced pride, they saw the Portuguese fleet spreading its wings for Brazil with the Regent and the flower of the nation on board. The British flag was flying on the masts of another squadron, that watched the Tagus mouth with untiring vigilance, ready to afford that help for which it was natural that Portugal should look in this extremity from Britain. Meanwhile a quarrel was rending asunder the royal family of Spain, and laying the land open to the clutch of the spoiler, who watched the progress of events with grim satisfaction. The drivelling King Charles IV.—his infamous Queen Maria Luiza—their silly son Ferdinand, and that upstart minister Godoy, who was styled Prince of the Peace, were the actors in this political comedy. Ferdinand and Godoy intrigued against each other incessantly. Murat entered Spain with a French army. A Revolution brought round the abdication of crippled old Charles, and the proclamation of the Prince of Asturias as King of Spain. Luring weak Ferdinand to Bayonne and then luring thither the other three, the cunning little Emperor of the French brought all together in a scene of the greatest violence, and ultimately extracted both from the old King and the young one a complete transference to himself of all right over the crown of Spain. He then removed his brother Joseph from the throne of Naples and Sicily, where he had lately placed him, to the more commanding eminence of the Escorial. Poor Joseph meekly abandoned the neighbourhood of Vesuvius for a throne, which from the moment he assumed it shook with endless earthquakes. The empty seat at Naples was conferred on Murat.

The national party in Spain blazed out in opposition to this usurpation. Castaños, taking the lead, applied to our Government for help, which was given at first scantily and tardily, because Britain was at war with Spain. Sir Hew Dalrymple, governor of Gibraltar, deserves credit for his efforts in behalf of the patriotic Spaniards. Scarcely had Joseph got his mind composed to the nature of the change he had made, when the surrender of the French army under Dupont at Baylen,¹ obliged him to leave the capital in haste; and

¹ *Baylen*, a town of Andalusia in Spain, near the upper Guadalquivir, and twenty-two miles north of Jaen.

Castanos entered Madrid. The defence of Saragossa on the Ebro, maintained under Palafox for two months (June 16—August 13), until the French retired defeated and disheartened, displayed to the admiring eyes of all Europe tokens that chivalry was not extinct in Spain, and that a Spanish war of the nineteenth century could kindle in a woman's heart devotion of the truest and bravest type. For had not Saragossa her Maid, dear to history as the prophetess who led relief to beleaguered Orleans?

Campaign of 1808.—Canning, with a true eye for military genius, selected Sir Arthur Wellesley to command the English forces destined for the Peninsula. Sailing from the Cove of Cork, July 12th 1808, that General called at Corunna to confer with the Spanish authorities, but upon their advice proceeded southward to effect a landing in Portugal. The bay, into which the Mondego¹ flows, was selected as the place for disembarking his troops, which he did in safety on the 1st of August. When Spencer arrived with the Cadiz division, the British army numbered thirteen thousand infantry, but not five hundred horse. Moving southward parallel to the shore, Wellesley encountered at Rolica² a French General called Delaborde, whom Junot had sent forward to check his progress. In three columns the British force went to

battle, the central line bearing the brunt of the attack. Up a steep Aug. 17. ridge, whose grey rocks were rendered only more difficult to climb by the tangling growth of myrtle and arbutus which draped them with leafy beauty, the bearskins of our grenadiers struggled steadily amid a stinging rain of rifle-balls. The French fell back, dismayed at the cool precision of the British fire and the dauntless order of their upward march. Only a few Portuguese troops aided us in this battle, for their General Freire had already displayed a selfishness and cool impudence, very difficult to bear, and with the greater part of his army had stayed behind. Against a loss of six hundred killed and wounded on the part of the French we reckoned four hundred and eighty.

But a ship was already off the Spanish coast with Sir Harry Burrard, who had been appointed to act as second in command under Sir Hew Dalrymple. Sir John Moore was also on his way to the Peninsula, so that the victor of Rolica had already sunk to be only fourth in command—a mere General of Division. Having posted his men, now swelled to the number of nearly nineteen thousand, on the hills round Vimiero,³ Wellesley was attacked there by Junot's force on the 21st of August, and had the satisfaction of beating his opponents after a sharp struggle, before the baton of command had Aug. 21. actually passed from his hand. Burrard stepped in, just in time to prevent the British troops, who were straining like greyhounds in

¹ *Mondego*, a miniature copy of the Tagus, flows through the Portuguese province of Beira; Coimbra is on its banks.

² *Rolica*, a village of Portugal among the spurs of Sierra d'Estrella, about ten miles from Caldas.

³ *Vimiero*, a village in Portuguese Estremadura, close to the sea and lying about thirty miles north of Lisbon.

the slip, from rushing past the scattered foe and seizing the heights of Torres Vedras, towards which the flight was streaming in disorder. Sir Hew arrived next day from Gibraltar.

And then followed that Convention of Torres Vedras,¹ which has been wrongly named from the village of Cintra. Dalrymple made terms with Junot, by which the French were permitted to leave Portugal with all their *baggage* (Aug. 30). This word covered a multitude of sins, for it meant no less than all the booty they had heaped together during the ten months of their invasion. Wellesley, who had given his vote for this Convention, because he knew that Burrard's blunder of the 21st had destroyed all hope of annihilating the French army, got leave of absence and went home. Heavily was this Convention blamed in Britain. A Court of Inquiry sat at Chelsea, and Sir Hew lost the command of Gibraltar.

Sir John Moore remained in the Peninsula to reap a brief and blood-stained glory. This eminent Scottish soldier, whose father, the author of *Zeluco*, wielded lancet and pen with equal skill, was born in Glasgow in 1761. In Corsica, the West Indies, Ireland, but more especially in Holland and in Egypt he had proved himself to be endowed with the highest qualities of soldiership and strategy. Between the Peace of Amiens and the opening of the Peninsular War he devoted himself principally to the training of light infantry in a camp upon the Kentish shore.

A hard and weary task Moore found imposed upon him now. Brilliant pictures of fine Spanish armies, waiting to unite with his force of twenty thousand men, enticed him to push in a north-easterly direction from Coimbra. The road, he was told, would not allow the passage of artillery; so he detached a guard of four thousand men under General Hope to escort his cannon into Spain by way of Elvas. At the same time he knew that Sir David Baird was about to disembark an additional force of ten thousand men at Corunna.² Pushing on to Salamanca, he waited with admirable patience for the arrival of the detachments, without which his force was incomplete. Meanwhile Napoleon crossed the Pyrenees in person, to drive into the sea "those leopards whose hideous presence," he bombastically declared, "was contaminating the Peninsula." Before his approach one of his Generals had scattered a Spanish army under Blake among the defiles of the Asturias. Under his direction Soult defeated Belveder at Gamonal in front of Burgos; and in a yet greater victory Lannes routed the patriots Castanos and Palafox in the battle of Tudela.³ The way then lay open to Madrid, which the Corsican entered in triumph on the 4th of December. The miserable *Junta*, incapable of doing anything without the grossest blundering and delay, had already fled from the capital. Sixteen days after the surrender of Madrid Moore had the satisfaction

¹ *Torres Vedras*, a mountain-village on a small stream, lying twenty-four miles north of Lisbon, celebrated for the "Lines" of 1810.

² *Corunna*, a seaport of Galicia in Spain, with a fine harbour and bay. Its population is about 18,000.

³ *Tudela*, a town of Navarre, upon the Ebro, about fifty miles above Saragossa.

of beholding the three portions of his force united at Mayorga to the number of twenty-five thousand five hundred and eighty men. With this body of troops he moved toward the Carion with the hope of engaging Soult; but alarming news turned him quickly back. One hundred thousand French troops were marching in four great bodies to cut off his retreat and crush him at a single blow. Backward without a moment's loss of time across the Esla to Benavente and Astorga, where he had already established magazines, the prudent Scotsman passed, closely followed by the French horse and at a little distance by great masses of marching men. A Spanish army under Romana cut across his line of march about Astorga, seized his stores of food, and spread typhus among his soldiers. By this movement the order of the retreat was injured beyond repair.

Campaign of 1809.—Napoleon did not follow the chase to its end; for, while he was looking from the hills of Astorga upon the straggling files of the English disappearing in the rugged distance, news of an ominous stir on the part of Austria called him away from the Spanish Peninsula (January 1). Followed by Soult, the English army struggled through the snow drifts of the Galician mountains, leaving their wives and little ones in scores by the deadly way. The wine-casks of Bembibre excited a mad excess. Lugo (January 6) witnessed the most desperate of the many skirmishes, by which the great closing fight was preluded. Moore offered battle before he reached the shore, but Soult would not fight. If the transports, which lay wind-bound at Vigo, had been ready to receive the crowd of weary spectral figures that massed into the town of Corunna on the 13th of January, that name would not wear the lustre that it has. But the ships were too late to prevent a battle, which took place on the 16th.

About one in the afternoon of that day the French made their attack in three columns. The British troops, fourteen thousand five hundred strong, were armed with new muskets from the stores in Corunna, and had plenty of fresh ammunition. The enemy numbered twenty thousand men. The battle raged most fiercely around the village of Elvina. Near that important position, while Moore was watching the advance of the 42nd Highlanders and waiting eagerly for the Guards coming up to their support, a cannon-ball dashed his left shoulder to pieces, and crushed the splintered ribs in upon his heart. It was a mortal wound. But he lived to know that the French were completely beaten. His body, wrapped in a cloak, was buried in the grey light of the next morning on the ramparts of the old citadel, where a sculptured obelisk points its stone finger to the sky. The army, thus sadly bereft of its gallant chief, got safely off the shore and bore away to England a mingled tale of gloom and victory.

Sir Arthur Wellesley was reinstated in his Peninsular command early in this year. Having accordingly resigned the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland, he sailed for Lisbon, arriving there on the 22nd of April. The French had overrun all the north of Portugal since the battle of Corunna. Resolving to smite

the army of Soult with a heavy hand in return for the miseries inflicted upon the retreating army of Moore, Wellesley lost no time in moving to Oporto, driving before him as he advanced some scattered portions of the French army that had passed the Douro. The capture of this celebrated wine-city was achieved on the 12th of May. A few companies, crossing in a couple of boats, seized an unfinished house upon the northern bank of the stream. Covered by the English guns, others followed; and, while the French were exhausting all their strength upon this spot, two bodies of British troops, having crossed above and below the town, pressed in from opposite sides. Soult, falling back, was chased by the victor across the northern frontier of Portugal, and was made to feel the bitter suffering and loss of a flight through the mountains.

Entering Spain by Zarza-la-Mayor on the 2nd of July, and passing through Placencia, Wellesley effected a junction at Oropesa with the old Spanish General Cuesta. From the beginning of the war the folly and absurd haughtiness of the Spaniards had been hampering the English movements. They ate all the provisions collected for the British soldiers, and fleeced unmercifully the English commissariat. Victor lay at Talavera¹ on the Tagus; but a movement of Sir Robert Wilson, by which the Lusitanian Legion was thrown between him and Madrid, combined with a successful attack upon his outposts by Wellesley and Cuesta, forced him to fall back upon Torrijos. Cuesta plunged eagerly and incautiously after the retreating force, but received (July 26) at Torrijos a smart blow, which sent him reeling back upon the British position, now firmly taken at Talavera.

There the great conflict of the campaign took place. In drawing out his line of battle, Wellesley placed the Spaniards on the right, next the river and before the town, in a position defended by olive-yards, ditches, felled trees, and such things as broke the ground and protected them from cavalry. A hill crowned with British infantry terminated the line of battle on the left. Upon this hill Victor, opening his attack on the evening of the 27th of July, exhausted his utmost force in vain. Column after column was hurled to the foot at the point of the bayonet under the cool and steady command of General Hill. So passed the summer evening. Near midnight a sheet of lightning burst from the muskets along all the Spanish line; and the English General, sending to see what it meant, found that thousands of the Dons had blazed furiously at some imaginary foe, and then scuttled off to the rear,—a wonderful and suggestive display of Peninsular pyrotechnics. Next morning Victor again tried the British hill in vain. At its sodden base two thousand five hundred of the attacking divisions had fallen under lead or steel, before he desisted from the fruitless attempt to carry the position. At one time on the second day of battle a great danger threatened the British July 28, centre. Hurling all his force against the splendid phalanx of Guards 1809 and Germans there arrayed, Victor had the mortification of seeing A.D.

¹ *Talavera de la Reyna*, a town on the northern bank of the Tagus, forty-five miles west of Toledo. Population, 8000.

the fragments of his strongest column recoiling from the unbroken edge. But the Guards, rushing on too far in pursuit, fell into disorder. New swarms of French soldiers coming up broke the German Legion to pieces. The British centre was pierced. But the eagle-glance of the British General had foreseen this disaster. Forward into the gap marched the gallant 48th, whose fire completely withered and checked the torrent of the French attack. The battle was really over after this repulse. Although the French had fifty thousand to meet the little British force of less than half, they retreated in the night, placing the river Alberche between themselves and their foes. Their loss amounted to seven thousand killed and wounded; ours to more than four thousand.

And then there was a great swarming of soldiers in the basin of the Tagus, manœuvring to cut off the army of Wellesley and crush him between converging masses. Old Cuesta, as usual, wanted to do the wrong thing by fighting at Oropesa. Wellesley—whom about this time we must recognize by his greater name, for his triumph at Talavera had won for him a Peer's coronet, as Baron Douro and Viscount Wellington—crossed the Tagus at Arzobispo, and made his way to Badajoz, where he stayed in cantonments till December. The blunders of the Spanish Generals and *Junta*, exposing the Portuguese frontier and their own fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo to the French attack, obliged him to retire into Portugal before the close of the year.

Britain had agreed, in addition to the Peninsular war, to aid Austria by making diversions upon Holland and Italy. The miserable Walcheren expedition was the result of this engagement. It was a bright idea of the blundering Castlereagh. Selecting for the service two incapables,—General the Earl of Chatham and Admiral Sir Richard Strachan,—he gave them a fleet of seventy-nine ships of the line and thirty-six frigates, and an army of forty thousand men, and sent them to take Flushing, to burn or capture the French shipping in the Scheldt, and to destroy the naval establishment at Antwerp, on which Napoleon had spent millions :—

" Lord Chatham, with his sword undrawn,
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan;
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham."

They took Flushing, and occupied the island of Walcheren; and then, instead of rushing upon Antwerp, they stayed in the unwholesome spot they had seized, until swamp-fever had eaten away the strength of the splendid force and sapped the vital power of the wretched men, who were brought home in December to linger by thousands in the English hospitals. Never was an expedition more miserably conducted.

An inquiry into the conduct of the Duke of York, who as Commander-in-chief had greatly reformed the army, and had won the title of the "soldier's friend," was set on foot early in this year by a Colonel Wardle.

The charge was that he derived a profit from a corrupt sale of commissions and exchanges, carried on by a woman who was for a time his mistress. Although acquitted on this charge, the Duke thought it better to resign his office.

Canning had objected to the Walcheren expedition long before it sailed. Acting as Foreign Secretary, he could not help perceiving the unfitness of Castlereagh to hold the War Secretaryship. He therefore told the Duke of Portland that unless a change was made he would resign. This coming after some delay, for which Canning was not answerable, to the ears of Castlereagh, that fiery noble threw up his position and sent a challenge to the Foreign Secretary. Canning met his Lordship on Putney Heath (Sept. 21) and got a slight flesh-wound in the thigh. The shot split the Cabinet to pieces. Canning resigned on the 11th of October; Huskisson, Under Secretary to the Treasury, went out with his friend; and Premier Portland dropped the reins—to die. Before the close of the year the Perceval Administration had taken shape. Perceval united in himself the double office of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Marquis of Wellesley came home from Spain to fill the place of Foreign Secretary, vacated by Canning; and the Earl of Liverpool became War and Colonial Secretary. We here get early official glimpses of two statesmen—who grew to greatness later in the century—Robert Peel, soon to be an Under Secretary for the Colonies, and Henry Temple, Viscount Palmerston, who now received a similar position in the War Department.

Campaign of 1810.—The French, who mustered to the number of seventy-two thousand men, employed the spring of 1810 in preparing to invade Portugal. The Spanish fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo¹ was the first point of their attack. Wellington, who had only fifty-four thousand men, of whom more than a half were raw and stubborn Portuguese, could do nothing to save the place, which surrendered on the 10th of July. Marshal Massena, by whom this invasion was directed, laid siege, after a month's delay on the line of the Coa, to a Portuguese frontier-stronghold called Almeida.² An explosion of gunpowder within the city blew a breach in the walls, which left the place defenceless. Having thus secured an entrance into Portugal, Massena pushed down the valley of the Mondego towards Coimbra. Wellington, firmly posted on the Sierra de Busaco,³ fronted the foe, looking down as from an eyrie on the immense swarms of men that came steadily on to the base of the ridge. A battle took place on the 27th of September. The musket did almost all the work. With bullet, bayonet, and butt-end British and Portuguese defended the iron ramparts of the curving Sierra, till Massena retreated with the loss of five thousand

¹ *Ciudad Rodrigo*, a Spanish fortress in Leon, on the Agueda, lying fifty-five miles south-west of Salamanca and only thirty miles from Almeida in Portugal.

² *Almeida*, a fortified town in the east of Beira in Portugal, standing on a hill between the Coa and the Turenea, ninety-five miles north-east of Coimbra.

³ *Busaco*, a spur of the Sierra d'Estrella, running north-west from Coimbra on the Mondego. The battle was fought about seventeen miles from Coimbra.

men. While fighting here, Wellington had been hurrying on in his rear those magnificent

"Labour'd rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,"

and where he from the first had intended to waste Massena's strength. Hampered by crowds of Portuguese fugitives, who clung to him in their despair, he retreated upon Torres Vedras, arriving there early in October, when the heavy autumn rains were just darkening in the sky. Two lines of stone, all agrin with guns, ran in zigzag over and among the hills from the Tagus to the sea. The first, twenty-nine miles long, began at Alhandra on the river, and ended where the Zizandra flows into the sea. From Quintella to the mouth of the San Lourenço ran the inner and stronger line of twenty-four miles. Within this second was a line to protect the embarkation, should both the defences be pushed in. Reinforcements had swelled the army of Wellington to sixty thousand men, and a fleet lay in the Tagus mouth, so that the British commander had little ground for fear. In fact, Massena came up to look at the lines, shook his head for about a month, and ended the campaign by retiring into winter-quarters at Santarem.¹

This was a gloomy year at home. The Burdett Riots kept the lower classes of London in a ferment through all the spring and summer. Having taken the part of an obscure agitator called Jones, who was sent to Newgate for offensive publications about the exclusion of strangers from the gallery of the Commons, Sir Francis Burdett "out-heroded Herod" in the virulent speech he delivered and afterwards published in Cobbett's *Register*. The House resolved that the Baronet should go to the Tower for this; but he locked himself into his house in Piccadilly, and stood a regular siege, to the immense delight of all the pickpockets and brawlers of the metropolis. To the Tower he did go ultimately, a band of constables having broken through his kitchen windows: and there he had time to cool. So violent was the turmoil in London during these events that in France it was said a Revolution had taken place by the Thames. Sir Francis became as great an idol of the mob as John Wilkes had ever been. When to these riots we add the gloom of commercial distress, and the piteous spectacle of the highest family in the land desolated by death and worse than death, we can form a faint idea of the sadness of the year at home. Amelia, youngest daughter of King George, died in November; and darkness, bodily and mental, descended upon the old man in a cloud that thickened yearly till he died. It thus became necessary to discuss again the question of a Regency, which had been the cause of so hot a battle in 1788. The right of Parliament to settle the matter was scarcely questioned; and before the year closed the Prince of Wales was appointed Regent, under certain restrictions as to the granting of peerages, pensions, &c., which limitations of prerogative were to continue until Febru-

¹ *Santarem*, a town on the right bank of the Tagus in Portuguese Estremadura.

ary 1812. The Prince of Wales was accordingly installed with due pomp and ceremony on the 6th of February 1811, and with exquisite taste and feeling celebrated his father's insanity by giving a brilliant *fête* Feb. 6, at Carlton House a few days later. 1811

Campaign of 1811.—Massena, having waited at Santarem for A.D. Soult, who commanded in Andalusia, until he had eaten up every scrap of food in the surrounding country, began his retreat on the 5th of March. His way across the Estrella and up the valley of the Mondego was marked with blood and flame. Wellington, having foiled the Marshal in his designs upon Oporto and Coimbra, followed him to the line of the Coa, where Picton's Light Division distinguished themselves in the skirmish of Sabugal. On the 6th of April the passage of the Agueda by the baffled French terminated their disastrous invasion of Portugal—the third and final attempt to gain a footing there.

The surrender of Badajoz¹ to Soult by the Spanish General Imaz was a heavy blow to Wellington. Five days earlier however (March 5), old General Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) had defeated Marshal Victor on the ridge of Barrosa.² Sailing from Cadiz with a view of attacking the blockaders of that city in the rear, this veteran had landed in the Bay of Gibraltar and had struggled over mountain paths and through flooded fens to this point, where he was met by the alarmed French. Had the slug-March 5. gish Spaniards been at hand, the blockade would have been pierced. As it was, Graham had only the satisfaction of proving, what needed no proof—the valour of British soldiers, who could charge up hill in the face of an army twice their number and sweep the mangled Eagles from the top.

Almeida then became the stake between Wellington and Massena. The latter justly said that it would be a shame, if the fortress was lost in the face of two French Marshals, and accordingly re-crossed the Agueda with forty thousand foot and five thousand horse. On the evening of the 3rd of May the French made an attack on the village of Fuentes D'Onoro, which lay on the right of the British line, but were bayoneted out of the narrow streets. The real battle took place on the 5th of May. During the day Wellington, finding his line of battle too long, was obliged to change his front and assume a new position. Nothing but the finest skill on the part of a General, May 5. aided by the greatest steadiness on the part of the troops, could have brought this difficult manœuvre to a successful end. There was a time, when all was seeming chaos in the British force. The low table-land, on which the fight took place, was covered with a flying crowd of camp-followers, who had been lurking in the British rear. But these straggling masses soon ebbed away, leaving the British squares standing unshaken, like rocks of red granite, along the face of the new and stronger line. Again the crag-built village

¹ *Badajoz*, a fortress of Spanish Estremadura, only five miles from the Portuguese frontier. It is on the south side of the Guadiana, two hundred and twenty miles south-west of Madrid.

² *Barrosa*, a knoll, clad with aromatic pines, in the extreme south of Andalusia, between Chiclana and Vejer.

of Fuentes D'Onoro became the scene of a bloody strife; but the Highlanders, shouting their *slogan*, cleared its steep lanes of the foe, and completed the victory of Wellington. "The battle of Fuentes D'Onoro was of importance in the eyes of the world and to the military fame of our country, by being a regular pitched battle, fought by the British in a position (forced upon Wellington, unless he left Almeida open to Massena) of no particular strength, and indeed weak at one point, and with a very inferior force."

Beresford, ordered by Wellington, began on the 4th of May to besiege Badajoz, although he had miserable materials for such an undertaking. The hopeless work of trenching rock was interrupted by the rapid advance of Soult from Seville. Beresford drew off from the town, and formed in line of battle on the ridge of Albuera.¹ Counting his Spanish and Portuguese allies, he had about twenty-seven thousand men: but the Spaniards were merely a bundle of broken reeds. Soult had nineteen thousand picked foot-soldiers, four thousand horse, and fifty guns. When the French, making a feint at the centre where the British stood, directed their real attack towards the right, held by Blake and his Spaniards, Beresford directed the Spanish commander to change his front and meet the approaching torrent. To move Spanish troops in such a crisis, was to fling their whole line into disorder; and we shall easily imagine the

May 16. confusion "twice confounded" that ensued, when Blake, presumptuously refusing at first to execute the order, began to do so when the French had almost turned his end of the line. Nothing but the most desperate efforts of the British troops could have repaired this awful blunder. Whole regiments were destroyed: the Polish lancers danced about like fiends on the height, shaking their red pennons and spearing the wounded men. The ridge seemed utterly lost to us, when the Fusiliers of Cole pressed up its slope in the face of a murderous shower of grape, and drove the dark columns of Frenchmen from the position they had thought their own. This bloody battle, raging from nine o'clock till three, cost us seven thousand men; the French lost nine thousand.

Twice in June Lord Wellington tried to storm the stronghold of Badajoz; but the approach of Marmont obliged him to suspend operations. Various manoeuvres upon the line of the Agueda, near which at El Bodon a partial engagement took place, filled up the latter part of the campaign.

Campaign of 1812.—To take Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz at any cost and with the least possible delay was the one idea in Wellington's mind during the winter. Quietly upon the Coa he collected ladders and everything necessary for a siege, prepared a trestle-bridge and many hundred waggons, and got ready for a sudden spring. Launching his army across the Agueda, while Marmont lay unsuspecting at Valladolid, he stormed one of the redoubts of the city on the evening of the 8th of January. Seizing two suburban convents and establishing his first and second parallels, he opened fire on the 16th, and took the place by storm on the 19th of the same month. His

¹ *Albuera*, a small town in Spanish Estremadura, fourteen miles south-east of Badajoz.

loss was severe, a thousand being killed and wounded in the attack. For this success Wellington received from the Spanish Cortes the title of Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo; and from the Government at home a step Jan. 19. in the Peerage and an annuity of £2000.

Then for Badajoz. Sending his cannon by sea from Lisbon to the mouth of the Setubal, he had them boated up that stream, and then drawn overland to the Guadiana. Marching from the Agueda, he pushed forward his approaches until his batteries opened fire on the 26th of March. Soult and Marmont were awake and stirring with all their might to save the place. But Wellington was not the man to lose the advantage, which his swiftness had given him. By the 6th of April his guns had pounded three sufficient breaches in the works; and he named the hour of ten that night for the assault. Never in any war has there been a scene more terrible than April 6. that midnight struggle. To ascend the breach was to walk into the mouth of a yawning fiery furnace, belching death in every dreadful shape of shot and shell, grenade and mine. And when the few survivors of the forlorn hope reached the ragged lip of the broken wall, they found their way obstructed by a bristling hedge of spikes and blades, fixed in solid beams, which lay crosswise in every direction over the hole. Wave after wave of gallant Britons flowed on to this place of horror, to tumble maimed and writhing upon the bloody heaps of silent dead and shrieking wounded, that filled the ditch. Not until Wellington had heard that Picton and Walker had climbed the defences at other points and were already in the town, did he see his way to victory. Then he knew the place was his. And for the last time the stormers faced the breach, now defended by fewer French, for the various attacks had drawn many from this point. Pouring into the devoted town, the enraged besiegers, maddened with wine, revelled in brutal excess until next day when the iron hand of their leader cowed them into quiet. The loss of life in the assault was fearful, amounting to more than a thousand of the Allied force in men and officers: when to this we add nearly four thousand wounded, we reach an appalling sum-total for the work of the dreadful night.

Holding these two important frontier-fortresses, the Earl of Wellington advanced into Spain. The learned town of Salamanca¹ received him with the greatest joy, Marmont having retired before his advance. After several days of march and countermarch, with occasional whiffs of cannonade, by the banks of the Tormes, a great battle was fought near Salamanca, which made Wellington a Marquis, and won for him a splendid national gift of July 22. £100,000. Taking advantage of an incautious movement on the part of Marmont, the British leader, having turned the enemy's left wing, drove it at the point of the bayonet in upon the centre, which was fiercely assailed and broken at the same time. The French General Clausel, who took the place of wounded Marmont, gathering the relics of the former line into a

¹ Salamanca, a city of Leon in Spain, on the Tormes, one hundred and thirty miles west-north-west of Madrid.

new position, which turned on his unbroken right, as on a pivot, tried to retrieve the fortune of the day. But the victorious Britons were irresistible. The second line shook and splintered before their furious charge.

On the 12th of August Wellington entered Madrid, from which King Joseph had retreated into Murcia. But the time was not ripe for holding Madrid, since the armies of south, east, and north could swoop down on the centre, and with their treble weight crush him at a blow. Moving therefore on the 1st of September, Wellington pushed northward by Valladolid to Burgos,¹ whose castle baffled his attack. The movements of the French armies now obliged him to retreat upon his base of operations. Being joined by General Hill from Madrid, he fixed himself first at Salamanca and then at Ciudad Rodrigo, but no action occurred at either place. Bad weather and insufficient food made the retreat from Burgos tell severely upon our men. Here, as through all the war, the Spaniards did everything that pride and malice could devise to injure and obstruct our operations. If *they* had been the enemy we fought, whose country we had invaded, they could not have done worse. Generals and peasants agreed in stinting our supplies, and the former cried out with jealous rage, when Wellington did not do exactly what their arrogance advised.

As if this great struggle was not enough, Britain now took another war in hand. Difficulties, growing out of the Orders in Council, with which Britain had met the Berlin and Milan decrees of Bonaparte, continued from 1807 to increase between the Governments at London and Washington. The right, claimed by Britain, of searching American vessels for deserters, widened the breach and led to actual collision. President Madison declared war against Britain on the 18th of June 1812. General Hull invaded Canada in less than a month afterwards, but was soon obliged to retire to Detroit, where he was forced to surrender with his entire army to the British General Brock (August 16). Another attempt to push an army across the Niagara River was gallantly met and foiled at Queenston by the Canadians, whose victory however cost them the life of the gallant Brock. The summer and autumn of the year witnessed several ocean duels between American and British ships, in which the greatest valour was displayed on both sides. That between the British frigate *Guerrière* and the American *Constitution* (August 19) was the most notable. The victory rested with the Americans, though it must be said for the British tars that they did all which a crazy ship, damp powder, and fewer guns enabled them to do.

A pistol-shot, fired in the lobby of the House of Commons on the 11th of May 1812, by Bellingham, a bankrupt ship-broker of Liverpool, killed Mr. Perceval the Prime Minister. The man, a decided lunatic, considered the Premier his enemy, because he would not make some compensation for losses in a Russian speculation. The Cabinet was then remodelled to some extent. The Earl of Liverpool succeeded Perceval as First Lord of the Treasury, Earl Bathurst becoming Colonial and War Secretary in room of the new Premier.

¹ Burgos, the capital of Old Castile, on the Arlanzon, a tributary of the Pisuerga, one hundred and forty miles north of Madrid.

Sidmouth (once Addington) took office as Home Secretary; Castlereagh still directed Foreign Affairs; while among minor changes the appointment of Robert Peel to be Chief Secretary for Ireland deserves notice, as a step in the career of a great man.

The sun of Austerlitz was now declining fast. The terrible storms and losses of the Russian Campaign smote it with deadly eclipse. Yet there was stern work to do before the little man, who claimed it as his own, was caught and chained up in his island-jail.

Campaign of 1813.—Having at last wrung from the Spanish Cortes the sole command of the Spanish forces engaged in this war, Wellington resolved upon a bold and decisive movement. Dividing his army into three parts, he sent one under Sir Thomas Graham to cross the Douro beyond Lamego, and to march by way of Bragança towards Zamora. The French, taken by surprise at the sight of a foe marching from this unexpected quarter, and alarmed by the approach of the remainder of the British force from the region of Salamanca, felt that their flank had been turned, and fell back. At the same time King Joseph and the central battalions, in dread of being severed by the march of Wellington from their friends in Northern Spain, hurried away to Burgos, whence the whole French force fell back across the Ebro upon Vitoria.¹ Wellington followed, to fight the crowning and conclusive battle of the Peninsular War.

The battle of Vitoria, preluding that shattering blow of Leipsic, which fell in the following October upon Napoleon's Empire, was fought upon the 21st of June 1813. The army on each side numbered something more than seventy thousand men. General Hill began the battle by a successful attack upon the heights of La Puebla, which covered the enemy's left wing. Then passing the river Zadorra, he took a village, whose commanding position secured him against the most desperate charges of the French. Marshal Jourdan, who as Joseph's deputy directed the fight, soon found that he could not maintain the heights by the Zadorra, and concentrated his lines upon Vitoria. Meanwhile General Graham had turned the right wing of the French by the Bilbao road, dislodging them from all their positions on that side. Right, left, and centre of the French army, all broken up and mixed, began to flow in flight away towards Bilbao. But even here a check occurred, for victorious Graham occupied the road along which they fled. Flinging everything aside, they turned to rush towards Pamplona. Artillerymen cut their traces, and left their guns behind. Joseph left his pictures and his wine, his plate and his poodles. His ladies fled in utter disregard of their laces and satins, which in a few hours decked the sutlers of the British force. There has been seldom such a rout, and such a scattering of finery in the summer dust. The Allies lost seven hundred and forty killed and four thousand one hundred and seventy-four wounded, while the French acknowledged the loss of eight thousand. When Wellington sent home the baton of Marshal

¹ *Vitoria*, a Spanish town in the Basque Provinces, on a hill near the Zadorra, one hundred and ninety miles north-north-east of Madrid.

Jourdan, taken among the spoil, he received in return the baton of an English Field-Marshal—an honour never better deserved than by him.

In reality the battle of Vitoria decided the Peninsular War. It remained for the Duke to follow the expelled invaders across the great Pyrenean wall, and give them a finishing lesson upon their own soil. Napoleon sent Soult in hot haste to try what could be done in this extremity; but Soult could not save St. Sebastian and Pamplona, nor could he stay the conquering march of Wellington "past the Pyrenean pines" and across the current of the Bidassoa.¹ All the Marshal could do, after a series of skirmishes in historic Roncesvalles and other mountain defiles, was to retire for the winter within the defences of an intrenched camp at Bayonne.

Meanwhile the bloody days of Leipsic had fallen upon Napoleon with a force, which all but wrenched his giant sceptre from his grasp.

Campaign of 1814.—Having in the battle of Orthez² (February 27) defeated Soult and driven him across the Adour, Wellington sent troops to occupy the city of Bordeaux. The greater battle of Toulouse,³ which raged along the steeps of the Garonne during all the 10th of April, led to the evacuation of the place by the French Marshal. But Napoleon had already abdicated a throne which he could not keep in the face of all Europe in arms. A Convention was concluded, and the war was over.

While Napoleon chafes ten weary months away on a little Italian rock, and his conquerors meet in Congress by the Danube to piece together again the map of Europe, whose bounds he has so rudely shaken or swept away, let us note the progress of the American war, whose beginning I mentioned just now. The war resolves itself into three distinct sets of operations: the attack upon Canada, the duels by sea, and the movements of the British in the Southern and Central States. Having collected a considerable flotilla on Lakes Ontario and Erie, the Americans took the city of York, and under Dearborn, before whom our General Vincent retreated to Burlington Heights, gained a precarious footing on the Canadian shore, close to the Falls of Niagara. Upon that point and the Detroit frontier their chief efforts were concentrated; but at both places a night attack inflicted severe disaster upon them. They had a temporary triumph on Lake Erie, where an English captain of Nelson's school fought their ships with inferior forces for three hours; but the ultimate result of all their efforts was failure. Incompetence indeed on our side gave them many chances, for Sir George Prevost bungled the campaigning miserably. His march to Plattsburg on Lake Champlain, which ended not even in smoke, was a specimen of his peculiar talents.

By sea (June 1st, 1813) the English frigate *Shannon* challenged the American frigate *Chesapeake* to come out of Boston harbour and have a fight.

¹ *Bidassoa* is a considerable Pyrenean stream, which rises in the Bastan valley, and after dividing Spain and France falls into the Bay of Biscay.

² *Orthez* is in Basses Pyrennees, on the Gave de Pau, twenty-five miles north-west of that town. Population 7000.

³ *Toulouse* is the capital of Haute-Garonne, and stands on the river of that name.

The *Chesapeake* complied; the fire opened; in fifteen minutes there was a rush of English tars on board, and up ran the Union Jack to the American mast-head. It is only fair however to add that in these combats the American sailors displayed fully as much valour and nautical skill as the British.

The British soldiers meanwhile made a dash upon Washington, put to flight a swarm of American militia, and burned the chief public buildings in the American capital (August 1814). This piece of wanton mischief met its retribution at New Orleans the next Christmas, where all the science of Pakenham availed nothing in the attempt to break the American lines. Before this disaster to the British arms a Treaty had been signed at Ghent (December 1814), restoring peace between related nations, which should never have begun a war.

It is well known that when the news of Napoleon's escape from Elba in the *Inconstant* reached the Congress at Vienna, a roar of laughter from the assembled envoys greeted the startling tidings. Serious thought however followed this sudden impulse. At once and at every cost the Corsican must be crushed. Well did Napoleon know that his last stake was on the board—that the decisive *coup* hung trembling in suspense. Both sides strained every nerve to gather huge masses of men for the conflict. The exciting history of the year narrows itself into a crisis of four days—the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th of June 1815.

Early in June Napoleon, who had by tremendous efforts raised a force of four hundred and seventy-three thousand men, concentrated a great army in the north of France between the Sambre and the Meuse. It was time for him to move. The Rhine was bristling with Austrians and Germans, moving in fire-charged clouds upon Chalons and Rheims. Behind came the Russians in three columns. Austrians and Sardinians hurried on toward Lyons, while the Prussians and the British lay in Belgium. All, numbering about seven hundred thousand, were bound for Paris in a system of converging lines. Napoleon meant to surprise the Allied forces in Belgium, and beat them in succession. But the light of his watch-fires had already roused the suspicions of the Prussians on the Belgian frontier.

About 3 A.M. on the 15th of June he began to move his army in three masses across the Sambre at Charleroi and Marchiennes. Ziethen, the Prussian General, fell back fighting towards the main body of the Prussians, massed about Namur and Sombreffe. Wellington, then at Brussels, stood with eagle eye, bright and watchful, until the afternoon of the 15th June. 15th, when news reached him that the French had crossed the Sambre. Having then made his arrangements for taking a position at Quatre Bras,¹ he went calmly to the brilliant ball given in the Belgian capital by the Duchess of Richmond.

Two battles—Quatre Bras and Ligny²—took place on the 16th. By 7 A.M.

¹ *Quatre Bras* (Four Roads, because the roads from Brussels, Charleroi, Nivelles, and Namur meet there), lies three miles south of Genappe, or twenty miles from Brussels.

² *Ligny*, a Belgian village lying about two miles west of Sombreffe.

on that morning Napoleon had matured his plan of action. Dividing his forces into right wing, left wing, and reserves, he gave the command of the two former to Grouchy and Ney, keeping the last under his own direction. At 11 A.M. Ney received orders to occupy Quatre Bras, towards which

Wellington's troops had been pouring all the morning from Brussels.

16th June. The battle began at 2 P.M. The British square, which won Waterloo, won also the preluding field of Quatre Bras. The battle was on the whole a rehearsal of the greater coming fight, for Ney attacked with guns and cavalry, while Wellington maintained his position by trusting chiefly to his foot. Gallant Picton with his Fighting Fifth came up at a critical moment, when the Prince of Orange had been driven back. Close behind rode the Duke of Brunswick at the head of his Black Hussars. A mortal wound struck him as he tried to rally his men, somewhat shaken by the hostile horse. At the very same time of day Napoleon in person was engaged with the Prussians at Ligny, whom he drove back but did not scatter or disorder after seven hours of hard fighting. A French corps of twenty thousand under D'Erlon spent the day wandering between the two fields, being turned from their march to Quatre Bras by a pencil-note requiring their aid at Ligny.

As a double fight had distinguished the 16th, so a double retreat distinguished the next day. The situation of the 17th was this. Blücher, repulsed at Ligny, retreated on a line known to the English, and by nightfall concentrated at Wavre¹ his army, which Marshal Grouchy tracked. Wellington made a corresponding retreat from Quatre Bras to Waterloo, where **17th June.** he had already surveyed the line of country, probably attracted to the position by the fact that Marlborough had once selected it for a battle, which never came off. Napoleon, following the English Duke closely, seems never to have anticipated the possibility of a junction between the British and the Prussians by one day's march.

Arranging his army, which amounted to sixty-nine thousand men, on the crest of a ridge, that turned sharply off at an angle to the west, just where the old red brick of the Flemish chateau Hougoumont gleamed through its orchards, Wellington waited under pelting rain for the dawn of Waterloo. Day broke between three and four. Across the hollow, which ran between the British position and the concave ridge, on which Napoleon marshalled his men, two white farmhouses—La Haye Sainte on the British side, La Belle Alliance on the French—looked at each other, each standing just on the dip of its own slope, and close to the high road from Genappe to Brussels, which cut at right angles through the two positions. Hougoumont stood on the road from Nivelles, and both roads converged on the village of Waterloo, which lay behind the British lines.

It will be seen from the accompanying sketch of the field that the chateau of Hougoumont was the key of the English position.

¹ *Wavre*, a village of South Brabant in Belgium, about six miles east of Waterloo. Waterloo lies twelve and one-third miles from Brussels.

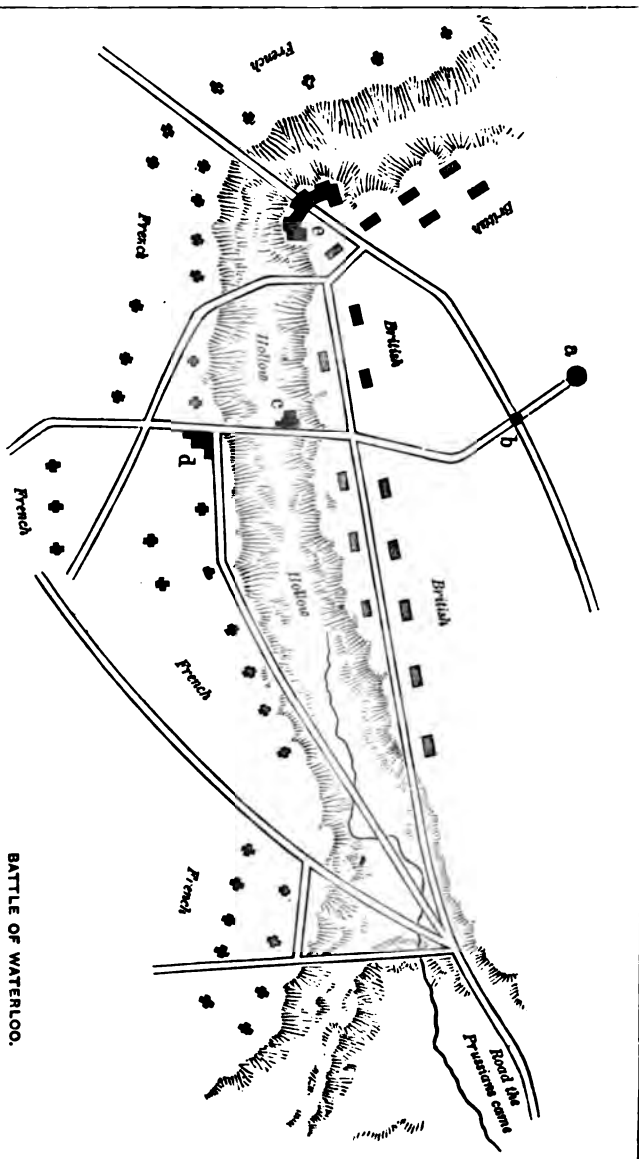
a Village of Waterloo.

b Mont St. Jean.

c Farm of La Haye Sainte.

d Farm of La Belle Alliance.

e Chateau of Tongroumont.



Napoleon reviewed his gigantic force of seventy-two thousand men early on the morning of the great day. The rain of the night before had damped the cartridges in the loaded muskets on both sides, so that they could be neither fired nor drawn. This created some delay, until an English sergeant discovered that the wetted powder could be swung out of the barrel. At 11.20 the first cannon was fired. Under cover of a dreadful storm of artillery the French battalions dashed upon Hougoumont, which was held by the Guards. Round this chateau the battle raged furiously. The French took the wood, broke the gate to pieces, but could not withstand the withering fire from the house, and the rain of shells from English howitzers. Ney led several columns against La Haye Sainte, and gained a temporary lodgement there because the Germans had burned all their powder. The thing which gave Waterloo a special character was the trial of strength between the "rocky squares" of British infantry, and the fiery torrents of French horse that dashed with incessant thunder and clang upon their serried edges. At one period of the day the French horsemen were walking about among the solid rocks of red, as if they had been our own cavalry. When their strength was almost spent in these frequent and very useless charges, nearly the whole of the British cavalry, whose horses were fresh, dashed at a sweeping gallop into the hollow and literally rode over the gorgeous lancers and cuirassiers, who had been vainly flinging themselves on the squares all day. It was about four in the afternoon, when the heads of the Prussian columns under Bulow appeared to the east, emerging from the wood of Frischermont. Menacing the right flank of the French position, they obliged Napoleon to risk his last desperate cast upon the game, then all but lost. This was the advance of the Old Guard, which had been kept in reserve in the rear of the French lines. As far as the foot of the British position Napoleon led the bronzed and bearded veterans, who had never failed him yet. He had seen his splendid artillery foiled by British fortitude, his splendid cavalry scorched and broken by the steady fire of men, who were masters of that most difficult art in war—the art of standing inactive with unbroken front under a murderous fire; but he still believed in the Old Guard. On they went under Ney's command up the face of the ridge near La Haye Sainte; but the English Guards under Maitland and the brigade of Adams, arranged four deep by Wellington himself, met them before they topped the ascent, and poured in so fearful a fire at fifty yards that the columns, hampered on their flanks by other attacks, became mixed in the act of trying to deploy, and were driven in rout down the hill. "They are mixed," cried the fallen Corsican, as he rode away to the rear. "Let the whole line advance," was Wellington's final order, as, closing his glass, he galloped to the front of the victorious British line. That great tide of pent-up manhood, which with patient resolution had stood on the plateau since early morning with scarce a murmur, now swept grandly forward—infantry, horse, and guns in one imposing mass—which carried every French position, and drove

18th June

1815

A.D.

the relics of the Grand Army along wreck-strewn roads towards the frontier of France. The British and Hanoverians had two thousand four hundred and thirty-two killed, and nine thousand five hundred and twenty-eight wounded on the field of Waterloo.

Before Waterloo was fought—on the 9th of June 1815—the Congress of Vienna had marked out on the map of Europe the changed lines, which were to follow the intended fall of Napoleon. This Treaty of Settlement was followed in November (20th) by a definitive Treaty of Paris, which was signed by Richelieu on the part of France, by Wellington and Castlereagh on the part of Britain. By these treaties the Empire of France, distended far beyond its natural and proper limits by the ambition of Napoleon, collapsed into a kingdom about the size it had been in 1790, and just the size which the present Empire displays.

FOURTH PERIOD.—HALF A CENTURY OF INVENTION AND REFORM.

FROM THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO 1815 A.D. TO THE PRESENT TIME.

CHAPTER I.

THE LATER DAYS OF CANNING.

War becomes peace.	Queen Caroline.	Canning Premier.
A gloomy year.	Canning Foreign Secretary.	His death.
Regency becomes Roign.	William Huskisson.	Navarino.
Cato Street.	Money panic of '26-28.	Two Premiers.

THE gigantic war, which ended on the field of Waterloo, cost the country six hundred millions sterling. The figures before and after stood thus:—

National Debt in January 1793	... £261,735,059.
National Debt in January 1816	... 880,186,323.

The application of steam-power to our cotton-mills and other kinds of machinery alone enabled Britain to bear a burden like this.¹

The transition from war to peace, like all violent changes, fell with terrible force upon the working-classes and the poor of Britain. Bread riots and nocturnal machine-smashing became alarmingly common. In the two centres of our staple manufacture, Manchester and Glasgow—places where the pulse of the operative class may be felt most surely—there were much hunger and much natural misery and discontent, sometimes flaming out in riot and inarticulate violence, oftener smouldering in the heated atmosphere of political clubs and debating societies. There was at this time in England a man, who wielded an enormous power over the minds of the working classes, stimulating them by means of his *Weekly Register*, sold at *twopence*, to seek Reform. This was William Cobbett, born at Farnham in 1762, ploughman, clerk, soldier, pamphleteer, and journalist. Master of a very racy

¹ The chief steps in the growth of the National Debt, which originated in the wars of William III., are these:—

1702. At Anne's Accession	£14,000,000.
1714. After Marlborough's Wars	54,000,000.
1763. After the Seven Years' War	139,000,000.
1783. After the American War	268,000,000.
1802.	571,000,000.
1816. After the Napoleonic War	880,000,000.

English style and a power of invective that shrunk from nothing, he set himself forward as the champion and spokesman of the Journeymen and Labourers of England.

The marriage of the Regent's only child—the Princess Charlotte—to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg was celebrated on the 2nd of May 1816 amid rejoicings shadowed by no prophetic cloud. During the autumn of the same year Canning joined the Liverpool Ministry as President of the Board of Control.

A terrible lesson was taught to the Algerine pirates by Lord Exmouth, who bombarded the white walls of the African city for six hours, sweeping away hundreds of the bearded demons with shot and shell. The immediate release of one thousand and eighty-three *Christian* slaves followed this stern piece of punishment (August 27, 1816). The cause of this assault was an act of massacre at Bona, where some Moslem soldiers had trampled on the British flag.

Gloom rests on the whole year 1817, thickening deeply towards the end. The windows of the Regent's carriage were broken as he returned from opening Parliament. Riots in various places were met by prompt coercive measures. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended (March 4). And from all the agitated and heart-sick land came a strong and bitter cry for "Reform." No fewer than six hundred petitions upon this great subject poured in. A vague blind movement of the Manchester operatives collected many thousands of them in St. Peter's Field one day in March, for the purpose of marching to London to petition the Regent in person. This Blanket meeting, as it was called from the rugs, rolled in knapsack form on the backs of many men, melted into nothing, although it is thought to have covered a deeper scheme for a general insurrection. The sick heart of the nation could scarcely bear the blow, which struck it, when the Princess Charlotte died, having given birth to a dead child (November 6, 1817). Amiable, accomplished, and virtuous, she won by her womanly graces a deep affection, which mingled lovingly with the fealty due to the heiress of the crown. As she would have been to human foresight, Victoria has been and is to our loving memory and present joy.

Next year (1818) brought no relief. The Habeas Corpus Act was indeed restored (January 28); and the Ministry indemnified for their proceedings during its eclipse. But the disease of the nation still remained. Fever ran in the country's veins. One paroxysm led to the unfortunate fray of Peterloo. A great assemblage of working men, trooping in with banners and laurel boughs to St. Peter's Field in Manchester to choose a representative and advocate Reform, was dispersed violently by the yeomanry and hussars. Some lives were lost in the crush; and many sabre wounds were got. On the whole the ferment of the people rose to greater fury after this slight blood-letting (August 16, 1819.)

The year after the death of the Princess Charlotte no fewer than four of the royal Dukes married. Edward Duke of Kent, having taken to wife a daughter

The spirit of Canning's foreign policy was diametrically opposed to that of Londonderry, his predecessor. It may be shortly summed up as lying in a desire to undermine the Holy Alliance, a despotic league formed in 1815 by Russia, Austria, and Prussia, and also to loose the shackles of gagged and bound nationalities all the world over. Refusing to interfere in Spanish affairs, he yet acknowledged the new-won freedom of the South American States, which had lately shaken off the Spanish yoke. To preserve peace and yet cut England loose from the Holy Alliance were the conflicting aims, which the genius of Canning enabled him to reconcile. He saved Portugal in a critical moment of December 1826. Spain, jealous of her western sister's free constitution, permitted some renegade Portuguese to harass the frontier of the country they had betrayed. The Princess Regent applied to Britain: and troops were in the Tagus by Christmas Day. They were not needed. Canning's speech had gone before them, and had frightened the aggressors into flight.

The hands of Canning were strengthened early in the year 1823 by the appointment of his old and tried friend William Huskisson to the Presidency of the Board of Trade. Born in 1770 upon his father's estate in Worcestershire, this eminent financier had climbed to power by several minor steps, beginning in 1795 as subordinate to Dundas in the War Office. With Canning he went out and came in more than once, a true affection for that wittiest of statesmen being almost a ruling passion in his breast. The appointment of Mr. Robinson (Earl of Ripon afterwards) as Chancellor of the Exchequer also infused new blood into the Cabinet. The principal measure carried through Parliament by Huskisson was the Reciprocity of Duties Bill (1823), by which the shipping of foreign states, trading to Britain, were placed on a par as to duties with our own vessels, on condition that these states should on their part do likewise. He removed a number of taxes, protecting the home produce of Great Britain. In all he showed himself favourable to the vital principles of Free Trade.

During the years 1824-25 the country, drunk with unusual prosperity, took that speculation fever, which has afflicted her more than once during the last century and a half. Bullion, draining out of the land, left paper to supply its place, and men built banks and villas out of the flimsy and perishable stuff. A crop of fungus companies sprang up temptingly from the heated soil of the Stock Exchange. The mania of 1720 was acted over again, with such variations as a century must bring. Companies were formed to extract gold from the Andes, to trench the Isthmus of Darien with a canal, to make butter on the Pampas of La Plata, and to do a thousand other things sensible and silly. Shares were bought and gambled in. The winter passed; but spring shone on glutted markets, depreciated stock, no buyers, and no returns from the shadowy and distant investments in South America, which had absorbed so much capital. Then the crashing began—the weak broke first, the strong next, until banks went down by dozens, and commerce for the time was paralyzed. By causing the issue of one and two pound notes, by coining in great

haste a new supply of sovereigns, and by inducing the Bank of England to lend money upon the security of goods—in fact to begin the pawnbroking business—the Government met the crisis, allayed the panic, and to some extent restored commercial credit.

Apoplexy having struck down Lord Liverpool early in 1827, it became necessary to select a new Premier. Canning was the chosen man. Having on the 10th of April received the royal commands to construct a Cabinet, he asked his former colleagues to take office with him. The reply was a bundle of refusals, among them those of the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Peel, and Lord Chancellor Eldon. The great topic then agitating the Legislature was the question of Catholic Emancipation, a movement in favour of which George Canning had already battled hard: hence the refusal of so many to join his Cabinet. At length however the list was filled, Canning himself taking the Exchequer in addition to his prime office as First Lord of the Treasury. The short session then opening was a time of misery to Canning. Estranged from his old associates, taunted by many foes, feeling in the splendour of his position nothing but the cold desolate glare of a grandeur he did not enjoy, the sick man held resolutely to his post in the face of every difficulty. But the springs of life were failing. And, when he had secured an object for which he had long been working, the conclusion of the Treaty of London, he shook hands with Huskisson, then going to recruit his strength on the Continent, made a joke about the yellow lining of the bed curtains, and took his last journey to the Duke of Devonshire's villa at Chiswick. There in the room, where Fox had died, he too died, ostensibly of inflammatory cold, in reality of wearing and somewhat thankless political toil (August 8, 1827).

Before the year closed, the Treaty, which formed the last act of Canning's glorious foreign policy and which bound together England, France, and Russia in a league to save Greece from the despoiling hands of Turkey, bore "the blood-red blossom of war," which however ripened into peace. While negotiations were pending, Ibrahim Pacha with the Egyptian fleet entered the harbour of Navarino,¹ where the Turkish squadron lay. The British Admiral, Codrington, had previously warned him that he would be driven in again if he ventured out. In violation of an express agreement, he did sail out, and the Allied Admirals then mounted guard over the fleets in the harbour. The Turks began to fire: the Allies replied: the engagement became general: and in four hours the shattered hulls of what had been the Turko-Egyptian fleet rocked on the autumn sea. It was the 28th of October 1827.

The news of this unexpected fight nearly shook to pieces the Cabinet of Lord Goderich, who had succeeded Canning. Discord soon dissolved the Ministry, and in the first month of the next year our greatest soldier undertook the leading post of English statesmanship, at a time when all the political sky was charged with war. Wellington became Premier in January 1828.

¹ *Navarino* (or *Neocastro*), a town and bay in the south-west of the Morea, five miles north of Modon. The historic island of Sphacteria lies across the mouth of the bay.

CHAPTER II.

THE BATTLES OF EMANCIPATION, REFORM, AND ABOLITION.

Catholic Disabilities.
Daniel O'Connell.
Robert Peel.
Catholic Relief Bill.

The Grey Cabinet.
Grey, Brougham, Palmer-
ston, and Russell.

The Fight for Reform.
Provisions of the Bill
Abolition of Slavery.

THE most notable event under the Wellington Administration was the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Bill. At various times after the Reformation penal laws, the most rigorous and cruel, had been imposed on this large section of the people, and especially in Ireland the weight of them had been bitterly felt. The Treaty of Limerick (1691), confirming the title of William III. to rule Ireland, made a hollow provision in favour of the Roman Catholics. In this respect the Treaty was a mere dead letter, for in a year or two after it was concluded the screw got several turns, and the oppressed Catholics were ground to the very dust. Laws, depriving a father of natural rights over his child, and sometimes even reversing the relations of the two, were enacted. A Catholic teacher was treated like a felon, and a priest, who married a Protestant to a Catholic, exposed himself to hanging. The firm position, taken by the Irish people under the leadership of Henry Grattan in 1780, was the beginning of a series of efforts which cracked and at last rent asunder these heavy chains. Once started, the question kept rolling with growing momentum, stirring strife and shattering Cabinets. Most violent of all the obstinacies of George III. was his aversion to the removal of the Catholic disabilities. Some of his statesmen, Pitt the foremost, saw farther ahead than the bigoted old man, saw a time when the Bill *must* pass; and in the struggle of the Irish Union a promise was given that the Bill *should* soon pass. In fact upon this promise the Union hinged. In 1807, Pitt having died before his promise was redeemed, the chief Catholic disabilities were these:—They could not enter either House of Parliament: they could not act as guardian to a Protestant: they were scarcely allowed to possess arms: they were practically excluded from juries, and from the majority of public offices. Canning was their firm friend through nearly all his career as a statesman, and made more than one decided effort to remove some of their disabilities. Grattan, having entered the Imperial Parliament in 1805, devoted the ripe eloquence and wisdom of his spotless old age to the advocacy of their cause. With two such champions victory was sure; yet neither saw the final triumph of the question. In course of time a vast confederacy, called the *Catholic Association* and supported by a weekly tax on the Irish peasantry called the *Catholic Rent*, was organized, and began to work with ceaseless and resistless force. Its life and soul was Daniel O'Connell, a barrister of great natural eloquence and skill in wielding the minds of a popular mass.

Born in 1775 near Cahirciveen in Kerry, he received the rudiments of his education near home, and the finish abroad at St. Omers, whence he had to flee on the outburst of the French Revolution. Having studied law at Lincoln's Inn, he was called to the bar in 1798, and plunged at once into that seething political sea, on whose waves he kept tossing to the last. A second side—so necessary to the manufacture of a fight—was formed by the establishment in Ireland of Orange societies called Brunswick Clubs. Between these and the banded Catholics a civil strife seemed imminent. An important step in the direction of religious freedom was taken in 1828, when Lord John Russell moved the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts,¹ and carried this relief of the Dissenters through Parliament in spite of Ministerial opposition supported by Peel and Huskisson.

The tactics of the Roman Catholics were centred during this year in the Clare election, by which Daniel O'Connell was returned to serve in the Imperial Parliament. Having secured his return, they rested content for that year with this step.²

Ministers now saw that a Bill to relieve the Roman Catholics could not be delayed. Ireland was in a state so explosive that a civil war seemed likely to break out any day. Having first resigned his seat for Oxford and secured his election for Westbury, Robert Peel, the Home Secretary, set about the preparation of a pacific measure. I have already written this great name more than once: this is perhaps the fittest place to trace briefly the statesman's earlier career.

Born in 1788 near Bury in Lancashire, where his father, a wealthy and eminent cotton-spinner, had an estate, Peel went to school at Harrow and in due time took a double-first at Oxford. In 1809, being then twenty-one, he entered Parliament as Member for Cashel; nor was he long on the Tory benches until it was seen that a clear and powerful brain, a tongue of rare eloquence, had come as a new and valuable accession to that side. His first Ministerial appointment was the Under-Secretaryship for the Colonies (1811). In the Liverpool Cabinet he took office as Chief Secretary for Ireland, then in a volcanic state, heaving with the fire of sectarian agitations. Having resigned in 1818, he rejoined the Liverpool Administration in 1822 as Home Secretary, and in this capacity also he took prominent office under the Duke of Wellington. Thus it came to pass that the task of piloting the Catholic Relief Bill through the Commons fell to his lot.

On the 5th of March 1829 the Bill was brought before the Commons. Modifying the oath, which Members took along with their seats, so as to admit of its being taken by Roman Catholics, it opened to that religious body all corporate and public offices, with the exception of four—the Regency, the Lord Chancellorships of England and of Ireland, and the Viceroyalty of the latter land. About four in the morning of the 1st of April this important measure, on its

¹ See the reign of Charles II.

² Lord Liverpool died in the winter of 1833.

third reading, was passed in the Commons by a majority of 178 in a House of 462. Ten days later it passed the Lords by a majority almost equally large. The King, on whom a life of debauchery was beginning to tell at last, felt these bitter drops in his cup of life all the bitterer for having to sign the measure. It received his signature on the 13th of April 1829.

On the 26th of June in the following year George IV. died, and his sailor-brother William reigned in his stead. A fatal accident soon cost England the life of a greater man. Upon the occasion of the opening of the first great English Railway—that from Liverpool to Manchester—there was a gathering of Cabinet Ministers and other noted men to make a trial trip. During a temporary stoppage of the train, while Wellington and Huskisson were talking on the line, a shout from an approaching engine startled them. Huskisson, enfeebled from recent illness, did not move with sufficient speed, and, falling on the rail, got his leg crushed. He died the same night.

Some rash sentences against the popular desire for Reform, which fell from the Duke one night, shook his Cabinet to the foundation. A defeat on the Civil List overthrew it (Nov. 15, 1830). A Whig Ministry under Lord Grey was then formed. Among the names, which stood prominently out in the new Administration, three, now clothed in veteran glory, deserve special remembrance. Harry Brougham, a genius rugged and noble as a crag of Scottish granite, became Lord Chancellor; Henry Temple, Viscount Palmerston, took the Foreign Office; and Lord John Russell, though not of the Cabinet, became the champion of the nation in the coming struggle.

Charles Earl Grey was born in 1764 at Fallowden near Alnwick. Eton, Cambridge, and the Continent prepared him for public life. From the days of the French Revolution he had been devoted to the cause of Reform in Parliament, advocating it with all the powers of a ripe and chastened eloquence. As Lord Howick he joined the Grenville Ministry in 1806, and, when Fox died, he received the seals of the Foreign Office in the room of the deceased statesman. The defence of Queen Caroline and the question of Catholic Emancipation engaged him at a later period; and he came to the head of affairs with three words, "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform," inscribed on his political banner.

Henry Lord Brougham, of Scottish birth but Cumbrian descent, entered Parliament in 1810, having already won a great name as a rising young barrister. Before long he measured swords with Canning, and to the last they fenced with almost equal skill. What Brougham did in defending the maligned Queen of George IV. has been already referred to: he certainly won the deep hatred of the King. In questions of public education, especially in the foundation of Mechanics' Institutes and other associations of the kind, he took a leading share. And, when in Grey's Ministry this great Whig lawyer, whose power of work is still a marvel to men but half his age, rose to the woolsack, to him partly it was committed to carry through the Lords the great popular measure of Reform.

There is no man better known or better liked at the present day than Lord Palmerston. Descendant of an ancient Saxon race, he was born in 1784 at Broadlands near Romsey in Hampshire. Harrow, Edinburgh, and St. John's, Cambridge, were the places of his education. In 1807 he took office in the Portland Ministry as a Junior Lord of Admiralty; and since then he has been almost always in Ministerial harness. From 1809 to 1828 under several successive Premiers he acted as Secretary-at-War. Canning being his model, he devoted his talents to foreign politics so industriously that upon his leader's death he remained the chief authority upon that most intricate branch of government. Tory as he originally was, he had under Canning's auspices so liberalized his views, that he found no difficulty in entering the Grey Cabinet as Foreign Secretary.

Lord John Russell, third son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, was born in London in 1792. After passing through Westminster School and attending lectures in the Edinburgh University, he entered Parliament under Whig colours; and to them he has been faithful throughout a long public career. Dallying somewhat with historic and dramatic literature, he nevertheless continued to press forward in pursuit of one object, which took daily more definite shape—the Reform of Representation in Parliament. It was not until Grey became Premier that Russell obtained office; as Paymaster of the Forces he faced that stormy period—the sessions of '31-'32.

I now proceed to give an outline of the battle for Reform.

Backed by a formidable pressure of public opinion, Lord John Russell on the 1st of March 1831 disclosed the nature of the Reform Bill, to that hour kept carefully a secret. It was the work of four men, of whom Durham and Russell were the chief. Its sweeping provisions, aiming at the utter extinction of close or rotten boroughs, took even the friends of Reform by surprise: for the first night it seemed to the Opposition only an amusing farce. There was no division on the first reading—March 14th; but on the occasion of the second reading (March 21), after a hot debate the numbers stood 302—301, the Ministry being victorious by *one* vote. This looked very ominous for the Bill; and the House, going into Committee, took up the clauses. The Government experienced two defeats within three days. Grey sent in his resignation; the King would not accept it. It then became necessary for the King to dissolve Parliament that he might ascertain the feeling of his people on a subject so important. Although at first very unwilling to take this step, he at last consented, and on an eventful day—the 22nd of April—he went down to the Lords. Black Rod summoned the Commons in due form, and the hot passionate assemblies, scarcely yielding to the regal voice, heard the words which sealed the doom of their short session.

The people, roused and terribly in earnest, sent in a new House of Commons packed with Reformers. Everywhere, especially in the large manufacturing towns, they waited with grim and steadfast aspect, watching the movements of the enemies of their cause. The battle was then renewed, the

ground being disputed inch by inch, clause by clause. At last the Bill passed the Commons (22nd September) by a vote of 345 to 236, and was carried by Lord Althorp, attended by a hundred of the Lower House, up to the Lords. After a hot fierce debate of five nights, they threw it out by a majority of 41 on its second reading (Oct. 7th).

At once the ferment of the people exploded in riots portending civil war. At Derby and Nottingham, but especially at Bristol, these were excessively violent. Men looked with bated breath for the close of the short Parliamentary recess. On the 12th of December Lord John Russell made the first move by proposing a new Bill. On the 18th of the same month it was passed on its second reading by a majority of 162. Then came the Christmas holidays. In Committee the battle raged fiercely, the opponents of the Bill spinning out the time to the last extremity. To no purpose however. The majority on the third reading was 116 (March 21, 1832). Victory then in the Commons: but what in the Lords?

There had happened a split in the aristocratic camp. Some laggards too had come in; and the Bishops, who with one exception had voted against the Bill in October, by April had taken those second thoughts which are proverbially the best. The result was that on the 14th of April—after a debate of five long nights on the second reading—the Bill floated on with a majority of 9, where it had six months earlier been rejected by 41. During the Easter recess petitions of a very fearless tone poured in from every side, especially from the great centres of manufacture. Sidney Smith sprinkled the Attic salt of his wit upon the question, giving a racy flavour even to the solemn subjects in dispute. But the Lords were resolved to stifle the measure in Committee, a resolve of which Grey had a foretaste by being left in a minority of 35 on the very first clause (May 7th). The Whigs at once resigned, and Wellington was requested to form a Tory Ministry. All that he and Lord Lyndhurst could do failed to accomplish this object. He quietly prepared his dragoons in various barracks to do his stern will upon the Political Unions, if any symptoms of revolution appeared; but with equal quietness the people took an attitude whose resolute meaning could not be mistaken. The Union at Birmingham, mustering 200,000 strong and numbering in its ranks a large share of the soldiery, pledged themselves to pay no taxes and to give themselves up to the cause of Reform. The aspect of affairs began to look serious, even ominous, when news radiated everywhere to the effect that Lord Grey had been recalled to the head of the Administration. Great indeed was the popular joy at this sign of victory. But there was still a doubt how the Lords

June 7, could be made to yield. This last doubt vanished when the King

1832 appealed to the Waverers, holding in the background a resolve to create a batch of new Peers numerous enough to carry the measure.

A.D. if his appeal was rejected. All was over then. The Reform Bill passed the Lords triumphantly, and received the King's assent on the 7th of June 1832.

1. The English county representation was redivided by the Reform Bill, 159 Members from 82 constituencies being substituted for 94 Members from 52 constituencies. This almost doubled the number of Members from the English counties.

2. Boroughs with a population of less than 2000 were disfranchised,—a provision which suppressed 56 rotten boroughs, for which 111 Members used to sit. An additional reduction of 30 Members was made by cutting off one Member from certain boroughs, containing less than 4000 inhabitants, which had been in the habit of returning two.

3. The seats thus left vacant amounted to 143; and these were so distributed that the greatest share fell to England.

4. The franchise was given in boroughs and cities to all holders of houses paying at least £10 of rent: in the counties the qualification extended to £50 of rent.

Such huge centres of manufacture as Birmingham, Leeds, Macclesfield, Manchester, and Sheffield now received the right to send two Members to the Parliament of the land, whose greatness depends most of all on their looms and forges. The Scottish and Irish Bills passed rapidly—becoming law on the 17th July and the 7th August respectively.

There was yet another battle to be won—next year was to see the termination of a strife begun in 1787. William Wilberforce, the son of a Hull merchant and the representative of the county of York, flung into the struggle for the Abolition of Negro Slavery what he believed to be the last energies of a constitution decaying prematurely. Associating himself with men like Granville Sharp and Thomas Clarkson, and letting scarcely an hour of his life, private or public, pass without some effort in speech or writing for the advancement of his darling project, he laboured and waited, as few men could have done, until he began to see the barriers, which fenced the traffic in blood, give way. Wilberforce retired from Parliament in 1825, leaving the cause of the negro in the able hands of Fowell Buxton. Insurrections among the West Indian slaves, and angry mutterings on the part of the planters too, hurried on the crisis of Abolition. The British people began to apply that pressure from without, which, well directed in a good cause, is simply irresistible. Flinging aside the Ministerial theory, that the Abolition of Slavery should be *gradually* wrought out, the House of Commons, led by Buxton, voted £20,000,000 as compensation to the planters, and declared that Slavery was no longer to exist within the bounds of the British Empire. A system of apprenticeship was devised, which bound the slaves to their masters for a certain number of years; but, this not working well, the period was shortened. Antigua and Bermuda set their slaves free at once without any transition stage of apprenticeship.

Aug. 30,
1833
A.D.

CHAPTER III.

THE STEPHENSONS—FATHER AND SON.

Steps of Progress.
George Stephenson born.
Twelve shillings a week.
Married life.

Mends an engine.
The first Locomotive.
Intervening years.
Chat Moss.

The Rocket.
Growing fame.
Death of George.
The three Bridges.

THE Tram-way with its horse-drawn trucks was the intervening step of locomotion between the slow lumbering Coach, so often plundered by Dick Turpin and his kind, and the Express Train of our own day, flying over viaduct and embankment, through tunnel and cutting, at the rate of a mile a minute. I have no space here to narrate the progress of a change which has so revolutionized our daily life. The names of that imprisoned Marquis of Worcester, who is said to have caught the idea that steam has motive power, from the lid of a kettle flying off, as he gloomed over the dingy fire-place of his cell in the Tower—of Newcomen, who added cylinder and piston and the condensation of steam by cold water to the machine as it stood—and even of James Watt, that famous native of Greenock, who rose from the obscurity of “mathematical instrument maker to the College of Glasgow,” to the prominence of a leading partner in a great machine-firm in Soho—must be merely mentioned here, although there is not a cabin in the kingdom, which does not owe the major part of its physical blessings to their inventive genius and clinging hope, which no defeat could foil. Nor can the British pioneers of ocean-navigation by steam—James Symington and Henry Bell—receive more than the merest mention. Selecting as a type of the entire set of brave and eminent men, who have developed the power of steam, the two most prominent of all, plain George Stephenson, who might have been Sir George a dozen times had he chosen, and his son Robert, I shall give in outline the story of their lives. To them we mainly owe the coiling and inter-twisted system of railway lines which blacken the map of Britain.

The cabin of a poor colliery-fireman at Wylam in Northumberland was gladdened on the 9th of June 1781 by the cry of a new-born child, who by-and-by, growing old enough to herd cows, spent hot afternoons in the fields of Dewley Burn, playing at the manufacture of engines with mud and the stiff green tubes of hemlock. A toy windmill, made at the same time, also pointed with extraordinary clearness to the future destiny of the young mechanic.

The second stage of his life, from fourteen to twenty-one, presents the picture of a steady earnest youth, following in his father's steps, earning sufficient weekly shillings as a fireman and plugman, and displaying the thoroughness of his natural bent by the ceaseless delight he enjoyed in taking to pieces and polishing with loving care the bars and cylinders he had in charge.

Conscious of the need of instruction, he attended a night-school for the purpose of learning to read and write, and then plunged into the mysteries of arithmetic, which he soon mastered by working questions in the engine-room.

His life then intertwined with that of a pretty farm-servant, Fanny Henderson, who sent him her shoes to mend—he had taken to that mode of eking out his earnings—and whom he married in 1802. The study of mathematics, the repairing of clocks, and the fascinating search after the grand mystery of mechanics—how to secure perpetual motion—gave zest and unceasing occupation to the evenings of two bright years, during which his famous son Robert was born at Killingworth. The death of his wife, the distress of his father, and a host of other troubles, which thickened round him now, would have driven some men to the drinking-shop and ruin. But George, made of other metal, was reserved for nobler work.

It happened that the pumping-engine of a pit, near that in which he worked, went out of order, and luckily Stephenson was allowed to try his hand at setting it right. Success in this job gained for him a present and a higher post—that of engine-wright at Killingworth at £100 a year. This rise enabled him to send little Robert to school in Newcastle, and together the father and son made electric kites and sun-dials, and read scientific books through evenings golden and grey.

The engineer of Killingworth soon saw that steam could turn the wheels of an engine, if these could be got to seize the rail instead of slipping round. Pondering and working, he at last placed upon the colliery tram-way a Locomotive, which carried thirty tons at the rate of *four* miles an hour. This triumph was achieved on the 25th of July 1814. But the year **1815** of Waterloo witnessed an improved engine on the road, which contained all the essential parts of the present Locomotive, and which, by turning the waste steam into the chimney to increase the draught, ran with much greater speed. A.D.

As my purpose is to present George Stephenson grappling with the great idea of his life, I pass hurriedly those intervening years, during which he rose steadily in prosperity and fame. He received in 1821 the appointment of engineer to the Stockton and Darlington Railway at £300 a year—entered as working partner into a locomotive factory at Newcastle, and took as his apprentice his son Robert, who had spent the session '20-21 studying science in the University of Edinburgh.

While Robert was away in South America, examining the bullion mines, it was proposed to unite Liverpool and Manchester by a Railway. All eyes turned to George as the fittest man, and he undertook the task. The difficulties were great; but patience and genius surmounted them all. In particular a bog called Chat Moss stood gaping and quaking in the way, until the invincible Stephenson reduced it to such a condition that it afforded a firm bottom for the sleepers and the rails. When the Railway was completed, a

matter of some four years (1826-1830), it was still an open question whether steam or horse-power should draw the trains. In the battle that ensued, almost all the engineering world was arrayed in arms against the plain workman of Wylam. One ally indeed he had, and that a strong and noble one—his son Robert, who had come back across the Atlantic to aid him in his railway work. With restless and vigorous pen Robert fought the battle of the Locomotive, urging the point so keenly that the Directors of the Railway, overcome by the resistless arguments of father and son, offered a premium of £500 for the best Locomotive suited to the traffic of their line. This gave the Stephensons a chance, which with their experience and their energy they could not lose. From their engine-factory at Newcastle came the *Rocket*, which distanced all competitors, by running a mile in less than two minutes. Thus the victory was won: the Locomotive was established in its place as an engine suited for passenger traffic, and all the croakers and maligners and objectors to the scheme were silenced for ever. At the opening of the new line, which took place on the 15th of September 1830, that lamentable accident occurred which deprived Britain of the services of a great financier.

The remainder of George Stephenson's career presents the uneventful tale of steady prosperity and ever-widening fame. The Railway, just referred to, became the parent of a vast number of lines, on all of which the services of the great engineer were employed: the posterity of the *Rocket* have multiplied exceedingly, and have plunged with a rattle and a snort into almost every valley of the kingdom, leaping chasms and piercing hills at a rate of speed which no Eclipse or Flying Childers ever reached.

Having given the evening of life to the quiet enjoyment of rural pursuits at Tapton House near Chesterfield, George Stephenson died on the 12th of August 1848.

Robert, his son and the partner of his toils, lived only eleven years longer. Continuing to expand and develop the great idea, which the genius of his father had grasped, by the formation of new railways and the manufacture of improved engines, he also during his later years bent his mind to achieve other triumphs of engineering, of which the glory is principally his own. He designed and constructed three great bridges—the High Level Bridge springing across the Tyne between Newcastle and Gateshead; the Britannia Tubular Bridge across the Menai, which may be described as a huge iron tunnel, hung as by magic so high above the green water, that tall ships can sail in safety below; and a huger structure still, the Victoria Bridge at Montreal, which runs for nearly two miles across the St. Lawrence, and is formed of "not less than twenty-five immense tubular bridges joined into one." In Belgium, in Norway, in Italy, in Switzerland, in Egypt this indefatigable engineer has worked and planned and left behind him monuments of toil and genius. His yacht *Titania* was his chief passion and pastime.

Thus with iron and with coal—our two chief mineral sources of greatness—did these great men add to their country's strength and splendour, turn-

ing the materials out of which war has framed its deadliest engines to the uses of peaceful enterprise and social welfare. For the engineer, black with soot and grime, let us reserve a fitting meed of praise; not indeed the same in kind as that which we award to the soldier black with battle-smoke, who takes his life into his hand and goes out to guard our homes and wage our righteous wars, but yet such praise as men deserve, who give themselves with all their might of mind and heart to the service of their fellow-men. It is a good sign of the times to find amid the biographies of soldiers, sailors, statesmen, and prelates, which load the shelves of our libraries, numerous copies of *The Lives of the Engineers*, well thumbed and worn by the eager hands of many thousand readers.

CHAPTER IV.

THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

The Queen at home.	Tumults in Ireland.	A wretched winter.
Her Coronation.	The Crystal Palace.	Close of the Siege.
Chartism.	Peel and Wellington die.	Second Chinese War.
First Chinese War.	Derby and D'Israeli.	The India Bill.
The Sliding Scale.	The Russian War.	Third Chinese War.
The Disruption.	Invasion of the Crimea.	The Trent Affair.
O'Connell and Repeal.	Battle of the Alma.	Death of Prince Albert.
Anti-Corn-Law League.	Siege of Sebastopol.	Cotton Famine.
Corn-Laws Repealed.	Balaklava.	Prince of Wales married.
Gloom and Storm of 1848.	Inkermann.	

FIVE years elapsed between the passing of the Reform Bill and the accession of Queen Victoria. They were years of progress and comparative quiet.

The pauperism of the country having increased to an alarming degree, it became necessary to enact an improved set of Poor Laws (1834). No longer permitting strong lazy folk to enjoy out-door relief at the public cost, the Bill established over all the land workhouses, where such had to go and labour for every meal. By placing the local boards under the control of Government, it also removed abuses of another kind. Before this measure was quite complete, the Grey Ministry broke up, split by disunion upon Irish affairs. For a short time Lord Melbourne held office; but in the December of 1834 the King called Sir Robert Peel, the Conservative leader, to the head of affairs. This experiment, with Peel as Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Duke of Wellington as Foreign Secretary, lasted only from December 1834 until April 1835, when Melbourne with strengthened hands took the reins again.

THE MELBOURNE ADMINISTRATION,

April 1835—September 1841.

First Lord of the Treasury.....	Viscount Melbourne.
President of the Council.....	Marquis of Lansdowne.
Lord High Chancellor.....	In Com.—Lord Cottenham (1836.)

Lord Privy Seal.....	Visc. Duncannon—Earl of Clarendon (1840.)
Chancellor of the Exchequer.....	T. Spring Rice—F. T. Baring (1839.)
First Lord of Admiralty.....	Earl of Minto.
Home Secretary.....	Lord John Russell—Marq. of Normanby (1839.)
Foreign Secretary.....	Viscount Palmerston.
War and Colonial Secretary.....	Lord Glenelg—Lord John Russell (1839.)
President of Board of Control.....	Sir J. C. Hobhouse.
Chancellor of Duchy of Lancaster.....	Lord Holland.
Secretary at War.....	Viscount Howick—T. B. Macaulay (1839.)

This Administration at once took up the question of Municipal Reform. Brought into the Commons by Lord John Russell on the 5th of June, a Bill to secure this important object slipped swiftly through the Lower House, but was met in the Lords by a decided opposition, which however did not last. The Bill became law on the 9th of September. Its most important provision was that by which the constituency of the towns was regulated and widened beyond the narrow circle of cliques, rank with political jobbery.

In 1835 an English contingent was sent to Spain in aid of little Queen Isabella, whose rights had been invaded by her uncle Don Carlos. With this exception the foreign policy of William IV. is almost insignificant. At home an important measure was passed—the Tithe Commutation Act (1837), by which tithes, a sore subject between the peasantry and the clergy, were converted into a rent-charge, determined by the price of corn; and the turbulence of the Irish was kept under by a Coercion Bill, which troubled the Government much and brought them into frequent collision with O'Connell. The seething hatred, unhappily not yet extinct, which severs Orangemen and Roman Catholics in Ireland, kept the island in a state of continual ferment.

On the 20th of June 1837 the kind old sailor, who had worn the British crown for seven years, died at the age of seventy-two, leaving the regal state to a girl of eighteen. His last act was one of mercy—the signature which gave pardon to a convict.

On the 21st of June 1837 Victoria was proclaimed Queen of the June 21, British Empire. The daughter of Edward, Duke of Kent and brother 1837 of the late King, she was born at Kensington on the 24th of May A.D. 1819. Left in earliest infancy to the care of her widowed mother, a Princess of the Saxe-Coburg family, she grew up, an object of the tenderest solicitude and care, and received from her instructors such culture of her great natural abilities as made her a most accomplished woman. Yet were her mental gifts by no means her greatest endowments for the high position to which Providence called her. In her the tenderest and brightest of the domestic virtues have blossomed and borne fruit, making the royal home, which she adorns, a model, towards which the eyes of all her subjects may look with admiration, pride, gratitude, and respectful love. In every relation of her life, as Queen, as wife, as mother, as daughter, and as friend, she has been true to herself and to the great maxims of the faith, which has

always been her guide and is now her great consolation. The same in smoky London as by heather-scented Dee, by breezy Thames as by waved-lulled Osborne, she walks among us every inch a Queen in the most perfect meaning of the noble word. Married on the 10th of February 1840 to a husband in all ways worthy of so good a wife, she bore him five daughters and four sons during two-and-twenty years of happy union. But one sad Sunday there crept a whisper through the land, as bells were tolling men to church, and pale lips said that the Prince was dead at Windsor of typhoid fever. Since then—December the 14th, 1861—our Queen has withdrawn from public life a good deal, and shows by almost every movement how dearly she cherishes the memory of Albert the Good. A gleam of light, destined, we all must hope, to grow into a calm sweet sunset radiance, fell upon her life, when her eldest son, the Prince of Wales, took to wife the fair young Alexandra of Denmark—March 10th, 1863. If earnest hopes and prayers, springing freely from a nation's deepest heart, if the example and culture of parents most virtuous and wise, if the affection of young and truthful hearts, have any meaning or any weight, the union of Albert Edward and his Danish wife should be blessed with all the happiness that earth can give.

The Salic law, which has force in Hanover, separated that state from the British throne upon the accession of Victoria. The sceptre of this German kingdom passed into the hands of Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, fifth son of George III. and father of the present King of Hanover, George V. by name.

The first trouble of the reign came from Canada, where a rebellion, of which some account is given in the Colonial Section of this book, disturbed the years 1837-38.

Westminster Abbey never looked gayer than on the 28th of June 1838—the coronation day of Her Majesty the Queen. The light of jewels—the coloured sheen of splendid toilettes and uniforms—the array of all that Britain had of beauty, rank, and genius—the grey old walls and darkened roof, hung with historic banners—were but the setting of a picture, whose great interest centred in a small and girlish figure, clothed with the traditional *regalia* of the land. Among the representatives of foreign courts stood a white-haired soldier, who saw his ancient enemy not many yards away. It was Marshal Soult, Ambassador of France, who looked across and saw the eagle face of Arthur, Duke of Wellington.

Out of Kent in the year of the coronation came a singular impostor, whose followers believed him to be the Saviour. Casting aside the name of Thom, this poor madman called himself Sir William Courtenay, and wrought many pretended miracles with pistols and lucifer matches. He had shot a policeman and a military officer before receiving the bullet which laid him low. His death scarcely daunted his deluded followers, who boldly said that he would rise in a month and give each of them a farm of forty acres. These events occurred "almost under the shadow of Canterbury Cathedral."

The discontented and effervescent state of mind, which this delusion be-

tokened, found another and wider outlet in Chartism, an evil which had been working, like an unwholesome leaven, since before the beginning of the reign. The Reform Bill had not satisfied the mass of the working people; and especially in the manufacturing districts associations were formed, moorland meetings by torchlight were held, and threats of resort to arms were uttered by artisans of every class. They sought five things—Universal Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, Annual Parliaments, Payment of Members, and the Abolition of Property Qualifications. They mistook in fact the nature of the British Constitution; they did not see the secret of its strength, or they would never have sought to establish sheer wild democracy in its stead. Day by day the mutterings grew louder. A huge cylinder of parchment, whose circumference was like a coach wheel, rolled its one million two hundred thousand signatures into the Commons, where a member of the National Convention seconded its dumb eloquence by an effective speech. After the shelving of this monster petition, Chartism broke violently out at Newport in Monmouthshire. John Frost, a magistrate there, collected a body of seven thousand miners to attack and seize the town. A few shots from the military dispersed the mob, of whom twenty were killed. Frost, and his leading accomplices, Williams and Jones, were condemned to death—a sentence afterwards commuted to transportation.

In 1839 the Melbourne Ministry was shaken and reconstructed. Having vainly tried to carry a measure for the suspension of the Jamaican constitution they resigned, and the task of forming a new Government devolved on Sir Robert Peel. This he failed, or scarcely cared to do; and Melbourne came in again, with Lord John Russell as Colonial Secretary, Lord Normanby in the Home Office, Mr. F. Baring Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Thomas Babington Macaulay in the War Office in the room of Lord Howick.

About this time Britain was simultaneously involved in three Asiatic wars. Of the disastrous Afghan war I shall speak in my sketch of Indian history. The story of the Chinese and Syrian wars remains to be told briefly here.

A smuggling trade in opium having sprung up to the great anger of the Chinese authorities, who could not tamely see the natives smoke themselves to death and lunacy, an edict was issued by Commissioner Lin, aiming at the extinction of the traffic. Captain Elliot, the British Superintendent, resisted this; and a fire from British ships was poured into a fleet of anchored junks in the Canton River—November 3rd 1839. The island and town of Chusan were taken by British guns in June 1840; and in the following January Commodore Sir Gordon Bremer reduced the Bogue Forts at the mouth of the Canton River. These two blows led to a Chinese proposal for peace, believing in which Bremer caused Chusan to be evacuated, and took possession of Hong-Kong, ceded to us instead. But war broke out again. Sir Hugh Gough and Admiral Senhouse made an attack on Canton, which was thwarted by the interference of the Superintendent. To Sir Henry Pottinger was allotted the task of closing the war. Amoy, Chusan, Ningpo fell successively

into the hands of the British, whose march to Nankin in 1842 was the final terror, which led to the submission of the Mandarins. The principal articles of the Treaty of Nankin, which closed this unjust and ignoble war, were those which ceded the island of Hong-Kong to the British, established our right of trade to the five cities—Canton, Amoy, Fuh-Choo, Ningpo, and Shanghai—and handed over to Britain as payment for the cost of the war twenty-seven millions of silver dollars.

In aid of Turkey our fleets and troops took part in operations on the Syrian coast, undertaken for the purpose of wresting that province from Mehemet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, who had declared himself independent of the Porte. Beirut and Acre were reduced in the autumn of 1840, Commodore Napier distinguishing himself in the attack upon the latter.

Before the conclusion of the Chinese War the Melbourne Ministry resigned. Defeated on the Sugar Duties and also on a vote of want of confidence proposed by Sir Robert Peel, they threw themselves on the country by a dissolution of Parliament. This result, although they desperately tried to get up the popular cry of "Free trade in Corn," did not meet their expectations. Another vote of want of confidence, carried in the new House in the shape of an amendment to the Address, overthrew their last hope, and left them no resource but resignation. The task of forming a new Administration was confided to Peel.

THE PEEL ADMINISTRATION.

September 1841—June 1846.

First Lord of the Treasury.....	Sir Robert Peel.
Lord President of the Council..	Lord Wharnccliffe.
Lord High Chancellor.....	Lord Lyndhurst.
Lord Privy Seal.....	Duke of Buckingham—Duke of Buccleuch (1842).
Chancellor of the Exchequer....	Mr. Goulburn.
First Lord of the Admiralty....	Earl of Haddington.
Home Secretary.....	Sir James Graham.
Foreign Secretary.....	Lord Aberdeen.
War and Colonial Secretary.....	Lord Stanley.
President of Board of Control	{ Lord Ellenborough—Lord Fitzgerald (1842)—Lord Ripon (1844).
President of Board of Trade....	Earl of Ripon—W. E. Gladstone (1844).
Secretary at War.....	Sir Henry Hardinge—Sidney Herbert (1845).
Paymaster-General.....	Sir Ed. Knatchbull.

The Conservative Administration of Sir Robert Peel lasted from September 1841 until June 1846, undergoing during that time but little change. In '43 the Duke of Wellington became Commander-in-Chief—in '44 William Ewart Gladstone was made President of the Board of Trade—and in '45 Sidney Herbert succeeded Hardinge as Secretary at War.

The year 1842 was occupied in making some important financial changes. Recognizing the pressing necessity that existed for some alteration in the

Corn Laws, Sir Robert carried through the Houses his proposition of a Sliding-Scale, according to which the rising price of corn should lower the duty per quarter. Thus its provisions ran :—

Wheat at 50s. & paid	20s. of duty.
... 55s. ...	17s. ...
... 60s. ...	12s. ...
... 65s. ...	8s. ...
... 70s. ...	5s. ...
... 73s. or more	1s. ...

The imposition of an Income-Tax of sevenpence in the pound, and the adjustment of the Tariff, by laying aside a host of petty duties were other important transactions of the year.

Over all the British Islands there was trouble of one kind or another in the year 1843. In England the Tractarian or Puseyite party created no small stir, especially in and near Oxford, the centre of their agitation. Holding various doctrines nearer the tenets of Rome than those of England, many of them in process of time went over to the ranks of the Roman Catholics.

In Scotland the National Church was rent in twain. The intrusion of unacceptable ministers under the Patronage Law of 1711 had long been regarded as a grievance by the Scottish people, and in 1834 the General Assembly passed the celebrated Veto Act, which gave a majority of the male heads of families in a congregation the right to reject the patron's presentee, on a solemn declaration that they could receive no spiritual benefit from his ministrations. This Act speedily brought the Church and the Civil Power into collision. A few months after its passing, a minister presented by the Earl of Kinnoul to the parish of Auchterarder was *vetoed* by almost the whole people; and the Presbytery refused to proceed to his settlement. The case was brought before the Court of Session, and thence was taken by appeal to the House of Lords. These high tribunals affirmed their jurisdiction in the matter, found that the Veto Act was *ultra vires* of the Church, and declared that the Presbytery of Auchterarder had acted illegally. Various other cases of a similar kind occurred. Affairs grew more and more complicated. The Civil Courts enjoined sacred acts upon the Church, and the Church broke orders of the Civil Courts. At last, in 1842, the General Assembly laid at the foot of the throne its Claim of Right. That Claim met with an unfavourable answer. The House of Commons also, by a large majority—though not a majority of its Scottish members—supported the views of the Government. The crisis could no longer be delayed. Two hundred members of the Assembly, which met at Edinburgh in May 1843, laid upon its table, on the first day of its sitting, a Protest against what they conceived to be a series of unconstitutional invasions of the Church's rights, and proceeded, under the presidency of the great Thomas Chalmers, to form themselves into a separate Communion, to which they gave the name of "Free Church of Scotland." And a few days

later (23rd) they executed an *Act of Separation and Deed of Demission*, by which, refusing to acknowledge "the Ecclesiastical Judicatories established by law in Scotland," they declared their separation from the Establishment and their rejection of all the rights and emoluments they derived from the State.

The Rebecca riots of Wales, which affected chiefly the counties of Caermarthen, Pembroke, and Cardigan, arose out of the badly managed turnpikes and tolls. The strange distortion of a Scripture text gave origin to the name: "And they blessed Rebekah, and said unto her, Let thy seed possess the gate of those which hate them" (Gen. xxiv. 60). Disguised in bonnets, caps, and gowns, the rioters stole quietly at dead of night upon the toll-bars, pitched out the keeper's furniture, tore down the house, and levelled the gates to the ground. Some Chartist emissaries crept among them, and the spirit of the mob grew worse. They attacked workhouses, burned stacks, and spilt blood. At last some of the gang were taken, and by justice tempered with mercy the ferment was allayed.

Before Sir Robert Peel took office, Daniel O'Connell, whose name I have already written in this book, had begun an agitation in Ireland for the Repeal of the Union. This agitation reached its height in 1843. Monster meetings at Trim and Mullingar preceded a still greater gathering on the historic hill of Tara (Aug. 15). Men, who were then children, remember seeing a large man with a snub nose and an eye twinkling with Irish fun, dash out of Dublin in a four-in-hand on that fine summer morning, his green coat all aglitter with the button of Repeal. And they remember too a Sunday morning somewhat later (Oct. 8th), when cannon and dragoons went by to the Strand of Clontarf, sent by the Viceroy to support his proclamation forbidding a monster meeting there. O'Connell wisely refrained from meeting the artillery. Six days later (Oct. 14th) he was arrested with his son and eight other men upon a charge of conspiracy and sedition. The trial, delayed a good while by the difficulty of forming a jury, began on the 15th of January. For six and twenty days it continued to linger, until a verdict of Guilty came from the exhausted jury. The sentence, not pronounced till the 30th of May, inflicted two years' imprisonment and a fine of £2000 upon the arch-conspirator, dealing more lightly with his accomplices. He lay accordingly in Richmond Penitentiary in Dublin for a time, until a verdict of the Lords, to whom an appeal was made, reversed the sentence and set him free. He had before this been joined in his agitation by Smith O'Brien, an Irish gentleman whose reputation for good sense and moderation had been previously unstained. The hot love soon cooled. The camp of the Repealers split in two, O'Brien sliding off to bluster about war in the meetings of the Young Ireland Party, whose leader he had become. O'Connell then broke down and went abroad to die. His body, borne from Genoa in the summer of 1847, was followed through the streets of Dublin by a procession of those still true to his memory.

The great question of the time—a question which had for many years been

exciting the keenest interest by every fireside in the kingdom—rose to such a remarkable prominence now that its settlement was seen to be not very far away. So far back as 1837, out of a public dinner given at Manchester, there grew an Association, called the *Anti-Corn-Law League*, of which Richard Cobden was the leading spirit and voice. Born in 1804 on his father's farm at Dunford in Sussex, this great Reformer became, after a business training in London and elsewhere, a partner in a calico-printing concern in Manchester. Mr. Cobden became Member for Stockport in 1841. In his agitation for free trade in bread he was joined by a cotton-spinner of Rochdale, named John Bright, who found a seat in Parliament in 1844 as Member for the city of Durham, and who has since by his manly and thoroughly English speeches won for himself a name among the foremost orators of the House. By men like these the modern Battle of the League was fought and won; and no rest was given to the Ministry and the country, until the Corn Laws, which kept the labouring classes of the land in squalid hopeless poverty, were wiped from the Statute-Book of Britain. Agents of the League visited the cottages of the poor in every county. The plain unvarnished tale of pallid hungry children, roofs rotted into holes with rain which stagnated in puddles on the muddy floor, gaunt and miserable men, whose scanty weekly shillings scarcely gave their families a meal a day, was told by lecturers in every town, and by the men I have named to the crowded benches of the House—thick with Protectionists at first angry, spiteful, and disposed to jeer—then sullen and suspicious—at last alarmed, querulous, and well-nigh in despair. In spite of all its rival Association—the Agricultural Protection Society—could do and say, every hour brought the members of the League nearer to the time of triumph.

The excessive rain, which drowned the soil in the summer of 1845, acting with other causes, rotted with a mysterious decay the potato crop, upon which the peasantry of Ireland then largely depended. This did much to bring the Corn Law question to a crisis, for in the lurid light, cast upon the subject by approaching famine, men began to see that it would never do to depend on chance supplies of foreign grain. Corn from abroad must be coaxed into the country in regular abundance by abolishing the duties which kept it out. Lord John Russell wrote a letter from Edinburgh to the electors of London, declaring himself at last converted to the need of Abolition. But the Premier himself had already felt the scales falling from his eyes, and, seeing with a clearer vision, had begun in the Cabinet to agitate the opening of the ports. Here there came a difficulty. Lord Stanley, the Colonial Secretary, dissented from the Premier, who accordingly resigned. But the check was very temporary. Lord John Russell, sent for by the Queen, tried to form a Government, but was baffled, chiefly by the refusal of Lord Grey to enter the Cabinet. Peel came back to Downing Street on the 20th of December with Mr. Gladstone as his Colonial Secretary in room of Lord Stanley resigned. The great and almost only task which lay before the restored Administration

was the repeal of the mischievous statutes. Proposing numerous reductions in the Tariff, Sir Robert Peel in the same speech, delivered on the 27th of January 1846, unfolded his scheme for giving bread to the hungry. Buckwheat and Indian corn, being suited for cattle-food and the latter being especially serviceable to supply the place of the putrid potatoes, were to come in duty free. Colonial grain was to pay a mere nominal sum. And as to other grain during three years there was to be a reduced sliding-scale,—

Wheat under 48s. paying 10s. of duty.					
...	at	49s.	...	9s.	...
...	...	50s.	...	8s.	...
..	...	51s.	...	7s.	...
...	...	52s.	...	6s.	...
...	...	53s.	...	5s.	...
...	...	54s.	...	4s.	...

after which the duty should not change. And, when the three years had passed, all Protection was to cease. Miss Martineau in her admirable *History of the Peace* sums the statistics of the struggle as follows:—“The debate began on the 9th of February, and extended over twelve nights between that and the 27th, when there was a decision in favour of the Government by a majority of 97 in a House of 577. On the 2nd of March the House went into Committee, when four nights more were filled with debate before the second reading was carried by a majority of 88. A last effort was made in a debate of three nights to prevent a third reading; but it was carried, at four in the morning of the 16th of May, by a majority of 98 in a House of 556 members.

“In the Lords the majority in favour of the second reading was 47 in a full House. The few amendments that were proposed were negatived: the Bill passed on the 22nd of June, and became law on the 26th of the same month.”

On the same night in the Commons a Ministerial measure to curb murder in Ireland was lost by 73; a defeat which finally overthrew the Peel Administration. Their triumph came very near their fall; but as Richard Cobden, the great champion of the people in this struggle for free bread, justly proclaimed at Manchester, “If Sir Robert had lost office, he had gained a country.”

The League was dissolved on the 2nd of July, reserving however the power to rise to life again, if Protection should revive.

THE RUSSELL ADMINISTRATION.

June 1846—February 1852.

First Lord of the Treasury.....	Lord John Russell.
Lord Chancellor	Lord Cottenham.
President of Council	Marquis of Lansdowne.
Lord Privy Seal	Earl of Minto.

Home Secretary	Sir George Grey.
Foreign Secretary	Viscount Palmerston—Earl Granville (1851).
Colonial Secretary	Earl Grey.
Chancellor of the Exchequer.....	Charles Wood.
First Lord of Admiralty	Earl of Auckland—F. T. Baring (1849).
President of the Board of Trade	Earl of Clarendon—H. Labouchere (1847).
Postmaster-General.....	Marquis of Clanricarde.
Chancellor of Duchy of Lancaster	Lord Campbell.
President of Board of Control....	Sir J. Cam Hobhouse.
Paymaster of Forces.....	T. B. Macaulay—Earl Granville (1849).
Secretary at War.....	Fox Maule (afterwards Lord Panmure).
Woods and Forests	Viscount Morpeth (afterwards Earl of Carlisle.)
Chief Secretary for Ireland.....	H. Labouchere—Sir W. Somerville (1847).

Things looked very black indeed, when Russell took the helm of the British State. The failure of the potato crop, on which a great mass of the Irish peasantry depended almost solely for food, brought famine on that land of many woes. After gaunt Famine stalked her dreadful handmaid Fever; and together these terrors slew the wretched people in hundreds. During the winter of 1846-47 the sufferings were frightful: Great Britain came nobly to her sister's relief, devoting many millions of public and many hundred thousands of private money to the aid of the sick and hungry. Extensive public works were set on foot for the benefit of the labouring population; and cargoes of Indian meal, beans of various kinds, and such things were sent across the sea to Ireland. In spite of all these kindly efforts the double scourge—what with death and emigration—deprived Ireland of nearly two millions of people.

The madness of the railway speculations increased the misery of the times; and when to these sources of present woe we add the dreadful news of the approaching Cholera, we shall cast a deeper gloom on the prospect that lowered through the curtaining haze of the Future.

In 1848—a year of political earthquake—thrones went crashing and shaking, and monarchs fleeing or grovelling in many parts of Europe. Milan, Palermo, Florence, Munich, Madrid, Berlin, Buda-Pesth, Vienna, all felt the shocks more or less. But in France they were most severe; and with their results in Ireland an historian of the British empire has most to do. The only ebullition in England worthy of notice was a Chartist meeting on Kennington Common (April 10th), which gathered for the purpose of escorting a petition to the House of Commons, but which wisely dispersed before a rival muster of bayonets and cannon.

A short week of Revolution (Feb. 21-27) hurled Louis Philippe from the throne, to which a Revolution had raised him. The prohibition of a Reform banquet kindled the Paris mobs; the papers were torn down; and the trees along the Boulevards supplied material for barricades. In vain came concession, and then abdication on the part of the King. The throne, borne from the pillaged Tuileries, was smashed to pieces; and a Provisional

Government announced that Protean France had become a Democratic Republic. The royal family of France fled for refuge to their ancient enemy by the Thames; and there in the palace of Claremont old Louis Philippe died in 1850.

It was but natural for the discontented leaders of the Young Ireland party to see in the Continental convulsions both example and encouragement. Through all the spring, especially after O'Brien and Meagher had visited Paris to exchange tokens of fraternity with Lamartine and the crowd he represented, pikes and green flags were manufactured in abundance. The editor of a rabid paper, called *The United Irishman*, was tried for felonious writing and transported. Proceedings were also taken against O'Brien and Meagher, who escaped in the first instance by the disagreement of the jury. But they so misused the fine summer weather as to take the field in Tipperary; and there took place among the cabbages of a widow's garden near Ballingarry a skirmish, which would have been amusing but for the blood that was spilt. After lurking in the mountains for a few days, Smith O'Brien was taken on the railway platform at Thurles, and a few days afterwards Meagher, an eloquent and handsome young barrister, fell also into the hands of the police. The trial of the rebels began at Clonmel on the 21st of September, and on the 9th of the following month sentence of death was pronounced upon four of them. Tempering justice with mercy, the Queen sent them abroad instead of to the gallows. Smith O'Brien, allowed to come home after a time, now lives sensibly and quietly on his estate. Meagher, who escaped from Tasmania in 1852, finds in the American civil war a fitting outlet for the martial fire, which won for him the name, "Meagher of the Sword."

Not only did dethroned sovereigns come flocking from the Continent in 1848 to the only secure refuge Europe then afforded, but the capitalists of the Continent paid our island-empire a still higher compliment in 1849 by investing *twenty-two millions sterling* in our funds. The coming of Cholera somewhat clouded the summer of the same year. But the lessons learned during its former visit, and the consequent sanitary improvements, made in our large towns by flushing, whitewashing, rebuilding, and ventilating, enabled us to meet the foe with more confidence and less hurt.

A grand germ of thought, originating with the Prince Consort, began at this time to grow towards a magnificent completion. After it had been determined to hold a great Exhibition of the Industrial Commodities of the World, various plans for the building were proposed and discussed. Joseph Paxton, the Duke of Devonshire's gardener, designed a temple of glass and iron, which was accordingly erected in Hyde Park, "climbing above the elms of Knightsbridge" with its sparkling transept and stretching its colonnaded wings of airy crystal far over the turf. Opened on the 1st of May by the Queen and consecrated by anthem and by prayer, this splendid building, like a mighty palpitating heart, received for five long months living streams from almost every land on earth, mingled them within its glittering walls, and sent

them forth again to bear a wider knowledge and a kindlier feeling into every region of the world. The example thus set has been followed by several capitals, Paris and New York among the number; and last year (1862) London repeated the experiment, though with less success and in an ugly building, under the title of the International Exhibition.

Before this great project took a definite shape, Sir Robert Peel, earnest in his promotion of this and every other public good, had a fatal fall from his horse, and died (July 2, 1850). Not very long afterwards, Arthur, Duke of Wellington, soldier and statesman, expired at Walmer Castle, the residence of the Wardens of the Cinque Ports, one of the many offices he then held, (Sept. 14, 1852). Laid on a car of triumphal bronze, "the gaunt figure of the old Field-Marshal" went with the wail of trumpets and the sad reverence of many million hearts to lie beside Horatio Nelson under the pavement of St. Paul's—and there our greatest sailor and our greatest soldier rest together in a glorious twinhood.

Shaken in 1851 by the Papal Aggression, the Administration of Russell broke completely down in February 1852. In the previous December Lord Palmerston had been summarily dismissed from his office as Foreign Secretary, because he had signified his approval of Louis Napoleon's *coup-d'état*; and he now retaliated by overthrowing the Government. Lord John having brought in a Bill for the enrollment of a Local Militia, that is, a Militia confined to their own counties, his late colleague moved an amendment to the effect that the word *Local* should be made *General*; and, when this amendment was carried by 136 to 125, the Russell Ministry resigned (Feb. 22, 1852). To the Earl of Derby was intrusted the formation of a new Government.

THE FIRST DERBY ADMINISTRATION.

February 1852—December 1852.

First Lord of the Treasury	Earl of Derby.
Lord Chancellor	Lord St. Leonards.
President of Council.....	Earl of Lonsdale.
Lord Privy Seal.....	Marquis of Salisbury.
Home Secretary.....	Spencer H. Walpole.
Foreign Secretary	Earl of Malmesbury.
Colonial Secretary.....	Sir John Pakington.
War Secretary.....	W. Beresford.
Chancellor of Exchequer	Benjamin D'Israeli.
First Lord of Admiralty	Duke of Northumberland.
President of Board of Trade.....	J. W. Henley.
President of Board of Control.....	J. C. Herries.
Paymaster of Forces.....	Lord Colchester.
Woods and Forests.....	Lord John Manners.
Chief Secretary for Ireland	Lord Naas.

Edward Geoffrey Stanley, fourteenth Earl of Derby, who gave his name to this short-lived Administration, was born in 1799 at Knowsley Park in Lancashire, and passed with credit through Eton and Christ Church College, Oxford.

Serving with Canning as Under-Secretary for the Colonies,—taking office in the Grey Ministry as Chief Secretary for Ireland, in which capacity he combated O'Connell and introduced the system of National Education that prevails in the sister-island,—lifted afterwards to the position of Colonial Secretary in the same Government, a post which he accepted also in the Peel Cabinet of 1841, this high-bred English gentleman, of noble presence and commanding eloquence, came to the highest office in the land, skilled in the traditions of statesmanship, ripe in the wisdom which experience alone can give, and possessing in his classic diction and stately wit weapons of no common brilliance, edge, and temper.

A singular man was Chancellor of the Exchequer in this Government. Himself a novelist, the son of an industrious author, he had fought the battle of fame with his pen for many years, before he gained the darling object of his ambition—a seat in the House of Commons. To obtain this position he had tried in turn the colours of Whig and Tory. Against the Peel Ministry he flung showers of the most sparkling and scorching invective; and yet, when he had helped to oust the great Repealer of the Corn Laws, he allied himself with a well-known sporting Lord—George Bentinck—in an attack upon the newly placed Whigs. Bentinck's sudden death left him alone; but he fought still undaunted, and proved his power so clearly, that 1852 beheld him in office and in command of the public purse.

The active life of the first Derby Ministry lasted only four months; for on the 1st of July a dissolution of Parliament was proclaimed, and the Houses did not meet again until the 4th of November. Soon after that date the Derby Government collapsed before a storm of opposition, excited by D'Israeli's proposals to increase the House Duty and decrease the Malt Tax. Lord Aberdeen then took the helm (December 28).

THE ABERDEEN ADMINISTRATION.

December 1852—February 1855.

First Lord of the Treasury.....	Earl of Aberdeen.
Lord Chancellor.....	Lord Cranworth.
Chancellor of Exchequer.....	William E. Gladstone.
President of Council	Earl Granville—Lord John Russell (1854).
Lord Privy Seal.....	Duke of Argyle.
Home Secretary.....	Lord Palmerston.
Foreign Secretary.....	Lord John Russell—Earl of Clarendon (1853).
Colonial Secretary.....	Duke of Newcastle—Sir George Grey (1854).
War Secretary.....	Duke of Newcastle (1854).
Secretary at War.....	Sidney Herbert.
First Lord of Admiralty.....	Sir James Graham.
President of Board of Control.....	Sir Charles Wood.
President of Board of Trade.....	Earl Granville.
Postmaster-General.....	Viscount Canning.
Chief Commissioner of Works.....	Sir William Molesworth.

Lord Aberdeen took the direction of affairs, endowed with the wisdom which long official training gives. As Foreign Secretary he had served under both Wellington and Peel. Deeply sensible of the blessings of peace, he made it a ruling principle of his policy to aim at the preservation of goodwill among the nations. And yet under him the English nation "drifted" surely, if somewhat slowly, into a great European war.

For several years a dispute about the "Holy Places" at Jerusalem had been breeding irritation between Russia and Turkey. It was almost all about a key for the Holy Sepulchre and a silver star that hung in the Grotto; but it soon developed itself into a distinct attack upon Turkish independence. We cannot here follow the various Notes and Protocols, which were so many cunning moves in a great game of diplomacy played at Constantinople between Prince Menchikoff and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe—at St. Petersburg between Sir Hamilton Seymour and Count Nesselrode. Throwing off the mask when all was ready, Russia pushed her troops across the Pruth into Moldavia, which with its neighbouring principality Wallachia she wished to hold as "a material guarantee" (July 2, 1853). This step led Turkey to declare war (October 5); and some weeks later brought a British fleet into the Bosphorus, for Britain and France had now resolved to interfere on the part of Turkey, desirous both of succouring the oppressed and of preserving the balance of power. It is said also that the Emperor Napoleon wished to employ the thoughts of the people he governed in schemes of foreign conquest for the purpose of withdrawing their attention from his own usurpation of Imperial power. During the latter months of 1853 the Russians and the Turks were fighting on the line of the Danube; and the growing desire of the French and English nations to interfere was suddenly sharpened into resolve by the massacre of Sinope,¹ where on the 30th of November a Russian squadron pounded to pieces a few Turkish frigates and slew two thousand men. Anxious to the last, on the part of the British Government at least, to bring the rupture to a peaceful close, the Allies nevertheless thought it as well to prepare for emergencies by sending their united fleets into the Black Sea (January 4, 1854).

A few men, who led in England what was called the Peace Party,—Bright and Cobden prominent among them,—endeavoured in vain to move the Czar by entreaty and personal persuasion. The nation was meanwhile rapidly arming and shipping troops for the scene of conflict; and war was declared against Russia by France and England on the 27th of March 1854.

Between the declaration of war and the landing of our troops on the Crimean shore nearly six months elapsed. The first operation of the war was the bombardment of Odessa,² whose batteries opened fire upon a British boat proceeding under a flag of truce to carry off the Consul. For this flagrant outrage the city suffered severely under the guns

April 22,
1854
A.D.

¹ Sinope, a town of Asia Minor on the southern shore of the Black Sea, three hundred and fifty miles east of Constantinople.

² Odessa, a commercial sea-port in the north-west angle of the Black Sea, one hundred and twenty-five miles north-east of the Sulina mouth of the Danube.

of twelve war-steamers. Although the British took no direct part in the war upon the Danube, I must here glance at the siege of Silistria,¹ in which the heroic valour of two Englishmen shone with a brilliance fatal to themselves. On the 14th of April the Russians began to bombard this important river-fortress, which was garrisoned by Turks under Mussa Pacha and defended chiefly by earthworks called *tabias*. Stunned, bewildered, and surrounded, the little Turkish garrison were rapidly giving way, when two young Indian officers, going home on leave,—Captain Butler and Lieutenant Nasmyth,—stopped there to have a little fighting. They saved the place by their untiring vigilance, quick fertility of resource, and splendid example of personal courage. When the splinter of a shell killed Mussa, Butler took the lead in defending the broken works of Silistria against a mass of Russians now swelled to seventy thousand men. Butler too went down, struck in the forehead by a spent ball, yet dying rather of exhaustion than from the effects of this wound; but his valour was not in vain, for on the 23rd of June the Russians abandoned the siege of this now famous town. While the troops of Britain were mustering at Gallipoli and sailing to Varna, operations were also begun in the Baltic, where the granite forts of Bomarsund yielded on the 16th of August to a rain of iron from French and English guns. The great stronghold of Cronstadt, which lies on a tongue-shaped island of chalk, surrounded by a dozen batteries, that seem arks of floating stone but are in reality rocky islets crowned with embattled ramparts, was deemed by Sir Charles Napier, the Admiral in command, too strong to be attacked with the force he had.

But these things were merely preparatory to the great undertaking of the autumn. From the inaction and indecision of Varna the Allied troops were delivered by the resolve to invade the Crimea. Lord Raglan, the Fitzroy Somerset of the Wellington campaigns, commanding the English army—Marshal St. Arnaud, once called Le Roy, a man who had secured the favour of the French Emperor by aiding him to climb the bloody steps of a throne, commanding the French—Admirals Dundas and Hamelin directing the two fleets—the vast armament swept over the Black Sea from Varna to Eupatoria Bay, where an unmolested landing was effected (September 14–18).

Still scourged by cholera, which had afflicted them greatly at Varna, tortured by an insufficiency of water and supplies, and hampered by the lack of waggons, the British army of twenty-seven thousand struggled through a toilsome day to the river Bulganak (19th). The French, twenty-four thousand strong, marched abreast of them nearer the sea. A cavalry brush with Cossacks drew the first British blood shed in the Crimean war. Next day was fought the battle of the Alma.

About fifty thousand Russians stood in position under Prince Menchikoff upon the high southern bank of the river Alma, which flows westward into

¹ *Silistria*, a town of 20,000 inhabitants in Bulgaria, on the southern bank of the Danube.

the sea. Begun about 11.30 by General Bosquet and the Zouaves, who crossed the river near its mouth and seized the steep rocky heights, which **Sept. 20,** had been left unguarded there, the battle spread from ravine to **1854** ravine up the stream, raging especially round the road, which crossed the water at right angles, and the angular earthen redoubt, which **A.D.** commanded that central line of advance. The battle was confined to infantry and artillery,—the cavalry standing still to check a flank attack.

The line of march then struck inland, so as to clear Sebastopol and cross the Tchernaya pretty high up. Our troops reached Balaklava on the 28th of September; and soon the French gathered in an ominous cloud on the southern side of the doomed city. Before the siege began, St. Arnaud sank under cholera, which seized a frame already shattered by disease; Canrobert, also a scion of the African military school, took his place in command of the French.

Such a roar, as broke from the multitude of cannon around and **Oct. 17.** within Sebastopol on the morning of the 17th of October, Europe had not heard since the Napoleonic thunder ceased to peal. All day long the sulphurous smoke, bursting from batteries on shore and ships at sea, sent iron death and ruin upon the town seated by its deep-cut harbour. Distinct from the explosion of the common ordnance was heard the sharp *stun* of the Lancaster, whose oval shot tore screaming like a deadly locomotive through the air. And yet, when night fell and morning dawned, it was found that no progress had been made, for all the noise and toil.

The scene was changed. Some miles off upon a plain near Balaklava the Russian General Liprandi came with thirty thousand men **Oct. 25.** upon the few troops, whom the needs of the great siege had permitted the English commander to leave for the defence of his base of operations at the southern port. Forcing the redoubts, which the Turks defended, Liprandi was rapidly breaking in upon the line, when a single British regiment—the 93rd Highlanders—led by Sir Colin Campbell, a man destined to do even greater deeds and to wear a higher name, stood on a hillock, not massed in square, but deployed in a double line, strong as if made of that red granite for which their land is known, and with the rifle only brought the grey-coats to a stop. In this battle the British cavalry proved that they had not degenerated, as idle tongues had been too forward to assert. The brigade of Heavy Horse—Scots Greys, Enniskillens, and Dragoon Guards—rode like a whirlwind through a mass of Russian cavalry thrice their number. But an interest more intense, because of its mingled sadness and brilliance, clings to the heroic rush of the Light Brigade, which literally “charged a whole army” in the afternoon of this eventful day. By a mistake, which has caused much heart-burning and the blame of which rests we know not where, a band of Light Horsemen, little more in number than six hundred and fifty, rode a mile down a slight slope, exposed to a merciless cross-fire, for the purpose of

saving a few guns from capture. They reached the battery, sabred the gunners, and rode back—

“But not—not the six hundred.”

Less than two hundred escaped the suicide of that gallop on the guns. The *Chasseurs d'Afrique* coming up then caused a part of the attacking Russian force to retreat, which led to the final rout of the whole.

There were two battles of Inkermann. The first, won by Sir De Lacy Evans and General Bosquet, repulsed a formidable sortie from Sebastopol on the day after the conflict of Balaklava. The second, a terrific struggle, took place on Sunday the 5th of November. Two kinds of sound broke the hush of the preceding midnight—the ringing of bells and a muffled rumble which the Allied sentinels could not understand. Morning told its meaning, when a host of sixty thousand Russians, excited by brandy, loomed huge and dark through the morning fog as they pressed up the hill towards the British lines. The drizzling rain at first concealed the full force of the enemy. It became manifest that ninety cannon of large size were in the field; hence the mysterious midnight noise. An earthwork, called the *Sandbag* or *Two-gun Battery*, formed the pivot of the whole engagement. Finding the Russians in possession of this place, the Grenadier Guards, scarcely nine hundred in force, dashed gallantly on, supported by the Fusiliers, cleared the battery, and with powder and cold steel kept it all day in spite of every thing that the enemy could do. Inkermann differed from most modern battles in its want of a plan and in the opportunity thus afforded for the display of individual prowess. It was emphatically the *Soldiers* who won the day, not the *Generals*. Every little knot in the ever-waving but never broken line of British troops kept firing, charging, driving the Russians down the heights as fast as they swarmed up. The French came up late in the day, just as the Prussians had done at Waterloo, and saved the heroic, sadly gapped line of exhausted men from giving way to numbers that seemed to have no end. How British officers behaved on that bloody day may be judged from the lists of killed and wounded. Eight thousand British troops, helped by a division of French under Bosquet, amounting to six thousand, kept the heights of Inkermann that day against a Russian force four times as great.

And then set in a woful time; for it was resolved to continue the siege of Sebastopol through the winter, and there were but slight preparations made for facing the rigour of a Crimean frost. The hurricane that burst upon the camp on the 14th of November was a foretaste of what was yet to come. How the ragged ill-fed sick exhausted men kept any courage in their hearts, as they crouched in the muddy trenches, or staggered with a scanty supply of beef and biscuit through the six miles of slime, which led from Balaklava to the camp, can be understood only by those who know the nature of the British soldier. Little by little in the letters that came home the sad news leaked

out, that our gallant force was wasting through sheer mismanagement on the part of those, who directed the supplies and their transport; and then a cry arose for remedy, inquiry, and redress. A noble band of women, led by Florence Nightingale, went out to tend the sick and wounded at Scutari and elsewhere. The yearning love and pity of the nation took a practical shape in the formation of committees, the establishment of funds, and the transmittance to Balaklava of a motley supply, in which blankets, hams, and clothing formed most prominent items. The feeling of the country found a spokesman in the person of John Arthur Roebuck, Member for Sheffield, who on the 26th of January 1855 moved in the Commons, "That a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into the condition of our army before Sebastopol." The notice of this motion, given three days earlier, led Lord John Russell to withdraw from the Government, for he could not understand, he said, why the army should be in such a plight. The vote upon Roebuck's motion, which was carried by 305 against 148, overthrew the Aberdeen Administration, already severely shaken by the defection of Lord President Russell. On the 1st of February they announced their resignation of the Seals.

THE FIRST PALMERSTON ADMINISTRATION.

February 1855—March 1858.

First Lord of the Treasury.....	Lord Palmerston.
Lord Chancellor.....	Lord Cranworth.
Lord President of Council.....	Earl Granville.
Lord Privy Seal.....	Duke of Argyle.
Foreign Secretary.....	Earl of Clarendon.
Home Secretary.....	Sir George Grey.
Colonial Secretary.....	Sidney Herbert.—Lord J. Russell.
War Secretary.....	Lord Panmure.
Chancellor of the Exchequer.....	Wm. E. Gladstone.—(Feb. 22) Sir G. C. Lewis.
First Lord of the Admiralty.....	Sir James Graham.—(Feb. 22) Sir C. Wood.
First Commissioner of Works.....	Sir William Molesworth.
President of Board of Control.....	Sir Charles Wood.—(Feb. 22) Vernon Smith.
Postmaster-General.....	Lord Canning.—Lord Stanley of Alderley.
Board of Trade.....	Mr. Cardwell.
Without Office.....	Marquis of Lansdowne.

After the Earl of Derby and Lord John Russell had vainly tried in turn to form a Ministry, Lord Palmerston, undertaking the task, faced the crisis with a Government, which on the whole may be called a reconstruction of the Aberdeen Administration. The retirement of three leading members in a few days, because they had expected the Committee to perish in the fall of the late Cabinet, caused some temporary confusion.¹

¹ The Sebastopol Committee, of which the most active members were Roebuck its chairman, and Layard of Nineveh fame, who had himself been with the army in the Crimea, issued its report after the examination of numerous witnesses on the 18th of June 1855—with little or no practical result.

The death of the Czar Nicholas on the 2nd of March 1855 led many to think that peace was at hand. And the Vienna Conference, at which Lord John Russell represented England, meeting during the same month, excited hopes of a similar kind. Expectation in both cases proved delusive. The war went on.

The addition of Sardinia to the Anglo-French Alliance, and the repulse of Russians at Eupatoria by a Turkish force stationed there under Omer Pacha (Feb. 15th and 18th) occurred before the campaign of 1855 can be said to have really opened. Two great undertakings, illustrating the progress of the time, enabled the attacking force to fling their whole strength more surely upon the beleaguered city and to maintain quick and unbroken intercourse with home. These were the formation of a Railway from Balaklava to the British camp, and the submersion of an Electric Cable from Bulgaria to the Crimean shore. The Russians had not wasted the chances afforded by the comparative rest of winter. With earthworks especially they had strengthened the lines of defence. The Mamelon—the Malakoff—the Redan—the Flagstaff Battery—and other defences assumed a size and strength unknown to them before. Sorties and advances kept the men on duty in the trenches and the rifle-pits always on the alert; but the Russians gained no decisive advantage in these frequent struggles.

The resignation of Canrobert transferred the command of the French army to Pelissier, a soldier of the Bugeaud stamp, who had acquired his experience and displayed his pitiless nature in African warfare. More active operations began at once. An expedition to the Sea of Azof being planned, about sixty war-ships, having on board seventeen thousand French, English, and Turks, moved from Kamiesch and Balaklava on the 23rd of May. Capturing Kertch and Yenikalè on the Straits which bear these names, Generals Brown and D'Aute-marre occupied them with garrisons, while Admirals Lyons and Bruat sent several little active war-steamers, called by such suggestive names as *Swallow* and *Curlew*, flying about the shallow sea and darting upon its lagooned and sandy-spitted shore. The main fleet, moving on to the very head of the sea, bombarded the port of Taganrog on the 3rd of June. Having destroyed a great amount of Government property, the expedition returned to the ports near Sebastopol about the middle of June.

The second bombardment of Sebastopol had taken place on the 9th of April. The third, preparatory to a vigorous attack, which resulted two days later in the capture of the Mamelon, the Quarries, and the *Ouvrages Blancs* on Mount Sapounè, opened on the 6th of June. With little pause the roaring of the fourth began (June 17th); and next day, the anniversary of Waterloo, the French and the English rushed at the same time upon the Malakoff and the Redan. The former, round whose turret of white stone a huge semicircular mound of terraced earthworks had been formed, stood behind the Mamelon, defending the city on the south-east. The latter, well padded, as were all the Russian works, with sandbags and fascines, presented its obtuse angle directly towards

the centre of the British lines. It must suffice here to say that this double attack, although plied with the utmost strength of brave and skilful men and at no trifling cost of blood, was repulsed by the Russians, who thus delayed their fate a little longer.

And then, done to death by slanderous tongues at home and discontented mutterings in camp, by the sense of discord and threatening disunion between the besieging armies, by the knowledge that English blood was soaking Crimean clay to little seeming purpose, the great man, who, with memories of Badajoz and Waterloo hanging on his empty sleeve, had gone at sixty-six years of age to live in a tent under a winter-sky in Russia, yielded to an attack of cholera (June 28th), and was borne in the *Caradoc*, far from the booming of the cannon that could not break his rest, to sleep in the churchyard of Badminton. General Simpson, Chief of the Staff, succeeded to the command.

Lord John Russell, who had exposed himself to grave censure by his weak diplomacy at the Vienna Conference, seceded from the Palmerston Ministry (July 16th).

Things were now verging towards the last act of this tremendous drama. In August Prince Gortchakoff, who had been the great director of the Russian defence, felt that there was but one hope left—such a success as might force the Allies to raise the weary siege. Accordingly on the 16th of Aug. 16, August he made an attack in force upon the French position at **1855** Traktir Bridge on the Tchernaya. Pelissier repulsed the advance A.D. with signal success, and afforded the Sardinians, who had joined the Allies in winter under Della Marmora, an opportunity of exchanging shots with the soldiers of the Czar.

After a last bombardment, the sixth in number and the most terrific in violence, which lasted night and day from the 6th to the 8th of September, a double assault, similar to that of the 18th June, was made on the *Malakoff* and the Redan, which had now trebled their strength. A brilliant and resistless rush left the French masters of the *Malakoff* in a quarter of an hour, nor could all the efforts of the Russians, maintained with overwhelming forces for many hours, succeed in dislodging them from the footing they had won. Not so fared the English in the Redan. When the tricolor glittered its victorious signal from the ragged heaps of the *Malakoff*, the attack, organized chiefly by General Codrington, left the English trenches for the Redan. There were only a thousand men, and during their race of two hundred yards to the foot of the angle, at which their rush was directed, very many fell under the sweeping fire that met them. With difficulty they scrambled over the ditch into the work: and there, huddled into a corner, on which converged a pitiless fire from three sides of a triangle, they stood waiting for reinforcements that never came. Colonel Windham, reckless of the danger he incurred, gallantly strove to form these fragmentary groups and maintain their courage under such trying circumstances. He

even rushed out of the work away to General Codrington to urge the instant advance of a supporting force. But, while he was away, the spirit of the men collapsed, and those who could leaped from the Redan and fled to the trenches. It was a sorry ending of the enterprise, and there is no disguising the fact that our Allies closed the siege with a glory to which we did not attain.

During that night the Russians fled over the bridge, which crossed the harbour, to the suburb of Sebastopol lying to the north. The burning city which they left behind covered the sky with a pall of velvet smoke, that was often rent by the volcanic rush of some exploding fort or magazine. The war was now virtually over. During the entire winter there was no action of any note between the great rival armies, which still surrounded the ruined heaps for which they had contended. In November the Czar Alexander visited what remained of his great southern fortress: and in that month also General Sir James Simpson, commander of the British army, resigned in favour of Sir William Codrington, the son of that Admiral who had fought at Navarino. By events like these alone can we trace the progress of the restful winter months, which were quietly bearing the combatants on to the restoration of peace.

A large English fleet under Admiral Dundas had been hanging idly about the Baltic until the month of August, when the feeling that something must be achieved led to the bombardment of Sveaborg¹ (August 9-11). This destructive operation was accomplished without the loss of a single life, by making the gun-boats, on which the brunt of the business rested, revolve in a kind of solemn waltz, which brought their ordnance to bear in turn upon the Russian works, and yet prevented the Russian guns from taking an accurate aim. The capture (October 17) of Kinburn, a fortress on a sandy spit covering the mouth of the Dnieper, was a minor incident of the closing campaign.

In Circassia there was another siege, where the heroism of Silistria was rivalled though not outdone. A Russian army of more than thirty thousand men invested the city of Kars,² whose Turkish garrison was commanded by General Williams, an Englishman. From June till November the defence was conducted with surprising skill and endurance. In one great battle—Sept. 29—the Russians were totally defeated. But, after waiting vainly for the expected relief by Omar Pacha, starvation forced Williams to surrender (Nov. 25).

After long negotiations a Treaty of Peace was signed at Paris on the 30th of March 1856, and ratified four weeks later.

Before the Russian war was over, Britain was embroiled with Persia. A Convention, made in 1853, having declared the independence of Herat, a city and state on the borders of Khorassan and Afghanistan, so placed as to command the approaches to India through the Hindoo Koosh, it became necessary

¹ *Sveaborg*, a strong fortress on an island, lying off the town of Helsingfors, which is on the north side of the Gulf of Finland.

² *Kars*, on the Arpa, a feeder of the Araxes, is one hundred miles north-east of Erzeroum.

for us to check the interference of Persia with regard to a disputed succession in that state. War was declared in October 1855. A squadron under Admiral Leake with troops on board appeared (Dec. 7) off Bushire, which stands on a peninsula, cut from the mainland by deadly swamps. As the troops landed, some shots spattered from clumps of date trees round Hallila Bay; but the opposition was of the slightest kind. Bushire soon fell before a cannonade. And then came Sir James Outram, with Havelock and Stalker under his command, who defeated the Persians near Khooshah, and took Mahommerah and Ahwaz on the Karoon. Lessons such as these brought Persia to submission, and an acknowledgment of the independence of Herat.

A second Chinese war began in 1856. A *lorcha* or small native ship, called the *Arrow*, on whose mast the British flag was flying, was boarded in the Canton river by the Chinese police, who arrested the crew in search of a pirate. Sir John Bowring, the English Minister at Hong-Kong, demanded an apology for this from Commissioner Yeh of Canton. A refusal led to an attack upon the forts, which defend that city, and to the shelling of the city itself in October. When the suburb called the Garden was burned, Yeh began to offer rewards for the heads of the barbarians. This did not prevent Commissioner Elliot and Admiral Seymour from destroying a fleet of junks in the Canton waters. About this time Plenipotentiaries from Britain and France arrived at Hong-Kong—Lord Elgin, lately connected with Canada, and the Baron Gros. A free admission for British subjects to Canton being demanded and refused, the bombardment began again (December 28, 1857), and next morning English and French soldiers scaled the walls and took the town. Yeh, a very fat man, with black teeth, thick lips, and a little wisp of a pigtail, was found lurking in a porter's dress in a small house, and was sent a captive to Calcutta. The Plenipotentiaries sailed to the Peiho, up which with some trouble they made their way to Tien-sin, a city with a population of 300,000 at the entrance of the Grand Canal. There—June 26, 1858—was signed a Treaty, opening to our trade *five* new ports, Formosa and Hainan among them, and allowing British subjects, who had passports, to go for purposes of trade or pleasure to any part of the interior.

Lord Elgin then went to Japan, landed in state at Jeddo, and concluded a Treaty on terms favourable to British trade.

Orsini's attempt to assassinate the Emperor of the French by the explosion of pear-shaped shells, which shattered the Imperial carriage and mortally wounded many of the bystanders, induced Lord Palmerston to bring in a Bill to amend the Law of Conspiracy, since the plot had been hatched chiefly in England. The Bill aimed at making conspiracy to commit murder within the United Kingdom a felony, punishable with penal servitude for five years or imprisonment with hard labour for three—the same penalties being enacted against those inciting, instigating, or soliciting to the crime. When Palmerston moved the second reading on the 19th of February 1858,

an amendment by Milner Gibson was carried by 234 to 215. This overthrew the first Palmerston Administration.

THE SECOND DERBY ADMINISTRATION.

February 1858—June 1859.

First Lord of the Treasury.....	Earl of Derby.
Lord Chancellor.....	Lord Chelmsford (Sir Fred. Thesiger).
President of Council.....	Marquis of Salisbury.
Lord Privy Seal.....	Earl of Hardwicke.
Home Secretary.....	Mr. Walpole—Sotherton Estcourt.
Foreign Secretary.....	Earl of Malmesbury.
Colonial Secretary.....	Lord Stanley—Sir Bulwer Lytton.
War Secretary.....	General Peel.
Indian Secretary.....	Lord Stanley.
Chancellor of Exchequer.....	Benjamin D'Israeli.
First Lord of Admiralty.....	Sir John Pakington.
President of Board of Trade.....	Mr. Henley—Earl of Donoughmore.
Commissioner of Public Works.....	Lord John Manners.

The principal work done by the Derby Cabinet was the passing of the India Bill.¹

When the Chancellor of the Exchequer introduced this Bill on the 26th of March, the Ministry received a slight shock, but soon recovered its stability. A controversy between Lord Canning, the Governor-General of India, and Lord Ellenborough, the President of the Board of Control, who had censured him for a proclamation issued in Oude, delayed the progress of the measure for a time. But the resignation of Ellenborough removed the obstruction, and the Bill floated smoothly on, passing the Commons on the 8th of July and receiving the royal assent on the last day of the session—August 3rd. Transferring the government of India to the Queen from the Company, it vested the direction of affairs in a principal Secretary of State and a Council of Eighteen, of whom one-half were to be nominated by the Crown, and the others elected by certain constituencies.

A struggle concerning the admission of Jews into Parliament, which had long been dividing the Houses, now reached a close after some legislation, which proved especially difficult in the Lords. Chiefly through the exertions of Lord John Russell it was settled that an oath might be taken on the Old Testament, leaving out the words "On the faith of a Christian." Accordingly on the 26th of July Baron Rothschild took his seat for the City of London.

The Earl of Derby having promised in his opening speech to bring in a Bill for Parliamentary Reform, D'Israeli laid before the Commons on the 28th of February 1859 a measure, which aimed at introducing a new kind of franchise

¹ A sketch of the Mutiny will be found in the Section upon Indian History.

based on personal property and professional standing. The debate on the second reading lasted for seven nights, after which Lord John Russell's adverse amendment was carried by thirty-nine votes. Lord Derby appealed to the country: there was a general election. But this did not mend the Earl's fortunes. For, when the new Parliament met on the 31st of May, the debate in the Commons upon the Address turned upon the conduct of Ministers, who were left in a minority of thirteen. They resigned therefore on the 17th of June 1859.

THE SECOND PALMERSTON ADMINISTRATION,

Existing at present (November 1863).

First Lord of the Treasury.....	Lord Palmerston.
Lord Chancellor.....	Lord Campbell—Lord Westbury (1861).
President of Council.....	Karl Granville.
Lord Privy Seal.....	Duke of Argyle.
Home Secretary.....	Sir G. C. Lewis—Sir G. Grey (1861).
Foreign Secretary.....	{ Lord John Russell (created Earl Russell in 1861).
Colonial Secretary.....	Duke of Newcastle.
War Secretary.....	{ Sidney Herbert (Lord Herbert of Lea)— Sir G. C. Lewis (1861)—Earl De Grey and Ripon.
Indian Secretary.....	Sir Charles Wood.
Chancellor of Exchequer.....	W. E. Gladstone.
First Lord of Admiralty.....	Duke of Somerset.
President of Board of Trade.....	Milner Gibson.
Postmaster-General.....	{ Earl of Elgin—Lord Stanley of Alderley (1860).
Chancellor of Duchy of Lancaster.....	Sir G. Grey—E. Cardwell (1861).
Chief Secretary for Ireland.....	E. Cardwell—Sir R. Peel (1861).

Notable events drew all eyes to Italy in the summer of 1859, when Austria and Sardinia came into violent collision. Britain observed a strict neutrality in the war. Not so France. For, when the Austrians crossed the Ticino, a French army pushed into Piedmont, and the French Emperor took the field in that plain, where his uncle had reaped so brilliant laurels. Montebello, Magenta, Malegnano, Solferino marked his steps of victory: and the Treaty of Villa Franca closed the war, giving Lombardy up to Sardinia, and reserving Venetia under Austrian rule. Napoleon received Savoy and Nice as his share of the spoil.

Next year the hero Garibaldi, dear to British hearts, made a dash on Sicily, crossed to Calabria, entered Naples, whence the discrowned King had fled, and, having consolidated a new-born Italian kingdom with Victor Emmanuel as its sovereign, retired to his island-farm at Caprera—a modern Cincinnatus. During the year 1859 the Volunteer movement began. With the temperate words *Defence not Defiance* as the motto of their muster, a great army of

British civilians learned rifle and cannon drill, in the prospect—possible but scarcely probable—of an invasion by some aspiring European neighbour.

On the 1st of March 1860—a great anniversary, be it marked—Lord John Russell brought in a new Reform Bill, which died a violent death, being strangled by the Government under whose fostering care it first appeared.

A third Chinese war afforded us another opportunity of teaching a stern lesson to that treacherous nation. While Mr. Bruce was about to ascend the Peiho for the purpose of having the Treaty of Tien-sin ratified, he was fired on at the mouth of the river. This could not be borne. An expedition under Sir Hope Grant and Admiral Grant, disembarking on the bare mud of Pehtang, twelve miles north of the Peiho, took the Taku forts. Pushing their approaches to the capital, they captured the Summer Palace on the 6th of October 1860: but Peking did not surrender until the 12th, when a threat of bombardment brought its occupants to reason. A Convention, signed October 24, gave Britain a representative at the Court of Peking, opened Tien-sin to our trade, and added to our Eastern possessions a piece of the province of Canton called Cowloon. Peking was evacuated by our troops on the 5th of November.

In 1861 the Decennial Census was taken, showing the following results:—

Population of England.....	18,954,444.
... .. Wales.....	1,111,780.
... .. Scotland.....	3,062,294.
... .. Ireland	5,798,967.

The American Civil War, beginning with the seizure of forts and arsenals by the South, now attracted the earnest attention of every great state in Europe. The first shot was fired on the 9th of January 1861 in Charleston Harbour, when a battery on Morris Island cannonaded a Federal ship going with troops to Fort Sumter. South Carolina was the first seceding state. Sticking closely to our policy of non-intervention, we watched the progress of the struggle keenly, until an incident, trifling enough in appearance, almost embroiled us in the war.

One day at Havannah two Southern gentlemen, named Mason and Slidell, stepped on board the *Trent*, a British steam-packet plying between Havannah and St. Thomas. Mason was going to England, Slidell to France—each in the capacity of envoy from the Southern or Confederate States. The ship sailed for St. Thomas; but in the Old Bahama Channel a Federal vessel—the *San Jacinto* under Captain Wilkes—fired shot and shell across her bows, and then despatched a boat to demand Mason and Slidell, who in spite of angry protestation were brought back to the audacious cruiser (November 8). We resented this at once, and matters assumed a very warlike look. Ships went hurrying across the Atlantic with troops for Canada, on which the earliest attack was expected; and our dock-yards never ceased to ring with the shipwright's hammer. It soon appeared however to President Lincoln and

Secretary Seward that a mistake had been made, and the envoys were placed on board a British vessel. This closed what at one time seemed to be a very serious matter, tending to open rupture. We have since steadily maintained the policy of non-intervention.

In the Budget of the year 1861, opened by Gladstone, a proposed repeal of the Paper Duty excited a strong Conservative opposition, which however was unavailing. The clause relating to this tax was carried in committee by a majority of fifteen. To cheap paper Gladstone by his financial skill added another public boon—cheap wine.

The last month of 1861 was saddened by the death of the Prince Consort, who well deserved the title accorded to him by public writers and speakers of every class—Albert the Good. Born in 1819 at the Castle of Rosenau, this illustrious scion of the Saxe-Coburg family studied jurisprudence and history at Bonn. When brought by his father to attend the coronation of his future wife, he had probably no thought of the high destiny which awaited him. Upon his marriage—February 10, 1840—honours began to flow in upon him, and he deserved them all. Fully aware of the delicate position he held, as a foreigner, a subject, and yet the husband of the Queen, he carefully avoided all interference with the affairs of Government, while his sound and wise advice was ever ready in emergency for her whose throne he shared. Music and painting, shooting, farming, and photography supplied him with abundant material for recreation; while literature, science, and the arts afforded him an opportunity of doing public good in a way, where national jealousy could not obstruct or murmur. To Prince Albert may be chiefly traced the first idea, and the eminent success of that Great National Exhibition, which crowned the “proud year ‘Fifty-one.” To him also is mainly due the useful and very extensive Museum of Science and Art, formed at Kensington. Rarely do we find so much magnanimity in high places as that exhibited by the Prince, when he declined the office of Commander-in-Chief, for which the Duke of Wellington proposed him.

The year 1862 passed without much domestic incident to mark it. Across the Atlantic the war still raged with varying fortune. And in Italy a rash expedition of Garibaldi into Sicily and the southern peninsula led to his collision with the royal troops on the plateau of Aspromonte, where he received in his ankle a bullet wound, whose effects have crippled him severely. Otto too was driven from the throne of Greece by a revolution. At home debates on National Education excited much attention. The Revised Code and the Amended Code, classifying children by age, providing for a new system of inspection, and paying according to results, drew forth much variety of opinion on this all-important subject. The Code passed the Commons on May 5th.

The International Exhibition of 1862, which drew crowds to London, displayed a wonderful advance in the industrial arts, but its financial results were by no means so favourable as those of its great predecessor.

The disastrous war in America, by stopping our supply of cotton, interfered

with the manufacture of this substance, and brought famine into the homes of Lancashire. It was a proud though pathetic sight to see how the starving mill-workers accepted their load of suffering, and bore it patiently through the entire winter. The sympathy of the higher classes led to the formation of a fund, which to some extent mitigated the evil. The tall bearded man, with cheeks a little sunk and eyes a little heavy, going with book and slate to school among his children, that the hours of his forced inaction may not be hours of idleness, temptation, and wrong-doing, is surely a sort of hero in his humble way. The sight was not uncommon during the Cotton Famine in Lancashire.

On the 10th of March 1863 Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, married Alexandra, the daughter of the present King of Denmark, who however had not then ascended the throne. This beautiful fair-haired girl was welcomed with a burst of joy such as Britain gives only when her heart is full. The blaze of lighted cities and the songs of poets were but faint reflections and echoes of the universal admiration and respect felt for the gentle lady, who, we trust, at some far-off day may wear the honoured crown of the British realm. Her brother has been lately chosen to fill the vacant throne of Greece, which had been previously offered to and declined by our royal sailor, Prince Alfred. Thus, in the space of a year, three crowns have fallen suddenly into a quiet family in quiet Denmark.

Other marriages had already linked our Royal House to Continental thrones. In 1858 the Princess Royal was made the wife of Prince Frederick William of Prussia, and in 1862 her sister Alice married another Frederick William, Prince of Hesse. Her Majesty the Queen has lately given some tokens of an intention to appear in public again as she had been wont to do before her irreparable loss. That healing Time may soothe the smart of her sorrow, and give her strength to rule her people for many years to come is the fervent wish of every loyal British heart.

CHAPTER V.

A CLUSTER OF INVENTIONS, DISCOVERIES, AND REFORMS.

Object of the chapter.	Iron-clads and Monster-guns.	Public Morality.
Steamboats.	Thames Tunnel.	Franklin in the ice.
The Electric Telegraph.	Lord Rosse's Telescope.	African discovery.
Penny postage.	The two Associations.	Australia crossed.
Photography.	Public Instruction.	The Overland Route.
Gas and lucifers.	Public Health.	A final thought.

IN earlier periods of this book I have devoted a separate chapter to picturesque descriptions of the life then prevailing in the land. It is needless to close the period ending with the present year in a similar way, for we have but to look round us, and see for ourselves the follies and fashions of the day. But

it may be useful, if I indicate very briefly the sources of that change, which has made the life of the current century so unlike the quiet existence of our forefathers.

The greatest marvel of the age we live in consists in the wonderful facilities now existing for locomotion and communication of thought. The Railway—the Steamboat—the Electric Telegraph—the Penny Post are wonders of the nineteenth century. To the first I have given a chapter: let me devote brief paragraphs to the other three.

From the *Comet* to the *Great Eastern* there is an interval, not long indeed in time, being only half a century, but thronged with steps of progress each more surprising than the last. A mining engineer named James Symington applied the power of steam to a paddle-boat, placed on Dalswinton Loch in Dumfries-shire by Mr. Miller the proprietor. Brougham the orator—Burns the poet—and Nasmyth the painter were on board the little craft, when she took her trial trip on the 14th of November 1788. It was reserved for an American named Fulton to copy Symington's idea and place the *Clermont* on the Hudson River in 1807. A carpenter of Helensburgh on the Clyde, one Henry Bell, was with Fulton when he saw the Dalswinton steamer: and what the American did on one side of the Great Water, which was soon to be ploughed by the results of their energy, the Scotsman did for his native river but four years later, when the *Comet*, of four-horse power and twenty-five tons, began to run between Helensburgh and Glasgow. From loch to river, from river to narrow channels of the sea, from these to great inland sheets of brine, like the Baltic and the Mediterranean, the invention extended its range, gathering strength and swiftness every year, until two ocean-steamer—the *Sirius* which sailed from Cork on the 4th of April 1838, and the *Great Western* which started from Bristol on the 8th, solved all doubt regarding ocean-traffic by reaching New York on the very same day (April 23rd). The clumsy side-wings, necessary for the protection of the paddle-wheels, were removed when Farmer Smith of Hendon invented the Screw-propeller. The use of iron in building the monster-ships, which now rush in teeth of wind and wave to every region of the sea, is also a novelty of our time.

More wonderful still is the transmission of thought by the electric fluid, for which we have to thank Mr. Cooke, a retired Indian officer of mechanical genius, and Professor Wheatstone of King's College, London, whose scientific labours in the investigation of electricity deserve the warmest praise. Having met, talked, and experimented, they jointly produced a series of wires and needles, by which a message could be spelled out. The decisive experiment took place on the 25th of July 1837, when a conversation passed between Euston Square and Camden Town. A chemical telegraph has been since brought into use, by which the symbols representing letters are printed in blue lines upon paper. Almost every railway is now lined with posts to support the copper wires in cups of insulating glass or earthenware, and along them flash *telegrams* (the word too is an invention of our age), laden with joy

or sorrow, haste or warning. The Submarine Telegraph was the next step in this wonder of wonders. And here, just at the moment of our need, there came from the Polynesian islands the hardened sap of a tree, called *gutta percha*, which amid countless other industrial uses to which it has been applied served to coat the wire cable laid below the sea. France and England—Scotland and Ireland were linked by this hidden chain; but the grandest effort of all was the laying of the Atlantic Cable in 1858 from Valentia Bay in Ireland to Trinity Bay in Newfoundland. After a few messages had passed, the great sea-serpent lost the power of speech and now lies paralyzed in a thickening bed of Atlantic ooze. That this first failure is only a temporary check none can doubt.

The son of a schoolmaster in Birmingham was walking one day in the Lake Country, when an incident befell him, which led him to ponder the subject of Cheap Postage. A woman, unable to pay a shilling for every letter she got, had devised a plan with her brother for cheating the Government that charged so high. When she saw the envelope, she knew all she wanted to know—that the absentee was well. The pedestrian's name was Rowland Hill. Sowing his opinions and calculations broadcast in the shape of a pamphlet, he flung himself ardently into the cause of general Penny Postage, and on the 17th of August 1839 after a hard battle had the satisfaction of beholding the triumph of his views in an Act of Parliament. On the 10th of July 1840 Penny Postage began to benefit the land. And the red Queen's-head, soon appearing, flew in hundreds of millions every year over the land, sowing the seeds of all the wondrous varieties of human thought and passion. A remarkable result of Penny Postage is the desire it has kindled among the lowest classes of knowing how to write. Rowland Hill, to whom this boon is due, although unjustly treated at first, had his merit recognized in 1854, when he was appointed Secretary to the Post Office. Some time since he received the honour of knighthood.

Photography too must be reckoned among the great inventions of the period. How rays of sunlight reflected from an object may be so gathered up and cast upon a sensitive surface as to form there an exact and permanent copy, it does not come within my province to explain. But the wide results of this grand discovery, as yet perhaps only in its infancy, and the thousand ways in which it has come to vary common life, open a vast field of remark, on whose borders merely I can tread. Every drawing-room table has its pretty album crowded with the *cartes* of friends. The emigrant sends home, for a few shillings, his likeness and those of the little ones God may have given him since he sailed for the land of his adoption. Even crime has pounced upon the power to forge bank-notes and signatures. But the blade is two-edged; detection hunts the absconded criminal with a *photo*, a hundred times surer than the vague description of the old Hue and Cry, and, when he is caught, a hidden *camera* prints his features for careful preservation in that register of villainous faces, kept by the governors of jails.

How greatly too has *gas*, as we call the carburetted hydrogen, that burns in our streets and houses, added to the comfort and safety of the century. The dim rushlight—the nasty tallow, ill-smelling and greasy—the calm and costly wax—the oil-lamps of various kinds and names, have almost all been ousted by this subtle spirit, stealing by subterranean ways into our houses and springing into visible brightness at a touch of flame. It would be ungrateful to omit the homely little sheaf of wooden splinters or waxen wicks tipped with explosive beads, which stand ready to strike a light as if by magic, when we simply rub them on a roughened flat. To Gas and Lucifers, and the Chemistry which gave them both and a thousand benefits besides, we owe a vast deal of our comfort and convenience.

The age we live in has been called the Iron Age in disparagement by poets and other imaginative beings, who bewail the Golden Past. In a very material and literal sense it may well be so named. For Iron has latterly come to play a wonderful part in the machinery of our life. Not alone in the bridges that span our broad streams—the ships that carry on our colossal commerce—the palaces which inclose our Exhibitions—the snorting engines that fly along our iron roads—does this homeliest of metals display its strength and infinite utility : but in a more dreadful way of late there has been a duel going on between rifled cannon and iron-clad ships, which bids fair utterly to alter the art of war. No sooner do we launch a vessel clad in armour of iron-plates, six or eight inches thick, than Sir William Armstrong or Mr. Whitworth steps forward with some monstrous piece of breech-loading ordnance, thick and dark as a porpoise, which hurls a conical ball of enormous weight with such terrific force that the solid slab of metal rends and splinters before it like a sheet of tin. In the American war now raging a new kind of ship has appeared—a ship with neither masts nor sails, whose crew is buried in a huge iron box, that floats with its single funnel like the dark roof of a submerged house. Off the laminated sides of such vessels the common round-shot rattle like pease off plate-glass. What the iron-clads may come to Time alone can tell. France has *La Gloire* and *La Normandie*; Britain has her *Black Prince* and her *Warrior*; America has had her *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, which the world has seen engaged in furious but very fruitless strife. As yet these ships cannot weather a rough sea, and, if they sink, the huge black hull becomes the coffin of the whole crew with scarcely a hope of safety. But what the art of Tubal-Cain may yet unfold in war or peace remains like every future thing uncertain. Ships made of iron, swimming on the sea ! The miracle of the floating axe-head outdone ! How an old Phœnician mariner would have laughed the thought to scorn ! How the Cinque Port sailors would have shaken their lusty sides ! How Raleigh—Effingham—Robert Blake—ay, Nelson of the Nile himself—would have stared or smiled at the bare mention of such a paradox !

Two colossal works of genius, belonging to this period, deserve a special notice here.

By pushing forward horizontally by means of screws a shield of iron containing cells for workmen, who did the work of excavation, and by then building behind the shield, as it advanced, with arches of thick brick-work, Sir Mark Isambard Brunel, a French engineer, succeeded in tunnelling a road below the Thames from Rotherhithe to Wapping. The work, which proceeded at first at the rate of about two feet a day, was begun in 1825; but the water broke in several times, and the operations hung slack for a time, so that the Tunnel was not opened for traffic until March 1843. Two vaulted passages, divided by a perforated wall, reached by winding stairs, and lighted all across with gas, stretch for thirteen hundred feet below the shipping, the water, and the mud. It cost more than £400,000. A similar idea is now realized in the Underground Railway, which shoots its passengers across London without any danger of a block-up for an hour in the Strand or elsewhere. Isambard Kingdom Brunel, son of the Tunnel engineer, is notable as the designer and engineer of the *Great Western*, the *Great Britain*, and the *Great Eastern*. In railway-work, especially bridging, he is also much distinguished.

Hanging at Birr in Ireland between two walls and supported by a strong scaffolding of wood and metal, there is a telescope, into whose monster tube a man could walk upright and with which is associated the name of William Parsons, Earl of Rosse. The difficulty and vexation, which this nobleman experienced in casting and polishing the *specula* of the instrument, were amply atoned for in 1844, when the great scientific work was completed. Astronomy has been greatly advanced by this powerful piercer into space.

While matters such as these are discussed and utilized by a great annual gathering of learned men, called "The British Association for the Advancement of Science," subjects, bearing more directly on the life and welfare of the people, are talked about in a younger assembly, started chiefly by Lord Brougham, and called "The Social Science Association." To its province belong the fields of Popular Instruction, Sanitary Reform, and Public Morality, all which we have trenched deep and wide since George IV. was King.

Although the Government grant for educational purposes is yet far from what it ought to be, there has been a considerable advance made in the department of Public Instruction. Mechanics' Institutes—with all their machinery of classes, libraries, and lectures—have been among the foundations of the time. Schools of Design have been established for the cultivation of Elementary Art. And John Hullah has done much to popularize the study of music. Museums too, Antiquarian, Scientific, and Industrial, have been teaching the masses every holiday silent but attractive lessons. But the thing, which above all has fanned the flame of the intellect among the working classes, has been the diffusion of cheap serials and penny newspapers, consequent on the application of steam to the printing-press, and the repeal of the Paper Duty. There are tares among the wheat to be sure, since the same causes have cast immoral and infidel publications into this too receptive soil. But, in viewing the social condition of man and trying to trace the working

of those agencies, which God has appointed to accomplish certain ends, we must never let go the trust, however thick the haze and cheerless the prospect, that "all is for the best," and that good must ultimately triumph over evil.

Considerable advances have been lately made in the preservation of the Public Health. The low-ceilinged houses of our ancestors, whose dim narrow windows were not made to open, whose drainage was of the most primitive kind, now exist only in the most remote country places or in the poorest neighbourhoods. Those of us, who can, live in well-ventilated houses, with windows wide enough to admit the wholesome light, a good supply of water for bathing our bodies, washing our clothes, cooking our food, and flushing our sewers. We walk along paved ways, which are duly cleansed from offal and impurity of every kind. And we are gradually coming to see the need of having our cemeteries outside our city bounds. Better far for both body and mind the pretty suburban garden, whose bright flowers tell the tale of resurrection every spring, than the dark rank uneven mound of graves, thick with slimy fungus and overgrown nettle, that too often blights our cities at the heart. A plan, enabling mills and manufactories to consume their own smoke, has lately received the sanction of Government, and its use is to be rigorously enforced in manufacturing towns. The introduction by Dr. Jenner in 1799 of Vaccination, by which the awful scourge of small-pox was immensely abated and mitigated, and the discovery in 1847 by Dr. Simpson of Edinburgh that the inhalation of Chloroform would render patients insensible to pain, are two of the principal steps taken in Medical Science during the last century.

Gas lamps and policemen have banished the highwayman and the footpad. 'Tis true we are still troubled with pickpockets—the cut-purse of older days—and, until our ticket-of-leave system is remodelled, we shall be in occasional danger of being garotted. But crime has decidedly decreased in the land. The jails are no longer the fetid dens, nursing fever and crime, which John Howard visited on his tour of mercy. Many of them indeed are models of cleanliness and method, where prisoners get wholesome food and are taught to work at trades, instead of treading unproductive mills all day. The establishment of Poor-houses has benefited the hapless class, which, uncared for, would fill our prisons; and Emigration, streaming in swift currents across the sea to the regions of Gold, has relieved our crowded islands of a surplus population, which, finding at home little work and scanty food, would be driven either to beg or to rob. A more provident spirit among the working-classes has been fostered by the establishment of Savings Banks, in which our present Chancellor of Exchequer has effected a notable improvement by connecting them with the various branches of the Post Office. The increase of Life Assurance business among the professional and mercantile classes affords a token that among such also there is more regard for the future of those they may leave behind.

I may fitly close this final chapter by selecting some of the most eminent of

those brave men, who have lost or perilled life in seeking to extend our geographical knowledge and to open untrodden regions of the earth to the influences of Christian civilization. In three parts of the world such enterprises have been lately going on. The name of Sir John Franklin is associated mournfully with the successful explorations of the North-West Passage through the ice of the Arctic Regions. Livingstone, Speke, and Grant may fitly represent the noble band of recent African Discoverers. In Australian story the names of Burke and Wills must be always connected with the task, which cost them their lives. And to these I add one more—the name of Thomas Waghorn, who planned and established the Overland Route to India.

Born in 1786 at Spilsby in Lincolnshire, John Franklin had passed unscathed through the fire of Copenhagen and Trafalgar, before he entered in 1818 upon his career of Arctic enterprise. His toils and sufferings in helping to trace the coast of North America east of the Coppermine River were very severe. Tried in another sphere of duty as Governor of Van Dieman's Land during a critical period, he was not found wanting there, but received the praise and affection of those he ruled. Leaving England with the *Erebus* and the *Terror* in the spring of 1845, this courageous and experienced man penetrated the polar regions, discovering the channel which links the Northern Atlantic to the Asiatic Seas, and was then locked up in pitiless rocks of ice, from amid which he never came alive or dead. The gallant explorers of the *Fox*, which sailed in 1857 to seek him, discovered that he died on the 11th of June 1847. And a few survivors of his wasted crew, struggling southward towards Hudson's Bay, found a grave at the mouth of the Great Fish River. To Franklin is due the honour of unlocking that mysterious gate to India, for which old Martin Frobisher and a hundred of his followers sought in vain. But Captain Robert MacClure in the *Investigator* also solved the problem in 1851, independently of the previous discovery, of which we did not know at home till 1859.

The plain earnest Scotsman, who struggled up from his native position as a mill-boy in Lanarkshire to be a Doctor of Medicine and a Missionary in Cape Colony, has opened to our view and knowledge much of that vast "watery plateau lower than its flanking hills," which forms the southern portion of the African continent. The Zambesi, its affluents, and the huge lakes, which feed its colossal current, are the principal objects of Livingstone's present explorations. Two Indian officers—Captains Speke and Grant—have just come home, announcing their discovery of the true source of the Nile, which flows, they say, out of a vast lake, the Victoria Nyanza, lying close to the Equator.

In August 1860 there started from Melbourne in Australia an exploring expedition, whose object was to cross the gigantic island in a line running almost due north. Robert Burke, a native of Galway, many of whose nine-and-thirty years had been actively spent as a police-officer both at home and in his adopted land, led the party. His companion in fame and death

was a youth of twenty-seven from Totness in Devonshire, whose name was Wills. Leaving Cooper's Creek in the end of November 1860, they arrived close to the shore of the Gulf of Carpentaria on the 11th of February 1861, and then began to retrace their steps. Missing the associates from whom they expected aid, and reduced to feed on a seed called *nardoo*, which did not contain nutriment enough to sustain their lives, they perished about the last week of June 1861—only one man, an old soldier named King, escaping to tell the mournful tale.

Among the martyrs of the time—although he died *of* work, not *at* it—was Thomas Wagborn, the pioneer of that great boon to Britain, the Overland Route to India. From the time 1837, when he began to agitate the practicability of this route, which places India within a month's travel of England, to its definite establishment in 1841, the hardships, buffetings, and misrepresentations he endured were incalculable. At one time sailing the Red Sea in an open boat—at another lying in delirium brought on by anxiety and disappointment—belied as a madman in Egypt, and treated at home with haughty scorn by the officials of the Company he was trying to benefit—he yet clung to his project with British intensity of resolve, and conquered in the end.

To these great names of discovery many more might be added, did space and plan allow their introduction here. Among the odds and ends I have gathered in this final chapter there is material for many books; but my purpose is gained, if I have indicated, however slightly, some of the principal causes that have operated on our daily life to make it what it is. When the nineteenth century, with all its golden load of social and political changes, shall have unrolled its full tale of years, and shall have receded in silence for a while, till the dust of life has settled, and the great obelisks, which its mighty men have raised, stand out clear against the horizon of the Past, there may then arise a Hume with crystal pen, a Macaulay with pencil dipped in rainbow-tints, or a Carlyle, grasping a rugged *stilus*, whose point is all alight with volcanic flame, to write in worthy speech and fitting symmetry of form the record of its foot-prints in the history of the British Realm. We, who live in the whirl of its passing days, can barely note the flying lights as they arise, and jot their shining down, scarcely knowing which may be a star destined to brighten on for ages, and which a spark doomed to perish even while it flies.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE THIRD BOOK.

ARRANGED ACCORDING TO REIGNS AND RACES.

DYNASTY OF THE STUARTS (1603 A.D.—1714 A.D.)

1. JAMES I. or VI. OF SCOTLAND (1603-1625).

Married ANNE, DAUGHTER OF FREDERICK II. OF DENMARK.

A.D.

1603. Accession of James. Plots—the *Main* and the *Bye*—in favour of Arabella Stuart. Trial and imprisonment of Raleigh.
1604. Conference at Hampton Court, out of which arose our translation of the Bible (published in 1611). The first Parliament of James prepares *A Form of Apology and Satisfaction*, setting forth their privilege.
1605. THE GUNPOWDER PLOT DISCOVERED (Nov. 5).
1606. Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, becomes Lord High Treasurer. Puritans, persecuted by Bancroft, emigrate to Virginia. BIRTH OF JOHN MILTON.
1609. The plantation of Ulster begun. Estates given to the corporations of London.
1610. The publication of Cowell's *Dictionary or Interpreter*. Death of Archbishop Bancroft.
1612. Deaths of Prince Henry, aged eighteen, and of Treasurer Cecil. The Brehon Law abolished in Ireland.
1613. Marriage of the Princess Elisabeth to Frederick the Elector Palatine. Hugh Middleton completes the works of the New River (begun in 1608).
1614. John Napier of Merchiston publishes his *Canon of Logarithms*.
1616. THE DEATH OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
1617. King James visits Scotland, and tries to establish Episcopacy there.
1618. Francis Bacon becomes Lord High Chancellor. THE EXECUTION OF SIR WALTER RALPH at Winchester (Oct. 29). The Thirty Years' War begins in Germany.
1620. The voyage of the *Mayflower* to New Plymouth, south of Boston.
1621. IMPEACHMENT AND DISGRACE OF LORD CHANCELLOR BACON. Protest of the Commons, asserting their ancient right of free discussion. James removes the entry from the Journal of the House.
1622. The first regular newspaper, *News of the Present Week*.
1623. Visit of Prince Charles and Buckingham in disguise to Madrid. The Spanish Match broken off.
1624. The Spanish War begins. Impeachment of Lord Treasurer Middlesex for bribery.
1625. Death of James I. at Theobald's, of ague and gout (March 27).

2. CHARLES I. (1625-1649.)

Married HENRIETTA MARIA, DAUGHTER OF HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

1625. Accession and Marriage of Charles. His first Parliament meets (Aug. 1), and is suddenly dissolved (Aug. 12).
1626. The second Parliament (Feb. 6—June 15). Impeachment of Buckingham. Illegal taxation in the shape of a general loan.

- A.D.
1637. Buckingham fails to relieve Rochelle, besieged by Richelieu.
1628. The third Parliament meets (March 17). Oliver Cromwell becomes Member for Huntingdon. THE PETITION OF RIGHT GRANTED BY CHARLES (June 7). Assassination of Buckingham by Felton at Portsmouth.
1639. Sir John Eliot makes a daring speech in the Commons against the Court. Speaker Finch held in the chair. A series of *Three Articles* passed in opposition to religious innovation and illegal taxes. The third Parliament dissolved (March 10).
1631. Viscount Wentworth made Lord Deputy of Ireland.
1633. Charles and Bishop Laud visit Scotland to force Episcopacy upon an unwilling people. Laud on his return made Primate.
1634. The first levy of Ship-money.
1637. Jenny Geddes flings her folding-stool at the head of the Dean of Edinburgh, when he begins to read Laud's Liturgy in St. Giles's (July 23).
THE TRIAL OF JOHN HAMPDEN in the Exchequer Court (December). Judgment given against him.
1638. THE NATIONAL COVENANT SIGNED IN SCOTLAND.
1640. Session of the Short Parliament (April 13—May 5).
THE LONG PARLIAMENT MEETS (Nov. 3).
1641. The impeachment (March 22) and execution (May 12) of the Earl of Strafford. Dreadful massacre of Protestants in Ireland. Debate on the *Grand Remonstrance* passed by 11 votes.
1642. Jan. 4.—ATTEMPT OF THE KING TO ARREST THE FIVE MEMBERS.
Jan. 10.—The King leaves London.
April 23.—The gates of Hull shut in the King's face.
- THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.
- Aug. 25.—THE ROYAL STANDARD RAISED AT NOTTINGHAM.
- Oct. 23.—The battle of Keinton or Edgehill.
1643. June 24.—Death of John Hampden of gunshot wounds, received at Chalgrove on the 18th.
Sept. 5.—Relief of Gloucester by Essex.
Sept. 20.—The first Battle of Newbury. Death of Lord Falkland.
Sept. 22.—*The Solemn League and Covenant* signed at Westminster.
1644. Twenty-one thousand Scots under Leven cross the Border (January).
July 2.—THE BATTLE OF MARSTON MOOR, won chiefly by the Ironsides of Cromwell.
Oct. 27.—Second Battle of Newbury.
1645. Jan. 10.—Execution of Archbishop Laud. His trial, begun in March 1644, was given up and a Bill of Attainder passed.
April 3.—*The Self-Denying Ordinance* passes the Lords. It passed the Commons, Dec. 19, 1644.
June 14.—BATTLE OF NASBY.
1646. Flight of Charles from Oxford to the Scottish Camp at Newark (April).
1647. King Charles given up by the Scots to the English Presbyterians (Jan. 30).
June 3.—Cornet Joyce seizes the King at Holmby House.
Aug. 3.—*The Proposals* of the Army laid before the King at Hampton Court.
Nov. 11.—His flight to the Isle of Wight, where he is confined at Carisbrook.

A.D.

1648. Cromwell defeats Hamilton at Preston (Aug. 17).
 Nov. 30.—Charles brought to Hurst Castle, thence to Windsor.
 Dec. 6.—Pride expels the Presbyterian Members from the Long Parliament.
 1649. Jan. 20.—THE TRIAL OF KING CHARLES begins in Westminster Hall.
 Jan. 30.—HE IS EXECUTED BEFORE WHITEHALL, being then aged forty-nine.

THE COMMONWEALTH (1649-1660).

1649. Appointment of a Council of State—*Milton made Foreign Secretary.*
 Aug. 15.—Cromwell, appointed Lord-Lieutenant, invades Ireland.
 Sept. 10.—Drogheda taken.
 Oct. 11.—Slaughter at Wexford.
 1650. May 9.—*The storming of Clonmel* completes the subjugation of Ireland.
 June 29.—Lord-General Cromwell and Colonel Monk set out for Scotland.
 Sept. 3.—BATTLE OF DUNBAR.
 Dec. 24.—Surrender of Edinburgh to Cromwell.
 1651. Charles II. crowned at Scone. With a Scottish army he invades England at Carlisle (Aug. 6).
 Sept. 3.—BATTLE OF WORCESTER, in which Charles is utterly defeated.
 After long wandering he escapes in a coal-boat from Shoreham (Oct. 15).
 1652. May 19.—Naval battle in the Downs between Blake and the Dutch.
 July 19.—War with the Dutch declared by the Parliament.
 Sept. 28.—Blake defeats De Ruyter and De Witt.
 Nov. 29.—With forty sail he fights Van Tromp's eighty near the Goodwins.
 1653. Feb. 18.—Blake defeats Van Tromp between Portland Head and Calais.
 April 20.—*Expulsion of the Long Parliament by Cromwell.*
 July 31.—*Battle of the Texel*, and death of Van Tromp.
 The Little Parliament (July 4—Dec. 12.)
 Dec. 16.—CROMWELL MADE LORD PROTECTOR BY THE INSTRUMENT OF GOVERNMENT.
 1654. Mar. 20.—Ordinance appointing *Triers*.
 April 5.—Peace with the Dutch concluded at Westminster.
 Sept. 3.—The *first Parliament* of Cromwell meets.
 1655. Jan. 22.—The first Parliament of Cromwell dissolved.
 England ruled by Major-Generals.
 Jamaica taken by Penn and Venables.
 Oct. 23.—War declared against Spain.
 1656. Sept. 17.—Cromwell meets his *second Parliament*.
 1657. April 20.—Blake's great victory at Teneriffe.
 May 8.—THE HUMBLE PETITION AND ADVICE ACCEPTED BY CROMWELL.
 His second Installation (June 26).
 Aug. 7.—The death of Admiral Blake.
 1658. Feb. 4.—Cromwell dissolves his second Parliament.
 July 17.—The capture of Dunkirk.
 Sept. 3.—DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL AT WHITEHALL.
 1659. Richard Cromwell, who succeeds his father as Protector, resigns that office (May 6).
 A year of anarchy begins.

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 1660. Feb. 2.—General Monk with seven thousand soldiers enters London. He declares for the restoration of the kingdom.
 A Convention invites Charles II. from Holland to sit his father's throne.
 Proclamation of Charles II. May 13.

1. CHARLES II. (1660-1685.)

Married CATHARINE OF PORTUGAL.

1660. Charles enters London on the 25th of May.
 Act of Indemnity and Oblivion passed.
 1661. May. —First Session of the *Peaceful Parliament* begins.
 May 17.—Marquis of Argyll executed at Edinburgh.
 1662. June 14.—Execution of Sir Harry Vane.
 Aug. —*Act of Uniformity*.
 Dec. —*Declaration of Indulgence* to Nonconformists.
 Charter granted to the Royal Society of London.
 1664. The Triennial Bill repealed. The Conventicle Act passed.
 1665. Feb. 22.—The Dutch War begins.
The Great Plague.
 June 3.—The Dutch under Opdam defeated by York off Lowestoft.
 1666. *The Great Fire* of London (Sept. 2-6.) This is the *Annus Mirabilis* celebrated by Dryden.
 1667. June 3.—De Ruyter burns the English shipping in the Medway.
 July 10.—The Peace of Breda concluded.
 Impeachment and flight of Lord Chancellor Clarendon. (He died at Rouen in 1674.) *The Cabal Ministry* (1667-1674.)
 1668. *The Triple Alliance* formed by England, Sweden, and Holland.
 1670. *The Secret Treaty of Dover* concluded with France.
 1672. March 28.—War with the Dutch declared. Shutting of the Exchequer.
 1673. *The Test Act* passed, March 29.
 1674. The Earl of Danby becomes Treasurer and Premier. Battle of Seneffe.
 Nov. 8.—THE DEATH OF JOHN MILTON.
 1677. WILLIAM OF ORANGE MARRIES MARY, DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF YORK.
 1678. The fall and impeachment of Danby. Peace of Nimeguen. Titus Oates and the horde of false witnesses begin to appear.
 1679. *The Pension Parliament* dissolved after having sat for seventeen years.
 May 26.—THE HABEAS CORPUS ACT PASSED.
 Murder of Archbishop Sharp, and Battles of Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge in Scotland.
 1680. *The Exclusion Bill* lost in the Lords by a majority of thirty-three.
 1683. The great Whig Conspiracy. The Rye-House Plot. Trial and execution of Lord William Russell and Algernon Sidney.
 1685. Feb. 6.—Death of Charles II. of apoplexy at the age of fifty-four.

4. JAMES II. (1685-1688.)

Married, 1. ANNE HYDE, DAUGHTER OF CLARENDON; 2. MARY OF ESTE.

1685. May 2. — Argyll leaves Holland for the purpose of invading Scotland. Having failed, he is executed, June 30.

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1685. May 22.—The first Parliament of James meets.
 June 11.—Monmouth lands at Lyme.
 June 18.—Reaches Taunton.
 June 26.—Skirmish at Philip's Norton.
 July 2.—Arrives at Bridgewater again.
 July 6.—THE BATTLE OF SEDGEMOOR.
 The Bloody Assizes. Trial of Lady Alice Lisle.
 Nov. 20.—Parliament prorogued.
1686. The Dispensing Power and Ecclesiastical Supremacy claimed by James. Dismissal of Rochester and Clarendon.
1687. April 4.—*The First Declaration of Indulgence*.
 Attacks of James upon Cambridge and Oxford.
 Appearance at Court of Adda, the Papal Nuncio.
1688. April 27.—*The Second Declaration of Indulgence*. It is followed (May 4) by an *Order in Council*.
 May 18.—The Petition of the Prelates presented to the King.
 June 29.—THE TRIAL OF THE SEVEN PRELATES. NOT GUILTY!
 Nov. 1.—William of Orange sails from Holland and lands at Torbay, Nov. 5.
 Dec. 18.—Flight of James. William at St. James's.

5. WILLIAM III. and MARY II. (1688-1694.)

1688. Debates of the *Convention* about the Succession.
1689. Feb. 13.—The crown conferred on the Prince and Princess of Orange.
 Mar. 12.—Discrowned James lands at Kinsale in Ireland.
 War declared against France.
 July 27.—Battle of Killiecrankie and death of Dundee.
 July 28.—Relief of Londonderry, besieged by the Irish army.
 Aug. 13.—Marshal Schomberg lands in Ireland.
1690. July 1.—BATTLE OF THE BOYNE. Defeat and flight of James.
1691. July 12.—Defeat of the Irish at Aughrim by Ginckel.
 Oct. 3.—Surrender of Limerick. END OF THE REVOLUTION.
1692. Feb. 13.—MASSACRE OF GLENCOR.
 May. —*Russell and Rooke annihilate the French fleet off La Hogue*.
 July 24.—Battle of Steinkirk. Retreat of William.
1693. July 29.—Battle of Landen. Same result.
1694. Bank of England founded by Paterson.
 Triennial Bill passed, Dec. 22.
 Death of Mary, Dec. 28.

WILLIAM III. ALONE (1694-1702.)

1695. Foundation of the Bank of Scotland.
 Great Siege of Namur by William III. Taken Sept. 5.
1697. Sept. 20.—*Treaty of Ryswick*.
1698. The Darien Expedition sets out from Leith.
1701. THE ACT OF SETTLEMENT.
 June. —The futile impeachment of Lord Chancellor Somers.
 Second Grand Alliance against France signed at the Hague.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE THIRD BOOK.

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Death of James II.
 Birth of William III., aged fifty-two.

6. ANNE (1702-1714).

Married PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK.

War (the War of the Spanish Succession) against France declared:
 Vienna, and the Hague. Marlborough (Churchill), Captain.

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1715. Impeachment of Oxford, Bolingbroke, and Ormond.
The *Riot Act* revived and made lasting.

THE FIFTEEN.

- Sept. 6.—The Stuart flag raised in rebellion at Braemar.
Nov. 13.—*MAR DEFEATED BY ARGYLE AT SHERIFFMUIR.*
Same day.—Forster and the English Jacobites surrender at Preston.
Dec. 22.—James Stuart, the Pretender, lands at Peterhead.
1716. Feb. 4.—He escapes in a French ship from Montrose.

April 26.—Passing of the *Septennial Bill*. Death of Lord Somers.
1717. Walpole goes into Opposition.
1718. Aug.—The *Quadruple Alliance* formed by England, France, the Emperor, and Holland.
Aug. 18.—Sir George Byng defeats the Spanish fleet off Cape Passaro.
Repeal of the *Occasional Conformity* and *Schism Bills*.
1719. Alberoni's Armada dispersed off Finisterre by a storm.
The Skirmish of Glenshiel.
Battle of the *Peerage Bill*. It is lost in the Commons on the second reading.
1720. Expansion and bursting of the *SOUTH SEA BUBBLE*.
1721. Robert Walpole becomes Premier, with Carteret and Townshend as his Secretaries.
Inoculation brought from Turkey by Lady Mary Wortley Montague.
1723. Banishment of Bishop Atterbury for Jacobite plotting.
1725. The Wood coinage convulses Ireland (hence the *Drapier Letters*): and a proposed tax on beer agitates Scotland.
May 20.—Trial of Lord Chancellor Macclesfield.
The Treaty of Vienna produces the Defensive Treaty of Hanover.
Pulteney secedes from Walpole and heads the Patriots.
1727. June 11.—Death of George I. from apoplexy: he was then aged sixty-seven.

2. GEORGE II. (1727-1760.)

Married CAROLINE WILHELMINA OF ANSBACH.

1728. Jan.—The new Parliament meets. Its chief discussions are upon the National Debt and the Secret Service.
1729. The Treaty of Seville (Nov. 29) frees Britain from foreign war.
1730. Rupture between Walpole and Townshend. The latter resigns.
1733. March 14.—Walpole lays his *Tobacco Bill* before the Commons—the measure is shelved and ultimately dropped by its framer. This, with a Wine Bill, forms *WALPOLE'S EXCISE SCHEM*.
1736. William Pitt the elder makes his maiden speech.
The *Porteous Riots* at Edinburgh.
1737. The Prince of Wales, quarrelling with the King, opposes Walpole.
Nov. 20.—Death takes from Walpole his warm friend Queen Caroline.
1739. Whitefield and Wesley lay the foundations of Methodism.
War declared against Spain, Oct. 19.
Admiral Vernon takes Porto Bello with six ships.
1740. Commodore Anson sets out for the South Seas.
1741. Feb. 13.—Sandys and Carteret bring forward motions against Walpole.

A.D.

1741. April.—Miserable repulse of Vernon and Wentworth at Cartagena.
 Maria Theresa of Austria secures a Treaty with England.
1742. Feb. 11.—*Resignation of Walpole*, who is succeeded by Wilmington, with Carteret as Foreign Secretary.
1743. June 27.—**BATTLE OF DETTINGEN**—the last time a King of England was under fire.
 The Pelhams rise to the head of affairs upon the death of Wilmington.
1744. *A Fourfold Alliance* formed by England, Austria, Saxony, and Holland.
 Jan.—An expedition under Saxe, destined for the invasion of England, shattered by a storm in the Channel.
 Anson returns with thirty cartloads of Spanish silver.
 Formation of the *Broad Bottom Ministry*.
1745. Mar. 18.—Death of Robert Walpole.
 May 11.—**BATTLE OF FORTENROY**.

THE FORTY-FIVE.

- July 25.—Charles Edward Stuart lands near Moidart.
 Aug. 19.—His banner erected at Glenfinnan.
 Sept. 17.—He enters Holyrood Palace.
 Sept. 21.—Defeats the royal army under Cope at *Prestonpans*.
 Oct. 31.—Leaves Edinburgh to invade England.
 Dec. 6.—Reaches Derby, when his officers urge a retreat.
 Dec. 20.—Recrosses the Esk into Scotland.
1746. Jan. 17.—The Royalists under Hawley defeated at *Falkirk*.
 April 16.—**THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN**.
 Sept. 20-29.—Voyage of Charles Edward to France. He dies of palsy at Rome in 1788.
- Pitt receives office as Paymaster of the Forces.
1748. October.—*The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle*.
1752. Adoption of the Gregorian Calendar or New Style; Sept. 3 being reckoned as Sept. 14.
1754. The death of Henry Pelham raises his brother, the Duke of Newcastle, to the head of the Government.
1755. The dismissal of Pitt and Legge, to the intense anger of the country.
1756. *War with France declared* in connection with the great European struggle, called The Seven Years' War.
 Byng's failure at Minorca.
 The Devonshire Cabinet formed, with Pitt as Secretary of State.
1757. Mar. 14.—Byng shot.
 April. —Pitt resigns office.
 June 23.—*Battle of Plassey*.
 June 29.—Coalition of Newcastle and Pitt; Newcastle nominal Premier; Pitt, Foreign Secretary; Fox, Paymaster.
 Sept. 8.—Convention of Kloster-Seven.
1758. Brindley begins the Bridgewater Canal.
1759. July 31.—*Battle of Minden*.
 Aug. 18.—Boscawen defeats the Toulon fleet off Cape Lagos.
 Sept. 13.—Wolfe meets his death on the victorious field of the Plains of Abraham, by which Canada becomes a British possession.

A.D.

1759. Nov. 20.—Sir Edward Hawke defeats Confians at night in Quiberon Bay.
 1760. Oct. 25.—George II. dies suddenly of heart-disease, aged seventy-seven.

3. GEORGE III. (1760—1820.)

Married CHARLOTTE OF MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ.

1761. Oct. 6.—Resignation of Pitt and Temple: *Bute becomes Premier.*
 1763. Arrest of John Wilkes of the *North Briton.*
 Formation of the Grenville Ministry, Bute having resigned.
 The Treaty of Fontainebleau.
 1764. Oct. 23.—Sujah Dowlah of Oude defeated in the *Battle of Buzar.*
 1765. Mar. 22.—THE STAMP ACT PASSED.
 Formation of the Rockingham Ministry.
 First speech of Edmund Burke in the Commons.
 1766. The Stamp Act repealed.
 July.—Pitt, created Earl of Chatham, joins Grafton in forming the *Mosaic Ministry.*
 1767. Captain Cook's first voyage.
 1768. Pitt, broken by gout and hypochondria, resigns.
 Arkwright completes the model of his *Spinning Frame.*
 1769. The *Letters of Junius* begin to appear in the *Public Advertiser.*
 1770. Grafton having resigned, the *North Ministry* is formed.
 1771. London printers arrested for publishing the Parliamentary Debates. The authorities support the printers.
 Arkwright brings his *Water Frame* to a perfect form.
 1772. Captain Cook's second voyage.
 1773. Trial of Lord Clive.
 1774. The First American Congress meets at Philadelphia.
 Split between Fox and North.
 1775. April 19.—The first shots of the American War.
 1776. July 4.—*The Declaration of American Independence.*
 Captain Cook's third voyage.
 1778. May 11.—Lord Chatham dies of apoplexy.
 War with France and Spain declared.
 1779. The great Siege of Gibraltar begins—ends 1782.
 Crompton invents the *Spinning Mule.*
 Captain Cook murdered at Hawaii.
 1780. Burke lays before the Commons his scheme of *Economical Reform*; supported by Fox.
 The Gordon Riots.
 1782. Mar. 30.—Lord North having resigned, the *Second Rockingham Ministry* is formed.
 July 10.—The *Shelburne Ministry*, with Pitt as Chancellor of Exchequer, formed, owing to Rockingham's death.
 Dec. 5.—THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE AMERICAN STATES ACKNOWLEDGED.
 1783. The Shelburne Ministry overthrown by a Coalition. Fox, North, and Burke have a place in the *Portland Ministry* (April 5)—killed by Fox's India Bill, it gives way (Dec. 18) and is followed by an *Administration under Pitt* as Chancellor of Exchequer.

A.D.

1784. Cartwright invents the *Power-Loom*.
 1787. First movement towards the Abolition of Slavery.
 1788. THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS IS BEGUN.
 James Symington's Steam-boat placed on Dalswinton Loch.
 1790. Burke writes *The French Revolution*.
 1791. Rupture between Burke and Fox about the French Revolution.
 1792. Fox supports Wilberforce in urging the gradual Abolition of Slavery.
 1793. Feb. 11.—War declared against the French Convention. A great Coalition of nations formed: the British obliged to evacuate Toulon.
 1794. Volunteers raised at the suggestion of Dundas.
 June 1.—Lord Howe victorious in the Channel.
 1795. April 23.—Warren Hastings acquitted.
 June 22.—Victory of Lord Bridport off L'Orient.
 Cape of Good Hope and several West Indian Islands taken from the Dutch.
 1796. Spain declares war.
 A French expedition under Hoche, destined for Ireland, is dispersed by a storm (Dec.)
 Napoleon's brilliant Italian campaign.
 1797. Feb. 14.—BATTLE OF ST. VINCENT.
 Mutiny of seamen at Spithead and the Nore—Parker hanged, June 30.
 June 9.—*Death of Edmund Burke*.
 Treaty of Campo Formio.
 Oct. 11.—Admiral Duncan's victory at Camperdown.
 1798. Irish Rebellion—Battle of Vinegar Hill, June 21.
 Aug. 1.—BATTLE OF THE NILE.
 The French under Humbert land in Connaught (Aug. 22.)
 Pitt's *Income Tax Bill* brought in.
 1799. Vaccination introduced by Dr. Jenner.
 March 30.—Bonaparte beaten at Acre.
 Duke of York invades Holland.
 1800. Triumph of Bonaparte at Marengo and Hohenlinden.
 1801. Jan. 1.—LEGISLATIVE UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND TAKES EFFECT.
 Feb. 5.—The King and Pitt differing on the Catholic Question, the *Addington Ministry* is formed.
 Mar. 21.—Battle of Alexandria and death of Abercromby.
 April 2.—BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.
 Assassination of Czar Paul, and dissolution of the Northern Confederacy.
 1802. Mar. 27.—*The Treaty of Amiens*.
 1803. May 18.—Renewal of war with France.
 July 23.—Insurrection in Dublin under Emmett.
 Fears of invasion by the French.
 Sept. 24.—*Battle of Assaye* in India.
 1804. May 12.—Pitt's *Second Ministry* formed, in which George Canning is Treasurer of the Navy.
 1805. War declared against Spain.
 Oct. 21.—BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR AND DEATH OF NELSON.
 Dec. 2.—Battle of Austerlitz.
 1806. Jan. 23.—DEATH OF WILLIAM PITT.
 Feb. 4.—The Grenville Ministry (All the Talents) formed, Fox being Foreign Secretary.

A.D.

1806. April 29.—Impeachment of Lord Melville.
 Sept. 13.—DEATH OF FOX : succeeded by Lord Howick.
 1807. Jan. 7.—An Order in Council meets the Berlin Decrees.
 March. —*The Portland Ministry* comes in : Canning Foreign Secretary.
 Aug. 15.—Gas used for street lamps in Golden Lane, London.
 Sept. 5.—Canning causes the Danish fleet to be seized.

THE PENINSULAR WAR.

1808. Aug. 1.—Wellesley lands the English troops at Mondego Bay in Portugal.
 Aug. 17.—Delaborde beaten at *Roliça*.
 Aug. 21.—Junot beaten at *VIMIEIRO*.
 Aug. 30.—The Convention of Torres Vedras or Cintra. Wellesley goes home.
 Dec. 4.—Bonaparte in Madrid.
 Dec. 4.—Moore, who had been induced to enter Spain, begins to retreat from *Mayorga*.
 1809. Jan. 16.—BATTLE OF CORUNNA. Death of Moore.
 March. —Acquittal of the Duke of York.
 April 22.—Return of Wellesley to the Peninsula as Commander-in-Chief.
 May 12.—Wellesley takes Oporto.
 July 28.—BATTLE OF TALAVERA.
 Sept. 21.—The Castlereagh and Canning Duel.
 Oct. 11.—Canning resigns office.
 Oct. 30.—*The Perceval Ministry* formed.
 Miserable end of the Walcheren Expedition.
 1810. Arrest of Sir Francis Burdett.
 July 10.—The French take Ciudad Rodrigo.
 Sept. 27.—BATTLE OF BUSACO.
 The insanity of George III. causes discussion about the Regency.
 Wellington spends the winter in the lines of Torres Vedras.
 1811. Feb. 6.—The Prince of Wales installed as Regent.
 Mar. 5.—Battle of Barrosa.
 May 5.—BATTLE OF PUENTES D'ONORO.
 May 16.—BATTLE OF ALBUERA.
 The *Comet* steamboat begins to ply upon the Clyde.
 1812. Jan. 19.—Capture of Ciudad Rodrigo.
 April 6.—THE STORM OF BADAJOZ.
 May 11.—Perceval shot by a lunatic. *The Liverpool Ministry* begins.
 June 18.—The United States declare war against Britain.
 July 22.—THE BATTLE OF SALAMANCA.
 Aug. 12.—Wellington enters Madrid.
 1813. June 1.—Duel between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*.
 June 21.—BATTLE OF VITORIA.
 1814. Feb. 27.—*Battle of Orthez*.
 April 10.—BATTLE OF TOULOUSE.
 July 25.—George Stephenson places the first LOCOMOTIVE STEAM ENGINE on the rails at Killingworth.
 August. —British soldiers in Washington.
 Dec. —*Treaty of Ghent* closes the American War.

A.D.

1804. Feb. 26.—Napoleon escapes from Elba.
 June 11.—He crosses the Santhia into Belgium.
 June 12.—Wellington at Brussels learns the news that afternoon.
 June 13.—The Duchess of Richmond's Ball.
 June 14.—Battle between Wellington and Ney at Quatre Bras. Battle between Blücher and Napoleon at Ligny.
 June 17.—The British retreat—Wellington at Waterloo, Blücher to Wavre.
 June 18.—THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.
 Nov. 20.—*The Treaty of Paris.*
 1816. Canada joins the Liverpool Ministry.
 Aug. 27.—Lord Exmouth bombards Algiers.
 1817. Nov. 6.—Death of the Princess Caroline.
 1819. May 24.—Birth of Queen Victoria.
 1820. Jan. 24.—Death of George III. at Windsor, aged eighty-one.

4. GEORGE IV. (1820-1830.)

Married CAROLINE OF BRITENWICH.

1820. June 6.—The Queen lands in England.
 July 5.—Lord Liverpool brings in a Bill of Pains and Penalties against her.
 Nov. 10.—This Bill abandoned.
 1821. July 19.—Scene at the Coronation of George IV.
 Aug. 7.—Death of Queen Caroline.
 1822. Sept. 17.—Canning made Foreign Secretary in place of Castlereagh, who committed suicide.
 1823. *Huskisson's Reciprocity of Duties Bill.*
 1824. Wild speculation begins, which next year produces panic. First Burmese War.
 1825. The Thames Tunnel begun.
 1827. April 19.—Liverpool's illness causes *Canning to be made Premier.*
The Treaty of London negotiated.
 Aug. 8.—DEATH OF CANNING. The *Goderich Ministry* formed.
 Oct. 23.—*Battle of Navarino.*
 1828. Jan. 25.—*The Wellington Ministry* formed.
 Repeal of the *Test and Corporation Acts*, obtained by Lord John Russell.
 O'Connell returned for Clare.
 1829. March 5.—*The Catholic Relief Bill* laid before the Commons.
 April 13.—It receives the royal signature.
 1830. June 26.—George IV. dies at Windsor, aged sixty-eight.

5. WILLIAM IV. (1830-1837.)

Married ADELAIDE OF SAXE-MEININGEN.

1830. Sept. 15.—The Liverpool and Manchester Railway opened. Mr. Huskisson killed.
 Nov. 22.—*The Grey Ministry* formed.

THE BATTLE OF THE REFORM BILL.

1831. March 1.—Lord John Russell in the Commons discloses the nature of the Reform Bill.
 14.—*The First Reading*—no division.

A.D.

1831. Mar. 21.—The Second Reading—Ministers have a majority of *one*—302-301.
 April 18.—The House in Committee; Ministers defeated twice in three days;
 Grey wants to resign.
 April 22.—The King dissolves Parliament.
 June 14.—Meeting of the new Parliament.
 Sept. 22.—Bill passes the Commons.
 Oct. 7.—Thrown out in the Lords by a majority of 41 on its Second Reading.
 Dec. 12.—Lord John Russell brings in a new Bill.
1832. Mar. 22.—It passes the Commons.
 May 7.—Grey resigns; Wellington cannot form a Ministry.
 May 18.—Grey restored. The Bill floats through the Lords.
 June 7.—English Bill signed by the King.
 July 17.—Scottish Bill signed by the King.
 Aug. 7.—Irish Bill signed by the King.
- Cholera rages in the land.
1833. Aug. 30.—Slavery finally abolished.
1834. Aug. —The *First Melbourne Ministry* formed.
 Aug. —New Poor Laws enacted.
 Dec. 10.—The *First Peel Ministry* formed.
1835. April. —The *Second Melbourne Ministry* formed.
 Sept. 9.—*Municipal Reform Bill* passed.
 An English Contingent in Spain.
1837. *Tithe Commutation Act*.
 June 20.—William IV. dies, aged seventy-one.

6. VICTORIA.

Married ALBERT OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.

1837. June 21.—The Queen Proclaimed. Hanover separated from the British Crown.
 July 25.—The first decisive success of the Electric Telegraph.
 Rebellion in Canada.
1838. April 23.—The *Sirius* and the *Great Western* arrive together at New York.
 June 28.—Coronation of the Queen.
 The Chartists become prominent.
1839. Beginning of the First Chinese War.
 Afghan War also raging.
1840. Feb. 10.—Marriage of the Queen.
 July 10.—*Penny Postage made general*.
 The Syrian War; Beirut and Acre taken.
1841. Anti-Corn-Law League formed.
 Sept. —The *Second Peel Administration* begins.
 Nov. 9.—Prince of Wales born.
 Overland Route to India completely organized.
1842. Peel's *Sliding Scale* of Corn Duties carried.
 Aug. 29.—Peace made with China.
 Sept. 15.—The British flag planted on Cabul.
1843. The Rebecca Riots in Wales.
 Thames Tunnel opened for foot passengers.

1843. May 18.—*Disruption in the Scottish Church, by which the Free Church acquires an independent existence.*
 Repeal Monster Meetings in Ireland.
 Oct. 14.—Arrest of O'Connell and others.
1844. State trials in Ireland begin, Jan. 15—last twenty-six days—O'Connell sentenced in May.
 Lord Rosse's Telescope completed.
1845. May 25.—Franklin sails for Polar Seas in the *Erebus* and the *Terror*.
 Blight of the potato crop in Ireland.
1846. Victories gained over the Sikhs at Aliwal (Jan. 26), and Sobraon (Feb. 10).
 June 26.—REPEAL OF THE CORN LAWS.
 Resignation of Peel. The *Russell Ministry* formed.
 Dissolution of the Anti-Corn-Law League.
1847. Death of O'Connell at Genoa.
 June 11.—*Death of Franklin* among the ice.
 Crisis of the Railway Mania and Money Panic.
 Chloroform applied to the relief of pain in surgery.
1848. The Third Revolution in France (Feb.).
 Chartist meetings and riots in England.
 A feeble rising in Ireland under O'Brien and Meagher.
 DEATH OF GEORGE STEPHENSON.
1849. Sikhs defeated at Chillianwalla (Jan. 13), and Sobraon (Feb. 21).
Navigation Laws amended.
 Queen's Colleges in Ireland opened.
1850. The Britannia Tubular Bridge placed over the Menai Strait.
 July 3.—DEATH OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.
 The Papal Aggression opposed.
1851. Resignation of the Russell Ministry Feb. 22. Restored March 3.
 THE CRYSTAL PALACE EXHIBITION.
 Kaffir war breaks out. Closed in '53.
 Gold discovered in Australia.
 MacClure in the *Investigator* discovers the North-West Passage. It is found in '59 that Franklin had anticipated him by five years.
 The Submarine Cable laid between Dover and Calais, linking ancient foes.
1852. Feb.—The *First Derby Ministry* formed.
 The Second Burmese War.
 Submarine Cable laid between Holyhead and Kingstown.
 Sept. 14.—DEATH OF WELLINGTON.
 Dec. —The *Aberdeen Ministry* formed.

THE RUSSIAN WAR.

1853. July 2.—*The Russians cross the Pruth.* War with Turkey.
 20.—British fleet in the Bosphorus.
 —Massacre of Sinope.
 —The French and English fleets enter the Black Sea.
 —*Declaration of War* against Russia.
 —June 23.—Siege of Silistria.
 —*Odessa* bombarded.
 9-16.—Siege of Bomarsund.

- A.D.
1854. Sept. 14.—The French and English armies land in the Crimea.
 Sept. 20.—BATTLE OF THE ALMA.
 Oct. 17.—Cannon open on Sebastopol.
 Oct. 25.—BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA.
 Nov. 5.—BATTLE OF INKERMANN.
 Nov. 14.—Terrific storm in the Crimea.
1855. Jan. 26.—The Sardinian Alliance.
 Jan. 29.—Roebuck's Committee appointed.
 Jan. 31.—Aberdeen resigns.
 Feb. 5.—The First Palmerston Ministry formed.
 March 2.—Death of Czar Nicholas.
 April 9.—Second bombardment of Sebastopol.
 May 23.—Expedition to the Sea of Azof sets out.
 June 8.—Mamelon, Quarries, and White Works stormed.
 June 18.—Allies repulsed at the Malakoff and the Redan.
 June 23.—Death of Lord Raglan.
 Aug. 9-11.—Sevaborg bombarded.
 Aug. 16.—Battle of the Tchernaya.
 Sept. 8.—THE FRENCH CARRY THE MALAKOFF—THE BRITISH ARE REPULSED AT THE REDAN.
 Sept. 9.—The Russians evacuate the southern or greater part of Sebastopol.
 Nov. 25.—Kars, defended by Williams, is obliged to surrender.
1856. Mar. 30.—Treaty of Peace signed at Paris.
 The Second Chinese War begins—Canton shelled.
 War also in Persia.

THE INDIAN MUTINY.

1857. May 10.—Outbreak at Meerut.
 May 12.—Sepoys seize Delhi.
 May 31.—Outbreak in Oude.
 June 4.—British (not three thousand in number) begin the siege of Delhi.
 Residency of Lucknow besieged by the Sepoys.
 June 27.—Massacre at Cawnpore.
 July 4.—Sir Henry Lawrence dies at Lucknow.
 July 25.—Havelock sets out to relieve Lucknow—obtains many victories—
 but has to return to Cawnpore.
 Sept. 20.—Capture of Delhi by Archdale Wilson.
 Sept. 23.—Havelock and Outram succeed in reaching Lucknow, but are them-
 selves besieged there.
 Nov. 5.—Colin Campbell leaves Cawnpore.
 Nov. 17.—Enters the Presidency of Lucknow and saves the garrison.
- The Chinese War continues.
 Dec. 8.—Canton bombarded. Yeh taken soon afterwards.
 Commercial panic. The Western Bank of Scotland breaks.
1858. Mar. 1.—The Second Derby Ministry formed.
 June 26.—The Treaty of Tien-sin.
 July 26.—Baron Rothschild, a Jew, takes his seat for the City of London.
 Aug. 8.—The India Bill, introduced March 26, receives the royal assent.

A.D.

1858. *The Atlantic Cable* successfully laid. But it soon ceases to act.
1859. Feb. 26.—The Armstrong gun introduced into our artillery service.
 April 29.—Italian War begins. Austrians cross the Ticino.
 June. —The *Second Palmerston Ministry* formed.
 July 11.—Peace of Villa Franca.
 Sept. 21.—The *Fox* (Capt. M'Clintock) returns with sad news of the Franklin Expedition.
1860. May 11.—Garibaldi lands in Sicily.
 Third Chinese War. Oct. 12.—Pekin entered by a French and English force.
 Oct. 24.—A Convention signed.
 Nov. 3.—Having established the kingdom of Italy, Garibaldi retires to Caprera.
1861. Jan. 9.—The American Civil War begins.
 April 8.—The Census taken. (See page 563.)
 Repeal of the *Paper Duty*.
 June. —Death of the Australian explorers, Burke and Wills.
 Nov. 8.—Mason and Slidell taken out of the *Trent* by Wilkes of the *San Jacinto*.
 Dec. 14.—PRINCE ALBERT DIES, AGED FORTY-TWO.
1862. Jan. 29.—Mason and Slidell, being liberated, arrive in England.
 March 9.—Duel between the Iron-clads *Merrimac* and *Monitor* off the mouth of James River in America.
 May 1.—*The International Exhibition* at London opened.
 May 5.—The Revised Code of Public Instruction passes.
 June 17.—*Earl Canning* dies.
 August. —Garibaldi wounded at Aspromonte.
Cotton Famine in Lancashire lasts through the winter.
1863. Mar. 10.—MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.
 April 18.—Sir G. C. Lewis dies.
 Aug. 14.—Death of Lord Clyde, aged seventy-one.
 Aug. 15.—Bombardment of Kagosima in Japan by a British Admiral.
 Nov. 20.—Death of Lord Elgin.
 Dec. 24.—Death of the novelist Thackeray.

BOOK IV.

HISTORY OF OUR INDIAN AND COLONIAL EMPIRE.

CHAPTER I.

INDIA.

	A.D.		A.D.
East India Company formed.....	1599	Conquest of Mysore.....	1799
First factory at Surat.....	1613	The Deab and Guzerat taken.....	1808
Fort St. George founded (Madras).....	1639	Final subjugation of Ceylon.....	1815
Bombay acquired.....	1662	Singapore and Malacca acquired.....	1824
Fort St. David founded.....	1691	Aracan and Tennasserim taken.....	1826
English factory at Calcutta.....	1698	Annexation of Sindé.....	1843
Bengal made a Presidency.....	1707	Annexation of the Panjaub.....	1849
Clive erects Fort William.....	1757	Pegu taken.....	1852
The British take Pondicherry.....	1761	Nagpore annexed.....	1854
Final subjugation of Bengal, Orissa, and		Oude annexed.....	1856
Bahar.....	1766	Extinction of the Company.....	1858
Purchase of Penang, and Province Wellesley	1786		

Physical Description.—Two huge peninsulas, jutting southward from the great central mass of Asia, have long borne the name of India or the Indies. The words Indus—Hindustan—Sinde—all remind us of a Persian root, which means black. In these two peninsulas, especially in the western wedge, which cleaves the Indian Ocean with a broad triangle, Asiatic history has chiefly been transacted. For here exist those natural conditions, which fit a country to be the permanent abode of a great and prosperous nation.

A couple of triangles, laid base to base, may represent the general contour of Hindu-land. Washed on two sides by a sea thick with coral reefs, and all alive with fish of brilliant colours and a thousand forms, the plateau of the Deccan projects southward in isosceles form, walled along its shores by the mighty Ghauts, and severed from the continental mass by the Vindhya range, stretching almost from sea to sea. When towards the narrowing point the Ghauts intermingle and soar to their greatest height, they are known as the Neilgherries, the central knot of the great kingdom of Mysore. Lying on the Vindhya, which thus serves as a common base, is a second triangle, right-angled, of unequal sides, whose vertex is marked by the mountain-knot, called Hindu-Koosh. Its shorter side is formed by the branching Indus; its longer by the colossal granite wall, which lifts its snowy peaks almost five miles above the sea to a region of thin cold air, where earthly life has never been. The northern triangle, thus inclosed, contains the basin of the Ganges, and in the west the great Indian desert.

India may well be called "rich in rivers." The great currents of Ganges, Brahmapoutra, and Indus—the five streams, which penetrate the Eastern Ghauts—the two parallel rivers, which drain the centre and empty its surplus water into the Gulf of Cambay—form a river-system, to which, in point of size, fertilizing power, and commercial importance, that of China alone is superior in the Old World. And when, rounding the northern point of the Bay of Bengal and passing south-eastward towards Burmah, we trace the shore, we come quickly on the mouths of two gigantic rivers, rolling abreast with straight impetuous current into the Gulf of Martaban.

The tropical sun, beating fiercely on these extensive regions, develops and intensifies the qualities of animals and plants in a thousand ways. There, exist varieties of life in countless forms. There, glows in bird and blossom the brightest colouring of plumage and of petal. There, through the thick jungle steals the lithe striped tiger—fiercest of beasts—almost noiseless until he dashes with a bound and a roar upon his prey; and there too, lumbers over crashing twigs the elephant, hugest of the quadruped kind. The deadliest venom and the most beautiful hues may be found among the serpents of India. From the slopes and valleys of the enormous hot-bed spring groves of teak and plantain, palm and mango, pepper, betel, and a countless host of useful trees, whose wood or nut or leaf or fruit supplies some pressing want or feeds some luxurious appetite of man. The cloven poppyheads give to Britain a soothing medicine, to China a suicidal drug. The soaked stalks of the Indigo plant yield their dark-blue dye for the fleeces of our sheep. Her rice-fields pour out heaps of their glittering hail: her cotton-districts, bales of their vegetable snow. From below, the rocky crust gives up its richly veined marbles and precious gems. The diamonds of Golconda and the milky pearls of Ceylon decorate the beauty of our Western Courts, as with fragments smitten from the radiance of sun and moon. And so kindly has Nature graduated and diversified the surface of the land, that men, used to a milder northern sky, can live and thrive under the tropic sun, enjoying the boundless wealth it gives, and by climbing half-way the stately mountains that guard the coast on every side, can even, when home-sick for the foliage of their native land, find the verdure of oak and beech and pine, shadowing the strawberry and the cowslip. Nay more, the Iclander could find a place to dwell, high on the Himalayas, where the moss and lichen of his native snow would not be wanting and where a few yards would lift him to the regions of everlasting frost. On this brimming wealth of animal and vegetable life, this variety of surface and of climate, the value of India as an appendage to a distant European kingdom mainly depends. Merely as a territorial boast, we should hardly care to claim property over India, if India were a barren scorching flat, where our friends would surely die and whence we could not hope to draw material for our industry to labour on at home.

The cities of this vast region are many and splendid. They swarm especially in the basin of the Ganges. Calcutta on the Hooghly, standing in the

centre of an alluvial plain, green with rice-fields and dark with jungle; Madras, rising from a line of raging surf up the slope of terraced hills; Bombay, rejoicing in its insular site and its splendid haven; Lucknow and Delhi, lifting their blood-stained walls above waters tributary to the Ganges; Benares on that sacred flood, a holy place filled with beggars and with bankers—are among the principal cities of this great British territory.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF INDIA.

The population of India has been formed, like that of every extensive country, by successive layers, which gradually either blended entirely or grew together without losing their identity. Still in many parts of the country ferrymen and porters may be found, who do the drudgery of the ordinary Hindu or the imperious Briton and who still preserve the distinctive traces of an aboriginal race.

The great Sanscrit poems called *Vedas* tell us, how about 1200 B.C. there came from the icy regions of the North-west a fair-skinned people—the *Aryans*—who settled on the banks of the Indus. There they talked Sanscrit—hunted the lion—fed their flocks—and clustered their huts together into villages. They worshipped many gods, among whom Vishnu was chief; and intrusted the conduct of their religious rites to an order of priests called Brahmins. Pushing towards the Ganges in course of time by way of the Jumna and the Goomtee, the Aryans established themselves in the most fertile district of all; and there the Brahmins, overthrowing a rival priesthood, grew very powerful and assumed preëminence over all the other castes, which had now taken a definite shape.

Some five centuries before the Christian Era a rival system—*Booddhism*—arose to confront and check the encroachments of the Brahmins, and for more than a thousand years it was supreme in Hindustan. Its decline and expulsion from the peninsula do not belong to my present subject. In China and Tibet it still holds its head-quarters, influencing also many neighbouring countries.

The mythic invasions of India by Sesostri and Bacchus may be simply named. The attacks of the Scythians and the Persians under Hystaspes belong to history. But better known than these is the celebrated march of the Macedonian Alexander, who crossed the Indus at Attock in 327 B.C., beat Porus at the Jhelum, crossed the Punjaub to the Beas, and then, turned aside by mutiny, traced the Indus to the sea.

The sworded apostles of the Koran, after conquering Persia, pushed their approaches nearer and nearer to India by way of Cabul. In the eighth century of the Christian Era Cassim invaded Sindh. But the first great invasion took place in 1001; after which Mahmud dashed again and again out of Ghuznee, until in 1022 he annexed the Punjaub to his empire. About 1206 Kootub, who had risen from the position of a slave to be lieutenant of the sovereign ruling at Ghuznee and Lahore, ascended yet higher and became the first Mahometan Emperor of Delhi.

Down from the huge table-land of Tartary, a fierce and hardy shepherd-race, known as the Moguls or Mongols, now began to push south and east, slaying whole nations and piling pyramids of human heads to the affrighted sky. The two names of Tchengis Khan and Timur rise in blood-stained prominence out of this horrid period of Asiatic history. Descended from both, Baber, the first Mogul Emperor of India, stepped in 1526 to a throne at Delhi, which had been raised upon the graves of many million people.

What Elizabeth and her statesmen were doing in Western Europe during the latter half of the sixteenth century, Akbar (1556-1605), her great contemporary in the far East, was doing by the Jumna. Excelling as a lawgiver, a financier, and a soldier, he ruled his subjects with a wise control, directed the collection and expenditure of a yearly revenue not less than five and twenty millions, and swept victorious from the Himalayas to the Vindhya, shaking even the power of the Deccan. Before his reign began, the Europeans had come in many ships to India: and with him the earlier history of India ought to end. But the decline of the Mogul empire saw two names round which a lustre, somewhat faded, clings—Shah Jehan, the builder of the *Taj Mahal*, who beautified Delhi with red granite and white marble, and the youngest of his four sons, Aurungzebe, who completed the conquest of the Deccan and died in 1707. The remainder of the scene in native history presents a confused picture of sons struggling for power over the dead bodies of their fathers, and ever growing baser and feebler as the years go by.

Two great nations, which have given the conquering Britons most trouble to subdue, rose into distinct prominence during the reign of Aurungzebe. The one was the Seikhs, a Hindu sect, bitterly opposed to Mahometanism, and tracing its origin from the preachings of Nanuk in the reign of Baber; the other, the Mahrattas, a tribe of mountaineers in Southern and Western India, moulded and consolidated into empire by the famous Shivajee. Between the latter and the Afghans arose a great struggle for supremacy, terminating in the defeat of the Mahrattas by Ahmed the Afghan King on the plains of Paniput in 1761.

EUROPEAN SETTLEMENTS IN INDIA.

Midway in November 1497 the notes of many trumpets ringing over the billows of the South Atlantic proclaimed the triumph of the Portuguese seaman Vasco di Gama, who had just rounded the Cape of Good Hope. Four months ago he had left Lisbon; in six months more he stood on the shore of Hindustan at the city of Calicut.

This successful voyage set the current of Portuguese enterprise flowing towards the distant shores of India, and many settlements were formed there. But it was not the destiny of Portugal to found an empire in India. Under many governors, of whom Albuquerque was chief, these earliest settlers strove to extend their dominion, concentrating their power at Goa and Malacca. The Dutch however came about 1600 into the Indian sea.

Scattering their forts and factories upon all the important islands near India, they expelled the Portuguese from Ceylon and nearly every other place of note, reducing the power of Vasco's countrymen to a mere shadow of what it had been.

Through the icy ocean round the pole English seamen had vainly endeavoured to find both a north-eastern and a north-western passage to India. Willoughby perished in the trial; Frobisher came back baffled and frozen. Drake indeed, as I have elsewhere narrated, made his way round Cape Horn, and passed not far from India as he sailed from the Moluccas to the Cape of Good Hope. And two travellers, Newberry and Fitch, starting in 1583, made an overland journey to India, which one at least of them explored, narrating his adventures and the world of splendid wonders he saw there. **1591**
But the voyage of Captain Lancaster, who left Plymouth in April **1591** A.D., followed the track of Vasco round the Cape, and reached Comorin in May 1592, may be considered as the opening of English history in India.

The celebrated East India Company sprang from an association formed in 1599, by which £30,000 were subscribed to send three merchantmen out to India. Expanding in the following year to an undertaking on a grander scale, the "Governor and Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies," got a Charter for fifteen years from Queen Elizabeth, and spent more than £75,000 in ships, bullion, and goods. Surat, where a factory was founded in 1613, was the earliest centre of their mercantile operations. The power of life and death over their servants and the power of making peace and war with the Hindu nations were important steps gained by the Company during the seventeenth century.

The grant of a piece of land near the old fort of Armegon on the Coromandel shore supplied in 1639 a site for Fort George, round which the city of *Madras* has since grown.

The marriage of Charles II. with a Portuguese princess added the island of *Bombay* to our possessions in the East (1662).

Fort St. David (Tegnapatam near Pondicherry) was bought by the British from the natives in 1691.

And, having received a grant of Calcutta and other towns, British settlers began to erect Fort William, round which grew a city, which was raised to the rank of a presidency in 1707.

There were two East India Companies in England during the latter part of the seventeenth century; but in 1702 these were blended under the title of the "United Company."

But more ominous and hurtful than a rival British association was the French East India Company, which was formed by the exertions of Colbert in 1664. Establishing a central station at Pondicherry, with smaller settlements at Mahé, Carical, and Chandernagore in Bengal, the French made good their footing on the Indian peninsula; and soon assumed an attitude decidedly

hostile to British interests in the East. Not however until the war of Dettingen and Fontenoy did the actual clash of great conflict begin.

Labourdonnais, the French Governor of Mauritius, sailing to India in 1746, opened such a fire on Madras as speedily reduced it to submission. He then agreed to restore it on payment of a ransom. But his success had filled the ambitious soul of Dupleix, Governor of Pondicherry, with dreams of empire, based on the *non*-restoration of Madras to the British; and this cunning clever dreamer so vexed and thwarted Labourdonnais, that he went away home. Dupleix then refused to give up Madras and exposed the British residents to most insulting treatment. His attempt to capture Fort St. David was frustrated by the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, which also compelled him to restore Madras.

A double disputed succession soon however enabled him to begin his ambitious intrigues anew. Supporting the claims of Mirzapha Jung, who sought to be Viceroy of the Deccan, and Chunda Sahib, who contested the Nabobship of the Carnatic, a position subordinate to the former, Dupleix raised these pretenders to power in the hope of ruling all Southern India through them. The English espoused the cause of Mohammed Ali, the true Nabob of the Carnatic, who was besieged in Trichinopoly by his rival and the French. Dupleix, thus, as he imagined, on the high road to empire in India, was suddenly checked and baffled by the military genius of a young Englishman named Robert Clive, who had proved so unmanageable at home in Shropshire, that he had been shipped off at eighteen "to make a fortune or die of a fever at Madras." Fitted rather for the field of war than for the merchant's desk, Clive saw that everything hinged upon the relief of Trichinopoly, and he accordingly made a diversion by rushing suddenly with five hundred men upon Arcot. His success drew the strength of the enemy round this centre of the Carnatic; and there he endured a siege of fifty days, with patience so remarkable, wisdom so mature, and skill so triumphant, that the besiegers were driven from the crazy ramparts by the sheer force of one man's genius. The turned tide then swept strongly backwards. The British soon held the Carnatic. A second siege of Trichinopoly by the French and their Hindu allies availed nothing. And, when Count Lally came from France in 1758, a series of blunderings ensued, which resulted in the loss of Pondicherry and the consequent extinction of all the French hopes (1761).

But before this date Clive in another part of the peninsula had gained yet brighter laurels than those of the Carnatic. His enterprise added Bengal to the British territories in India. It entered the weak and muddled brain of Surajah Dowlah, the boyish Nabob of Bengal, to attack the English settlements by the Ganges in 1756. The factory at Cossimbazar first fell before him; and he then pushed on to Fort William, which, abandoned by its Governor and the commander of the troops in garrison, speedily became his prey (June 19th, 1756). The massacre, which has made the Black Hole of Calcutta a name tragic and awful in the annals of the East, then occurred.

One hundred and forty-six English prisoners were crushed into a chamber twenty feet square, with only two little gratings to admit the air. Next morning twenty-three ghastly figures staggered or were lifted barely living from the fetid den. A swift vengeance awaited the inhuman despot. Admiral Watson and Clive, now a Colonel, came burning with wrath at the head of nine hundred Europeans and fifteen hundred Sepoys. Landing at Fulta in December, Clive captured the fortress of Budge-budge, ten miles below Calcutta, and then forced his way through an intervening army to that town, which yielded almost to the first shots of Watson's cannon. The fort of Hooghly also fell. Early in 1757 Surajah Dowlah flung himself with all his might on Calcutta, but found his efforts so ineffectual that he came to terms at once. Clive and his colleague then turned on the French settlement of Chandernagore, which they took in the May of that year.

The critical and decisive hour was fast approaching. Clive became involved in some base intrigues for the dethronement of Surajah Dowlah, underhand work which led him to the dishonourable trick of forging Admiral Watson's name to a treaty. Meer Jaffier the Vizier was the most prominent in the nest of traitors round the despot of Moorshedabad, and upon his aid or opposition hinged the success of an expedition, which left Chandernagore on the 13th of June 1757.

When Clive's little army, amounting in all to only three thousand one hundred and containing not eight hundred British troops, approached the village of Plassey,¹ round which the crimson blossoms of the *pullus* tree glowed on the jungle like drops of a bloody shower, he saw huge masses of horse and foot to the number of fully sixty thousand men, encamped among the trees. On the 21st a council of war was held, at which the majority of the officers present decided against fighting. But one daring man, Major Coote, declared that now, when the troops were all on fire and no French aid had yet appeared, was the time for battle. Though Clive voted with the majority, yet, when the council was over, he went to walk and think for an hour under some neighbouring trees, and returned with the fixed resolve of crossing the river to fight without delay. Undismayed by the fire of fifty **June 23,** cannons, which were drawn by white oxen and pushed from behind **1757** by butting elephants, the British, protected by a wood and a steep **A.D.** bank, briskly replied with their field-pieces. The action, beginning at six in the morning, was confined to a double cannonade all day. Clive, whose sleep the night before had been disturbed by the drums and cymbals in the native camp, snatched an hour's rest, even with the roar of many guns in the torrid air. Many officers of the Surajah's force fell under the fire. And towards evening the forces of Meer Jaffier began to creep towards the English lines, with no hostile intention. Clive, now awake and brisk, gladly saw his opportunity, hurled his whole force upon the camp, and swept the mighty mob in rout before him. The Nabob headed the flight on a swift

¹ Plassey, a village not far south of Cossimbazar, on a branch of the Hooghly.

camel. And, when Clive came to count his loss, he found that only twenty white men and about fifty Sepoys had perished in the fight, which secured for Britain the Empire of India.

Meer Jaffier was now made Nabob of Bengal, Orissa, and Bahar; but the son of the Great Mogul, known as the *Shahzadah*, entering into alliance with the princes of Oude and Allahabad, took up arms against him and his English supporters. The fighting raged chiefly round Patna, resulting in the defeat of the native potentates. Meer Jaffier soon began to intrigue with the Dutch, who had a factory at Chinsurah; and seven large ships came from Java to the mouth of the Hooghly, wishing to ascend the river. Clive knew better than to allow this. They tried to force their way, upon which he defeated them, took their ships, and then reduced the settlers at Chinsurah to most abject submission. This and other causes led the English authorities to depose Jaffier and raise his son-in-law Meer Cossim to the position of Nabob. But with Cossim too they disagreed, defeating him at Geriah, at Patna, and finally at Buxar, where he was aided by the Great Mogul and the Nabob of Oude. (Oct. 23rd, 1764.) Clive, who had gone home to receive his peerage, now came out again, and set himself to purify and reorganize the affairs of the Company in India, where men were shaking the pagoda-tree and sacking rupees by the hundred thousand in utter disregard of honesty and moderation.

It was then that Lord Clive extorted from the puny representative of the Mogul Empire the *Dewanee* or right of collecting the revenues in Bengal, Orissa, and Bahar; an acquisition which extended the power of the British directly up to Patna, and in reality—though not in name—as far as the mighty Jumna. When Clive left India in 1767 for the last time, the abuses, which he had successfully curbed, raised their heads again, and grew even worse. The want of rain in 1770 and a consequent failure of the rice-crops reduced India to a state so miserable, that it attracted the notice of the British Parliament. Lord Clive, exposed to the microscopic inspection of a hostile committee, was impeached before the House by Burgoyne the chairman and defended himself with singular ability. The inquiry ended in favour of the conqueror of Bengal. But this availed little to cheer the spirit-broken soldier, who was obliged to eat opium that he might find a temporary relief from the maladies of mind and body that beset him in his idle time. In 1774 the founder of our Indian Empire committed suicide at the age of forty-nine.

The second of the great names associated with the foundation of our Indian Empire is the name of Warren Hastings. Descended from the Hastingses of Daylesford in Worcestershire, this eminent man grew up in the poor rectory of the parish, where his ancestors had been lords of the soil. After attending the village school he went to Westminster, whence he was shipped off (1750) at the age of seventeen to Bengal, to work at a desk in the Secretary's office. In the troubles that ensued young Hastings carried a musket in the English ranks as a volunteer under Clive. After residing for

a while at Moorshedabad as the Company's Agent he became a Member of Council at Calcutta, and after a visit to England returned as Member of Council at Madras, a post which he soon exchanged for the Governorship of Bengal (1772).

The first great changes brought round by Hastings related to the revenue. The office was transferred from Moorshedabad to Calcutta, the Company kindly relieving the Nabob from the trouble of collection.

Hastings, anxious to make large remittances to the Company at home, hired out British troops to the Nabob Vizier of Oude, who wanted to subdue the fair-skinned Afghans of Rohilcund. For this ignoble service Hastings received £400,000. The districts of Korah and Allahabad, placed under English protection, were sold by Hastings to the same despot. The *Regulating Act*, passed by the North Ministry in 1773, appointed Hastings Governor-General of India and appointed also four Councillors to aid him in the discharge of his duties. One of these Councillors was Philip Francis, the supposed author of the *Junius' Letters*. Sir Elijah Impey, an old schoolfellow of Hastings at Westminster, came out at the same time as Chief-Justice. From the first Francis, aided by two other of the Councillors, set himself to thwart Hastings, and a Brahman, named Nuncomar, came forward with a long string of accusations against the Governor-General. I cannot enter into the details of the struggle. Nuncomar was disposed of in 1776 by being hanged for forgery; and in spite of all his enemies in India and at home could do, Hastings held his high position, and, when his term of five years had expired, was reelected for five more.

During all these years of English aggrandizement under Clive and Hastings a soldier of fortune had been climbing to the throne of Mysore, a rich and temperate plateau, lifted by the Neilgherries between the two seas that wash the tongue-shaped point of the Indian Peninsula. The father of Hyder Ali was a poor officer of foot, whose ancestors had been beggars in the Punjaub. Reared himself, as his father had been, by charity, he became a leader of guerillas in the service of Nunjeraj, the Sovereign of Mysore. By thieving and fraud he collected wealth and soldiers, and then by playing off his accomplice Kunde Row against his employer Nunjeraj, he secured the one in an iron cage and deposed the other from the throne he aimed at filling. The formidable Mahrattas, who came originally from the gorges of the Western Ghauts, oversaw Mysore, placing Hyder's position in peril of overthrow. Hyder thought the English at Madras should have aided him in this crisis. Instead of doing so they took the French fortress of Mahé in Malabar, over which he claimed some right of prior conquest. Hyder in a great rage assembled an army of nearly a hundred thousand men, and descended on the Carnatic, pushing his approaches so near Madras that the night-sky, reddened with flame, appalled the gazers who thronged the summit of Mount St. Thomas. While trying to join Sir Hector Munro at Conjeveram, Colonel Baillie was attacked by Tippoo Sahib, Hyder's son,

whom he beat off ; but within sight of the spires of the rendezvous he was set on by the whole force of Mysore, and was obliged owing to the explosion of two powder-waggons to surrender at discretion. This disaster was followed by the fall of Arcot, which Hyder Ali took, Nov. 3, 1780.

When the news of these things reached Bengal, Hastings sent General Sir Eyre Coote, the veteran whose advice had led Clive to fight at Plassey, to undertake the management of the mismanaged war. Finding only seven thousand men, and of these only seventeen hundred Europeans, Coote nevertheless resolved to face the foe at once. Advancing in a "movable column," which bore its supplies within itself, he encountered Hyder at Porto Novo near Cuddalore and defeated the guerilla of Mysore so suddenly and completely that flight alone could save him. At Polilloor and Sholinghur Coote was also victorious. The arrival of French aid under Suffrein and Bussy appeared for a time to turn the scale against the English ; but death smote Hyder down in 1782 : peace was made between England and France ; and Tippoo found it necessary to follow the example of his distant ally by making peace with his distant foe.

Two transactions especially left a stain on Hastings' administration, and exposed him to the fiery eloquence of Burke and Sheridan. These were his treatment of Benares and his dealings with the Begums of Oude. In his urgent want of money Hastings demanded from Cheyte Singh, Zemindar of Benares, a supply in addition to the ordinary tribute, which was regularly paid. Several times the Rajah yielded to this demand : but a request that he should support a body of British cavalry met with some show of objection. Hastings came to Benares in person and arrested the recusant in his own city. It was going rather far. The mob of Benares rose, slew the sepoy, afforded the captive a chance of escape, and besieged Hastings in his temporary lodging. Letters, rolled into thin cylinders and passed through that hole in the lobe of the ear, where natives generally hung their ear-rings, conveyed the tidings of his danger to Calcutta ; and then a force came swiftly to his rescue. Hastings, who got little or no money from Benares, turned then to Oude. Demanding from the Nabob there immediate payment of a debt due to the Company, he was met by a request that Oude should be relieved from the expense of keeping up a British force. There seemed no way out of this difficulty but, as Macaulay puts it, the robbery of some third party. The Princesses of Oude, of whom one was the Nabob's own mother, were selected for this purpose. They were confined to their palace at Fyzabad and nearly starved : their servants suffered torture : their wealth was squeezed out to the last drop : and then they were set free. Upon such things as these and the Rohilla war was founded that trial of Hastings, which I have briefly narrated in the body of this work. Yet we must not look upon his government as entirely oppressive, or even chiefly so. He had some good ideas about the relations of the British to the native Hindus, which led him to advocate the study of the Hindu tongues by all Englishmen settling in the land. Under his auspices

was founded the Mahometan College of Calcutta, and during his administration the Asiatic Society had birth. It may be noted also that the Board of Control, a department of the Government, which dealt with the affairs of India in connection with the Company, was first formed during his tenure of office.

Hastings came home in 1785. What followed we know. Behind remained the Tiger of Mysore, Tippoo Sahib, as formidable to the European settlers as his great father had ever been. By victories won over the combined forces of the Mahrattas and the Nizam, he acquired such military renown as entitled him in his own opinion to descend with violence on Calicut and Travancore. The latter, guarded well by mountains, was also defended by a wall, in forcing which he met at first with a great disaster and repulse. But in 1790 he succeeded in levelling the feeble barrier.

While he was engaged in these enterprises, Lord Cornwallis came from England (1786) to take the place of Hastings, with the hope of wiping out under other stars the humiliation he had lately endured at York Town in America. It is he whom we meet a little later crushing the Irish Rebellion. Employed at first in financial and territorial arrangements, Cornwallis resolved in 1790 on war, and as a necessary preliminary formed alliances with the Mahrattas and the Nizam. That year was spent to little purpose by General Medows in trying to enter Mysore from the south through the passes of the Ghauts. The fort of Palgaut fell on the 21st of September. In 1791 Cornwallis, coming to Madras, undertook in person the invasion of Mysore, and by a sudden turn, which brought him to an unguarded pass, pressed through one of the mountain-gates of the plateau. On the 5th of March he arrived before the strong fortress of Bangalore, whose defences yielded to a moonlight attack on the night of the 21st. Then arrived the Nizam's Contingent in the shape of a hungry mob, fit for nothing but the consumption of supplies. Cornwallis could well have spared their presence, for the want of food and sufficient means of transport obliged him, after driving Tippoo back on Seringapatam, to make good his own retreat for a time. The coming of the Mahratta army, which was accompanied by sellers of grain, brought him relief and new courage. Having amused and practised his troops by the capture of some fortified rocks, called *droogs*, Cornwallis moved early in 1792 towards Seringapatam. The Nizam's force hung with a dead weight upon his march: the Mahrattas, true to their predatory instincts, swept the rice-fields in destructive clouds. The English leader got little help from either. Yet his very appearance at Seringapatam, especially after his troops had made their footing good on the island of the Cauvery, frightened the Tiger into crouching submission and the surrender of half the realm of Mysore. The Allies selected what pleased them best of this easily won spoil.

The administration of Sir John Shore—afterwards Lord Teignmouth (1793-98)—though peaceable on the whole, witnessed a squabble between the Mahratta princes and the Nizam, and also a good deal of trouble in Oude.

The Charter of the Company was renewed in 1793 for a period of twenty years.

Then (1798) came out to India an impetuous and daring man—Lord Mornington or Marquis Wellesley—who made no delay in declaring war against Tippoo, for that restless and ambitious man had begun to intrigue deeply with the French. The army of invasion amounted to more than eighteen thousand fighting men, of whom above five thousand were Europeans. They had with them one hundred and four cannon. The Nizam supplied sixteen thousand men, and General Stuart was marching from Malabar with six thousand four hundred veterans. Tippoo saw that the crisis was desperate. He tried to scatter the force of Stuart but failed. He also failed in his attempt to check the march of General Harris at Malavilly—March 27th, 1799. Right on towards Seringapatam swept the invading army, bent upon striking to the very heart of Mysore.

The siege began on the 5th of April. Work after work fell before the investing troops. And, after a breach one hundred feet wide had been made, the assault took place on the 4th of May under the direction of **May 4, General Baird**. In seven minutes the British flag floated out from **1799** the surmounted breach, and the stormers, spreading right and left, **A.D.** completed the capture of the city. For a time Tippoo could not be found. He was not in the palace, and had been last seen with a musket in his hands, loading and firing like a common soldier. Careful search discovered his palanquin and then himself, gashed and pierced with many wounds, the last and mortal stroke being a bullet in the head from the barrel of a soldier, who wanted to tear off his jewelled sword-belt. The government of the conquered city was intrusted to Colonel Arthur Wellesley, who had distinguished himself greatly during the operations of the siege. Thus fell the great Mahometan kingdom of Mysore. The Company retained "the coast of Canara, the district of Coimbatore, the passes of the Ghauts, and Seringapatam," possessions which gave them the coast-line and a direct hold upon the centre of the southern plateau.

Lord Wellesley invented a plan, by which he hoped to put a stop to international war in India. It consisted in placing round native thrones a subsidiary British force. Civil war among the Mahratta princes seemed to favour the execution of this design; and the Treaty of Bassein (Dec. 31, 1802) was formed on the ground, that the *Peshwa* or head of the Mahratta power was willing to receive such a force. There were however other princes unwilling to be so related to the British rulers. These were Scindia, whose sway extended over Bundelcund, Delhi, Agra, and Rajapootana—Holkar, whose capital was Indore—and the Rajah of Berar. These three meditated war.

Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley, having entered Poonah, the Mahratta capital, restored the Peshwa, and then, tired of Scindia's temporizing, marched on Ahmednugger, which fell on the 12th of August 1803. Soon afterwards, while moving to effect a junction with Colonel Stevenson, who guarded

the Nizam's frontier, this great soldier came unexpectedly upon the foe at Assaye, and, although his troops were but a handful in comparison with the huge force of thirty-eight thousand horse, eighteen thousand foot, and one hundred guns, that blocked the way, he at once resolved to attack the monster army. Victory crowned his daring. Our foot bravely faced the withering fire. In a cavalry combat our horse scattered the innumerable clouds of Mahrattas. And even when Asiatic cunning tried its wiles, when hundreds fell as if dead till the chase had swept by, and then rising turned the fire of the captured-guns upon the backs of the pursuers, such devices were of no avail. Wellesley remained victor on a field, whose moral effect in cowing the Mahratta spirit was incalculable. Despatching Colonel Stevenson to capture Burhanpoor and Asseerghur, Wellesley then moved to Berar, where at Argaom he defeated the Rajah, supported by Scindia's cavalry. The strong hill-fort of Gawilghur was also taken.

The basin of the Jumna was another theatre of strife. General Lake, moving from Cawnpore on the 7th of August, faced another army of Scindia, drilled by French officers. The depôt of Alighur was taken. Before Delhi lay a force of nineteen thousand, to which Lake could oppose but four thousand five hundred. The stratagem of a feigned retreat scattered the Mahratta force in pursuit, rendering them an easy prey to the British returning with a sudden charge. When Lake entered Delhi, he found there an old man, deprived of sight and sitting on a ragged carpet. To such shadow of imperial state had time and Mahratta cruelty brought the descendant of the Great Mogul! The capitulation of Agra, whose rich hoards became the prize-money of the victors, and a stern struggle at Laswarree, where Lake, at first with horse alone and then with horse and foot, could scarcely beat a flying force of the Mahrattas, completed the humiliation of Scindia. Thus doubly beaten, by Wellesley and by Lake, he sued for peace, and made a Treaty (Dec. 30th, 1803) which yielded the Doab, Baroach, and maritime Guzerat, besides making concessions by which the *Peshwa* and the *Nizam* profited.

Holkar, then growing insolent, made war. Colonel Monson, who was left by Lake to watch him at Rampoor, foolishly undertook a retreat to Agra, which almost ended in disaster. While the cavalry of Holkar occupied the attention of General Lake, his foot invested Delhi, from which however they were repelled. At the fortress of Deeg Fraser gained a victory in spite of a resurrection similar to that of Assaye. And then the great body of Mahratta horse was scattered at Furruckabad by Lake (Nov. 17). Deeg first, and then Bhurtpore became the refuge of the beaten natives. The defence of this place, considering that it had only a mud-wall and a deep ditch to guard it, was wonderfully good. Four times the British assaulted its defences, and more than three thousand lives were lost to them, before the town yielded. At this crisis Wellesley was recalled; and Cornwallis came out again—to die. This event took place at Gazipoor on the Ganges (July 30, 1805). Under the

next Governor-General, Sir George Barlow, a pacific policy prevailed. Terms were made with Scindia, who obtained the fortress of Gwalior and consented to regard the Chumbul as the limit of his territory towards the south-east ; and even Holkar found it not difficult to make a peace.

Some injudicious alterations in the fashion of the sepoy-turban led to a mutiny in 1806 at Vellore : more than one hundred Europeans were killed, and it cost the blood of several hundred sepoys to quench the flame. Lord Minto was then placed at the head of Indian affairs (1807) : during his six years of rule little of importance happened. He was succeeded in 1813 by Lord Moira, afterward the Marquis of Hastings, under whom the chief events at first were the Nepaulese War and the reduction of Ceylon.

The Ghoorkhas of Nepal, which stretched in a succession of gorge and ridge along the southern slope of the Himalayas, encroached so much on the British possessions, that war was declared against them. A failure of Gillespie at Kalanga led to the protraction of the war, which ended however after some insincere lulls in the submission of the mountaineers. Kumaon and Gurwhal were kept as signs of their defeat.

CEYLON.—It was under Hastings that we obtained complete possession of Ceylon. This beautiful tropic island, whose oval ring measures nearly three hundred miles in diameter, whose groves of cinnamon and clumps of cocoa-nut afford cover to the peacock and food to the elephant, whose oysters bear the milky pearl, whose rice and coffee we use at home, and whose wonderful wealth of life, animal and vegetable, makes the simple story of it read like some tale of Fairyland, lay long in the hands of the Dutch, from whom we took the sea-coast regions in 1796. Earlier we had wrested Trincomalee from the French. The atrocity of a native King, who held his court at Kandy in the centre of the island, led to our interference and his expulsion in 1815, since which time it has been a crown colony—not at any time, like the Peninsula, under the Company's rule.

While the British troops were engaged in hunting to extirpation the Pindarees, a cluster of robber-tribes that infested the hills of Central India, a second Mahratta war broke out. The Pindaree war, beginning in 1816, ended with the death of the chief Cheetoo, who was killed by a tiger, it is thought, in 1818. The Mahratta *Peshwa*, influenced by evil counsels chiming in with his native treachery, attacked the British force quartered at Poonah. Failure led to his flight, and, after being hunted through the Deccan, he was taken by Sir John Malcolm, who pensioned him off at Bithoor, while British troops occupied his dominion. At Nagpore a treacherous Regent, who had already embroiled the British force in war, was arrested, and the country taken under British protection on behalf of the young King. In the territory of Holkar round Indore there was fighting too, for the Mahrattas and the Pindarees had united to oppose the introduction of subsidiary troops into the Rajpoot states. A battle, won by Hialop and Malcolm, brought round a treaty, by which much of Holkar's territory came into possession of the British.

The First Burmese War.—It was under Lord Amherst, who became Governor-General in 1823, that the first Burmese war occurred. Disputes about the boundary-line provoked the Court of Ava to insolence, which the British authorities punished by war. Assam was taken. And then a force under Sir Archibald Campbell went in May 1824 to the mouths of the Irrawaddy, and captured the city of Rangoon. Their march up the river was impeded by stockades of teakwood and bamboo, which the Burmese defended with the tenacity and fierceness of wild cats; but the British bayonet forced its resistless way on to Yandaboo, within sixty miles of Ava. There in 1826 a Treaty was signed, by which we came to number Aracan¹ and Tennasserim² among our possessions.

The capture of Bhurtpore, whose mud-walls were undermined and blown up by Lord Combermere in January 1826, exercised a wholesome influence in silencing and frightening the enemies of the British in India.

When Lord Amherst returned to Europe in 1828, he was replaced by Lord William Bentinck, whose administration lasted until 1835. Bentinck's victories were chiefly of the peaceful kind. The annexation of Mysore and the conquest of Coorg gave some work to the authorities at Madras, while he by the Ganges was reducing salaries, establishing courts and colleges, abolishing the dreadful fashion of *suttee*, which committed a widow to the fire that consumed her dead husband, and organizing measures for ridding India of the murderous fanatics called *Thugs*.

The Afghan War.—Under Lord Auckland, successor of Bentinck, the Afghan war broke out. There was in Afghanistan a fight for the throne between Shah Soojah and Dost Mohammed. The latter prevailed; the former hid himself under the wing of the British power. Aware that Russia had influence over Persia, and more than suspicious that the same gigantic power was intriguing at Cabul, the British, having first refused to aid Dost Mohammed in recovering Peshawur from the Seikhs, took up the cause of Shah Soojah, and advanced into Afghanistan to replace him on the throne. The army amounted to nineteen thousand three hundred and fifty men under Sir John Keane; and the march on Candahar was directed **1839** northward through the passes in the mountains that line the western A.D. bank of the Indus. On the 4th of May the British entered Candahar, from which the Afghan chiefs had fled. On the 23rd of July the gate of Ghuznee was blown open with gunpowder and the city taken with a rush. Dost Mohammed fled from Cabul, into which the British marched unhindered; and then Shah Soojah was enthroned, the land being apparently conquered.

¹ *Aracan* or *Rakhais* stretches for about two hundred and thirty miles along the eastern shore of the Bay of Bengal, south of Chittagong. It is principally a strip of hot, moist, unhealthy but very fertile valley-land. A range of mountains separates it from the Burmese Empire.

² *Tennasserim* runs in a long tongue-like strip of fertile land from the mouth of the Salween to the narrowest part of the Malayan isthmus. It is separated by mountains from Siam. Coal, iron, and numerous other valuable minerals make it a place whose commercial future may be prosperous. It forms a province in the Government of Penang.

A simmering of warlike spirit however manifested itself in various quarters, especially round Kelat and in the mountain country of the Ghilzies between Candahar and Cabul. The surrender of Dost Mohammed however, who placed his sword in the hands of Sir William Macnaughtan, the British Envoy, seemed to betoken the end of trouble. It proved far otherwise. The

Nov. 2, house of Sir Alexander Burnes at Cabul was beset by Afghans, and
1841 stained with the blood of massacre. The British force under feeble
A.D. old Elphinstone was divided between the Bala Hissar or citadel, and
a low cantonment two miles off. The misery and peril of the be-

leaguered Europeans grew daily worse, reaching its crisis when Akbar, son of the Dost, came in person to direct the Afghan operations. Trusting to the honour of Asiatics, whom he should have known better, Macnaughtan met Akbar in conference, and was shot dead by the treacherous hand of that chief, who permitted his body to be mangled and his head exposed in the great bazaar (Dec. 23). A little later—Jan. 6—began that fatal march through the Koord Cabul to Jeelabad, which left a track of ghastly crimson on the winter-snow. Of sixteen thousand five hundred human beings, who began the retreat, about seventy were made captive; nearly all the rest sinking under the bullets of the long *jesaile* that spirted treacherous death from the covert of every rock and bush. Ghuznee also fell into Afghan hands at this time; and so would Candahar and Jeelabad but for the ability and courage of Generals Nott and Sale who maintained them through the winter. A new season and a new Governor restored the credit of the British army. Lord Ellenborough came to rule India, just while General Pollock, having forced the Khyber Pass, was pursuing his victorious march to Jeelabad. From April to August he lay there; and then began to move on Cabul, towards which Nott was also advancing from Candahar. The occupation of Cabul, where Sir Robert Sale was refuted to his wife and daughter, who had been Akbar's captives since the retreat, formed the crowning operation of the war. The British troops soon withdrew from Afghanistan; and, Shah Soojah having already met his death, the way was clear for Dost Mohammed again to hold the throne.

Conquest of Sindh.—Under Lord Ellenborough we became owners of Sindh.¹ The *Ameers* or princes of this region had reluctantly permitted the British army bound for Cabul to march through their territory. This was one ground of complaint against them; a spirit of hostility, which some of them manifested towards the Company, formed another, of which Sir Charles Napier was perhaps too ready to take advantage. Goaded by a treaty the Ameers had been forced to sign, the Beloochee army attacked the house of Colonel Outram, from which they were beaten off. Napier took the field at once, and in the battles of Meanee and Dubba so completely routed the insurgents that their territory was added in 1843 to the British Empire in India.

¹ *Sinde* or *Scinde* lies round the lower Indus, between its mouth and the junction of the Chenab. The great fertility of its alluvial soil is due to the flood of the river. Its sea-coast extends for a hundred and fifty miles along the delta of the Indus. The mud capital, *Hyderabad*, is on the east bank of the river. The port of *Kurrachee* is thirty miles from the most westerly mouth.

A spark of the old Mahratta war suddenly appearing on the rocky crest of Gwalior, Lord Ellenborough and Sir Hugh Gough went to extinguish it. The battles of Maharajpore and Punniab accomplished this object. Lord Ellenborough, recalled in 1844, gave place to the warlike Lord Hardinge.

The First Sikh War.—Out of the Punjaub came a war, among the fiercest our soldiers have had to face in India. There dwelt among the fertilizing branches of the great triangle a nation called Seikhs, a Hindu sect, moulded and governed by the doctrines of men called *Gooroos*. Under the great Runjeet Singh, well styled, as his name signifies, “the Lion of the Punjaub,” this sect, grown into a nation, had been disciplined with remarkable skill and vigour, and had come to be possessed of a military organization directed and controlled by officers from France. In February 1845 Feb. a Sikh army, impelled by their Queen, crossed the Sutlej, which 1845 divided the Punjaub from the British possessions. This opened the A.D. war. Hardinge, who was not unprepared, made a forced march to Moodkee, and there (December 18, 1845) was fought a battle, resulting in the repulse of the invaders by Sir Hugh Gough. The next movement was on the rectangular camp at Ferozeshuhur. Night fell on the unfinished struggle: morning dawned to light the British to another triumph (December 22). There was then a temporary lull. But, when the Seikhs again crossed the bounding current to threaten our frontier-stronghold of Ludiana, Sir Harry Smith met and defeated them with great loss on the field of Aliwal (January 28, 1846). The greater victory of the Sobraon, where thirty-five thousand Seikhs defended to no purpose the semicircular lines of a huge intrenched camp, added to the laurels of the gallant Smith, filled the roaring Sutlej, then in high flood, with the bodies of many thousand Seikhs, and brought the war to a successful end. The camps and cannon of these warriors made them by no means a despicable foe. The Doab between the Sutlej and the Beas was retained by the British after this war.

The Second Sikh War.—The Earl of Dalhousie, succeeding Hardinge in the government of India, arrived at Calcutta on the 12th of January 1848. A little later occurred events, which led to a second Sikh war. When Moolraj, Governor of Mooltan, was summoned to Lahore to settle his accounts, he gave apparent compliance, and his successor was appointed. However the two British officers, who went to install the new Governor, were murdered; and rebellion strengthened itself at Mooltan. The active bravery of a young English officer named Edwardes collected a force and faced the danger, before the authorities began to move at all. But he could make no impression on the defences of Mooltan, until General Whish came from Lahore to aid him in the siege. With thirty thousand men and a hundred and fifty guns the siege was pressed on, until Moolraj yielded the battered town on the 21st of January 1849. Lord Gough had already taken the field. At Chillianwalla he made an attack upon the camp, where Shere Singh had intrenched himself; and there occurred a drawn battle, in which much brave blood flowed to

little purpose (January 11, 1849). A rapid march of Whish reinforced the army of Lord Gough, who met the enemy, strengthened by a mass of Afghan cavalry, on the plain of Goojerat, where victory crowned the British arms and closed the war (February 21). The chase of the Afghans under Dost Mohammed beyond Peshawur by the flying column of Sir Walter Gilbert completed the subjugation of the Punjaub, which was formally annexed to the British Empire in India by a proclamation dated March 30, 1849. The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh became a convert to Christianity, and came to live in Britain, where he consoles himself for the loss of war and tiger-hunting with the milder pleasures of the London drawing-room and the Perthshire grouse-moor.

The Second Burmese War.—The Governor of Rangoon having ill-treated British ship-captains, Commodore Lambert sent a message to the King of Ava demanding his removal. The King changed him, sending one quite as insolent to fill his place. Lord Dalhousie's moderate request for an apology and compensation being then rejected, war began. General Godwin sailed to the Delta of Pegu, and there with a few war-steamers took the town of Martaban. The White House Stockade of Rangoon was stormed on the 12th of April 1852 under a scorching sun, which killed several of our best officers; and after a sharp bombardment, the chief defence of the city, the Shoa Dagon Pagoda, fell before a rush of infantry—April 16th. The 19th of May saw Bassein, ninety miles up the river, in our hands. But these operations on and near the sea did not touch the heart of Burmah. When Prome fell—October 9—a serious blow was struck; and the Burmese put forth all their strength to recover the important place. This Major Hill prevented by holding out, until such relief arrived from Rangoon as secured the prize against the risk of being lost again. The grand result of this war was the annexation of Pegu¹ to our Empire: the proclamation bears date December 20, 1852.

Lord Dalhousie carried out the policy of annexation with a determined hand. Sattara in '49—Berar in '53—Jhansi in '54—Nagpore in the same year—and, greatest of all, Oude in '56, were the trophies of his administrative talent, or the winnings in a game, which events obliged him to play. Moslems and Hindus in Oude having come into fierce collision, and the King seeming to be involved in the war, a body of British troops marched to Lucknow, deposed the monarch, and completed the work of annexation.

The Indian Mutiny.—Early in 1856 Lord Dalhousie gave place to Viscount Canning, a son of the great statesman George Canning. Under him occurred the terrible Mutiny. It broke out at Meerut near Delhi on the 10th of May 1857, by the 3rd Bengal Cavalry attacking the prison, where some of their comrades had been confined for refusing to bite cartridges, which they thought,

¹ Pegu, formerly an independent state, and when we took it a province of Burmah, is formed by the lower part of the basin of the Irrawady, and lies between the Salween and the mountains of Aracan.

or pretended to think, were greased with cow's fat. Not content with liberating their comrades, the sepoy set houses on fire and murdered several Europeans. The mutineers then marched to Delhi, which had a garrison of sepoy, and there they found a ready welcome. Fortunately a British officer blew up the powder magazine at Delhi, before the rebels could seize it. A similar outbreak took place at Lucknow on the 31st of May. And these two capitals became the great centres of the strife. At once upon receiving the news Sir John Lawrence disarmed the sepoy at Lahore, and the example was followed at Peshawur and Mooltan.

On the 4th of June 1857 the siege of Delhi was formed by an army, almost all Europeans, amounting to scarcely three thousand men. About the same time Sir Henry Lawrence, upon whom his own guns had been treacherously turned at Chinhut, took refuge in the famous Residency of Lucknow, and was there besieged by sepoy. A third scene of horror was then baptized in blood. On the 27th of June a number of Europeans, who had fled out of Cawnpore to a hastily formed intrenchment in the neighbourhood, surrendered to the Mahratta Nana Sahib, on condition that they should be sent to Allahabad. They were nearly all slain either in the boats or in the barrack-yard. The advance of Colonel Neill, who quelled the mutineers of Benares, crushed also the rising flame at Allahabad. There one of the heroes of the war superseded him—Colonel Henry Havelock—a native of Bishopwearmouth, a pupil of the Charter-house, and a member of the Middle Temple, whose studies he had forsaken for the sword. He had taken an active share in all the great recent Indian wars. On the 16th of July he drove Nana Sahib from Cawnpore, and saw for himself the traces of death round the dreadful well. The relief of Lucknow, whose defender Sir Henry Lawrence had already got his death-wound, then became the great task of Havelock; and nobly he performed it. On the 25th of July he set out from Cawnpore, but he had to return twice, although victorious in his conflicts with the insurgents. Sir James Outram, coming to supersede Havelock, generously declined to interfere with his operations, and served with him as a volunteer. Havelock and Outram crossed the Ganges with two thousand eight hundred men on the 19th of September—pushed their way on to the Alumbagh, which they took—passed through narrow streets lined with fire—and reached the Residency on the 23rd, where they were received with joy. It soon appeared however, that the women and children could not be removed: so that Havelock and Outram were themselves besieged in the place, which they had come to succour.

The fall of Delhi on the 20th of September was mainly due to Sir John Lawrence, Commissioner in the Punjaub. By almost magical exertions he gathered forces of every kind, and sent down heavy cannon to breach the walls. Sir Archdale Wilson and General Nicholson were the officers, under whose command the siege was brought to a successful end.

Sir Colin Campbell then marched to the relief of Lucknow, which he entered on the 17th of November, bringing safety to those whose hearts were almost

worn away with the terrors of the siege. From the Residency, round which the earth was honey-combed with mines, they were removed to a place of safety. Sir Colin then defeated the Gwalior mutineers, and swept the basin of the Ganges with extended curving lines of men, gradually trampling out the fire. On the 2nd of March 1858 Lucknow was cleared of rebels by the victorious Campbell, before whom also fell the city of Bareilly on the 7th of May. For these services the veteran chief received the title of Lord Clyde of Clydesdale, and later the well-won baton of a Field-Marshal. Sir Hugh Rose had also a glorious share in the laurels of the war, for he accomplished a successful march from Bombay to Bengal, taking Jhansi and recapturing Gwalior for Scindia, our firm ally.

Thus was India pacified; but at what a cost! Henry Lawrence in the defence and Neill in the relief of Lucknow—the gallant young Nicholson at Delhi—Havelock in the Alumbagh, worn out with ceaseless toils, November 25, 1857—Earl Canning in 1862, scarcely home from the scene of his labours—Outram and Clyde within the present year—all either struck or fretted down by the manifold forms of Death that walk the field of war. It would seem too, as if some Destroying Angel with uplifted sword followed the wearer of that splendid but perilous wreath of fame, which adorns the Viceroy of our Indian Empire. For, even while I write, the death of Lord Elgin, who succeeded Canning, is among the latest news; and Sir John Lawrence is on his way to fill the vacant place.

The India Bill of 1858, which extinguished the grand old Company of merchant-princes, has been referred to in another part of this book. On the 1st of November in that year, before Government House in Calcutta, a public proclamation declared that the Queen of the British Empire had assumed the direct control and sovereignty of India.

THE EASTERN STRAITS' SETTLEMENTS.¹

A.D.	How acquired.	A.D.	How acquired.
Penang.....1786.....	Purchased.	Singapore.....1824.....	Purchased.
Province Wellesley...1786.....	Purchased.	Malacca.....1824.....	Treaty.

PULO PENANG, OR PRINCE OF WALES' ISLAND.

The island of Penang, measuring 16 miles by 8 and lying off the west side of the Malayan peninsula, almost in a line with the north of Sumatra, is especially rich in spices, such as pepper, mace, and cloves. It derives its name from abounding in the betel-nut. *George Town*, the capital, lies on the eastern side, with a well-sheltered harbour, into which are crowded many vessels plying between India and China. In this city the Governor of the Malacca Settlements has his residence.

¹ These Settlements were attached to the Presidency of Bengal until 1831, when they were erected into a separate Government.

Province Wellesley, on the west coast of the peninsula, is separated by a narrow strait from Penang, and occupies about 30 miles of the sea-board. The sugar-cane is its chief vegetable product.

In 1786 the East India Company bought Penang from Captain John Light, an Englishman, who had obtained it by marrying the daughter of the King of Keddah or Quedah. Light was made the first Governor, and the Company agreed to pay an annual sum for the possession of the island and its opposite strip of shore.

SINGAPORE.

An oval island, measuring 25 miles by 15, stands at the extremity of the Malayan peninsula, surrounded by a great group of scattered islets. Together they constitute the British colony of Singapore, whose importance is due not to its native fertility or richness of resource, but to its position, midway between Chinese and Indian seas. It has become the great depôt and market for the produce of all the surrounding lands.

In 1819 the British got leave from a native dignitary to erect a factory on the south side of the island. Five years later, 1824, they bought the sovereignty and fee-simple of the place from the Sultan of Lahore. Since then, its population, drawn from sources far and near, has been multiplied by five or six.

MALACCA.

Malacca is a district of 1000 square miles, producing tin, rice, spices, and canes, and lying on the Malayan shore of the Malacca Strait. A town of the same name lifts its stone houses above the sea. From the Malays to the Portuguese—from them to the Dutch—from the Dutch to the British in 1795 and back again in 1802, to be again retaken and restored—this settlement led a kind of shuttlecock existence until 1824, when a Treaty with the Dutch placed it finally under the British flag.

CHAPTER II.

THE MINOR ASIATIC COLONIES.

	A.D.	How acquired.
Aden.....	1839.....	Treaty with the Sultan.
Sarawak.....	1841.....	Grant from the Sultan of Borneo.
Hong-Kong.....	1842.....	Acquired by Chinese War.
Labuan.....	1846.....	Ceded by the Sultan of Borneo.

I.—ADEN.

Descriptive Sketch.—Aden is a town in southern Arabia, guarding the mouth of the Red Sea and lying against the base of a rocky mass, which still bears

the seams and scars of old volcanic eruption, and which juts, like another Gibraltar, from the more fertile mainland. Two natural harbours, affording fine safe anchorage, add greatly to the value of the colony.

Acquisition.—A port under the Roman Emperors—a spot coveted by Portuguese in the fifteenth century and by Turks in the sixteenth, Aden sank out of European sight into the hands of native chiefs until 1838, when the East India Company entered into negotiations with the Sultan for its transfer to Great Britain. With much trouble the matter was concluded in 1839. The wretched village of matted huts has since become a thriving town with a population of 22,000. It is of great use to us as a coaling station for our Indian steamers, and a commercial depôt for our Eastern trade. In a warlike aspect also it has its use, since the guns and ships of Aden could effectually close the Gate of Tears—a thing which may be of no slight consequence, if foreign engineers trench a canal across the isthmus of Suez.

II.—HONG-KONG.

Descriptive Sketch.—A granite island, 8 miles long, lies at the mouth of the Canton river, 37 miles from Macao and 100 from the city of Canton. An unhealthy climate, affected by the steam of undrained soil, soaked in rain torrents and festering under a torrid sun—a treacherous native population—and a harbour, not quite secure from those violent *typhoons* that scourge the Chinese Sea into foam—make Hong-Kong a somewhat unpleasant colony. But its position in relation to our Chinese trade gives it an importance that cannot be overlooked. The population of the colony in 1852 was more than 37,000, of whom 35,000 were Chinese. *Victoria* is the capital.

Acquisition.—A quarrel about opium led to a war between China and Great Britain. The Chinese authorities wanted to forbid the importation of the destructive drug: British merchants smuggled it into the empire. Cargoes were seized and factories gutted. Captain Elliot and Commissioner Lin could not agree upon the question; and on the 3rd of November 1839 a fire was opened from the British ships upon some Chinese junks that had anchored near. The war, thus begun, lasted until August 1842, when the Treaty of Nankin was concluded, ceding amongst other advantages the possession of Hong-Kong, which Sir Gordon Bremer had taken in the previous year.

III.—THE BORNESE SETTLEMENTS.

Descriptive Sketch.—We hold on the north-western coast of the great island Borneo—the second in size on the face of the globe—two settlements, of which one at least has been distinctly recognized as a British colony. They are the island of Labuan, and the basin of the river Sarawak. The former, lying about 20 miles north of the town Borneo, measures 10 miles by 5, and produces coal in considerable quantities. It may probably become the centre

of a thriving trade, for the Borneo forests are very rich in spice-trees, drugs, and dye-woods. The latter lies a good way off to the south-west. Antimony is one of its most valuable minerals.

Acquisition.—An adventurous English gentleman, named James Brooke, who had once been a cadet in the Indian service, having come into his fortune, resolved upon a yachting cruise in the Eastern Archipelago. His craft—the *Royalist*, mounting six guns and rated at one hundred and forty tons—weighed anchor in the Thames late in October 1838. By next August he had reached the coast of Borneo, to which he had been attracted by the antimony mines. For aiding the Sultan's uncle in subduing some revolted *Dyaks*, or native tribes, on the banks of the Sarāwak, he received the title of Rajah of Sarāwak with a grant of land on that river. His installation dates from September 1841. The rampant evil of piracy—so destructive of all commercial prosperity—then engaged the attention of the Rajah, who, assisted by British ships of war, destroyed several swarms of the *prahus*, which infested the coast and river-mouths. Having visited the Sultan's capital in the character of British Agent and concluded a commercial treaty, Brooke selected the island of Labuan as a fitting site for the proposed colony. It was ceded in 1846; but the native jealousy, roused by these movements and irritated by the victories of Brooke, broke out in the shape of treachery and murder. Two native princes, friendly to the English, were killed, and poison was prepared for the founder of the settlement. A squadron from Singapore taught lessons of honesty, with shot and shell, to the Sultan of Brunei; and the victorious Brooke visited England in 1847, when he was knighted and appointed Governor of Labuan. The colony was accordingly planted **1848** on that island in the following year (1848). But the complete A.D. destruction of a native fleet in 1849 at the Serebas River excited loud murmurs in England among a certain party, who alleged that the slaughtered natives were inoffensive traders and not pirates at all. A Royal Commission at Singapore, having investigated the affair, declared the charge groundless. Yet it shook Sir James in public esteem, and caused him to be removed from the rule of Labuan. Piracy, though lessened in those seas, is not extinct, and the present Bishop of Labuan in a late encounter earned a somewhat unclerical renown by "killing about eighty natives with his own rifle."

CHAPTER III.

EUROPEAN COLONIES.

	A.D.	How acquired.
Channel Islands.....	1066.....	Added by Norman Conquest.
GIBRALTAR.....	1704.....	Taken from Spain.
Maltese Islands.....	1800.....	Taken from France.
Heligoland.....	1807.....	Taken from Denmark.
Ionian Islands.....	1809-14.....	Taken from the French.

I.—GIBRALTAR.

Descriptive Sketch.—Heaved instantaneously from below the sea, with living shell-fish still encrusting its dripping summit, an oblong rock of grey marble, seamed with red sandstone and rust-coloured *breccia*, rose at the gate of the Mediterranean on the Spanish shore, and finally settled in the attitude of a couchant lion, whose head fronts the plateaux and sierras of the Peninsula. Tyrian ships sailed under its shadow. Greeks called it Calpe; their poets styled it one of the twin pillars of Hercules. Now, its gaunt and weather-worn sides are pierced with dark embrasures, out of which peer seven hundred cannon. Clematis, geraniums, the orange, the vine, the fig, the olive, the cactus embroider its rocky steeps, and cluster over the grinning mouths of death. The Rock, which at its northern and loftiest point is 1430 feet high, abounds in foxes, rabbits, eagles, and hawks. A few wild goats are found there, but of monkeys only *four* remain. The sharp end of the Rock is called Europa Point. A low sandy isthmus, only ten feet above the sea-level and nowhere a mile broad, unites this great natural fortress to the mainland. The town of Gibraltar slopes in terraces from the north-west angle of the Rock.

Early History.—In September 710 a Berber named Tarif crossed from Africa to Tarifa, and returned after some ravage of the land. This was the first Mahometan invasion. In April 711 Tarik, a Persian lieutenant of Musa, sailed from Ceuta over to the Rock, which received from him its name—Gebal Tarik or the Mountain of Tarik. From that date the Rock became a stronghold. Previous to its capture by the English it had stood *ten* distinct sieges. Ferdinand IV. of Castile took it from the Moors in 1309. Taken and retaken many times by the contending champions of the Crescent and the Cross, it fell finally into the hands of Christians in 1462. Spanish nobles then began to scramble for the prize. The De Guzmans held it for a while; but in 1501 a royal decree, unopposed by the inhabitants, annexed it to the crown of Castile, which was then worn by Isabella. Algerine pirates dashed at it in 1540. But during the next century history left the Rock alone. It was silently waiting for the working out of its higher destiny.

Taken by the English.—During the famous War of the Spanish Succession, which opened in 1701 with a Treaty, framed by England, Austria, and Holland, and closed with the noted Peace of Utrecht, England became unexpectedly

the mistress of her greatest European colony. Admiral Sir George Rooke, having left the Archduke Charles, one of the competitors for the Spanish crown, ashore at Lisbon, and having effected a junction with the ships under command of Sir Cloudealey Shovel, was cruising about the entrance of the Mediterranean, when on the 17th of July 1704 at a council of war held on board the *Royal Catherine* it was suddenly resolved to attack Gibraltar. The fleet was then seven leagues east of Tetuan. On the 21st they dropped anchor in Gibraltar Bay—a great array of Dutch and English ships. The first hostile movement consisted in the landing of two thousand marines under the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt upon the sandy isthmus, already noticed and now known as the Neutral Ground. Summoned to surrender by Hesse, Don Diego de Salinas, the Governor, refused to do so, although the garrison was very weak. The next day was too stormy for the bombardment of the works. But on the 23rd the cannon-balls began to pour on the devoted town; and for about six hours a fire of the hottest kind was sustained with scarcely a pause. The seaward works consisted chiefly of two jutting points—the Old Mole and the New Mole; and upon the latter the heaviest fire rained. When the proper time seemed to have come, Captain Whittaker received orders to storm the ruined Mole with a body of sailors and marines. In the glorious race of boats towards this important point Captain Hicks and Captain Jumper took the lead. Sword in hand they sprang upon the crumbled walls, closely followed by their men. A mine suddenly exploded, killing or wounding two officers and a hundred men. The check however was but temporary. On they rushed, now reinforced by Whittaker and his men, towards a redoubt that covered the approach to the town. Stunned by the cannonade, paralyzed by the sudden capture of the Mole, and distracted by the operations of Hesse and also of some troops that had landed to the southward of the town, the defenders of this last hope gave way. The Old Mole was then taken; a flag of truce fluttered from the submitting town; and the isthmus-gate was opened to Hesse and his marines. Scarcely ever has so great a capture been made with so little preparation and so slight a loss of life. The killed on the victorious side numbered only three officers and fifty-seven men. There were then one thousand two hundred houses in the town, and one hundred cannon on the works. Rear-Admiral Byng, the father of that unfortunate commander who was shot for not relieving Minorca, distinguished himself at the taking of Gibraltar.

Later History.—During the autumn and winter of the same year (1704) a vigorous but unsuccessful attempt to retake the Rock was made, directed at first by the Spaniard Villadarias, afterwards by the French Marquis de Tessé. The Treaty of Utrecht confirmed the right of England to this lucky capture. But the Spaniards never through all the century let go the hope that they might recover this precious stone, which had been wrested from their crown. In 1727 the energies of twenty thousand men were exerted for several months in

this enterprise; the siege however was raised at last, the Rock untaken. Yet the English did not fully know the value of their prize. Even the great Pitt, with all his foresight and deep sagacity, negotiated at one time, when a Spanish Alliance seemed precious enough for any price, for the surrender of Gibraltar. Fortunately the matter fell unfinished, and we still held the Rock. Most memorable of all the sieges sustained by this stronghold was that, whose details we owe to the graphic pen of Colonel Drinkwater.

In 1779, while negotiations were still pending between the Courts of England and Spain, ships and soldiers began quietly to draw round the Rock. Spain and France gathered their energies for a tremendous effort. General George Augustus Eliott, afterwards Lord Heathfield, a veteran, who had lost blood at Dettingen and smelled powder repeatedly under Cumberland in Germany during the Seven Years' War, then commanded the garrison of Gibraltar. The siege went on; and, as the Spaniards formed a treaty with the Barbary States, thus shutting off all sources of local supply, the defenders of the Rock began to feel the pinch of want. Admiral Sir George Rodney, sailing from England in January 1780, captured on his way to Gibraltar a heavily-laden fleet of provision-ships bound for Cadiz. As he was quietly taking most of these useful prizes to the starving Englishmen upon the Rock, a Spanish fleet barred his way off Cape St. Vincent (January 16, 1780), but upon discovering his strength, tried to get off. Running through sheets of driving spray and soon through the dark of a winter night, close along a most dangerous shore, Rodney chased them hard, and amid all the terrors of a mid-night storm in such a place, heightened by the lurid flash of guns and at one time by the more dreadful flame of an exploding ship, fought until the capture of four Spanish vessels, the loss of two among the breakers, and the flight of the remaining four proclaimed his victory. From the scene of this action he then proceeded through an open sea to the relief of the garrison at Gibraltar. A similar service, though more easily performed, was rendered in the following year (April 1781) by Admiral Darby, who conducted one hundred vessels filled with food and stores into the Bay and up to the wharfs of Gibraltar in the very teeth of a huge Spanish fleet, lying at anchor in Cadiz Harbour and either unable or afraid to interfere. Then, as if bent on grinding the Rock to powder in their rage, the Spanish cannon opened a heavy fire both from their land-batteries and their gunboats in the Bay. It was mere target-practice at a mass of stone. By land things looked better for the besiegers, for they had been pushing their works nearer to the town in spite of the English fire, and the fourth line was nearly finished. But old Eliott soon settled that matter. Acting on the information of a deserter, he collected two thousand soldiers and three hundred tars one November night in 1781 on the sands of the isthmus, and moved steadily towards the embankments. After a few wild shots the Spaniards fled. In less than an hour spiked guns and levelled heaps of smoking wreck marked the site of the taken line. This would never do. Gibraltar, like Carthage of old, must be destroyed!—at least as an English

stronghold. Forty thousand men and cannons beyond counting, under the direction of the Duc de Crillon and the noblest and most skilful officers of both kingdoms, gathered round the Rock in 1782, prepared to dash upon it such an avalanche of human strength and solid iron, as could not fail, it seemed, to break its works to pieces. To meet the storm of red-hot balls, which Eliott used to pour in deadly hail from the town, a French engineer devised a plan, which excited high hopes of success. At enormous expense ten vessels, thickly planked below and walled with huge sandwiches of timber, cork, and wetted sand, were provided with slanting roofs of wet hide stretched on cable netting, whose angle could be changed at will. Armed with new brass guns, these rhinoceroses of naval war swam slowly up to the English batteries, attended by shoals of gun-boats, frigates, and other craft. At nine on the eventful morning (Sept. 13th, 1782), the "constructions" received a warm English welcome of red iron as they moved to the attack. All day the cannon roared, and the anxious spectators swarmed on the girdling hills. Towards evening ominous smoke-jets, issuing from the sides of the monsters, whose bellowing had ceased, excited alarm. But, when the flames burst out and the colossal blaze filled the entire oval of hill and sea with crimson light, enabling the English marksmen to point their guns and the English flotilla to sweep the Bay with shot, the hopes of the besiegers withered away. Two of the sand-and-hide structures blew up—the rest were burned either by the English balls or by their own crews. Nor did England in that hour of carnage and destruction forget the lessons of humanity. Eliott on shore, Curtis, commander of the gun-boats, by sea, exerted themselves nobly to save the Spaniards, who stood on blazing timber or clung to drifting spars. And some hundred lives rewarded their gallant efforts. This repulse however did not save Gibraltar, for it was known that food and powder were running low within the walls: the blockade continued therefore, fifty sail of the line with other vessels occupying the Bay. The final relief of the garrison remained for Admiral Lord Howe to accomplish. On the 11th of October 1782 he ran before wind and current through the Straits with thirty-six ships of the line and six frigates, attended by more than a hundred smaller sail. But the double force of air and water carried nearly all his vessels eastward past Europa Point. The night before, the same strong gale had been driving many of the French and Spanish vessels from their anchors upon the shore and out to sea. The morning of the 13th saw the sails of the Allied fleet all winging out of the Bay, bent for battle. But the wind favoured the English—blew their enemies past the nook in which they lay, and then, conveniently chopping round, blew themselves right round the jutting point they had overshot into the unguarded Bay (October 14th, 1782). Stretching a chain of ships across the mouth of the Bay, Howe spent the four following days in directing the unloading of the store-ships, each of which, when empty, slipped through the Strait into the open sea. When the enemy came back from Malaga, where they had been becalmed, all was over. Outside the Strait there was a desultory action; but the disheartened Allies

soon sheered off. The raising of the siege of Gibraltar soon followed this third and greatest relief.

Since then no hostile shots have struck the Rock, although the wistful eyes of Spain have often turned, as they are turning now, upon this lost jewel. Its importance to Britain can hardly be overrated. As a healthful military station and a safe naval anchorage—as a convenient commercial storehouse, burdened with few and trifling duties—and, more than all, as a commanding and impregnable fortress, guarding the gate of the greatest Old-World Sea—a sea whose waters form the high road to India and fill the harbours of a dozen countries, teeming with the rich produce of southern suns—this chief of our European colonies is growing in value every day.

II.—THE MALTESE ISLANDS.

Descriptive Sketch.—Three islands, Malta, Gozo, and Comino, with a couple of uninhabited islets, form the group of limestone rocks known by this name. The largest island, Malta, is 18 miles by 10 at its greatest breadth, and, though sixty miles from Sicily, the loungers in the cool clear sunset on the slopes of Benjemma can see distinctly the snowy peak of Etna. Beds of wild thyme, supplying the noted honey of the island, and the evergreen carob shrub partly clothe the naked rock and relieve its dazzling glare. There are no streams, and few cattle. Dew-watered fields, carefully formed of collected clay, supply the cotton, which is the staple product of the island. The terraced city of *La Valetta*, noted for its double harbour commanded by the guns of St. Elmo, St. Angelo, and Ricasoli, contains about 60,000 people. On higher ground, six miles inland, stands the old capital, *Città Vecchia* or *Notabile*. The native Maltese tongue is probably a dialect of Arabic. But Italian and English are spoken by the better classes.

Four miles to the north-west lies the oval island of Gozo, a region of more fertile soil, and thickly stocked with game. It measures 10 miles by 5, and contains a population of 8000. Comino lies between, with its diminutive Cominotto.

Historical Sketch.—No little rock has undergone a more varied history than Malta. The stirring Phœnicians held it for seven centuries. Then the Greeks, calling it *Melita*, made it their own. Third in order of possession came the Carthaginians, who turned it into a storehouse of wealth. Its geographical position caused it to bear heavily the brunt of the Punic wars, after which it became an appendage of the mighty Roman Empire. Paul suffered shipwreck on its shores. In the scramble of barbarians it fell successively into the hands of Vandals and Goths. Belisarius (553 A.D.) reunited it to the eastern and surviving limb of the Roman power.

Sinking out of sight in mediæval history for some centuries, it reappears as a source of contention between the Greeks and the Arabs, the Crescent finally settling on the rocks. But soon there came from northern Europe a band of

those adventurous Norsemen, who infused new blood into the worn-out south ; and Malta in 1090 fell a prize to the sword of conquering Count Roger. Belonging in turn to Germany, to Sicily, to France, to Arragon, to Castile, and, by purchase of the Maltese themselves, to Sicily again, it fell about 1530 into the possession of the Emperor Charles V., who gave these islands along with Tripoli to the Knights of St. John, newly expelled from their home in Rhodes.

The gift, made from a selfish motive at the first, proved most fortunate for the destinies of central Europe. For the rocky island of Malta, manned with gallant knights, did the same great service to Christendom as the line of the Danube defended by Hungarians, and the ships of Venice sweeping the Levant, were also doing in these perilous centuries. Malta proved an impregnable bulwark of the West, on which the fury of the encroaching Turks dashed vainly again and again. After the great siege of 1565 the present capital was built.

Acquisition by Britain.—While on his way to Egypt in 1798, Bonaparte summoned Malta, in whose knightly garrison he had many friends, to surrender ; and, although the works were of surpassing strength, the Grand Master weakly yielded to the presence of the French. The Maltese looked with great distaste upon this change, and rose to a man against the French garrison. In the blockade that followed a British fleet aided the Maltese. Want of proper food pinched the blockaders sorely, but finally the Sept. 15, prowess of General Pigot and his British troops prevailed. A Pro- 1800
visional Government then undertook the charge of the island, until A.D.
the Treaty of 1814 handed it over definitely to the British crown. Its history since then presents nothing but the record of a succession of governors. Malta could be useful only to a great naval power. Standing as a central station in the Mediterranean, it affords a fine harbourage for our fleets in that sea. But Commerce shares its use with War.

III.—HELGOLAND.

Descriptive Sketch.—An islet of five square miles, shooting the red peak of its summit, the Oberland, 170 feet above the waves, rises in the shape of a triangle about 30 miles from the German and Danish coasts, to either of which it might physically belong. Some Frisian fishermen inhabit a little village on this Holy Land, as its name signifies ; but the sea is fast eating away the edges of the rock. Hooking haddocks, basketing lobsters, and piloting ships, give occupation to the lonely villagers. There is a light-house on the cliff of Heligoland.

Heligoland, which had been a part of the Dukedom of Sleswick until 1714, then fell into the possession of Denmark, under whose rule it remained for nearly a century. In 1807, while the English ships Sept. 4,
were raining shot and shell upon Copenhagen in order to force a 1807
surrender of the Danish fleet, a squadron under Admiral Russell A.D.

and Captain Lord Falkland took this little Continental sentry-box as a welcome prize.

Napoleon had already shut the ports of Europe against our goods, and on this rocky point with its patch of lessening sand smuggling depôts were formed at once. No place could be better situated for such a purpose, for the islet lies about equi-distant from the Eyder, the Elbe, and the Weser—two at least of these rivers being great veins of commerce that run far into the heart of the Continent. The Treaty of 1814 secured the possession of the place to Britain.

IV.—THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

Descriptive Sketch.—Six of these islands—Corfu, Paxo, Santa Maurea, Ithaca, Cephalonia, and Zante—stretch in an irregular chain of rugged limestone along the western shore of Greece. The seventh,—Cerigo,—a penal settlement, filled with convicts and cattle, lies off the eastern prong of the Morean trident. Cephalonia, the largest of the chain, and Zante produce those little grapes, which, when dried, reach us under the name of currants. Corfu and Paxo abound in olive trees, yielding the finest oil. The seat of government is fixed at Corfu, the capital town of the island similarly named; but the largest town is Zante, whose population consists of 24,000 persons.

Earlier History.—The Frank Isles received the overflow of the Greek population in the shape of colonies, and played no inconsiderable part in the history of Greece. Corcyra especially—the modern Corfu—revolted against her mother-city Corinth, and on the Athenian side took a share in the sufferings and struggles of the Peloponnesian War. Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, afterwards stretched his sceptre over these islands, which were ultimately absorbed into the gigantic empire of Rome.

When Constantinople fell in 1453, the sovereignty of the islands passed to Venice, and so remained until 1797 in spite of furious attacks by Turkey—one attempt, the siege of Corfu in 1737–38, being especially memorable. Twenty years or so of changeful fortune followed the fall of Venice under Napoleon's iron hand. Cut adrift from the old maritime Republic, to which they had clung so long, the Islands went begging for an owner: they had not in themselves the elements of independent national existence. Abandoned by the French in 1799, they fell under the joint dominion of Russia and Turkey, the latter being however merely a nominal partner in the matter. The Treaty of Amiens handed them over to Russia alone, under whom they remained,—a discontented Republic,—for five years. Napoleon, who well knew the value of Continental islands, got a secret present of the group in 1807, and from him Great Britain took them.

Capture by the British.—Acting upon the advice of the veteran Lord Collingwood, General Sir John Stuart despatched a small expedition from Mes-

sina to Cephalonia in September 1809. Captain Spranger commanded the ships: Brigadier Oswald, the troops. On the 2nd of October the French garrison surrendered the Castle of Zante to the fire of the English guns, by which the victors became masters not only of that island, but also of Cephalonia, Ithaca, and Cerigo. Santa Maura yielded in the following April to the prowess of General Oswald and Colonel Hudson Lowe. And Corfu continued a useless possession in the hands of the French, until at the Peace of Paris in 1814 it was ceded to Great Britain.

1809

1814

A.D.

Since then the Ionian Islands have enjoyed the protection of our Empire, a Lord High Commissioner, who is generally a military man, being appointed by the British Government to preside over the Septinsular Union. Arrangements for handing them over to George I., the young King of Greece and brother of our future Queen, are at present (1863) nearly complete.

V.—OTHER EUROPEAN DEPENDENCIES.

The Channel Islands and the Isle of Man come to some extent under the head of colonial dependencies, since they return no members to the Imperial Parliament. A short notice of their history is therefore subjoined.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS, consisting of the two principal islands, Guernsey and Jersey, with four smaller ones—Alderney, Sark, Herm, and Jethou—dependent on the former, have belonged to the British crown since the Norman Conquest. They form the only fragments left us of a vast territory once ours on the opposite side of the English Channel. The French have more than once tried to recover these islands, which physically form appendages to their own shore. The Constable Du Guesclin attempted in vain during the reign of Edward III. to take Jersey. A Norman baron effected a temporary lodgment on the same island during the War of the Roses. During the Civil War between Charles I. and the Long Parliament the Channel Islands under Sir George Carteret upheld the cause of the King, and Jersey afforded a refuge to his exiled son. Blake reduced the group for Protector Oliver Cromwell. Three times during the American War Jersey bore the brunt of an attack, and on the last occasion narrowly escaped seizure by the French. But for the gallantry of Major Pierson, who refused to acknowledge a surrender signed by the Governor and who met a soldier's death in driving out the invaders, it would then have passed from our keeping to the French crown.

These rocks of gneiss and granite are covered with a rich carpet of grass, on which thrive cows of a famous breed. Dairy produce forms the most profitable export of the islands. Each of the two larger islands has its local Government, under the supervision of officials appointed by the Crown. The mildness of the climate and the slight taxation have made Jersey especially a favourite residence for invalids and half-pay officers.

THE ISLE OF MAN, anciently *Mona* or *Menavia*, is chiefly formed of hills,

composed of clay-slate and mica-slate. Held by the Norsemen for many centuries, it fell by conquest into the hands of Alexander III., King of Scotland. Taken by the English and afterwards recovered under Bruce, it passed in 1340, by the victory of Earl Shaftesbury, under the dominion of the Earl of Wiltshire, who bought it from the conqueror. Falling by attainder and confiscation into the hands of the English sovereigns, and by them given to various English nobles—among whom was the Earl of Derby—it ultimately became by inheritance a possession of the Duke of Athole. In 1764 the Duke sold it for £70,000 to the British Government, and in 1825 the British crown entered into full sovereign rights over the island.

The House of Keys, formed of twenty-four of the principal commoners in the island, meets in Castletown, which is the seat of Government. The Governor is aided by two *deemsters*, who are judges in civil and criminal cases. Upon the Tinwald Mount, a conical hill of turf, there is a solemn yearly ceremony, connected with the reading and publication of the local laws.

MINORCA may be named in this sketch of our Colonial History, although the island is not now in our possession. The owners of Gibraltar and Malta do not need Minorca. Taken in 1708 by General Stanhope and Admiral Leake, its possession was confirmed to the English by the Treaty of Utrecht. But in 1756 the French seized the island, to the relief of which the unhappy Admiral John Byng was despatched with a few crazy ships. For failing to save Minorca Byng was shot. We took the island again in 1798, and held it until 1814, when it was restored by treaty to Spain.

CHAPTER IV.

THE AFRICAN COLONIES.

	A.D.	How acquired.
Gambia	1681.....	Settlements for slave-trade.
St. Helena	about 1651.....	Occupied after the Dutch had abandoned it.
Gold Coast	1661.....	Taken from the Dutch.
Sierra Leone.....	about 1787.....	Established as a free negro settlement.
THE CAPE.....	1795 and 1806.....	Taken from the Dutch.
Mauritius	1810.....	Taken from the French.
Ascension	1815.....	Occupied.
Natal	1845.....	Occupied. Dutch boers reduced.
British Kaffraria.....	1847 and 1853.....	Taken from the Kaffra.

I.—GAMBIA.

Descriptive Sketch.—A flat sandy island, called St. Mary, lying at the mouth of the river Gambia in north-western Africa, contains *Bathurst*, the nucleus of the British settlements in this part of Africa. MacCarthy's Island, three hundred miles up the river, is a flat mass of rich clay, which tropical rain turns into a fever swamp and a tropical sun then bakes into

brick. A few scattered trading-stations stud the banks of the Gambia, connecting the principal settlements. Crocodiles swarm log-like in the muddy water, and the hippopotamus crashes his way along the cany shore. Besides teak, palm-oil, ivory, gum, gold, and other African exports, a great business is done in ground-nuts, which are now raised in thousands of tons. The population of the colony approaches 6000.

Historical Sketch.—After the rounding of Good Hope by Vasco (1497) the slave-trade shot up like a poison-tree with frightful rapidity, drawing our own nation with others under its baleful shadow. We, attracted like other European neighbours, planted forts and trading-centres along the African coast, where our slavers might securely gather and stow their wretched cargoes. To such a source we can trace the settlements of the Gambia about 1631. The unholy traffic has ceased to pollute the British flag; but its curse, like an ineradicable taint, seems to hover round shores, strewn with the wrecked happiness of poor black men.

II.—ST. HELENA AND ASCENSION.

Descriptive Sketch.—Girdled by a ridge of basalt, the island of St. Helena rises, a solitary rock, far out in the south Atlantic. From the precipitous wall of its northern shore, it has a gradual slope southward. In a notch of the north-western wall, James' Town (named after the Duke of York in Charles the Second's reign,) lies, set in rich green belts of banian foliage. The rich soil of its valleys, which teem with crops of various kinds—the pleasant balm of its climate—the picturesque nooks of scenery in which it abounds—and the crystal sweetness of its many springs—make it a little ocean-oasis, whose loneliness is its only imperfection. Its circuit of 28 miles incloses a population of about 5500 persons.

Historical Sketch.—Juan de Nova Castella, a sailor of Portugal, sighted Diana's Peak on St. Helena's day, the 21st of May 1502. According to the pious naval fashion of the age he named the island after the saint. A disgraced nobleman named Lopez, left on the island at his own request in 1513, seems to have been its first human inhabitant: he lived there, like another Crusoe, for several years. Others followed: but the Portuguese kept their secret, until Cavendish came upon the spot in 1588, and it then became a favourite station for the ships, which sailed under various flags in those seas. The store of goats and pigs which filled the island proved so attractive, that it became quite a centre of contention, especially between Holland and Spain. Preferring a row of mainland colonies to this isolated spot, the Portuguese gave it up, and the Dutch then (in 1645) entered upon possession of the deserted house. Neither did they remain, for the Cape of Good Hope attracted them with a stronger power, and they left the island in 1651. A fleet of English Indiamen, happening to pass at that favourable moment, secured the prize for the Company, who, ten years later, obtained a colonial charter

traffic. The rank stalks and leaves soon ferment and rot, sending up a sickly steam, which is very fatal to the unseasoned colonist. Pine-apples and yellow fever flourish side by side. But already the farmer and the engineer are diminishing the sickness of the land by cultivation and drainage of the soil, and it is probable that Sierra Leone will not long possess a title to its awful name, "The white man's grave." If the white man avoided excess of sangaree, ate less and plainer food than the colonists generally indulge in, his chance of health and life would be tenfold greater. *Freetown*, a sloping chessboard of white or yellow houses, each nestling in its dark square of trees, rises from the water's edge on the northern side of the peninsula, about five miles from its extremity. The River Rokelle is the principal stream, that enters the estuary of Sierra Leone. A group of islands, called *Los*, lying sixty miles to the north, are rented by the British, who use them as trading stations to accumulate the produce carried from the interior down the numerous rivers, whose mouths gap the adjacent coast.

Historical Sketch.—Some Portuguese ships, hugging the coast of Africa, discovered this hilly mass in 1463, and named it from lions that were seen on shore. It became a favourite den of slave-dealers, among whom we blush to write the name of English Hawking. But the true origin of the British colony there may be traced to the promptings of some kind English hearts. The blacks, who became free by touching our free soil, wanted means of support at first, and Dr. Smeathman—honour to his name—proposed that such should be drafted off to the African coast as the nucleus of a colony there, which might serve as a permanent home to the freed negro. It was done. Four hundred blacks, many of whom had served during the American War under the British flag, were sent off in 1787 to this congenial climate. For a time the colony pined and suffered. But the incorporation of the Sierra Leone Company in 1791 gave new life to the enterprise. Freetown rose, and the colony thrived. A great hazard threw it back once more, when a squadron of French ships, sailing into the roadstead with the English flag—a brilliant lie—flying at their masts, sacked and ruined the infant capital of the place. Teased by the native chiefs, the colonists had much toil in recovering the losses sustained from this sudden blow. Nor was it until 1808, when the Company resigned in favour of the Crown, that its existence can be said to have been secure. Negroes have been poured into the colony from time to time, the chief supply having been derived from the cargoes of captured slavers: and its population in 1851 had risen to 44,501. A Lieutenant-Governor and a Legislative Council of Seven manage the affairs of Sierra Leone.

V.—THE CAPE.

Descriptive Sketch.—Cape Colony, a system of three mountain-terraces, rising in giant steps of naked rock from south to north, is bounded on the north chiefly by the Gariep. From north to south it measures 450 miles, and 600

from east to west, filling a large part of that blunted point, in which the great wedge of Africa terminates. Barren for the most part, it yet presents in sundry favoured spots, as in the vicinity of Cape Town, rich fields and brilliant gardens. Corn is grown in sufficient quantities. And vineyards too abound, producing a wine pleasant enough when pure but of no great repute at English dinner-tables. The wines of the Constantia vineyard—eight miles from Cape Town—are prized beyond all other vintage of the colony. Under the shadow of Table Mountain, on whose flattish top of white sandstone the south-east wind often spreads a snowy cloth of cloud, the capital of the district lies, gently sloping from the sea, with its rectangular lines of red brick houses shaded and relieved by rows of oak and elm. The peninsula, on which the town is built, juts with a southward curve from the mainland, being washed on its northern shore by Table Bay, on its eastern by False Bay. Ships anchor in the former of these hollows in the shore. Other leading towns of the colony are *Grahamstown* and *Port Elizabeth* in the eastern district, and the Dutch town of *Graaf Reynet* at the foot of the Snowy Mountains. Pasturage forms the chief occupation of the Boors, who inhabit the rural parts of the colony. Tallow and wool are therefore among the leading exports, among which may also be specified aloes and wine. The population of Cape Colony amounted some time since to more than 200,000, of whom more than one-third were whites.

Historical Sketch.—Cloud and storm wrapped the Cape, when Bartholomew Diaz first saw it in 1487, and dire was the story he told at the Court of Portugal of *Cabo dos Tormentos*. King John II., who had not felt the storms, did not like the name, and there was substituted for the despondent title given by Diaz the more cheering name “Good Hope.” The omen did its work, as omens often do; and, ten years later, Vasco di Gama fought his way round the point through fierce and fickle winds and the perils of the not less fierce and fickle men who trod his decks, and entered the Indian seas (November 20th, 1497). The Indiamen of England and Holland used this convenient resting-place from the very commencement of their voyages. In 1620 two English captains, dating their proclamation from Saldanha Bay, took formal possession of the Cape in the name of King James I. We therefore had the start of the Dutch in laying claim to the new-found land, although we permitted them to outstrip us in the colonization of the place. A Dutch surgeon, named Van Riebeeck, in the service of the Dutch East India Company, first mooted the idea of colonizing the Cape, and the Government, alive to the importance of supporting their growing Indian settlements by an outpost, so conveniently situated and so likely to be valuable on its own account, fitted out a fleet, which bore about eighty emigrants to the foot of Table Mountain. Landing there in the spring of 1652, they knocked up some rude huts, which formed the foundation of the now prosperous Cape Town. The history of Dutch domination at the Cape presents little interest to the student, for it consists in the ceaseless sending out of bloody “commandoes” or military expeditions against the poor natives. The Hottentots and Bosjesmans suffered

much from their cruel neighbours ; and about 1780 the same course of treatment was begun against the more warlike Kaffirs. But here the Boors met with a tough and most active foe.

Acquisition by Britain.—The Dutch democrats, catching fire in 1795 from their revolutionary neighbours in France, expelled the Prince of Orange, who took refuge on our shores ; they then set up in business for themselves as the Republic of Batavia. Taking up the cause of the exile, Britain pounced upon several of the Dutch colonies in and near the Indian Seas. The Cape, a key to all, fell first into our hands. Admiral Sir Keith Elphinstone and General Sir James Craig reached it with a fleet and army in July 1795. Having captured Simon's Town, and made themselves masters of a strong position which commanded the road to the capital, they waited for some help from San Salvador. When this aid came, the united force marched to Cape Town and frightened the Dutch Governor into a surrender (Sept. 23rd 1795). The prize was given up to the Dutch once more by the Treaty of Amiens. But, upon the outbreak of the war between France and Britain, it was resolved to secure a place so essential to the safety of our Indian Empire. Accordingly in January 1806 Sir David Baird, in command of five thousand men, aided by a fleet under Sir Home Popham, reached the Cape and commenced warlike operations. Governor Jansens did not yield without a struggle. But the British bayonet pierced the Dutch lines, and left the way to Cape Town open. Upon the advance of Baird a flag of truce came out from the town, which was then given up to the British. General Beresford completed the conquest by following the Dutch forces, which had fallen back inland, and forcing them to yield. The terms of the surrender were honourable to both sides, for the Dutch soldiers were carried safe to Holland in British ships.

Later History.—Since our final acquisition of this colony its history has presented an unpleasant sameness. Until very lately it has been in a state of chronic war with the Kaffirs, who certainly are no despicable foes, savage though they be. The frontier Boors, a lawless remnant of the old Dutch settlers, would not for a long time recognize the rule of the British conquerors, and in 1815 attempted a rebellion. It would be tedious to relate all the brushes with the Kaffir tribes, in which our troops have been engaged since 1806. The principal foe of these restless Africans was Sir Harry Smith, who governed the colony between 1847 and 1852. This stern soldier had a narrow escape at the close of the year 1850, when he fled in rifleman's uniform from Fort Cox, where he had been for some time surrounded by hordes of angry Kaffirs.

About 90,000 white men inhabit Cape Colony, which, now reduced to apparent peace, is thriving more and more every year. Full of great commercial resources—placed at the junction of two extensive oceans, at a point about halfway between Europe and the East—the Cape ranks among the finest and most important of the British colonies, a fact which we acknowledge by the annual payment of £5000 to the Governor, who holds it for our Queen.

VI.—MAURITIUS.

Descriptive Sketch.—Ringed with a coral reef, this oval island of about 700 square miles, lifts to the tropic sky a pyramid of hills, whose ironstone and greyish lava are hid, even to the summits, with a covering of leaves. The cultivation of sugar forms the principal occupation of the people, of whom the whites are mostly of French descent and speak the tongue of their progenitors. The entire population may be reckoned at 181,000. *Port Louis* on the north-west shore and *Grand Port* on the south-west are the leading towns of the island. Satellites to this central colony are the neighbouring islands—Rodriguez, the Seychelles, Diego Garcia, the Amirantes, and some minor spots. *Rodriguez*, lying 300 miles east of Mauritius, possesses a good natural harbour, and abounds in wood and water. The *Seychelles*, of which Mahé is the principal island, are a granite group north of Madagascar, blessed with a delicious climate and perfect freedom from those frightful tornadoes, which often sweep the hills of the Mauritius. A British official from the Mauritius lives at Mahé. The *coco de mer*, a peculiar species of palm, whose nuts are washed on the Malabar and Maldive sands, grows here, and fine sperm whales swim thick in the adjacent seas. The *Amirantes* are a low group of less importance, 80 miles away. *Diego Garcia*, a curved coral reef lying more than 1000 miles from Mauritius, is chiefly valuable for its cocoa-nuts and fuel-wood.

Historical Sketch.—The island of which I am writing has changed its name thrice, its owners five times. Discovered in 1507 by Pedro Mascarenhas, a sailor from Portuguese India, and by him called *Cerné*, it remained during all that century untenanted and unused. A few hogs, goats, and monkeys monopolized the rock. It fell with Portugal to the Spaniards, and from them was taken (1598) by the triumphant Dutch, just then in the young strength of their republicanism. From their Prince Maurice it took its second and best-known name. Some slaves, brought over from Madagascar, escaped into the woods, and these under the name of Maroons became a terror to the Dutch, who abandoned the dangerous island in 1712. Three years later it was occupied by the French, and by them was named *Isle de France*. Transferred from the crown to the French East India Company, it rose under the able rule of Labourdonnais, who became governor in 1734, to a prominence and strength never before attained. Adding to the coffee of Bourbon the sugar of the Mauritius, crushing the formidable Maroons, encircling the shore with batteries, and cutting the woodland with roads, he made the island a real jewel in the French crown, and grew so strong that he extended his military enterprises to the shore of India, where he became the great rival of Dupleix. The French Revolution plunged even this distant island into troubles; the pulses of the great heart by the Seine stirring correspondent throbs in the little dependency. A decree of the French Assembly, ordering the complete and instant abolition of slavery, displeased the islanders greatly and led to a struggle, which laid

the place open to foreign interference. But that which justly excited the anger of Britain was the fact, that under French patronage the harbours of this island were crowded, at the opening of this present century, with fast-sailing pirates and privateers, ready to dart with swift and cruel wing on any unfortunate merchant ships that sailed the Indian seas without a guard. In this nefarious work the French received aid from some Americans, who bought the prizes up and kept a sharp look-out upon all sailings from Indian or English ports. An expedition against Mauritius was prepared in 1800 by the Marquis of Wellesley, the Governor-General of India. But it was not until 1810 that the blow was struck. Lord Minto sent a force of four thousand three hundred men to the French islands in the summer of that year. Bourbon fell an easy prize. But Mauritius took more time and more men. A reinforcement from the Cape enabled the British to land in the face of French skirmishers. Our cannon were planted and all was ready for the fire to open, when the garrison of Port Louis capitulated. The terms of the surrender were that the garrison should be sent to France, but that the island with its stores and ships should remain in the conquerors' hands. To General Abercrombie and Admiral Bertie the honour of this important conquest is due.

As outposts on the great sea-road to India, these islands are of especial value. And, in the not improbable event of a great trade arising with Madagascar and the basin of the Zambesi, they will prove inestimable both as warehouses and war-stations.

VII.—NATAL.

Descriptive Sketch.—A plentifully watered and finely timbered pasture land, spreading for about 20,000 square miles inland from the south-eastern shore of Africa, slopes upward to the highest ridge of the Drachenberg Mountains. Its capital, *Pietermaritzberg*, and its port, *Urban* on Port Natal, alone among its villages deserve the name of towns. Indigo, sugar, coffee, and tobacco are among the chief exports of this young settlement.

Historical Sketch.—When the Dutch owned the Cape, they resolved to plant a colony somewhere on the eastward shore, and so far back as 1689 a great sum of guilders was applied to the purchase of land on this part of the coast. In 1824 there was a movement of the Dutch settlers at the Cape towards this favoured region. But it was not until 1835 that the great Exodus of Boers to Natal took place, upon the news arriving at the Cape that slaves were to be freed and a colonial militia enrolled. With their children and their cattle the discontented colonists pushed over the mountains and pitched their tents by the sweet waters of the Tugala and its hundred sister streams. A bloody collision with the Zulus followed, but the farmers at last prevailed. And then, growing conceited in their strength, they raised the republican tricolor and declared themselves an independent state. The arrival of British troops however reduced them to submission in June 1842. And, three years later,

a royal proclamation raised Natal to the rank of a British colony (August 21st 1845).

VIII.—BRITISH KAFFRARIA.

In the eastern part of Cape Colony it became necessary, owing to the ceaseless inroads of the Kaffirs, to form a military station. To this the name of British Kaffraria has been given, and Buffalo River forms its chief outlet to the sea. The Kaffir war of 1847, when the tribes were apparently subdued by Sir Harry Smith, led to the establishment of this post. But the victory of 1847 was delusive; nor was it until 1853 that a lasting peace was secured at the cost of some brave blood and much hard cash. Forts stud the perilous region, which has hardly yet entered upon the life of a British colony.

In closing the list of our African Colonies I may add that the island of Fernando Po, which lifts its lofty, timbered peaks from the surface of the Bight of Benin, twenty-five miles from the last jut of the Cameroons, was held for seven years (1827-34) by the British Government. Discovered in 1471 by the Portuguese, it passed in 1778 to Spain, by whom feeble and fruitless efforts to colonize it were made. When the British abandoned the experiment of Fernando Po, the Spaniards resumed possession of the place, which they called *Puerto de Isabel*.

CHAPTER V.

THE AUSTRALASIAN COLONIES.

	A.D.	How acquired.	
New South Wales.....	1788.....	Discovery and Settlement.	
Norfolk Island.....	1791.....	"	"
Tasmania.....	1803.....	"	"
Auckland.....	1806.....	"	"
West Australia.....	1829.....	"	"
South Australia.....	1834.....	"	"
Victoria.....	1835.....	"	"
New Zealand.....	1839.....	"	"
Chatham Island.....	1841.....	"	"
Queensland.....	1859.....	"	"

A DUTCH yacht, the *Duyfhen*, sent from Bantam to cruise along the coast of New Guinea, sighted the most northerly point of Australia or the Great South Land in March 1606. A few months later during the same year a Spaniard named Torres saw the same point, now called Cape York. He thought it merely the tip of some small island. Bit by bit the Dutch seamen caught glimpses of the far-stretching shore. In 1642 Tasman discovered a land, to which he gave the name of his governor, Anthony Van Diemen.

The first Englishman who saw Australia, or New Holland as it was then called, was that adventurous Somersetshire man, William Dampier, who

went buccaneering about the Pacific and Indian Seas in the reign of James II. His tracings, beginning in 1686, extended over a large part of the west and north-west coasts, Shark's Bay being among his discoveries. But more than any other the name of Captain James Cook is associated with the discovery and survey of the Australian coast. Born, a poor labourer's son, at Marton in Yorkshire (1728), he fought his way from a haberdasher's shop and the grimy toils of a coaling vessel to be a master in the royal navy. As Lieutenant Cook he sailed in 1767 in the *Endeavour*, to aid in observing the transit of Venus at Tahiti. Having finished this task, he set out for New Holland, fell in with New Zealand on his way, and in 1770 reached the unknown shore to which he was steering. From Cape Howe to Cape York he traced the whole of the eastern and more important shore, and then, sailing through Endeavour Strait, proved beyond question that New Guinea is *not* a part of the great mass we call Australia. In later voyages he saw Van Diemen's Land, but the tracing of the east coast remained his great Australian achievement. Bass, Flinders, and Grant afterwards nearly completed the circuit of the gigantic coast-line; and in the height of Napoleon's struggle with England a French captain, one Baudin, coolly slipped into those seas, and assumed the credit of all that the discoverers of the south coast had done. In a solitary volume, which had no successor, the old names already studding the coast when Baudin sailed, were quietly ignored, and the entire shore bristled with a new list of names derived from the Emperor and his chief satellites. Captain Flinders surveyed almost all the coast of this island, and published his charts and narrative in 1814. From this date the name Australia superseded the earlier name New Holland.

During the present century many brave men have tried to penetrate Australia to its centre. I cannot here name all the enterprising travellers who have gone into the bush, life in hand. Captain Sturt has been called "the father of Australian exploration." Leichhardt, the botanist, perished somewhere in the wilds, while striving to cross from the Darling to the Swan River. And not many months ago the sad news came that two brave men, Burke and Wills, had succeeded in crossing the island from Cooper's Creek to the shores of Carpentaria, but had died of starvation on their return.

I.—NEW SOUTH WALES.

Descriptive Sketch.—This great south-eastern bulge of the shore, out of which the new colony of Queensland has been carved, slopes upward in varied undulations, from a sea-board, jagged with natural harbours, through pine forests spotted with the snug clearing and its waving grain, to the ridge of the Blue Mountains, and over these into the basins of the Murray and the Darling. Its capital, *Sydney*, lying on the southern shore of Port Jackson and containing more than 50,000 people, gathers the wool and gold of the colony into a crowd of waiting ships. This city is the centre of a system

of roads, which intersect the face of the country in all directions. So extensive is the range of New South Wales, that it has in north and south a considerable difference of climate. While the pine-apple and the banana thrive and ripen in the open air at Moreton Bay, the gooseberry and the apple grow on the Maneroo plains. Grapes, yielding a fair wine, are plentiful; tobacco, cotton, and the olive also yield a good return to the cultivator. The kangaroo leaps upon the open downs; the ornithorhynchus or "beast with a bill" digs the mud of sedgy ponds; the flying squirrel leaps, like a fleeting shadow, through the gum-trees, out of which screaming parrots fly in clouds. In great sheep-walks, rich gold-diggings at Bathurst, and coal-mines of considerable value in the basin of the Hunter, a mass of wealth, which centuries will not exhaust, lies as yet scarcely developed, although a beginning has been made.

Historical Sketch.—A spot, rich in flowers, had been observed by Cook on the shore of south-eastern Australia, and had received from him the name of Botany Bay, a title now suggestive of anything but freshness and beauty. The British Government, deprived of America as an outlet for crime, resolved to plant a convict settlement there; and accordingly Captain Phillip brought a cargo of criminals to the distant shore in 1788. When it was found that Botany Bay scarcely suited the object of the settlement, Phillip removed the site of the colony to Sydney Cove, an inlet of Port Jackson. There has since grown up the capital of our Antipodean Empire. As the infant colony stretched its bounds, striving to purify itself from the taint of its birth and the constant streams of wickedness that came pouring in from home, many Governors took the reins in turn. Lachlan Macquarie, holding office from 1810 to 1821, was the best among the earlier rulers of the place. Bligh of the *Bounty* was unquestionably the worst. Under Macquarie roads branched out in every direction, and, the Blue Mountains being passed, sheep-farming on a grand scale began upon the Bathurst downs. A Legislative Council being formed in 1829, Sir Richard Bourke, who became Governor two years later, proceeded to scatter schools and churches over the land. Steadily the pastoral colony advanced until 1851, when the discovery of gold in the neighbourhood of Bathurst gave a new turn to the history of the place. Edward Hammond Hargraves, a digger from California, led a crowd of Bathurst people to an adjacent river-bed, and showed them the yellow grains, that were to be got by washing from the soil. At once there was a rush. Almost all other labour was suspended. Shepherds left their flocks, traders left their shops, sailors left their ships, in the race to be rich. The population swelled in a sudden flood, and prices rose enormously; nor was it until the discovery of gold in other places had somewhat bled the gorged colony, that its yellow fever abated and convalescence set in.

II.—NORFOLK ISLAND.

A small island of porphyry and greenstone, beaten by a furious surf, and clothed with timber trees, whose foliage wraps the base of Mount Pitt, lies with its neighbouring rocks about 900 miles east-north-east of Sydney. Discovered by Cook in 1774, it partook of the fortunes of New South Wales until 1825, when it was made exclusively a penal settlement. It was first colonized in 1791.

III.—TASMANIA.

Descriptive Sketch.—An island of heart-shape, divided from south-eastern Australia by the wide channel called Bass's Strait, lies in a sea thick with whales. In greatest length it stretches 230 miles, in greatest breadth 190. Both in size and in the verdure of its evergreen forest-wood it deserves to be called the Emerald Isle of the Southern Ocean. Two chief rivers drain its slopes, bearing on their banks the most considerable towns of the island. *Hobarton*, deriving its name from Lord Hobart, who was Colonial Secretary at the date of its foundation, stands on the banks of the Derwent, whose waters drain the south-eastern slope. *Launceston*, situated where the Esk, North and South, unite to form the Tamar, is the principal town in the north of the island. Nowhere in the world can any shore be found presenting greater advantages for the harbourage of ships than the sixty miles of south-eastern coast, whose jagged edge is cut by the stream of the Derwent. The rocks and minerals of Tasmania are varied—basalt, limestone, and iron probably abounding most.

Historical Sketch.—Discovered in 1642 by a Dutch sailor named Abel Tasman, who went on an eastward cruise from the Mauritius, it received from him a name bestowed in honour of Anthony Van Diemen, Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies. In modern times however a name commemorative of its discoverer has been preferred. Captain James Cook visited its shores twice, but considered it a southward jut of Australia. It was reserved for Bass, a navy surgeon, to discover that it was an island (1797-8).

1803 In 1803 a convict colony, sent from Sydney, landed under Lieutenant A.D. Bowen at the mouth of the Derwent. Next year the banks of the

Tamar were colonized in a similar manner. Amid all the drawbacks of a convict settlement, Van Diemen's Land, as it was called, steadily advanced, until in 1825 it was severed from New South Wales and raised to the rank of an independent colony. Colonel Arthur, acting as Governor for twelve years (1824-36), may be said to have established its prosperity on the present foundation. Among the many able men, who have ruled the island, we find Sir John Franklin, mournfully known as a martyr in the cause of science. For some years after 1840 a larger stream of convicts poured into Tasmania, owing to the entire cessation of transportation to New South Wales. But the

colonists remonstrated against this treatment, and ultimately obtained complete release from the doubtful honour of acting as a social sewer to the mother-land. Sheep-farming is the chief occupation of the colonists.

IV.—THE AUCKLAND ISLANDS.

One hundred and eighty miles south of New Zealand lies an island, surrounded by several satellites, and inhabited by something less than 100 white men, engaged in whale and seal-fishing. Discovered by Captain Briscoe in 1806, they remained unoccupied until 1847, when a London firm rented them from the Crown.

V.—WEST AUSTRALIA, OR THE SWAN RIVER.

Descriptive Sketch.—A line, drawn across the map of Australia from Cambridge Gulf to the centre of that sandy concave shore, known as the Great Bight, divides Western Australia from the rest of the island. Little of it is known except the immediate coast-line, and that has in many places been but generally traced. Its southward angle contains the only settlements of any consequence. The line of its coast is broken by Exmouth Gulf and the larger indentation, called Shark's Bay. But it is only upon the Swan River and King George's Sound that settlements have taken root.

Historical Sketch.—A Dutch seaman, called Vlaming, discovering this coast in 1697, saw so many black swans on the river that he named it from the circumstance. Early in the present century French ships hovered round and explored the coast, suggesting the idea that our neighbours intended to forestall us in the occupation of the place. This started Englishmen to action. And several gentlemen, among whom Thomas Peel and Sir Francis Vincent were foremost, formed a plan for the colonization of Swan River at their own expense. Captain Stirling, appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the colony, reached the banks of Swan River in August 1829. A crowd of settlers had preceded him, and by the end of the year 1290 people were gathered in the colony. Next year came a still larger throng, to find that there were scarcely twenty houses ready to receive them. The town of *Perth*, about nine miles up the river, then began slowly to rise. *Freemantle*, at the mouth of the stream, and *Guildford*, seven miles above Perth, also soon took shape as towns. But the colony languished and seemed on the borders of death, when it occurred to the settlers of Western Australia to petition for those convicts, whom their thriving sister-settlements were rejecting. In 1849 the convict-stream turned towards the Swan River, and the colonists, not grown fastidious by success, rejoiced in the brawny limbs that had come to do their field labour. This infusion of new blood into the settlement has saved it from dying of decay.

Three years before the colonization of Swan River (1826) a detachment of soldiers, sent by the Government of New South Wales, landed at *King George's*

Sound at the opposite or southern side of the south-western angle of Australia. In 1830 the military station was appended to the Government of Swan River, and became a harbour for whalers. At the head of the Sound a town called *Albany* has taken root, and promises to thrive owing to the position of its port on the steamer-line from the Cape to Southern Australia.

VI.—SOUTHERN AUSTRALIA.

Descriptive Sketch.—The eastern half of that great segment of shore, which incloses the waters of the Great Bight, forms the coast line of Southern Australia. The colony extends inland to 26° of south latitude. Three large cuts indent the shore. Spencer's Gulf lies farthest west and penetrates most deeply. St. Vincent's Gulf, divided from the former by a well-timbered peninsula called Yorke, is blocked at its entrance by the huge mass of Kangaroo Island. Least decided of the three indentations is Encounter Bay, whose wide scoop derives importance from the fact that it receives, through a very insignificant mouth almost shut in by hummocks of sand, the waters of the gigantic Murray, whose feeders branch deep and far into the valleys of the Blue Mountains and the Australian Alps. *Adelaide*, the capital of the colony, lies on the River Torrens, which falls into St. Vincent's Gulf. At the mouth of the stream is *Port Adelaide*, seven miles from the capital, with which a railway connects it. The mineral wealth of Southern Australia is great. Copper particularly abounds, the mines of Burra-Burra and Kapunda being most productive.

Historical Sketch.—Captain Sturt, one of the most intrepid and successful of Australian explorers, was prominent in calling attention to this part of the great island. The colony was formed in 1834 by an Act of the Imperial Parliament. But it was not until 1836, that the *Cygnets* left the Thames, bearing a first freight of hope to the distant shore. Captain Hindmarsh R.N. was the first Governor of the infant colony. Its progress was hampered by difficulties not a few. The Company formed for colonizing the place went to work upon false principles—selling the land at a high rate and applying the proceeds to the supply of labourers who would work for low wages. Gambling in land began and grew to such a pitch, that in 1839–40 the blight of bankruptcy fell upon the colony. It was only, when copper was discovered, that prospects began to brighten. In 1842 two gentlemen, who knew something of geology, picked up a lump or two of copper ore in the district of Kapunda. They bought the ground for £80, and found it in a little while worth more than £30,000. Mine after mine, or, as we are told, quarry after quarry was sunk into the mass of mineral wealth which underlay the soil so richly, and the colony seemed on the high road to great prosperity, when a circumstance occurred, which left the colony as helpless as a palsied man or a stranded ship. No sooner had the news of the gold discovery at Bathurst reached the copper-diggings of South Australia than the mining population almost to a man

rushed off to the place, where the more precious metal was to be obtained. The crisis lasted for a time; but the wise policy of the Government turned some rills of the gold-stream back to the deserted colony by proclaiming stamped ingots a legal tender. Many disappointed diggers found their way back to the copper lodes, they had disdained to work twelve months before. And the colony then began again to make a progress it has since maintained.

VII.—VICTORIA.

Descriptive Sketch.—The south-eastern corner of Australia was once called Australia Felix. This name has latterly given place to that of Victoria. Looking across Bass's Strait at the northern shore of Tasmania it lies, a jewel of great price, inclosed by the two larger but not richer neighbours, already described. Its coast-line, extending from Cape Howe to the mouth of the Glenelg, is broken principally by the gulf called Port Philip, whose shores bear the thriving town of *Geelong* and *Melbourne*, the capital of the colony, standing on the Yarra-Yarra. The line of the River Murray forms a considerable part of the northern boundary of Victoria. Its mountains, the Australian Alps to the east and the Grampians to the west of Port Philip, abound in those "ancient slaty rocks of the Silurian system," which betoken the presence of gold. The roots of the *Eucalyptus*, so abundant in all Australian forests, twine and ramify above layers of quartz and mica-schist: the rivers foam down over beds of blue-clay, all aglitter with grainy wealth. *Ballararat*, forty miles from Geelong, and *Bendigo*, still farther inland, are the principal gold diggings of Victoria. But not alone in the heart of the colony does its wealth-producing power lie. Its lightly timbered downs, carpeted with the sweetest and most nutritious grass, afford opportunities for pasturage and tillage with great profit and a minimum of labour.

Historical Sketch.—Captain Cook visited this coast in 1770: adventurous Bass in his whaleboat skirted it in 1798. But the century had changed its name, before settlers fixed their abode on any part of the teeming alopes. Lieutenant Murray steered the *Lady Nelson* through the narrow neck of Port Philip, which he named after Governor Philip King, and in the following year (1803) a few convicts were landed on the shore of the bay. Some colonists, bent on whale-oil and fleeces, crossed in 1834 from Launceston in Tasmania to Portland Bay. But not until 1835 was the first permanent colonization of Port Philip achieved. Some adventurers under Batman 1835 and Fawcner preceded the Government settlers and tried to secure A.D. for themselves the soil, bought from native chiefs with tomahawks and rugs. But their claim was rejected. The towns of Melbourne, Geelong, and Portland being laid out in 1837, the tide of emigration began to pour strongly into this new and promising settlement. Gambling in land brought on a crisis in 1842-43; but the fleeces of the interior pastures were so heavy and rich, that the prosperity of the colony was soon placed beyond all risk.

Wealth produced a feeling of independence and a desire to be severed from the distant central Government at Sydney. There was accordingly a struggle on the subject, which, after lasting seven years, ended in the victory of the southern representatives. "When on July 1st 1851 Victoria took its position as a distinct colonial Government, only sixteen years had elapsed since Batman erected his hut upon Indented Head to the south of the Geelong arm of Port Philip, and not quite that interval, since Fawcner's party squatted upon the grassy slope and open forest of gum-trees that are now the busy market-square of Melbourne." The population of the colony was then found to be more than 77,000. The Census of six years later (1857) proved the population to have become more than 410,000, a number nearly six times as great. This remarkable stride resulted from the discovery of gold. Wool and tallow sank to be objects of merely secondary importance, when the splendid visions of nuggets and sacks of golden grains began to flit through the bewildered emigrant-brain. Anderson's Creek, sixteen miles from Melbourne, supplied the first signs of gold to the eager "prospecting" crowds, scattered in all the river-beds of the district. Then came the discoveries at Ballarat, Mount Alexander, and Bendigo, drawing swarms of diggers of every rank and occupation, and raising the prices of food and labour to figures that seem enormous. The streets of Melbourne went through regular gradations of canvas, wood, and stone, as tent gave way to hut, and hut to masonry. The gold-fever naturally left behind reaction and depression; but these were merely temporary. Trade began soon to run in its safe and customary channels, and civilization to branch out in the form of level roads, railways, lines of electric communication, from the colonial capital Melbourne, which, with its university, public library, and Parliament House, encircled by streets bright with gas and purified by well-laid water-pipes, presents the wondrous combination of growth, sudden as the mushroom yet stable as the oak.

The Census, taken in 1861, shows that Victoria has sprung ahead of all the Australasian colonies in point of population. There were then found to be in *total* 540,322 inhabitants of this part of the British Empire, the capital Melbourne alone containing 108,224. This is perhaps the best place to append a comparative view of the Census of 1861 in the Australian colonies.

New South Wales,.....	350,553
Victoria,.....	540,322
Queensland,.....	30,059
South Australia,.....	about 127,000
Tasmania,.....	89,977

VIII.—NEW ZEALAND.

Descriptive Sketch.—Divided by a narrowing strait, which bears the name of Cook, two islands—New Ulster and New Munster—lie at the Antipodes, measuring in their united length some 1200 miles. A little spot, New Leinster, hangs near the southward shore of the latter. Together the three form the New Zealand group. New Ulster, consisting of a squarish mass, from which a considerable prong or spike shoots north-westward, is thick with forests, in which the cone-bearing trees are very abundant. Gigantic ferns wave their plumes everywhere, and the fields teem with a fine native flax. The northern island, having received the earliest colonies, has advanced beyond its neighbour. *Auckland*, the seat of the Colonial Government, lies amid the relics of volcanic explosion, where the large gulf of Hauraki almost cuts the northern promontory in two. *Wellington*, the principal seat of the New Zealand Company, looks across the narrowest part of Cook's Strait. Some gold has been found within easy reach of Auckland. The middle island is much more regular in shape, lying in oblong form, as if broken violently from the thick end of New Ulster. Its chief towns are three—*Nelson*, sheltering in one of the clefts on the short northern shore; *Canterbury*, on Banks' Peninsula, a short nose of the eastern coast; and *Dunedin*, the capital of the rising settlement of Otago, on the south-eastern curve of the rounded coast. A people of an olive hue, intelligent and warlike but formerly possessing the horrible taste of the cannibal, inhabit stockaded *pahs*, which they defend with uncommon skill and bravery. Their mechanical talent enabled them to build canoes eighty feet long, before Cook paid his visits to the islands.

Historical Sketch.—Although the names of other claimants have been advanced, the credit of discovering New Zealand must be assigned to Abel Jansen Tasman, already named as the Dutch mariner, who first caught sight of Tasmania. On the 18th of December 1642 the yacht and flyboat under his command anchored by its shore, to which he gave the name of Staaten Land in honour of the States-General. His impression was that he had touched a part of the great southern continent, supposed to surround the Antarctic pole. Next year it received its present name of New Zealand. Cook visited the group on each of his three voyages, between 1769 and 1777. But the place attracted no attention until the beginning of the present century, when the Church Missionary Society (1814) established a station in the Bay of Islands. A Wesleyan mission followed this example in 1822. Traders from New South Wales began then to find their way to shores, rich in timber, oil, flax, and pork, which could be obtained easily for a few guns and blankets. A British Resident, sent from New South Wales in 1832, met the manoeuvres of a French interloper by inducing the principal northern native chiefs to send to the British Sovereign a request that they should be taken under British protection. In 1838

there were more than 2000 British subjects in this yet unrecognized British colony. We may assign the formal recognition of the colony to the appointment of Captain Hobson as British Consul there. He had before him the **1839** task of reconciling the native chiefs to British rule and of curbing the undue claims of the infant New Zealand Company, which had sprung into active existence in 1839. Hobson threw his life into the arduous work, and died from the effects of exposure and anxiety. But, before death smote him, he had, in spite of much subtle native opposition, induced the leading chiefs to sign a Treaty acknowledging the sovereignty of Britain. Very cunning of fence however were some of these olive gentlemen. One of them thus explained *his* idea of his obligation to the Queen: "The shadow of the land goes to Queen Victoria, but the substance remains with us. We will go to the Governor and get payment for our land as before." Things gradually took shape. The seat of Government was fixed on the very suitable site of Auckland. A Legislative and an Executive Council were organized. Wellington on Port Nicholson and New Plymouth at the base of Mount Egmont were founded. The New Zealand Company, having received a charter in 1840, established the new settlement of Nelson. But order was not yet achieved. What with explosive Maoris and factious settlers, the Governor had a busy and unpleasant time of it. The British flag was cut down in 1844, and again in 1846 by the audacious natives. War began in 1845; and it was not long, until the British soldiers, riflemen and artillery alike, found the greased and ochred natives no contemptible foemen—their *pahi* no easy capture. Since 1852 the New Zealand Company has ceased to colonize. Otago (1847) and New Canterbury (1850) had previously sprung into existence in the middle island. In 1860 a Maori war gave new trouble to the Colonial Government; but the defeat of the chiefs restored order to the colony. Emigration to New Zealand goes actively on, and it is not improbable, that a nucleus of future greatness may be forming in this far-off tract of land.

IX.—CHATHAM ISLAND.

In 1791 Lieutenant Broughton discovered and took possession of a group of islands, 300 miles east of New Zealand. Soon after 1841 they were formed into a crown dependency, connected with the colony of New Zealand. Chatham Island, the largest of the group, is 36 miles long.

X.—QUEENSLAND.

Queensland, formerly called the Northern District or Moreton Bay Territory, consists of what was once the northern part of New South Wales, as Victoria consists of its former southern part. Moreton Bay, shut in by Moreton and other islands, is the principal indentation of its shore; there the capital of the

colony, *Brisbane*, stands upon the river of the same name. Queensland was raised to the rank of an independent colony in 1859. Its climate being almost tropical, its plants and fruits differ considerably from those of the more southerly parts of the island.

1859
A.D.

CHAPTER VI

NORTH AMERICAN COLONIES.

	A.D.	How acquired.
Newfoundland	1683	Discovery and Settlement.
Nova Scotia.....	1623	Discovery and Settlement.
New Brunswick	1630	Discovery and Settlement.
Honduras	1670	Treaties with Spain.
Hudson's Bay Territory	1670	Occupation.
Prince Edward's Island	1768	Taken from the French.
Cape Breton	1768	Taken from the French.
CANADA.....	1769	Taken from the French.
British Columbia and Vancouver.....	1868	Discovery and Settlement.

I.—NEWFOUNDLAND.

Descriptive Sketch.—Newfoundland, the oldest of our North American colonies, is a triangular island of bleak and rugged shores, blocking the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The Strait of Belleisle separates it from the wild shore of Labrador. Its south-western point, Cape Ray, is distant seventy miles from the point of Cape Breton. Floes and bergs of ice cover the surrounding seas during the spring months, making navigation dangerous. A peninsula, called Avalon, juts its rounded side towards the east, being connected with the main mass of the island by means of a narrow isthmus, on each side of which is a considerable bay—Trinity to the north, Placentia to the south. The capital of the island is *St. John's* on a bay in the north-east of Avalon; *Harbour Grace* is the town of second rank. Its productive fisheries give the colony a special value. On its south-eastern shore extends a great submarine Bank, 600 miles long by 200 broad, over which the shallow waters swarm with codfish. Salmon, herrings, mackerel, and seals also abound in the surrounding seas, while the land supplies skins in which a considerable trade is done.

Historical Sketch.—John Gabotto or Cabot, a Venetian seaman residing in England during the latter half of the fifteenth century, had three sons, one of whom, Sebastian, has floated up to the surface of history as the discoverer of the mainland of America. It was on his first Transatlantic voyage in 1497 that he caught sight of Labrador and Newfoundland. Tradition states that an ancient mariner of Iceland had forestalled his discovery by nearly five hundred years. Fishing vessels from various European countries were soon attracted thither by the shoals of cod upon the Bank. Sir Humphrey Gilbert,

one of the daring sailors, who adorned Elizabeth's reign, led a colony to the island in 1583. But mutiny blighted his prospects, and storm took **1583** his life. It was not until 1623 that a permanent settlement was made by an enthusiastic Roman Catholic, Sir George Calvert, who afterwards became Lord Baltimore. Transferring to this distant spot the name Avalon, by which Glastonbury, an ancient Christian settlement in Britain, was once known, he hoped that the American colony would fulfil a somewhat similar destiny. During the seventeenth century, Lord Falkland in 1633, and Sir David Kirk in 1654, sent colonists to Newfoundland, and the French took what is proverbially known as "French leave" by making settlements without authority on another's coast. Newfoundland did not escape in the wars that raged between France and England. Overrunning the entire shore between 1705 and 1708, the French seemed likely to obtain complete possession of the place. But the Treaty of Utrecht handed it finally over to Great Britain, appointing the little islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon to be the only stations of the French in that sea. Every Treaty of note since that of Utrecht has contained a fishing clause, securing the right of the British to the chief use of the great cod-banks. A modern interest attaches to Newfoundland as the place to which the great Sub-Atlantic Cable was laid from Valentia off the Irish coast. It is not unlikely that the two islands may soon again be united by the electric wire in a form more permanently workable.

*North Carolina.*¹

North Carolina, although not so called until the time of Charles II., after whom it was named, was first colonized by the English in 1585, by settlers whom Raleigh sent out to occupy the banks of the Roanoke. But the colony did not then take root. Not until 1650 did white men permanently occupy the soil. In 1663 a number of illustrious Englishmen—Clarendon and Albemarle among the number—having received a grant of the territory from the English King, got Shaftesbury and John Locke to draw up a Constitution, which they tried to force upon the colonists. The experiment however did not succeed. North Carolina, separated from South in 1719, ceased to be a British possession in 1776.

Virginia.

The patent of Sir Walter Raleigh, dated 1584, gave him leave to occupy a large tract of North America, to which in compliment to Queen Elizabeth he gave the name Virginia. But the colonization of the shores of the Chesapeake did not actually take place till 1607, when James Town, so called in honour of the King, was founded on the banks of the Powhatan or James River. The romantic story of the Indian girl Pocahontas, who married an English settler named John Rolfe, is mixed up with the earliest history of this colony. Fighting with the Indians on the one hand and the home Government on the other, Virginia continued nevertheless steadily to thrive. It was broken from the British Empire in 1776.

Massachusetts.

A little band of Nonconformists, driven from the shelter of the home-land by per-

¹ The paragraphs in smaller type relate the settlement of those Colonies, which became independent by the American War.

secution, sailed in the *Mayflower* for the shore of New England. Americans still regard the spot at Plymouth, south-east of Boston, where these "Pilgrim Fathers" landed in 1620, as sacred ground. Within the State of Massachusetts, which grew out of this draft of emigrants, the first flames of the American War were kindled.

New Hampshire.

New Hampshire received its first settlers in 1623, but it had so many difficulties to contend with, arising especially from the natives, that its progress was very slow. It was one of the thirteen original States that declared their independence in 1776.

II.—NOVA SCOTIA.

Descriptive Sketch.—A peninsula, lying to the south of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and shaped like the head of a hammer, is joined to the mainland by the isthmus of Chignecto. The entire coast is fringed with small islands, against which the tumbling billows of the Atlantic exhaust their rage. Between the jutting peninsula and the main shore lies the Bay of Fundy, noted for the great height of its tides. *Halifax* on the Atlantic, and *Annapolis*, formerly *Port Royal*, on the Bay of Fundy, are the chief towns in the colony. Its exports are timber, fish, skins, and coal.

Historical Sketch.—Sighted by the Cabots in 1497 and visited in 1598 by a French Marquis, who brought thither a number of convicts, this settlement, at first known as part of Acadie or Acadia (a name celebrated in Longfellow's *Evangeline*), was very near falling into the hands of another French expedition containing Jesuits, who settled (1604) at Port Royal and St. Croix. The Virginian colonists expelled these intruders. In 1621 James I. granted to Sir William Alexander a patent, authorizing him to colonize the whole country. Two years later, a band of colonists, sent by Sir **1623** William, arrived on the coast, but they gained no permanent footing. **A.D.** The French held their ground still; and, when French influence was shamefully paramount at Whitehall, they received the colony from a British King by the Treaty of Breda (1667). The Treaty of Ryswick confirmed the claims of the French to Nova Scotia; but the capture of Port Royal in 1710 by a British expedition from Boston threw the colony once more into the hands of its original owners. The Treaty of Utrecht set a final seal on it as British property. The landing of disbanded soldiers at Chebucto in 1749, and their foundation there of the city Halifax—the wholesale shipping of the Neutrals, Acadians, or French settlers away from the colony to New England and elsewhere—the grant of a free Constitution to the colony in 1758—and the separation from it of New Brunswick and Cape Breton in 1784—are the principal remaining points worth noting under this head.

III.—NEW BRUNSWICK.

Descriptive Sketch.—The province of New Brunswick, lying chiefly between the Bay of Fundy and the St. Lawrence, is one of the finest timber countries

in the world, its principal trade being in that article, which the colonists call "lumber." The river St. John, with a port of the same name at its mouth and the capital *Fredericton* higher on its stream, intersects almost the entire breadth of the colony. Dried and salted fish bulk largely among its principal exports.

Historical Sketch.—The name Acadia was applied by the French to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and part of Maine, over all which they claimed dominion. It is said that the British first colonized New
1630 Brunswick in 1630. But its history coincides with that of Nova
 A.D. Scotia, until the end of the American War, when, many of the disbanded soldiers being settled there, it was raised to colonial independence. The repeal of duty on colonial timber in 1809 gave a great and lasting impetus to its staple trade. Nowhere do we find a record so terrible as that of the fire—of conflagration be not a fitter word—which raged, blown into fury by a hurricane, among the forests in the basin of the Miramichi. For more than one hundred miles the woods were burned to charcoal—men, towns, cattle, and various kinds of property being destroyed in the red sweep of the element (1825). The rebellious movements in Canada (1837–8) caused a good deal of effervescence too in New Brunswick.

Maryland.

Deriving its name from Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I., Maryland dates as a colony from 1634, when Lord Baltimore fixed upon it as a place of refuge for oppressed Roman Catholics. Puritans from north and south afterwards began to settle upon the shores of the Chesapeake. *Annapolis*, being chosen as the seat of government in 1699, has continued so ever since. We lost Maryland among the Thirteen States in 1776.

Rhode Island.

A Puritan preacher named Roger Williams, equally celebrated in colonial and theological history, founded this little colony in 1636, having been driven from New England, as he had been from Old England, for preaching unlimited toleration. After wandering for fourteen weeks in the wilds he came upon an Indian settlement on Narragansett Bay, and there at the mouth of the Seekonk he established a little home, which he devoutly called *Providence*. The place hence took its earliest name—Providence Plantations. A band of Calvinists, taking refuge there, acquired from the Indians Rhode Island. Sir Harry Vane was the warm friend of this struggling settlement; it was through him that Williams obtained a charter in 1644. Although opposed to England in the American War, Rhode Island stands prominent in the lateness of her adherence to the Act of Union; not till 1790 was her signature appended.

Connecticut.

Founded in 1635 by a band of settlers, who branched off from the colony of Massachusetts, this part of New England, taking a name from the river that cuts its parallelogram across, soon rose to an equality with its somewhat older neighbour. Britain lost it by the American War.

New York.

The Empire State, as Americans proudly call it, consists of a great triangle, whose base lies back upon the St. Lawrence and its two first lakes, whose vertex touches the ocean at the mouth of the Hudson River. An English sailor, named Henry Hudson, then in the Dutch service, discovered in 1609 the stream that bears his name. A Dutch fort, called Orange, but whose site was afterwards occupied by Albany, was built upon the river in 1609, and in 1610 the germ of New Amsterdam, by-and-by to become New York, was planted on the island of Manhattan. English settlers gradually came to mingle with the Dutch; and in the reign of Charles II. (1664) the colony was wrested from the enemy during the Dutch War, and named after the Duke of York. It was foremost among the Thirteen States of the Disruption.

New Jersey.

Danish and Swedish settlers were expelled in 1655 by the Dutch of New Amsterdam from the sandy flat, which lies between the Hudson and the Delaware. The Dutch were in their turn expelled by the British in 1664. And King Charles granted the region to his brother James of York, who sold it to Sir George Carteret and Lord Berkeley. From their hands it passed by purchase to William Penn the celebrated Quaker, who represented a company of colonizers. Robert Barclay, author of "An Apology for Quakers," was the first Governor of New Jersey under the Proprietors. Separated from New York in 1736, it took part as an independent State in the secession struggle, and was one of the Thirteen.

Delaware.

On the opposite bank of the estuary lies the smallest but one of the American States, taking its name from Lord Delaware, Governor of Virginia, who sailed into its bay in 1610. Originally colonized in 1638 by the Swedes, it fell in 1655 into the hands of the Dutch, only to pass, like its neighbour on the north, into the possession of the British in 1664. In 1682 it went with Pennsylvania under the rule of Penn. It was declared free from British rule in 1776.

IV.—HONDURAS.

Descriptive Sketch.—A district, lying for 200 miles along the eastern edge of the thick mass of Yucatan in Central America, belongs to us under the name of Honduras or Baliza. The former name, also applying to the Bay, means "depth of water"; the latter, given also to a river and the capital town, is a Spanish corruption of Wallis, the name of a noted buccaneer. This colony abounds in the fine cabinet woods. Mahogany, cedar, and logwood form its principal exports. Indigo and cochineal also add to its commercial importance. Along much of its low shore stretch green islands, called locally *Keys*: these abound in turtles.

Historical Sketch.—Columbus saw Honduras in 1502, and it has almost ever since been a source of contention between Britain and Spain. Its history in fact consists in the enumeration of the Articles and Treaties ceding it to Britain on the part of Spain, and the violation of these Articles by sudden

attacks as soon as a convenient opportunity occurred. The Treaty of 1670 between England and Spain "generally embraced the territorial right of British occupancy at Honduras"; the Treaty of 1763 wrested from Spain a yet more decided acknowledgment of the British right. Yet no war has been between the Powers without a dash by Spaniards on the Balize shore. All attempts however have been bravely repulsed.

V.—HUDSON'S BAY TERRITORY.

Descriptive Sketch.—Around that great mediterranean sea, called Hudson's Bay, there stretches an almost boundless region, seamed with splendid rivers, on which rows of fine lakes lie strung like beads on glittering threads, but on account of its rigorous climate uninhabitable by those races of men who do the work of civilization. The furs, in which Nature wraps the beasts of this frozen wild, form the chief inducements towards its scanty colonization.

Historical Sketch.—The huge bay, to which Henry Hudson gave his name upon the occasion of its discovery, was first seen by him in 1610. There, on the frozen shore he perished, deserted by a mutinous crew. The English Russia Company, by which he had been sent out to seek for the North-west Passage, sent several ships to explore these dangerous seas. Prince Rupert took an interest in the progress of colonization there, and got from King Charles in 1670 a charter, which secured to the Hudson's Bay Company, then formed, the exclusive right of trading within the entrance of the Straits. The French interfered with the operations of the Company for a few years (1697-1714). But in 1783 a rival Company, called the North-west, started up to insist on a share of the profits which were derived from hunting and trading round Hudson's Bay. After much bickering and ill-will a union was effected in 1821. A royal license (1838) gave them the right of trading beyond the Rocky Mountains for twenty-one years. But this was not renewed, owing to the establishment of a new colony, British Columbia.

South Carolina.

The first permanent settlement on this shore, resulting in the foundation of Charleston, dates from 1680. This land of rice and cotton is peopled by a hot-blooded race. In the American War of Independence and in the civil strife now desolating the slopes of the Alleghany, South Carolina has played a prominent part.

Pennsylvania.

First taken possession of by the Swedes, and from them taken by the Dutch, this settlement passed into British hands in 1664. In 1681 Charles II. granted the country to William Penn, the celebrated Quaker, who sailed for the colony in the following year, having previously negotiated the purchase of the land from the Indians. A system of government, which he drew up, was formed on such liberal and humane principles, that many settlers flocked to the Quaker colony. Philadelphia was founded in the year 1682 at the confluence of the Schuycill and the Delaware; and

in later times the French, penetrating from Canada, built Fort Duquesne (Pittsburg) at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela. Philadelphia acquired special prominence in 1774, when the First Congress of States assembled there.

Georgia.

In 1732 a benevolent Englishman, General Oglethorpe, founded the colony of Georgia, to be a place of refuge for insolvents and those suffering from religious persecution. It took its name from George II., and was the last founded of those American States, which broke loose from the British Empire in 1776.

VI.—PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND.

Descriptive Sketch.—A long island, surrounded with red cliffs and presenting the soft features of pastoral scenery, lies sheltered in the crescent curve formed by the northern parts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Timber and pickled fish are its principal exports. Its capital, *Charlotte Town*, lies about the centre of the island.

Historical Sketch.—This island was first called St. John's by Cabot, who discovered it during his famous voyage of 1497. The French took possession of it somewhat later and held it until 1745, when the British colonists of Massachusetts took possession of it. Its final capture by the British dates from the year 1758, when Louisbourg in Cape Breton fell before **1758** British prowess. The Treaty of 1763 confirmed the possession of the A.D. island to Britain, and it was attached to Nova Scotia. The lands were given away by a lottery in 1767, and two years later the island became an independent colony. Charlotte Town suffered from the attack of two American cruisers during the War of Independence. The name, by which we know the colony, was given in honour of Edward, Duke of Kent, the father of our present Queen.

VII.—CAPE BRETON.

Descriptive Sketch.—An island, somewhat like a fish-hook in shape, lies north of Nova Scotia, from which the Strait of Canseau divides it. Coal and iron lie locked under its turf in great abundance: splendid timber clothes its slopes. The feature, which most of all gives a character to the island, is the *Bras d'Or*, an inlet of the sea, that swells and branches in the heart of the country into a broad sheet of salt water, whose shores are curved with fine bays and harbours. *Sydney*, the capital, is situated near the narrow entrance of the *Bras d'Or*.

Historical Sketch.—Like all the neighbouring land, Cape Breton was discovered by Cabot. The French, who took it, called it *L'Isle Royale*, although its present name had probably been given to it earlier. For the purpose of extending and securing her fisheries in those waters, France built (1720) the strong fortress of Louisbourg on the south-eastern coast of the island. When the Anglo-French war, which blazed during the middle of the eighteenth cen-

tury, began to rage, the colonists at Boston, irritated at many outrages of the French in Cape Breton, went in a volunteer band of four thousand to Louisbourg, which they besieged and took, with the aid of Admiral Warren's squadron of ten ships. The fine island, thus laid at Britain's feet, was restored

1758 by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle: but in 1758 it was reconquered.

A.D. After enjoying the rank of an independent colony from the close of the American War, it was again annexed to Nova Scotia, to which it is still subordinate. The little group of the *Magdalen Islands*, lying eighteen leagues to the north-west, and the curved sandbank eighty-five miles from Cape Canseau, known as *Sable Island* and dark indeed with memories of shipwreck, belong to the same Government.

VIII.—CANADA.

Descriptive Sketch.—The greatest of our American possessions is that stretch of country, lying principally along the northern shore of the St. Lawrence and its giant chain-work of lakes. Superior—Huron—Erie—Ontario have each its Canadian coast-line; the river, breaking out of the last, separates for a time New York from Canada, but, when it reaches the forty-fifth parallel of north latitude, it runs no longer between rival banks but sweeps on with broadening flow through the heart of a smiling British territory. The whole area of Canada may be considered as about three times that of the British Islands. The boundary of this great colony, where it meets other British possessions, is not very accurately determined, although the watershed, which divides the basin of Hudson's Bay from that of the St. Lawrence and its lakes may be regarded in general as marking the line. But the frontier, south of the St. Lawrence, upon which abut four of the States—New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine—has been the source of much trouble and dispute between Britain and the States. It may be useful to lay down the general line of this frontier. It extends from where parallel 45° of north latitude cuts the St. Lawrence, along that parallel to the head of the Connecticut, and then bends northward in a curving line, which incloses the rounded back of Maine. The river *Ristigouche* separates Canada from New Brunswick. This slice of Canada, south of the St. Lawrence, thus consists chiefly of two portions—the fertile peninsula of *Gaspé*, which forms the lower lip of the estuary, and the triangular space, including the *Eastern Townships*, whose soil, naturally rich and fertilized by the Chambly, Chaudière, and many other waters, smiles like a garden under the hand of the husbandman.

Canada is chiefly granitic, but the geology is naturally very much varied. The huge fall of Niagara plunges down a gap, whose sides display limestone, slate, and sandstone. At St. Maurice there are iron-mines of great value. Wheat is the staple production of Upper Canada; the maple, with its sugary sap, abounds everywhere; and timber trees of the most varied sorts clothe every cleft and slope in the colony. What with rafts of timber in the summer,

and hummocks of broken ice, when the April sun unchains the rivers, the rapids have enough to do in bearing their burdens to the sea.

Upper Canada, divided from the older and lower settlements principally by the Ottawa River, is peopled with British colonists; the inhabitants of the eastern province are, except in the leading towns, the descendants of French settlers and speak a mongrel *patois*. Those red men, whom fire-water and the vices of civilization have spared, belong to the Mohawks and Ojibbeways.

The great towns of Lower Canada are *Quebec* and *Montreal*. The former is an almost impregnable place, built with a northern aspect on the rocky promontory of Cape Diamond, which juts from the left bank of the St. Lawrence. Montreal, 160 miles up the river, is built on a gentle slope at the southern end of a wedge-shaped island, about 30 miles long. In Upper Canada *Toronto* (once York)—*Kingston*, a strong place with dockyards and exhaustless stores of timber close at hand—and *Hamilton*, all stand at different parts of the northern shore of Ontario. *Sorel*, at the junction of the Richelieu with the St. Lawrence, bids fair to outstrip the neighbouring towns in the Eastern Townships.

In every way, that a colony can benefit a motherland, Canada is of advantage to Britain. While her wheat-fields and timber-forests supply our wants at home, she receives from us ship-loads of our manufactures. Her territory is sufficiently large, her forts are sufficiently strong, to preserve the balance of power in that western Continent, which once was nearly all our own. And, when the turns of trade leave certain classes of our artisans idle or the pressure of increasing population is felt too much within the narrow shores of our little central island-group, there are by the St. Lawrence wide regions of fertile land, where skill and labour need never know the want of bread.

Discovery and Early History.—Although Cabot may be regarded as the discoverer of that part of mainland America, which incloses the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Captain Jacques Cartier, a sailor of St. Malo, was the first to enter the great Canadian river. It was in 1535 during his second voyage that he cast anchor in a bay of the Labrador coast on St. Lawrence's Day (August 10)—a coincidence, which led to the name ever since borne by Gulf and River. Having penetrated as far as the Indian village of Hochelaga near the site of modern Montreal, he returned to winter where Quebec stands. Canada, (from *Kanata*, an Indian word, which means any collection of wigwams) became the name of the whole district from the mistaken idea that the Indians so applied it. A brisk fur-trade sprang up, attracting from France many adventurers, who established themselves about the mouth of the Saguenay. Samuel de Champlain, a naval officer, wrote his name indelibly in the earlier annals of Canada. Organizing alliance with the Indian tribes, pushing on the fur-trade, penetrating up the river and deep into the land upon its banks, he continued not only to establish French dominion in Canada, but to kindle in France, although then distracted by domestic affairs, a great interest in this distant region. The foundation of Quebec in 1608, and the exploration of the Lake

that bears his name, are among the achievements of this celebrated man. From 1612 until his death in 1635, with some interruptions, he held the post of Governor of Canada. The interval between Champlain's death and the erection of the colony in 1663 into a royal Government was chiefly filled with contests between the French settlers and their fierce Indian neighbours the Iroquois, who had formed an alliance with the colonists of New England. The attractions of the fur-trade excited considerable jealousy between the English and French in America. Various wars broke out, in connection with the wars on the Continent of Europe. There were King William's War, ending with the Treaty of Ryswick; Queen Anne's War, closed by the Treaty of Utrecht; and then came a period of peace, rudely broken by the final war, which severed Canada from France.

Conquest by the British.—The arrival of Marquis Duquesne in Canada (1752) inaugurated a system of vigorous encroachment and military stir. Resolved to keep in French hands the traffic between Canada and the lower Mississippi, he lined the Ohio and the Alleghenys with fortresses, seizing even the unfinished works at the forking of the Ohio and Monongahela and erecting there a stockade called Fort Duquesne (Pittsburg). This colonial embroilment occurred just on the eve of that great European conflict, known as the Seven Years' War, in which France and England took opposite sides. In 1756 the first trumpet note was heard. The year before, an English expedition under General Braddock had advanced to attack Fort Duquesne, but had been routed and scattered by an ambuscade of French and Indians near the Monongahela. The preservation of the defeated army from utter destruction was due to the coolness and skill of a young Virginian Colonel, named George Washington, who was then learning in a difficult school lessons, soon to be applied to another use.

In 1756 the Earl of Loudon took command of the English forces in America: the Marquis de Montcalm served the French King in a similar position. Loudon being incompetent, the French Marquis destroyed Forts Ontario and Oswego, thus gaining complete command of the inland sea on which they stood. Lake George too passed into the hands of the victors. Things were looking gloomy for English rule in America, when the Great Commoner came suddenly to power, and a magic change began (1758). A defeat near Ticonderoga was amply atoned for by the splendid successes of Bradstreet at Frontenac and Forbes at Duquesne.

While General Amherst was driving the French before him from the forts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and Johnson was investing Fort Niagara, a fleet under Saunders, bearing an army of eight thousand men under General James Wolfe, a young red-haired Kent man, who had already displayed power at the siege of Louisbourg, was on its way from England, bound for Quebec. Montcalm with twelve thousand men lay resolute within the city. Having placed his cannon on Point Levi opposite Quebec, and also on the Island of Orleans, where his troops landed (June 27th 1759), Wolfe began the siege. Bombardment

and assault however did little or nothing for nearly two months. At length stratagem was tried. Sailing up stream past the beleaguered town to *Cap Rouge*, the ships seemed to draw after them the soldiers, who marched along the south shore until they came opposite the anchored fleet. This puzzled and misled Montcalm. But in the dead of night a crowd of flat-bottomed boats swept silently with muffled oars down the deep current to the foot of the bush-clad precipice, which forms the base of the high Plain of Abraham—a position of eminence commanding the city of Quebec. Boat after boat landed its freight at the foot of the rocks, and, Highlanders and light infantry leading the perilous way, the whole army, now wasted to five thousand men, clambered up the crags to the level ground atop. Montcalm, scarcely able to believe his eyes next day, rushed madly with little preparation on the English lines. Sept 13, In his hurry he forgot his artillery, and thus lost a decided advantage, 1759 for the English, unable to drag guns up the heights, had scarcely A.D. anything of the kind. In the battle that ensued the English musket was victorious. Three balls—in wrist, belly, and breast—struck Wolfe, the last inflicting a mortal wound. Montcalm too died on that fatal field. On the 18th Quebec capitulated, and on the 8th of September 1760 Vaudreuil, the last French Governor of Canada, being hemmed in at Montreal by sixteen thousand foes, signed a document transferring Canada to Britain. The Treaty of 1763 confirmed this act of conveyance.

Later History.—Scarcely had the British obtained possession of this important colony, when an Indian chief named Pontiac attempted to wrest it suddenly from them. The siege of Pittsburg (1763-4), in which he failed, was the principal operation of the war he began. The substitution of the English laws and the haughtiness of the English officials excited great discontent among the French inhabitants of Canada. Nor was it until 1774, when the American War began to threaten, that the *Act of Quebec* was passed for the purpose of appeasing them. By this Act all disputes about property and civil rights were henceforth to be decided by the old French law, while criminal cases fell under the laws of England. So effectual were these measures in soothing the discontent of the old colonists that they remained quite cold to the addresses of the revolted New Englanders. In 1775 the Americans invaded Canada at two points. Montgomery led a force from Lake Champlain to Montreal, which he occupied (Nov. 19) on the departure of Governor Carleton to defend Quebec. The last-named city was threatened by Benedict Arnold, who had made a march late in autumn over the wild watershed, dividing Maine from the basin of the St. Lawrence. When Montgomery and Arnold united their forces, Quebec stood in imminent peril. On the last day of 1775 under falling snow the two American Generals hurled their strength against two opposite sides of the rock-built capital. A shower of grape met and checked the attack. Montgomery was killed; Arnold, severely wounded. After spending four months in a feeble blockade, the Americans retreated at the approach of three ships from England, which heralded the arrival of a larger

fleet. By the Peace of Versailles, which terminated the American War, two important parts of Canada—the northern basin of Lake Champlain and the fort of Detroit—were severed from the British dominions. A plantation of discharged soldiers, chiefly round the shore of Ontario, was another result of the close of this war.

The Constitutional Act of 1791, dividing the two Canadas, was founded on a scheme of William Pitt. The boundary line being fixed “from a point on Lake St. Francis along the west boundary of the Seigneuries of New Longueuil and Vaudreuil to Point Fortune on the Ottawa, and thence up that river to Lake Temiscaming,” the Act proceeded to lay down the points of the Constitutions. Each province was to have a Legislative Council and a Legislative Assembly, along with an Executive Council, consisting of the Governor and a Cabinet of eleven nominated by the King. Newspapers, schools, the taking of the census, the improvement of the mails, the abolition of slavery marked the rapid rise of the colony. But the embers of discontent still smouldered. In the Legislative Assembly there were vigorous attempts to shake themselves free from all control. The Governor retorted by dissolving the House and suppressing a fiery paper *Le Canadien*, whose printer was committed to prison (1810). Two years later, Canada again underwent a series of attacks from beyond the Lakes. These I have elsewhere described.

Discontent with the Constitution at last took the shape of rebellion. In 1833 appeared the first decided symptoms. At Montreal and Quebec a “Convention” and a “Committee” sat to reject the interference of Britain in the local Government. A principal demand was that the Legislative Council should be elective, not appointed by the King. The Earl of Gosford, coming out from Britain as a Commissioner to inquire into Canadian grievances, healed the wound in a temporary way by lavish promises. But the virus broke out more angrily than ever. The Lower House would grant no supplies; the Upper House would pass no Bills. Papineau, Speaker of the Parliament of Lower Canada, headed the revolt, which first blazed out at Montreal. A gang of malcontents, styling themselves the “Sons of Liberty,” showed faint signs of fight; but were soon repulsed. Fleeing to St. Denis and St. Charles on the Richelieu, the rebels held out for some days. But a few companies of soldiers and volunteers crushed out the flames. While this was going on in Lower Canada, a man called Mackenzie made a futile attempt to seize Toronto; and then made a rebel’s nest on Navy Island in the Niagara River. Colonel M’Nab routed him in both instances. Attempts on the part of American “Sympathizers” to invade Canada were met and crushed with equal promptitude. The wise administration of the Earl of Durham caused a lull in the stormy atmosphere of the colony. Upon his withdrawal however, which resulted from a stupid dislike of his policy on the part of the Imperial Parliament, a short second rebellion broke out. Sir John Colborne, Commander of the Forces, defeated Dr. Nelson the rebel leader at Napierville. A second check at Beauharnois ended this spurt of seven days’ fighting. A wise mea-

sure, which received the sanction of Queen Victoria on the 23rd of July 1840, reunited the Canadas under one form of Constitution. Charles Thompson, who afterwards received a peerage as Lord Sydenham, was the great instrument of the salutary change. It was arranged that the Houses should sit alternately by four years in Quebec and Toronto; but Ottawa has been selected lately as a permanent seat of Government. Lord Elgin went out to Canada as Governor in 1847, at a time when the colony was suffering from the action of the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the consequent decrease of its grain trade. Some riotous movements showed the agitation of the popular mind; some pseudo-patriotic fire-brands burned the Parliament House of Montreal with its fine library. Railways, especially in 1852, began to thrust their civilizing forces through the land. An important event of late years has been the conclusion of the *Reciprocity Treaty* between Great Britain, Canada, the other British colonies in America, and what were then the United States (July 1854). "This treaty allows to Americans, with certain exceptions, the use of British sea-fisheries; it provides for a numerous list of commodities, which may be interchanged free of duty, between the United States and the Colonies; and the third great feature is, that it opens the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and the Colonial Canals to Americans, while the right to navigate Lake Michigan is accorded to Canadians."

THE AMERICAN WAR, OR THE INDEPENDENCE OF THIRTEEN COLONIES.

I think this the fittest place to describe briefly the greatest loss our Colonial Empire has ever suffered. It has been noticed by the reader, that my sketches of some of the North American Colonies are distinguished from the other text by smaller type. These are the famous Thirteen, which, goaded by blundering at home and filled with the wild blood of a new world of seemingly exhaustless resources, rose near the end of the last century and by a violent effort broke the bonds that knit them to the motherland.

An Act, to which I have already referred—the *Stamp Act* of Grenville (1765)—which decreed that American pamphlets, documents, &c. were to be henceforth on taxed paper, was the fatal germ, from which the disruption grew. Although this Act was repealed under the Ministry of Rockingham, the essence of the measure was retained in the reservation of a right to tax the colonies. The ground, on which the hardy colonists took their stand, was this:—"We consider that representation and taxation imply each other: we have no representatives in the British Parliament: therefore we have no right to pay taxes to the British Government." When the Duke of Grafton became Premier of England, bad grew worse. Chancellor of Exchequer Townsend laid taxes on tea, lead, glass, paper, and paints in America. Again the Government at home—Lord North being then Premier—drew in all their horns except one: they retained the duty on tea. That eminent man Benjamin Franklin, who had raised himself from the obscure station of a Boston tallow-

chandler's son and printer's apprentice to great scientific and diplomatic renown, was then the agent of the States in England. To his native city of Boston, a very hotbed of revolt, where already shots had been fired, Franklin sent under cover letters, which the English Colonial Secretary had received from Hutchinson and Oliver, the Governor and Deputy of Massachusetts, and which contained unmistakable advice to crush out the embers of rebellion by instant force. These letters revived the somewhat sinking fire. One December night of 1773 "Boston harbour grew black with unexpected tea" (as Carlyle phrases it), several of the colonists in the dress of Mohawks having boarded the vessels just newly anchored there, and flung the contents of the obnoxious chests overboard. This daring act brought upon Massachusetts and especially upon Boston heavy retaliation. The Charter of the State was taken away; the Custom-house was removed from Boston to Salem, the port being actually closed. In vain Franklin strove to effect a reconciliation. The

American States, now all on fire at the heart, met with the exception of Georgia in solemn Congress at Philadelphia, to confirm with
1774 A.D. their approval the course taken by Massachusetts, to frame a *Declaration of Rights*, and to forward to King George III. a document, stating their case and pleading for redress. "The petition was alighted. Chatham told the Lords that it was folly to force the taxes in the face of a continent in arms. Edmund Burke bade the Commons beware lest they severed those ties of similar privilege and kindred blood, which, light as air though strong as iron, bound the Colonies to the mother-land. The Ministers were deaf to these eloquent warnings and blind to the coming storm."

So much for the causes of the War: now for the story of the War itself.

Campaign of 1775.—The first collision took place between Boston and Concord, chiefly at Lexington, fifteen miles from the former city. General Gage, in command of the British force at Boston, sent a detachment to seize

some military stores collected by the Americans at Concord. Bells
April 19, rang and guns fired around the startled soldiers during their night
1775 march to the place, and a few shots were exchanged between them

A.D. and a body of colonial militia. Reaching the town, they destroyed the stores, and then turned towards Boston. Every hedge and bush, rock, tree, and wall, as they passed, sent out its spirts of deadly flame and smoke from the rifles of the American marksmen. If a detachment with two cannon had not met the returning force at Lexington, every man would have felt a bullet. As it was, sixty killed and one hundred and thirty-six wounded did not complete the tale of the British loss.

The greater affair of Bunker's Hill soon followed. Gage at Boston soon received succours from home in the shape of three Generals—Howe, Burgoyne, and Clinton—and many men. But he had no foresight, no energy. Right in front of him across the River Charles lay the eminence of Bunker's Hill, commanding all Boston. The buildings of Charlestown lay at its foot, all standing on a peninsula easily approachable by land. Yet it never

occurred to him to secure this important position. Hearing floating talk that this was to be done at some undefined time, the American militia, scattered over all the country round, but centred at Cambridge, resolved to seize the hill. This they accomplished without let or noise during the night of the 16th June. At daybreak a British vessel, noticing the works which had sprung like mushrooms in the summer night, began to fire on June 17. the hill. Gage awoke to the fact that he had been caught napping. Something noisy must be done at once. A few cannons accordingly began to blaze across the stream. But until noon no men crossed. There was then a delay for more; and, when the attack began at last, the column moved up the hill in the face of the intrenched Americans—to be received with a murderous fire at scarcely barrel-length. The arrival of Clinton enabled the British to sweep the works clean with the bayonet. But after all they lost one thousand and fifty men in opposition to an American loss of four hundred and fifty. A bad omen for the issue of the war—this very dubious victory of Bunker's Hill.

These events, with the attempt on Canada elsewhere described, make up the leading points in the first campaign.

The hero of the war came prominently on the scene soon after the affair of Bunker's Hill. This was George Washington, born in 1732 at Bridge's Creek, Westmoreland, Virginia. He had already seen service in the war which resulted in the conquest of Canada. Assuming the command at Cambridge (July 2), he began the difficult task of organizing the American army, in which by dint of industry and firmness he succeeded admirably. When he reached Cambridge, he found not enough powder in camp to give nine cartridges to each man. Having put his raw forces into shape, Washington established the blockade of Boston, within whose forts Howe now commanded in the room of Gage, recalled. This was the situation at the end of the first year.

Campaign of 1776.—Gradually pushing his approaches towards Boston, Washington longed for the time when he could destroy "the nest." But the ice would not bear, and the officers hardly cared to face the hazard yet. Howe, following the bad example of his predecessor, had left unguarded Dorchester Height, which commanded the shipping and the town. This Washington took one night in March under cover of a bombardment, and thus forced Howe to evacuate the city, where he had wintered. For the time Howe retired to Halifax in Nova Scotia, while Washington hurried to New York, where he had reason to expect the next attack.

A decided step was taken by the colonists, when they issued their July 4, celebrated *Declaration of Independence*, a document drawn up by 1776 Thomas Jefferson, a young lawyer of Virginia, and revised by John A.D. Adams of Massachusetts and Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania. When the vote was taken, New York alone of the Thirteen refused her assent.

It was the 29th of June before General Howe appeared off Sandy Hook. But Lord Howe did not join his brother with the fleet and army from England for some time, the rendezvous being Staten Island, which the British had seized. An attack upon Long Island soon followed. Washington poured his forces into the island, but was out-manceuvred, and but for a kindly fog would scarcely have been able to ferry his men over to New York (Aug. 29). The evacuation of that city was the almost necessary consequence of this disaster. Washington crossed the Hudson and fell back behind the line of the Delaware.

Campaign of 1777.—Delay was the besetting sin of the English Generals in this war. General Howe did not open the third campaign till June, and even then, by not sufficiently studying the weather, he wasted all July and August in addition to the spring months. Having landed his troops at Elk Head on the shore of Chesapeake, he moved at last on Philadelphia. The Americans had had ample time to fortify the forks and wooded banks of the Brandywine, a river which crossed his line of march. Howe attacked Sept. 11, their position on the stream by sending the Second Division to attempt the passage of Chad's Ford. A smart cannonade sprang up on both sides. Meanwhile Lord Cornwallis, slipping higher up the stream, crossed and took Washington in flank. A sudden flight ensued, but there was no pursuit. The American army, all loaded as they were with baggage-waggons and cannon, got clear away; and Washington had two whole days of packing up in Philadelphia. In this battle the French Marquis de la Fayette fought his first fight and got a bullet in the leg.

Lord Cornwallis took possession of Philadelphia on the 27th of September. On the 4th of October Washington, attempting a surprise, came into collision with our troops at Germantown, six miles from the Quaker City, and suffered a very decided check.

But later came a very severe humiliation upon the British troops. General Burgoyne, moving in June from the Canadian frontier, caused the Americans to evacuate the important lake-fortresses of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, and then exultingly pressed forward to the Hudson. He asked too late for a coöperative movement from New York. Howe had sailed for the Delaware. Instead of falling back upon Lakes George and Champlain, he rashly advanced to a position within four miles of an American redoubt, held by General Gates near the meeting of the Mohawk and the Hudson. Skirmishing and waiting there from September 20th to October 7th, he consumed time, strength, and food, in the vague hope that some dash up the Hudson would be made from New York. The Americans cut off his retreat; the Indians deserted him in crowds. Vainly he attempted to reach Fort George

Oct. 16, by forcing his way up the right bank of the Hudson. Thicker grew 1777 the toils round his path, until at last he was forced to surrender

A.D. with his army of five thousand seven hundred and ninety-one, on condition that the troops, marching out with the honours of war, should not again take part in the present conflict.

Campaign of 1778.—Two pictures of contrasted colouring rise distinctly, as we look back to the winter of 1777–8. Within the lines of Philadelphia, “for the sake of which Clinton had been cooped at New York and Burgoyne sacrificed at Saratoga,” the army of Howe plunged into the wildest excesses of drink, lust, and gambling, enervating their strength and utterly losing their discipline. It was the Capua of the War. Twenty miles off, in huts at Valley Forge lay the army of Washington, shoeless and almost coatless—their legs often frozen black, so that amputation was necessary—their food of the scantiest and poorest kind. The awful sufferings of the troops were heroically borne, yet was their heroism dim beside that of their calm and resolute chieftain. Goaded by murmurs that he ought to have beaten Howe ere this—stung by the knowledge that Gates and others were plotting to cut him from his high command—expected by Congress to feed an army without money in the face of a yeomanry, who could or would not give their grain for nothing—harassed by yet a hundred other worries incidental to his position, George Washington held resolutely and calmly on the path of duty, content to bide his time. Having remodelled his army and obtained some promise of future pay from Congress, he prepared for the opening of a campaign. As a good omen for the American cause, we may note the ratification of a Treaty with France, acknowledging the independence of the Colonies (May 6). The campaign opened ignobly on the British side (June 18th), when Sir Henry Clinton, the successor of Howe, abandoned Philadelphia, and, crossing the Delaware, moved towards New York. Washington followed with caution. At Monmouth there was a fight, resulting in favour of Clinton, who managed to reach New York safely on the 5th of July. Washington, crossing the Hudson at King’s Ferry, fixed his camp at White Marsh. Some fighting in Rhode Island and Georgia filled up the rest of this campaign, during the latter part of which the leaders on both sides lay inactive. Washington, having resolved to stand on the defensive, fortified the heights of the Hudson, and drew a line of cantonments round New York. So he spent the winter.

Campaign of 1779.—Some fighting in Georgia and South Carolina—an attack on Virginia by the British, who wanted to crush the tobacco trade and cut off Washington’s principal source of supply—the capture by Clinton of Verplank’s Neck and Stony Point, two important posts up the Hudson, which commanded the navigation of the river—an expedition of the American General Sullivan against the Indians on the Mohawk and Upper Susquehanna—and a fruitless attempt of the French and Americans to take Charleston—made up the principal events of this campaign, in which on the whole the British had the advantage.

Campaign of 1780.—No great operations except the siege and capture of Charleston by Sir Henry Clinton (May 12) marked the sixth campaign. But an event occurred, which brought into sad and disgraceful prominence an American and an English officer. The disgrace attaches to the name of Benedict Arnold, who had risen by dint of real military talent from the chicaneries

of a horse jockey's life to the position of a General in the American army. His lavish life as Governor of Philadelphia had entangled him in deep debts, and the refusal of Congress to pay him a sum he claimed for disbursements in the public service made him very angry, induced him in fact to open a correspondence with Clinton, offering to surrender the fortress of West Point on the Hudson, which he commanded. Major André, an accomplished officer on the British staff, was appointed to conduct the negotiation. In an evil hour he met Arnold on the Neutral Ground, and was riding back to the British lines, with some important information stowed away in his boots, when he was arrested and searched. In spite of all entreaties and explanations Washington would not spare him. He was hanged on the 2nd of October; while Arnold became a Major-general in the British service.

Campaign of 1781.—The great event of the eighth and decisive campaign was the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. Having advanced from North Carolina into Virginia, this General concentrated his army round the villages of Yorktown and Gloucester, which faced each other across the stream of the York, an affluent of Chesapeake. Washington, with whom was the French General Rochambeau, having given up the position he had held so long near New York, shipped his troops at the head of Chesapeake Bay for Williamsburg. Thence they marched to the neighbourhood of Yorktown, and began to open trenches a few hundred yards from the defences of Cornwallis. The French fleet under De Grasse aided in the operations. Ground was broken on the 6th of October. On the 14th two important redoubts were taken by the besieging force. Looking eagerly for the aid in ships and men, which he expected from New York, Cornwallis held out until his shells were nearly all used. A daring attempt to seize the horses of the French cavalry, for the purpose of carrying off his infantry to New York, was frustrated by a storm.

Oct. 19, 1781 There was soon no glimpse of hope left, and on the 19th of October the articles of surrender were signed. This virtually closed the war. Some operations in Carolina, in which the American General Greene had probably the best of the fighting, also occurred during this year.

Preliminaries of peace were signed at Paris on the 20th of January 1783: Adams, Franklin, Jay, and Laurens signing for the Americans. Lord North had resigned the year before, upon the occasion of an Address to stop the war being carried. Great Britain acknowledged the complete Independence of the thirteen revolted States, granting them leave to fish at Newfoundland and other privileges. Both nations were equally to enjoy the right of navigating the Mississippi. The separation was a clear gain to both sides, although Britain paid dear for the privilege of acknowledging American freedom. The war cost £100,000,000 sterling.

IX.—VANCOUVER'S ISLAND AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Descriptive Sketch.—That part of the western coast of North America, which belongs to Britain, is fringed or guarded by a chain of islands, of which the largest are Vancouver's and Queen Charlotte's. The former ranks as a British colony. Fitted into a notch of the mainland, lies a ridge of igneous rock, probably containing coal and measuring 279 miles by a breadth of from 40 to 70. The Strait of Juan de Fuca admits vessels to the Sound, into which the Fraser pours its stream. Towards the north the channel between the island and the shore grows narrow and intricate. *Victoria*, the capital of Vancouver, is situated at the southern end of the island near the commodious harbour of Esquimalt.

Between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific is our colony of Columbia, whose name endeavours to atone in some degree for the slight put upon old Christopher by naming after another man the world *he* discovered. The most important part of British Columbia, which altogether is twice the size of Great Britain, is the lower basin of the Fraser, a river which drains nearly all the colony. The grain-gold of the lower stream, and the nuggets of Cariboo, 300 miles higher up, have drawn great numbers of British miners to this distant shore. The capital, *New Westminster*, lies near the mouth of the Fraser, whose banks are fringed with cone-bearing trees. Herrings, cod, and salmon are abundant in the neighbouring sea.

Historical Sketch.—Discovered in 1592 by Juan de Fuca and roughly traced by Captain Cook in 1776, this shore received in 1791 a full exploration from George Vancouver, the most noted of the midshipmen who served under Cook. But the year before, an entrance had been accomplished by land, when Sir Alexander Mackenzie crossed the Rocky Mountains near the source of the Fraser. The first actual settlement may be ascribed to Mr. Fraser of the Hudson's Bay Company, who established a fur-station, which was called by his own name. Vancouver was given up to the Company in 1849; but until 1853 it remained a fur colony with but few white inhabitants. The discovery of gold in 1858 wrought a great change, and now the two Colonies under one Governor display all the elements of future prosperity. Its value to us is likely to be great. Lying between Russia on the one hand and the American States on the other, it affords in its naval harbour of Esquimalt and elsewhere a central station of command and vigilance. For coaling, refitting, and sanitary purposes, our navy will find it a most convenient and well-adapted place. The climate is remarkably healthy. So far as we can see at present, Vancouver is likely to become a place of manufactures, while British Columbia appears more suited to pastoral and agricultural occupations.

CHAPTER VII.

SOUTH AMERICAN COLONIES.

	A.D.	How acquired.
British Guiana.....	1803	Taken from the Dutch.
Falkland Islands.....	1833	Occupied.

I.—BRITISH GUIANA.

Descriptive Sketch.—The crescent-shaped slope, which occupies nearly all the space between the gigantic basins of Amazon and Orinoco is, under the name of Guiana, divided among three European states. We hold the most westerly portion. Backed by the curving range of the Acaray and Parime, and seamed by the cascaded currents of three great rivers—Essequibo, Demerara, and Berbice—there lie under the torrid sun nearly 100,000 square miles, of which the low moist alluvial shore-part teems with the rich vegetation of the tropics. From amid thick clumps of mangrove at the mouth of the middle stream rise the roofs of *Georgetown*, once *Stabrock*, the capital of the colony. The buildings of painted wood, set in trim gardens—the canals and dykes to be seen running all around—give a Dutch air to the city, reminding us that it was once not our own. Sugar, with its adjuncts rum and molasses, coffee, and cotton are the principal productions of Guiana.

Historical Sketch.—The enterprising Dutch were the first European possessors of this valuable part of South America. Their settlement was called New Zealand. The Spaniards having driven them from the Orinoco, they betook themselves about 1620 to the cultivation of the soil on the banks of the Berbice. Early in the last century the French took forcible possession of the place for a short time. But the Dutch continued to prosper, shaken severely only in 1763 by a negro insurrection. The acquisition of Guiana by Britain arose from the share which the Dutch seemed inclined to take in the American War. In 1781 Lord Rodney undertook the protection of the place for Britain. But in 1783 the French made a grasp at it. Britain, having again taken the place in 1796, gave it up to Holland at the Treaty of Amiens; but on the renewal of war, sick of dealing with so slippery a foe, she took it finally and has since retained it within her Empire. The union of Berbice with Demerara and Essequibo, under the title of British Guiana, dates from 1831.

II.—THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

Descriptive Sketch.—A group of islands—two large ones, and a cluster of smaller spots—lie a few hundred miles north-east of the stormy cape of South America. If large harbours, closely locked with fine islands—plenty of

fresh water—abundance of game birds—a sufficiency of mullet and other delicate fishes—herds of horned wild cattle—a juicy carpeting of celery and cresses, full of healing for men sick of scurvy—possess any value to the weather-beaten mariners, who have struggled round the Horn, the possession of these islands must be of no small moment to a nation of commercial greatness. East Falkland has a rich soil, and contains also considerable quantities of building-stone. The weather is almost always fine.

Historical Sketch.—The history of this place consists in recounting the various attempts of various people to deprive us of an important sea-station. Either John Davis or Richard Hawkins discovered the islands in the reign of Elizabeth. Under the name of "The Malvinas" they occasionally reappear, until Commodore Byron in 1765 confirmed the right of Britain to the possession of them, by spending a fortnight there and formally hoisting the British flag. Spain, and afterwards Buenos Ayres attempted to oust the British settlers, but to no purpose. Our last and permanent occupation of the place was begun in 1833.

CHAPTER VIII

WEST INDIAN COLONIES.

	A.D.	How acquired.
St. Kitts.....	1623	Settlement.
Barbadoes.....	1625	"
Nevis.....	1628	"
Bahamas.....	1629	"
Antigua.....	1632	"
Montserrat.....	1632	"
Barbuda.....	1632	"
Bermuda.....	1641	"
Anguilla.....	1650	"
JAMAICA.....	1655	Taken from Spain.
Virgin Islands.....	1666	Taken from the Dutch.
Tobago.....	1763	Colonised and conquered.
Dominica.....	1783	Conquered and ceded.
St. Vincent.....	1783	" "
Grenada.....	1783	" "
Trinidad.....	1797	Taken from Spain.
St. Lucia.....	1803	Taken from France.

I.—ST. CHRISTOPHER'S, OR ST. KITTS.

Descriptive Sketch.—Shaped like a boot or leg, this volcanic rock, which lifts a black naked peak called Mount Misery to the copper sky, lies among the most northerly of the Leeward group. In spite of the ugly names—Brimstone Hill and Monkey Hill—which belong to its summits, its rich drapery of palm and plantain woods shadows a fair and fertile land. The climate too is very healthy.

Historical Sketch.—In 1493 Columbus discovered this island, which took a name either from him, or from a fancied resemblance which one part of it bears to the statue of St. Christopher. Our settlement on the island took place in 1623, when Sir Thomas Warner with fifteen others landed there. It was afterwards by treaty divided between the French and the British, but the former gained the complete possession after a fierce fight. The peace of Breda placed the two nations again upon a footing of partnership. Ryswick restored equality to the French: Utrecht ceded the whole island to Britain: Versailles (1763) did likewise, the French under De Bouillé having taken it the year before. Sugar, rum, and molasses are its principal exports.

II.—BARBADOES.

Descriptive Sketch.—A flat salubrious well-cultivated island, 22 miles by 14, lies outside the line of the Windward Islands on the very edge of the Archipelago. It rests upon a calcareous base, and is probably volcanic. *Bridge-town*, the capital, is finely placed on the Bay of Carlisle. Sugar, rum, and aloes are its chief exports.

Historical Sketch.—Some Portuguese sailors, who first discovered it about 1578, named it from the fig-trees they saw standing on the shore like bearded men. In 1605 some English seamen cut the name of King James on several trees. But its colonization dates from 1625, when a London merchant, Sir William Courteen, sent a well-equipped vessel to make a settlement on its shores. The duplicity of Charles I. affected even this distant spot, for he gave it in turn to two noblemen, Carlisle and Marlborough, and then for a time retracted it in favour of Pembroke, Sir William Courteen's trustee. Carlisle got it ultimately, after which the island began to prosper. Very gallantly did Lord Willoughby, leases under Carlisle's son, defend the cause of the exiled Charles II. against the Parliamentary leader, Sir George Ayscue. Nothing could withstand the power of Cromwell, and Barbadoes fell under his rule. After the Restoration Willoughby was Governor until 1666, when he died. Destructive hurricanes have often retarded the progress of this colony; and in the matter of slave-abolition there came many murmurs from among the canes. But since 1838, when the negro apprenticeship was abolished before its time, things have been quiet and prosperous.

III.—NEVIS.

A small island, consisting of a single mountain, lies close to the southern end of St. Kitts. The name, probably conferred by Columbus, was given from Nieves in Spain. The peak rises out a mass of green plantations, dotted with the white houses of the owners. *Charlestown* is the capital of the place.

Sir Thomas Warner colonized this spot in 1628. Its chief production is sugar.

IV.—THE BAHAMAS.

A double chain of coral islands, stretching from Florida to the north of St. Domingo, bears this name. One of the islands—Guanahani or San Salvador—is a bright spot in history, from the circumstance of its having been the first portion of the New World seen by Columbus. The principal of the Bahamas is New Providence, a flat island with brushwood and lagoons, deriving its importance from its position. The capital, *Nassau*, is built upon it. After the Spaniards had drafted off the native Indians to die in the diggings of Mexico and Peru, Englishmen settled in 1629 in New Providence. Until 1783 however the jealous Spaniards let slip no opportunity of trying to wrest the Bahamas from our hands. In the middle of the last century piracy prevailed to a most destructive extent among these islands.

V.—ANTIGUA, MONTSERRAT, BARBUDA.

These islands, belonging to the Leewards, were all colonized in 1632 by Sir Thomas Warner, the founder of the colony of St. Kitts. They had been discovered by Columbus in 1493.

The oval island of Antigua, encircled with a very rocky shore, presents a great geological variety to the student of rocks. Its fossils and petrified woods are beautiful when polished. The colonists suffer from want of water, which obliges them to keep it carefully in tanks and ponds. Sugar is the staple, but there is wonderful variety of vegetables, fruit, and fish. It is the seat of Government for the Leewards.

Montserrat, 22 miles to the south-west, is a broken and picturesque island, all bespattered with coloured clays and rocks. Its staples are those usual in West Indian islands.

Barbuda has belonged since 1684 to the Codringtons, who hold it on condition of supplying the Governor with a sheep when he visits the island. Its inhabitants are principally engaged in rearing cattle.

These three islands came finally under British dominion by the Treaty of Breda.

VI.—THE BERMUDAS.

This group of shell-cemented islands lies in the Atlantic, about 600 miles from South Carolina. Seven principal islands, of which the military station is St. George's, are surrounded by nearly 300 islet rocks. Arrow-root is the staple production of the colony.

Juan Bermudez, a Spaniard, discovered the group in 1522. Hence its name. But its colonization began in 1641, when a brother of Sir George Somers led a colony of sixty to settle on the islands. Sir George derived his acquaintance with the place from the accident of having suffered shipwreck

there in 1609. With the cedar, which is the principal wood of the islands, he built a ship, using only one bolt of iron in the keel. The Bermudas from their position formed a great object of attraction to Washington during the American War. But he did not get them.

VII.—ANGUILLA.

Anguilla or the Eel is a flat riband of chalk, richly embroidered with grass and myrtle-trees. It lies 45 miles north-west of St. Kitts, and measures 30 miles by 3.

Discovered and colonized by the English in 1650, it has ever since remained our own, in spite of some atrocious attempts made upon it by the French, especially in 1745 and 1796.

VIII.—JAMAICA.

Descriptive Sketch.—Jamaica, or *Xaymaca* (the latter word means in the Florida tongue, abundance of wood and water), lies more than 400 miles due north of the Isthmus of Darien, and not far distant towards the south from the eastern and thicker end of Cuba. There is no more fertile spot on earth or ocean than this ellipse, measuring 150 miles by 55. Its volcanic under-crust is thickly covered everywhere with coloured moulds—chocolate, bright yellow, or rich deep black—so naturally nutritive as to require but little labour. The *Blue Mountains* rise at the eastern end of the island to the height of 8000 feet, culminating there in three huge peaks. Across this central ridge run many minor chains—soft, round, and wooded on the northern shore; but on the south striking the sea with sharp and jagged spurs, all dark with trees. Bright and rapid streams dance in great numbers down the ravines to the sea; and springs, of which many are medicinal, abound in every quarter of the island. Constant sea-breezes fan the shores, and overhead a canopy of clouds serves as a screen from the tropic sun. The air is described as being elastic and exhilarating even to the old. To give an idea here of the exuberance of tropical vegetation, springing from the rich warm mould of this natural hot-bed, would be impossible. The sugar-cane, the coffee-berry, the ginger-root, and the pimento or allspice seed form the principal objects of cultivation by the Jamaica planters. *Spanish Town* and *Kingston* are the leading ports; the former holding a position as the seat of Government, while the latter, defended by many cannon, is in reality the capital town. We may form an idea of the commercial capabilities of Jamaica, apart from its teeming soil, by noting that it possesses sixteen principal harbours besides thirty stations of good anchorage.

Historical Sketch.—Jamaica was discovered in 1494 by Columbus, then on his second voyage. He found the island filled with people, living in neat houses. The first colonization by the Spaniards took place in 1609; when the Indians were set in gangs to cultivate crops of cane, cotton-rush, and

vine. The cruel tasks these gentle people had to do, and the cruel treatment they received, effectually swept the aboriginal race out of being. Then (1558) the traffic in blacks began, and numbers were imported from Africa by the enterprising pirate-heroes of the time. Twice in the seventeenth century before the successful dash, British prowess tried in vain to conquer Jamaica. Sir Anthony Shirley attacked the Spaniards to little purpose in 1605; Colonel Jackson struck a surer blow in 1638, when he swooped on Passage Fort and wrung a large sum, as black-mail, from the beaten and trembling Dons.

Not however until 1655 was the conquest achieved. Annoyed at the refusal of Spain to grant certain privileges to English subjects and the English flag, Lord Protector Cromwell, then in the zenith of his warlike fame, prepared a fleet and army for some enterprise, unknown and alarming to all his sovereign neighbours. Under Vice-Admiral Penn and **1655** General Venables the expedition crossed the Atlantic. The first A.D. move was made upon Hispaniola: it was baffled. Then, sailing to Jamaica and entering Port Royal Bay, the British landed at Passage Fort, from which the Spaniards fled to the interior. A capitulation followed, most of the Dons going off to Cuba. For this conquest, which seemed nothing in the eyes of disappointed Oliver, Penn and Venables were locked in the Tower.

The remainder of the history of Jamaica deals with the incursions of the Maroons, a savage race of mongrel Spaniards, who infested the interior of the island; the exploits of English buccaneers against the Spaniards during the reign of Charles II.; and the insurrections of the blacks, which occurred about once every five years. The great question of Abolition naturally stirred Jamaica to the heart with very divided feelings—the planter setting his face against the movement, the slave looking with intense eagerness for its success. An insurrection in 1831 showed the feverous state of the colony. At length in 1834 the apprenticeship system began to work on the understanding that all slaves should be free after six years. The reaction of this great change brought a slight depression upon the colony, to which the free trade in sugar somewhat contributed. But the turn seems past, and the prosperity of Jamaica is too well founded to be shaken by a temporary cause.

CAYMANS.—Three islands, west of Jamaica and attached to that colony, bear this name. The inhabitants, sprung from English buccaneers, raise corn and vegetables, rear pigs and poultry, and keep a stock of live turtle in pens within the reef.

IX.—VIRGIN ISLES.

Of the fifty islands composing this group we own three principal—Tortola, Virgin Gorda, Anegada. They have rugged shores well cut for ship stations, and contain good pasture land. The variety of fish is very great. Columbus, discovering the group in 1493, named it in honour of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins. Some Dutch buccaneers, who had settled on Tortola, were

expelled in 1666 by an English force, and the colony was taken in the name of King Charles. The group was annexed to the Government of the Leeward Islands.

X.—TOBAGO.

Tobago or *Tobacco* lies six miles north-west of Trinidad. The black basalt, of which it is made, gives it a stern and gloomy look. Its capital is *Sourborough*.

Discovered by Columbus in 1496—claimed by the British under Elizabeth and James I.—granted by Charles I. to the Earl of Pembroke—colonized and named New Walcheren by the Dutch in 1634—struggled for by the Flushing merchants called Lampsins and the colonists from Courland, who went out under sanction of the Duke, godson of our James I.—this island underwent various and fluctuating fortunes, until it was finally ceded to the British by the Treaty of 1763. However it was taken by the French during the American War, and not retaken for Britain until 1793, when General Cuyler with two thousand men achieved its capture. It yields the usual West Indian staples.

XI.—DOMINICA.

The island of Dominica lifts its volcanic mass, thickly covered with gigantic trees and ferns, between Guadaloupe and Martinique among the Windward group. It measures 29 miles by 16. Sugar and coffee are its principal productions. Its capital, *Roseau*, lies on the south-west side.

Discovered by Columbus in 1493, this island remained a neutral ground for some time. In 1759 England obtained it by an act of conquest. **1763** which was ratified by the Treaty of 1763. Its peaceful progress was rudely broken in 1779 by the Marquis de Bouillé, who came with a French squadron from Martinique, and laid violent hands on the colony. The Treaty of 1783 restored it to Britain, and it has since been undisturbed by foreign foes except in 1805, when the French made a fruitless attack upon it.

XII.—ST. VINCENT.

The fertile spot, called St. Vincent from the day of its discovery, is due west of Barbadoes. Conical mountains, cleft by leafy valleys, rise in a central mass of spires, round which a rocky coast is raised. Like all our West Indian islands it is rich in fruits and esculents.

Columbus discovered it during his third voyage (Jan. 22, 1498). It underwent fortunes very like those of Dominica, having been first colonized by the French, from whom we took it in 1762. Again it passed into French hands; but the general peace of 1763 restored its plantations to Britain. The Caribs—yellow and black—gave much trouble by their union with the discontented French; but they were finally expelled.

XIII.—GRENADA

Grenada lies south of St. Vincent, forming the last in the curving line of the smaller Antilles. Measuring 25 miles by 12, it spreads its lovely valleys and sloping fields round the culminating peak of Mount St. Catherine. Cocoa and cotton, with the universal sugar and its adjuncts, are its principal productions.

Discovered by Columbus in 1498 and occupied by the French from Martinique, who *bought* the place from the Carib chiefs for some knives, beads, and a little brandy, this island became a British possession by conquest in 1762. Retaken by the French, it was given back to Britain at the Treaty of Versailles.

XIV.—TRINIDAD.

Descriptive Sketch.—The Indian Paradise, as this beautiful island has been called, ranks second in size among our West Indian colonies. Groves of palm and citron—hedgerows of sweet-smelling spice-woods—fields in which the golden fragrant pine-apples lie thick as turnips in our prosaic furrows—air, bright all day with humming-birds and butterflies, all night with the phosphoric glow of luminous insects—contribute to make a scene of enchanting beauty. There are besides very curious things in Trinidad. Most noted of these is the Pitch Lake, a mass of soft asphaltum, lying, ringed with the most luxuriant herbage, on a headland near the sea. The mud volcanoes are also remarkable. Shaped like an out-spread coat, this island of 2400 square miles lies close to the shore of South America, separated from Cumana by the Gulf of Paria. Its western coast, the concave of a crescent, receives with every tide alluvial deposits from the huge Orinoco, which intersects all the opposite shore with its branching mouths. *Port of Spain*, commanded by Fort George, is the capital of the island. Its produce does not differ from that of the neighbouring islands.

Historical Sketch.—Columbus discovered this island in 1498, and called it Trinidad in honour of the Trinity. Yellow Caribs then inhabited the place. These were afterwards “done to death” by Spanish cruelty, being either slain or worked until they died. Raleigh’s visit to Trinidad in 1595 is a memorable event in its history. Joining the natives, he took the Spanish fortress of San Josef; but this act of war produced no result. The island lingered in the possession of Spain, partaking of the blight, which fell after the defeat of the Armada upon all parts of that decayed empire. At the French Revolution Era however new blood, chiefly French, began to flow into the colony. Our conquest of the island was achieved in 1797, when Admiral Harvey frightened his Spanish antagonist into burning the Spanish ships, and General Abercromby led four thousand men to the easy capture of Port of Spain. In British hands Trinidad has become a very thriving colony.

XV.—ST. LUCIA.

Two remarkable natural obelisks of foliated rock, called the Sugar-loaves, stand like sentinels on opposite sides of the entrance of the chief bay in St. Lucia. They are but a part however of the odd and picturesque forms, assumed by the mountain-spurs of this beautiful island. The principal, indeed the only town, is *Castries*. The products are sugar, rum, and coffee.

Discovered probably by the French, and named, according to the fashion of devout Roman Catholic sailors, after the saint, on whose day it was first seen, St. Lucia remained long a neutral ground. It appears in nearly all the great Treaties of the eighteenth century. The Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748 left it neutral. The Treaty of Paris (1763) handed it over to France. During the American War it surrendered to British guns; but by the Treaty of Versailles (1783) it went back to France. An insurrection of the blacks almost depopulated it a little later. Sir Ralph Abercromby took it in 1796; but the Peace of Amiens restored it to Napoleon. It was finally captured for Britain by Commodore Hood. Pigeon Island, a headlong rock, six miles from the harbour of St. Lucia, is a capital watch-tower and has room for five hundred men.

LIST OF WORKS FOR REFERENCE AND ILLUSTRATION.

GENERAL

HISTORICAL—

- Hume's (David) History of England down to the Revolution, continued by Smollett to 1760.
- Lingard's (Dr. John) History of England to the Revolution.
- Pictorial History of England.
- Knight's (Charles) Popular History of England.
- Mackintosh's (Sir James) History of England down to 1572 (in Cabinet Cyclopædia).
- Parliamentary History, by Hansard and others.
- Hallam's Constitutional History (from 1485 to 1760).
- Creasy's Fifteen Decisive Battles—(Armada—Blenheim—Waterloo).
- Vaughan's (Dr. Robert) Revolutions in English History.

BIOGRAPHICAL—

- Biographia Britannica (a fragment ; but a new series has been advertised).
- English Cyclopædia of Biography.
- Forster's (John) Eminent Statesmen, from Sir Thomas More to Oliver Cromwell.
- Southey's Lives of the Admirals.
- Campbell's (Dr. John) Lives of the Admirals.
- Foss' (Edward) Lives of the Judges.
- Campbell's (Lord) Lives of the Chief-Justices and the Lord-Chancellors.
- Gleig's (Rev. George) Lives of the Military Commanders.
- Smiles' (Samuel) Lives of the Engineers.
- Hook's (Dr. W. F.) Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury.
- Strickland's (Miss Agnes) Lives of the Queens and Princesses of England.
- Nicolas' (Sir Harris) Historic Peerage.
- Lodge's (Edmund) Portraits of Illustrious Personages.

ILLUSTRATIVE—

- Strutt's (Joseph) Sports and Pastimes of the English People.
- Fairholt's Costume in England.
- Brand's (Rev. John) Popular Antiquities of Britain.
- Timbs' (John) Handbook of London.
- Halliwells' Letters of the Kings of England.
- Howell's State Trials (down to 1820).
- Graham's (Dr. William) Genealogical and Historical Diagrams.
- Blackstone's (Sir William) Commentaries on the Laws of England.
- Hughes's (William) Geography of British History.
- Haydn's Dictionary of Dates.

SPECIAL.

BOOK I.

HISTORICAL—

- Cæsar's Commentaries.
 St. John's (James Augustus) Four Conquests of England.
 Pearson's (Professor) Early and Middle Ages in England.
 Sharon Turner's Anglo-Saxons.
 Thierry's (Augustin) Norman Conquest.
 Palgrave's (Sir Francis) History of the Anglo-Saxons.
 Palgrave's (Sir Francis) History of Normandy and England.
 Bede's History of the Anglo-Saxon Church.
 Chronicles—Gildas—Nennius—Geoffrey of Monmouth—William of Malmesbury
 —Roger of Wendover—Henry of Huntingdon—Ordericus Vitalis, &c.
 The Saxon Chronicle, ending about 1154.

BIOGRAPHICAL—

- Tacitus' Agricola.
 Asser's Life of Alfred the Great.
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 James's (G. P. R.) Life of Cœur de Lion.

ILLUSTRATIVE—

- Wright's (Thomas) Celt, Roman, and Saxon.
 Wright's (Thomas) Domestic Life and Manners of the Saxons and the Normans.
 Scott's (Sir Walter) Ivanhoe, and Tales of the Crusaders.
 Bulwer Lytton's Harold, and King Arthur.
 Tennyson's Idylls of the King.
 Smith's (Alexander) Edwin of Deira.

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- Holinshed's (Raphael) Chronicle, extending to 1577.
 Sharon Turner's Middle Ages in England (William I. to Henry VIII.).
 Froissart's (Jean) Chronicle (1327-1399)—translated from the French.
 Nicolas' (Sir Harris) Agincourt.
 Brougham's (Lord) England under the House of Lancaster.
 Comines' (Philip de) Chronicle (latter part of 15th century)—translated from
 the French.
 More's (Sir Thomas) History of Edward V.
 Bacon's (Lord) History of Henry VII.
 Burnet's (Gilbert) History of the Reformation in England.
 Froude's (James Anthony) History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to
 the Death of Elizabeth.

BIOGRAPHICAL—

Vaughan's (Dr. Robert) *Life of Wycliffe*.
 James's (G. P. R.) *Life of the Black Prince*.
 Fuller's (Thomas) *Worthies of England*.
 Blades' *Life of Caxton*.
 Tytler's (P. F.) *Life of Henry VIII*.
 Cavendish's (George) *Life of Wolsey*.
 Strype's (John) *Life of Cranmer*.
 Fox's *Book of Martyrs*.

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Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*.
 Liber Albus—translated by Riley.
 Pauli's (Dr. Reinhold) *Pictures of Old England*.
 The Paston Letters.
 Bulwer Lytton's *Last of the Barons*.
 Strype's *Ecclesiastical Memorials*.
 Stow's (John) *Survey of London* (published in 1598).
 Walpole's (Horace) *Historic Doubts* (about Richard III.).
Comedies and Histories of Shakspeare; and all the Dramatic Literature of the Elizabethan time.
 Scott's *Kenilworth and Marmion*.

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Macaulay's (Lord) *History of England*—specially from 1685 to 1702; with a sketch of earlier times.
 Neal's (Daniel) *History of the Puritans*.
 Forster's (John) *Arrest of the Five Members*.
 Clarendon's (Earl of) *History of the Great Rebellion*.
 May's (Thomas) *History of the Long Parliament*.
 Milton's *History of England*.
 Burnet's (Gilbert) *History of his Own Times* (1660-1713).
 Fox's (Charles James) *History of the Early Part of James the Second's Reign*.
 Lord Mahon's (now Earl Stanhope) *History of England from 1713 to 1783*.
 Defoe's (Daniel) *History of the Union of 1707*.
 Walpole's (Horace) *Memoirs of George II*.
 Massey's (William N.) *History of George III*.
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- Tytler's (P. F.) Life of Raleigh.
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 Nugent's (Lord) Memorials of Hampden.
 Warburton's (Eliot) Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers.
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 Carlyle's (Thomas) Letters and Speeches of Cromwell.
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 Laud's History of his Troubles and Trial.
 Clarendon's Autobiography.
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 Escape of Charles II. from Worcester (dictated by himself to Pepys).
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 Despatches and Letters of Nelson; edited by Sir Harris Nicolas.
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- Dekker's (Thomas) Gull's Horn-Book.
 Howell's (James) Familiar Letters.
 Calendar of State Papers (1547-1626).
 Thomas's (F. S.) Historical Notes from the Public Records (1509-1714).
 Whitelock's (Bulstrode) Memorials of English Affairs (1625-1660).
 Burton's (Thomas) Cromwellian Diary.
 Forster's (John) Historical Essays.
 Hobbes's (Thomas) Causes of the Civil War in England.
 The Boscobel Tracts (relating the escape of Charles II. from Worcester).

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Scott's (Sir Walter) *Fortunes of Nigel*—*Woodstock*—*Peveril of the Peak*—*Waverley*—*Redgauntlet*.
 Pepys's *Diary*.
 Evelyn's (John) *Diary and Letters*.
 The *Hardwicke Papers*.
 The *Grenville Papers*.
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 Thackeray's (W. M.) *Esmond*—*The Virginians*—*The Four Georges*.
 The *Spectator*, and similar collections of *Essays*.
 The *Novels of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Goldsmith, &c.*
 The *Comedies of the entire Period*.
 Wright's (Thomas) *England under the House of Hanover*.
 Hervey's (Lord) *Court of George II.*
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History of India, by James Mill—Gleig—Murray—Ludlow.
 Macaulay's *Essays on Clive and Hastings*.
 Russell's *Diary in India (1857-58)*.
History of Gibraltar by Sayers.
 Drinkwater's *Siege of Gibraltar (1779-1783)*.
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 Southey's (Captain Thomas) *History of the West Indies from 1492 to 1816*.

THE END.

